Table of Contents

2 January 1915	3
9 January 1915	31
16 January 1915	59
23 January 1915	87
30 January 1915	115
6 February 1915	143
13 February 1915	171
20 February 1915	203
27 February 1915	231
6 March 1915	259
13 March 1915	285
20 March 1915	313
27 March 1915	342
3 April 1915	370
10 April 1915	398
17 April 1915	426
24 April 1915	454
1 May 1915	482
8 May 1915	510
15 May 1915	538
22 May 1915	566
29 May 1915	602
5 June 1915	630
12 June 1915	658
19 June 1915	686
26 June 1915	714

The War Illustrated, 2nd January, 1915. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

WHAT IS THE BRITISH NAVY DOING? By FRED T. JANE (See Page 466)

The War Illustrated 2d. Weekly

2

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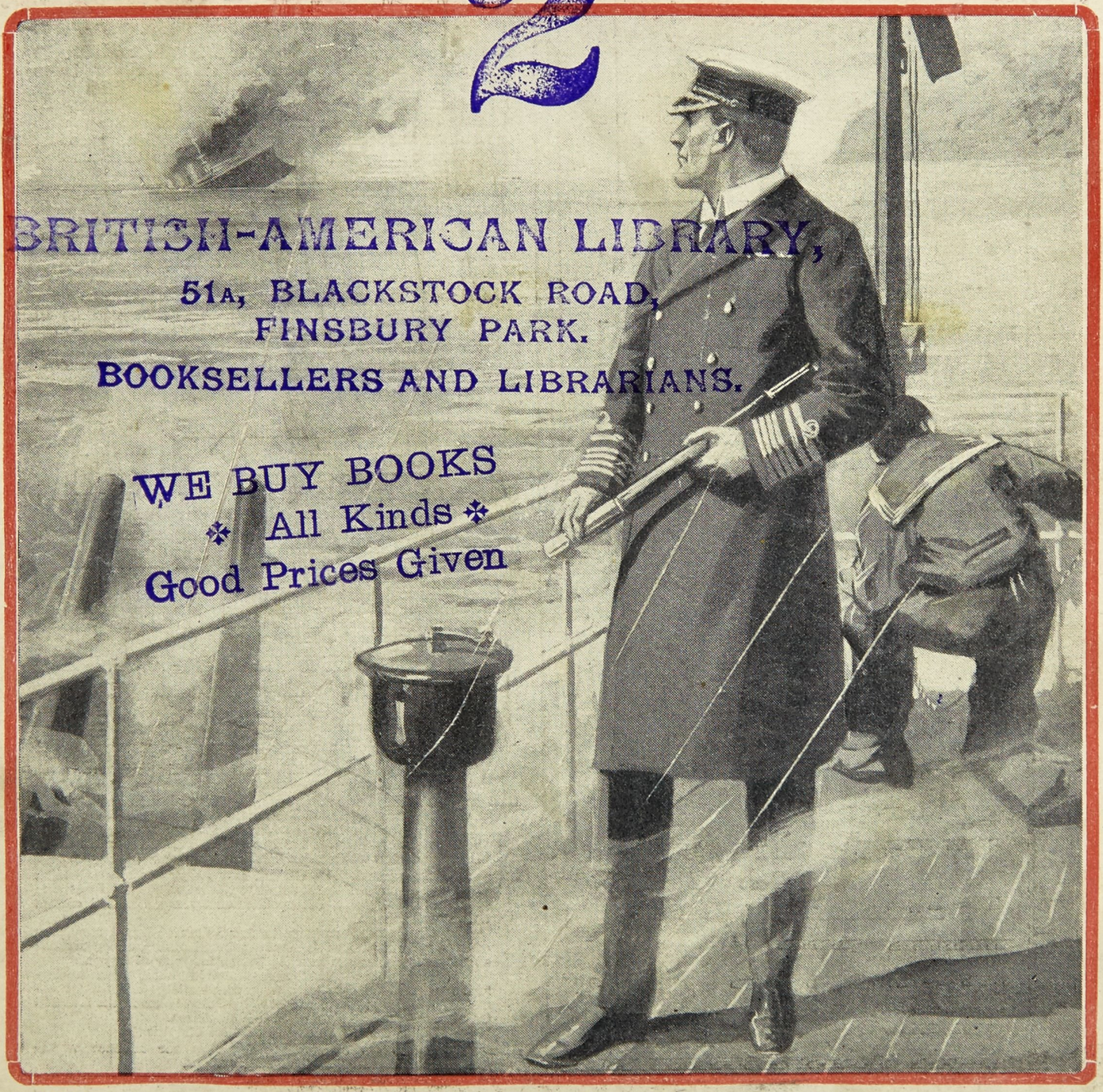
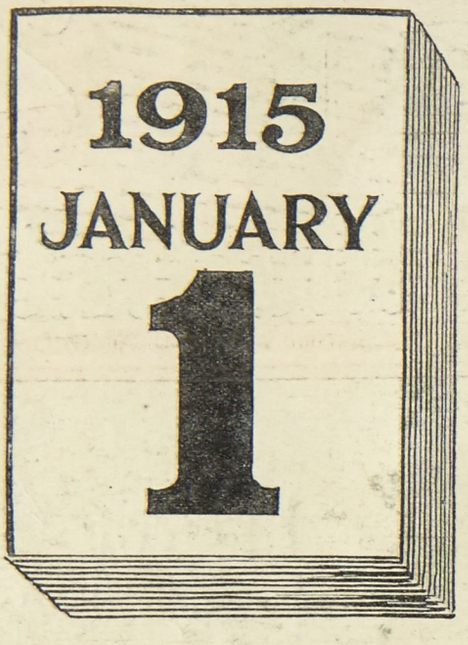


Regd. for Canadian Magazine Post.

"THE STURDEE TOUCH": Sweeping the High Seas

No. 20



THE GREAT RESOLUTION

for

THE NEW YEAR

"I will be a man and enlist To-day"

At any Post Office you can obtain the address of the nearest Recruiting Office.

GOD SAVE THE KING

My Free Watches for Boys and Girls

By the Editor

LAST week I announced that I was going to do something to reward the efforts of my younger readers in collecting subscriptions for our "Something-to-Smoke" Fund. I promised to give a watch worth two guineas to the boy or girl between the ages of twelve and sixteen who collects the most sixpences for the fund before January 31st, 1915. In addition to this I am also giving watches of less value to all boys and girls between these ages who collect sixpences to the total value of £5.

Those of you, therefore, who would like to engage in this work with the possibility of receiving a nice watch to reward your efforts should set about the task at once. Write and ask me for a collecting-card, and I will let you have it by return.

I suggested last week that the present season was a particularly good one for getting subscriptions for so deserving a fund. People are in a generous mood at this time of year and will give freely, especially if you take the trouble to explain to them what THE WAR ILLUSTRATED "Something-to-Smoke" Fund is doing for our brave soldiers at the front. You should make a special point of the fact that every subscription of sixpence means no less than one-and-sixpence worth of tobacco and cigarettes for a soldier at the front. This is made possible by sending the packages from a bonded warehouse, so that there is no duty to pay.

There is no doubt that tobacco and cigarettes are what the troops in France and Belgium appreciate most of all. The tobacco and cigarettes they get there may be all very well in their way, but they are an acquired taste, and the men in the trenches would rather have ten cigarettes from home than one hundred French cigarettes.

As I suggested to you last week, you should take your collecting-cards to all the Christmas parties you go to and tell all the people you meet about THE WAR ILLUSTRATED "Something-to-Smoke" Fund and what it is doing, and I am sure you will find people ready and willing to help to fill up your card.

The Editor

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR.

(For our Diary of Events in the Great War prior to December 17th, see previous issues of "The War Illustrated.")

DEC. 17.—British fleet, from a position off Nieuport, subject German positions to a severe bombardment.

German first-class cruiser Friedrich Karl sunk by Russians during sortie in Baltic.

DEC. 18.—Latest details give sum total of casualties in bombardment of Scarborough, Hartlepool, and Whitby as one hundred and ten dead and four hundred and five wounded; of the dead, more than half are women and children.

Egypt becomes a British Protectorate, and suzerainty of Turkey terminated. Lieut.-Col. Sir A. H. McMahon, G.C.V.O., appointed High Commissioner.

DEC. 19.—Prince Hussein declared Sultan of Egypt.

Announced that vigorous offensive in the Arras district make Allies masters of several trenches in front of Auchy-les-La Bassée, Loos, St. Laurent, and Blangy. At latter points carried nearly whole of enemy's first-line trenches.

Total number of casualties in raid on Scarborough, etc., given as six hundred and seventy-one.

DEC. 20.—Announced from Paris British troops lost in the direction of Neuve Chapelle some of the trenches taken December 18th.

Mr. Churchill, in letter to Mayor of Scarborough, says "the stigma of baby-killers of Scarborough will brand German naval officers and men while sailors sail the seas."

DEC. 21.—Petrograd official statement says Russians who are holding line of the Bzura and Rawka Rivers, thirty to forty miles west and south-west of Warsaw, cut up German forces which had crossed Bzura at Dachowa.

King George sends message to new Sultan of Egypt conveying expression of his Majesty's most sincere friendship, and assurance of his unfailing support in safeguarding integrity of Egypt.

Announced from South Africa that Captain Fourie, one of the ring-leaders of S.A. rebels, shot after court-martial; also that reconnaissance in force being carried out by Union forces in the Aus and Ghabub regions of German South-West Africa.

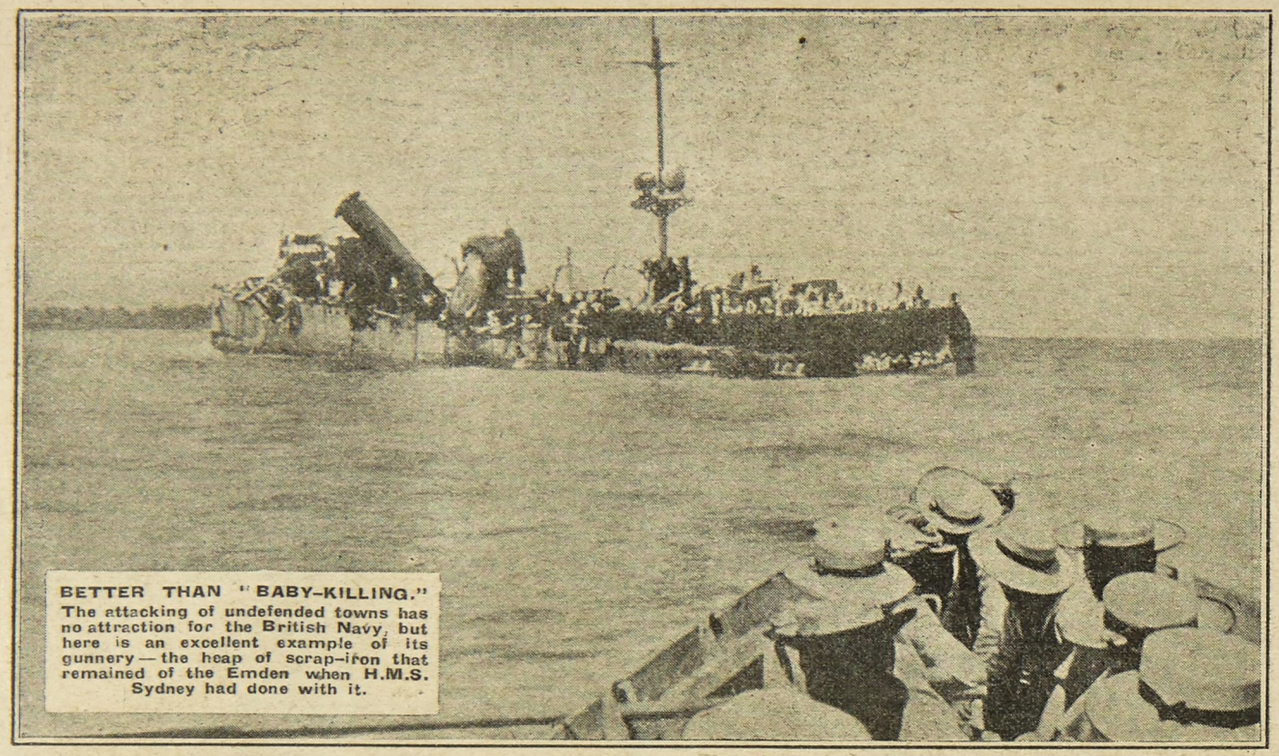
Trenches regained by British at Neuve Chapelle.

DEC. 22.—Officially reported that in Galicia the advance of the Austrians finally stopped by Russian troops.

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 20. Vol. 1. A WEEKLY PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR For Week ending 2 January, 1915.

An officer in an Indian regiment, in order to find out if a certain German trench was held at night or not, was compelled to crawl 500 yards through a ploughed field during an action between the opposing lines. He approached to within twenty yards of the enemy's trench to discover it occupied. Hearing on his left some faint whispering which sounded like Pushtu, and thinking, therefore, that some of his men had crawled out to look for him, the officer quietly approached in the direction of the voices. The imagined Indians turned out to be two Germans erecting barbed-wire entanglements, and speaking their own language. The scout finally regained his trench, not, however, without being mistaken for the enemy by a British sentry and fired at twice.



BETTER THAN "BABY-KILLING."
The attacking of undefended towns has no attraction for the British Navy, but here is an excellent example of its gunnery—the heap of scrap-iron that remained of the Emden when H.M.S. Sydney had done with it.

WHAT IS THE BRITISH NAVY DOING?

A reply to the querulous arm-chair critic. By the famous naval expert **FRED T. JANE**

Author of "Jane's Fighting Ships," "Your Navy as a Fighting Machine," etc.

"WHAT is the Navy doing?" This question is being asked with daily increasing insistence by "the man in the street." More often than not he answers it by expressing doubt as to the efficiency of the Fleet, or the capabilities of Admiral Jellicoe—and especially since the East Coast raid has this frame of mind been uppermost.

The question and the attitude are both characteristically British. It is a curious thing that we have never had a big war but that the public has profoundly mistrusted the Navy.

In 1759 Hawke was burned in effigy for "incompetence" just at the time that he was winning the Battle of Quiberon, which had as its ultimate result the adding of Canada to the British Empire. He had to fight an enemy as elusive as those Germans which Jellicoe has to fight to-day. Consequently, he was *apparently* doing nothing. He had to await his chance. When the chance came he took it with the results recorded.

The Eternal Grumbler's Effect on History

This, however, had no lasting effect on "the man in the street" of those days. When the next war came along, there was exactly the same grumbling about our "inefficient Navy"—and here, curiously enough, the grumbling did us a good turn.

The news of the dissatisfaction got over to France, where an old British admiral named Rodney chanced to be living in retirement in order to escape from his creditors. Chaffed on the "failure" of the British Navy, he one night, after dinner, bragged that were it not for his debts he would get back to England and prove our Navy's efficiency in his own person. A sporting French nobleman took him on, paid his debts; and Rodney came home to win a great battle in the hour of Britain's deepest need. He, too, was called an incompetent before he accomplished it.

What is the Navy doing to-day? It would take far less space to answer if the public asked "What is the Navy *not* doing?"

That second question could be answered with a single word, or, at any rate, a single sentence. The single word, if demanded, would be "Nothing."

A Few Words to the Sceptics

The trouble is that the British public seems incapable of believing any such word. It has seen or heard of our coasts being bombarded; it has seen or heard of the enemy escaping. And along these lines it has concluded that "the British Navy is not up to scratch."

First of all, it is to be pointed out that there has never been a war yet in which the enemy did not do, more or less, what he did off Scarborough and other places which were attacked in the famous "raid."

This is one of the things to be remembered. We have invariably suffered in every big war in which we have been engaged exactly as we have now suffered on the East Coast. The conditions have, it is true, been a trifle different. Our past enemies—Dutch, French, or Spanish—were invariably after value for money. They never descended to the depths of slaughtering helpless women and children for the mere love of slaughter.

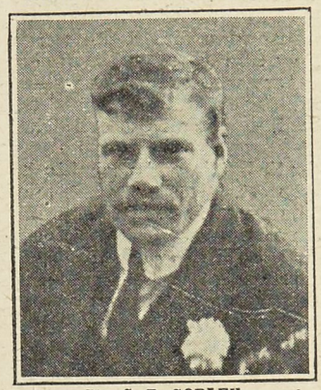
What the public has got to understand in this matter is that though every town right round our coasts were bombarded the German Navy could not secure any *gain* thereby. Perhaps it will serve to make this fact clearer if I resort to an analogy or two. There is, let us say, a football match. One team, at half-time, starts hammering the spectators who have bet against it. It is rough on the spectators, but it is not going to affect the progress of the

(*Continued on page 468.*)

MORE VALIANT V.C.'s

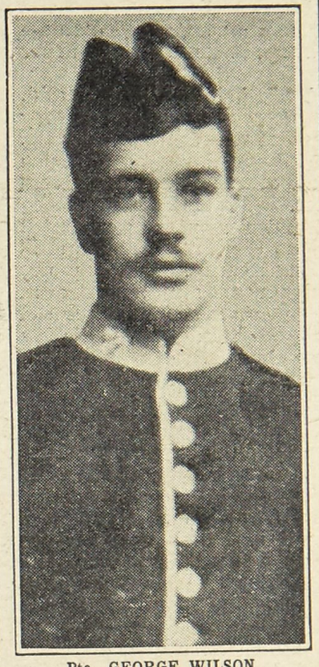
NEW RECIPIENTS OF THE COVETED CROSS

Lieut. N. D. HOLBROOK, of the B11, First Naval V.C.,
who received the honour in recognition of his Dardanelles exploit.



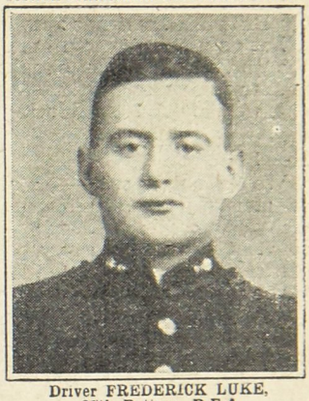
Pte. S. F GODLEY,
4th Batt. Royal Fusiliers,
who bravery worked a machine-gun after being wounded at Mons.

Lieut. W. L. BRODIE,
2nd Batt. Highland Light Infantry,
headed a brilliant bayonet charge and retook the British trenches.



Pte. GEORGE WILSON,
Highland Light Infantry,
the newsboy V.C., who captured a German gun with great courage.

Drummer SPENSER J. BENT,
1st Batt. East Lancs,
held the position after officer and section commander were struck down.

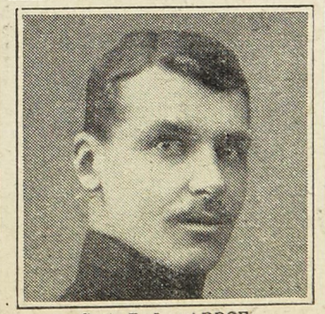


Driver FREDERICK LUKE,
37th Battery, R.F.A.
He helped to save the guns at Le Cateau under heavy fire.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE D.S.O.

ENROLLED FOR CONSPICUOUS GALLANTRY

Capt. Lord ALASTAIR INNES-KER,
Royal Horse Guards,
showed great courage in relieving the pressure of a determined attack

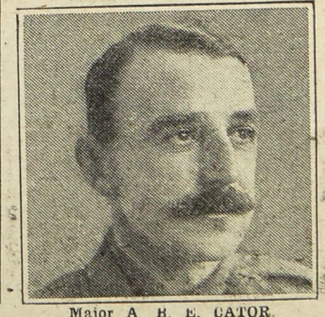


Capt. F L. FARDOE,
1st Batt. King's Royal Rifle Corps,
received the D.S.O. for carrying messages under heavy shell fire.

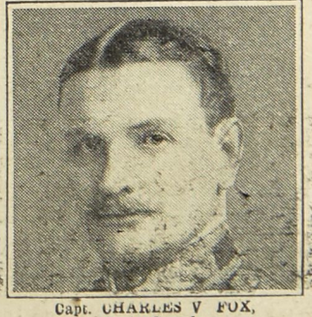
Capt. Hon. E. S. WYNDHAM,
1st Life Guards,
who, though wounded, retook a position and trenches at Messines.

Major Hon. A. F. STANLEY,
1st Life Guards,
led his regiment to support 4th Guards' Brigade with skill and daring.

Capt. NORMAN A. ORR-EWING,
Scots Guards (attached Irish Guards).
Made a D.S.O in recognition of his excellent example in rallying the spirit and steadiness of his battalion.



Major A. B. E. CATOR,
Scots Guards.
His cheerfulness helped materially to pull the 20th Brigade together after being in action five days.



Capt. CHARLES V FOX,
Scots Guards.
In an action at Kruiseik, Capt. Fox was successful in taking two hundred and five prisoners.

Sec.-Lieut. D. R TURNBULL,
Gordon Highlanders.
He continued to work his Maxim gun when the gunners were all wounded, till struck himself.

(Photos by Central Press, Heath, Speaight, Lafayette, Barnett.

WHAT IS THE NAVY DOING

(Continued from page 466)

match so far as winning is concerned. And you—the reader of this—would never be ass enough to consider the other team "inefficient" because of the outrage. Of course you would not! But if you blame the British Navy for being "unable to prevent" the East Coast raid you are more or less doing something of the same sort and kind. The other team was out to win a game of football—the idea of having to protect the spectators naturally never occurred to them.

And so the Germans pulled off their East Coast raid. They call it a "great victory." Apply the football analogy and you will get a very exact realisation of the actual facts.

Another time—— Well, would you chuck the team you had originally bet on because the other side had hammered the spectators? Of course not.

I have put things in a somewhat elementary way, but it is of the utmost importance that the British public shall *realise* the condition of affairs, and understand exactly why the British Navy cannot possibly prevent senseless outrages.

Let us now return to other and more serious aspects of the war. The bulk of our food, the bulk of our trade is a matter of oversea supply. Were our oversea trade knocked out, we should all be starving within a week or two.

What the Navy Has Done

We are not starving—we are pegging along pretty much as usual. Why? Why, because the British Navy, in face of terrific difficulties—with an enemy prepared to cheat in any and every possible way, stooping to every conceivable or inconceivable dirty trick — has kept in harbour those corsairs who would have preyed on and destroyed our trade, and gradually eliminated those who got a-hunting before war was declared. The task was one of immense magnitude. But the Navy came up to scratch.

We have been at war for some months now and there has been no "Trafalgar." Of course not. Reader of this, you go to the theatre now and again. You see the limelight turned on to the hero what time he finally disposes of the villain. But you would not hiss the hero if, when the limelight came on, the villain wasn't there!

The Essential Policy of "Wait"

Well, that is a fairly exact analogy of the naval situation to-day. The enemy keeps off the stage, and our Navy has to keep out of the limelight accordingly.

Theatrically considered, this naval war is the dullest of all the dull pieces that ever have been. Now and again the villain throws something at the hero from the wings. There is no material result from it all, and the play meanders on, getting more and more inexpressibly dull.

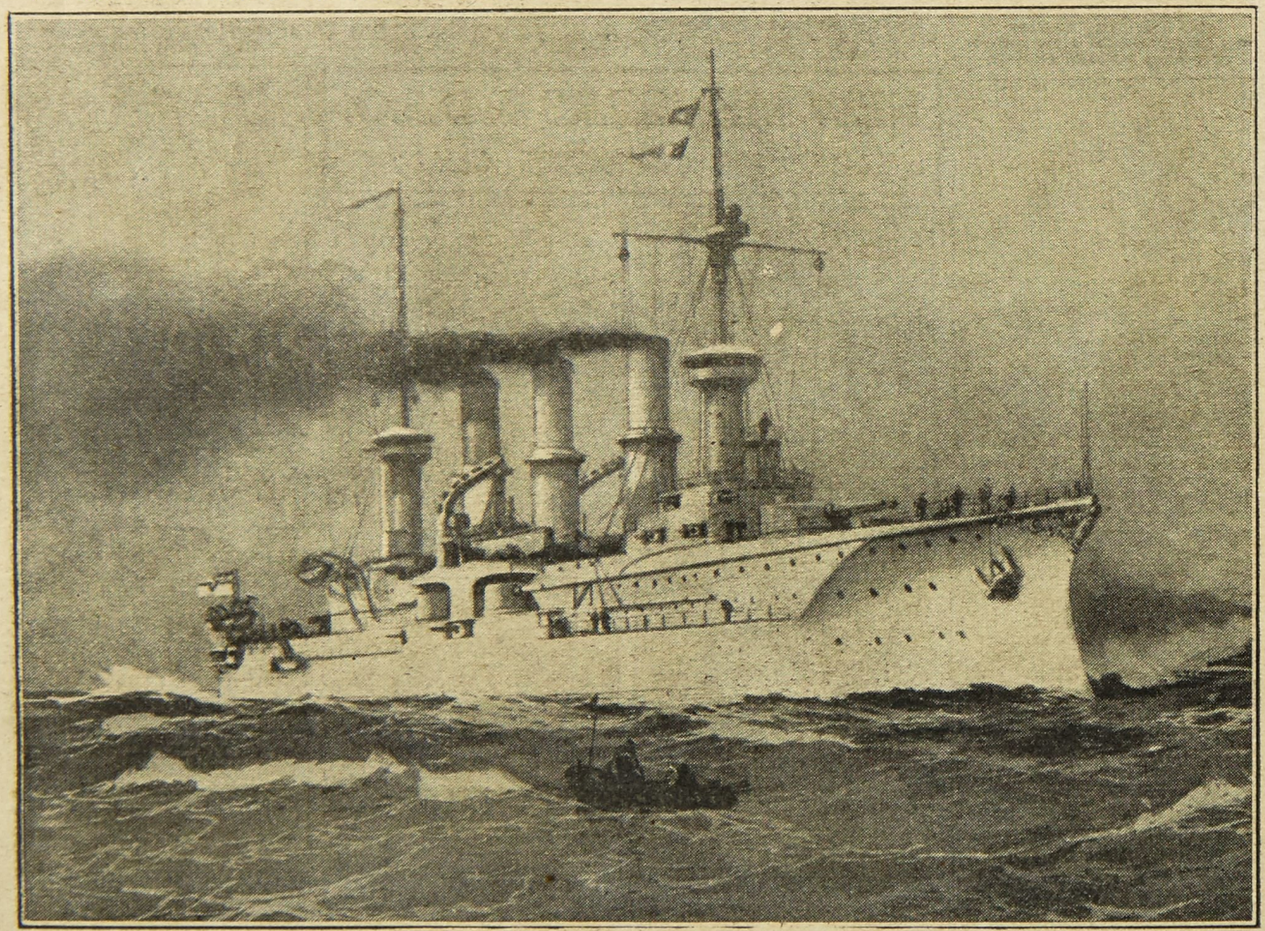
But "the man in the street" has got to realise that this Great War is not a set piece got up for his entertainment. It is a deadly conflict for existence. The actors in it have no time to spare for spectacular drama.

Those on our side have to wait and wait for the appearance of the villain. The audience may find it dull; but they cannot expedite matters by saying so, or by cursing for inactivity our favourite actors who are on the stage with the limelight turned off. They have to wait till "enter the villain." Then—well, maybe all the dull delay will be made up for.

Sooner or later the life-or-death battle will probably be fought. But till then we must wait. It is a "long, long way to Tipperary." It is probably a far longer way still to the final battle of the North Sea.

Since the British Navy has secured our existence during the time of waiting, we may well trust it to be ready for the enemy when he comes. And every wise man will keep on thanking God till then that our Navy is *apparently* "doing nothing."

"Doing nothing!" Good heavens! It is doing everything!



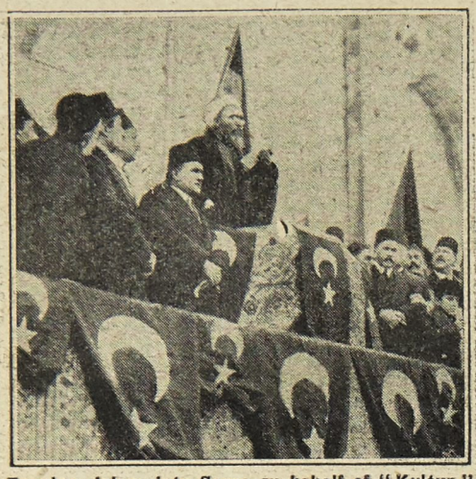
SUNK IN THE BALTIC BY THE RUSSIANS—THE FRIEDRICH KARL, GERMANY'S 9,000-TON FIRST-CLASS CRUISER.
The loss of which was a great blow to the German Navy, the result of the brilliant work of Russian coast defences.

High Spirits in Deep Trenches: Fooling the Huns

A delicious practical joke was played upon the Huns in the neighbourhood of Ypres, where our French allies and the Germans were entrenched as near as forty yards apart. One irrepressible French wit called across to the Germans: "Hola, Boches! How brave is your Kaiser! He has an Iron Cross, but he never comes to your trenches. To-morrow we are expecting President Poincare. He is not afraid; but then he hasn't an Iron Cross." The next day a silk hat came bowing along the French trenches to the accompaniment of "Vive, Poincare!" The Germans were completely taken in, and riddled the "topper" with bullets.

Infidel Hun & Faithful Turk join in "Holy War"

"Allah be with us." The Sultan of Turkey holding a prayer in front of the Sublime Porte for victory, in company with Turkish and German "infidel" officers. They are seen in one of the many devotional attitudes enjoined by the Koran.



Fanning Islam into flame on behalf of "Kultur." A Turkish priest proclaiming the "Holy War" at the Mosque of Faith, Constantinople.

Friends of the Kaiser. Picturesque Oriental recruits from Anatolia, who will soon be supporting the cause of the Hohenzollerns, on the way to Stamboul.

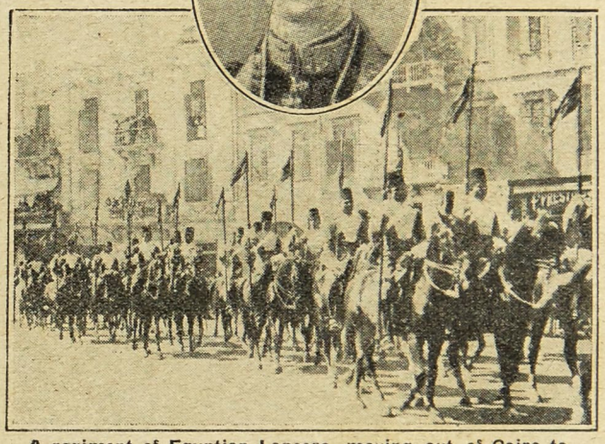
More raw material which is about to be trained to support the barbarous Hun. Turkish recruits leaving the steamer at Stamboul. They form an interesting contrast to the finished article as it appears below.

The Turkish recruit, after training, on the march. The decision of the unprogressive Ottoman Empire to fight for the exponents of "higher civilisation" in the west is tantamount to suicide while temporarily insane. Turkey suffered heavily at the hands of the Balkan States, and she looks like losing Constantinople in this throw. Her Army has been under German supervision.

War Clouds Roll o'er the Land of the Pharaohs

Bedouin chiefs, typical of the three hundred from all parts of Egypt, who visited the British Embassy, Cairo, to express their loyalty to Gen. Sir J. G. Maxwell, commanding his Majesty's forces in Egypt.

Ex-Khedive Abbas Hilmi, who, having thrown in his lot with Hun and Turk, has been deposed.



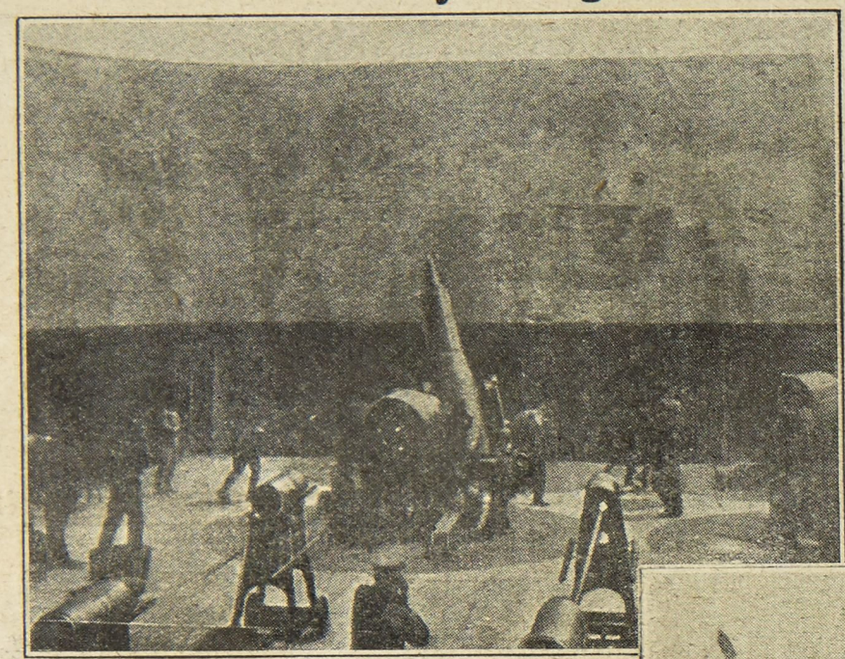
A regiment of Egyptian Lancers, moving out of Cairo to operate against the Turk. Inset above is a portrait of Col. Sir Arthur Henry McMahon, the newly-appointed High Commissioner for Egypt.

His Majesty's new ruler of Egypt, Sultan Hussein, uncle of the deposed Khedive.

Members of the Australian and New Zealand contingents who were landed recently in Egypt. With the deposition of Khedive Abbas Hilmi, Osman suzerainty vanishes from the Land of the Pharaohs, as it has almost done from Eastern Europe, and is likely to do even from Asia. The army of the new British Protectorate consists of some of the original force of occupation, a large number of new Territorial and other troops, and about 17,000 loyal native soldiers.

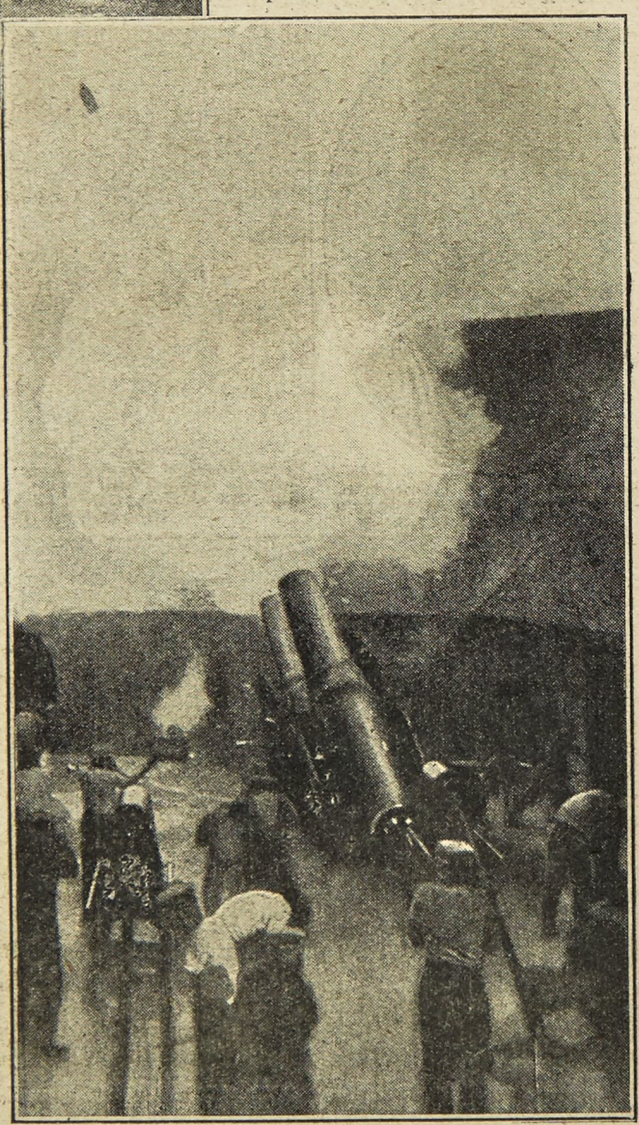
German Heavy Siege-Howitzers in Action

THESE three pictures, reproduced from a German paper, show the actual firing of a shot from one of the great German siege-guns that reduced the forts of Liege, Maubeuge, and Antwerp to ruins. The guns are mounted on large concrete foundations, and it is well-known that in many places in France and Belgium—and perhaps also in Great Britain—Germany had, by a policy of unprecedented treachery in times of peace, prepared cement foundations at points of vantage so that these guns could be mounted for immediate action. Placed deep behind a great sloping wall, or sunk in a huge pit, such guns are entirely hidden unless from aircraft, and it is almost impossible to hit them by ordinary, low-trajectory fire. They thus send their projectiles at a high angle, which, lessens their range, but increases the efficiency of the shells in bombarding fortified places, as they can be dropped behind all sorts of breastwork defences. If these guns were as mobile as they are destructive, the Power that owned them would have an easy path to victory, but, fortunately, they are useless for field battles, as they cannot be transported with facility.



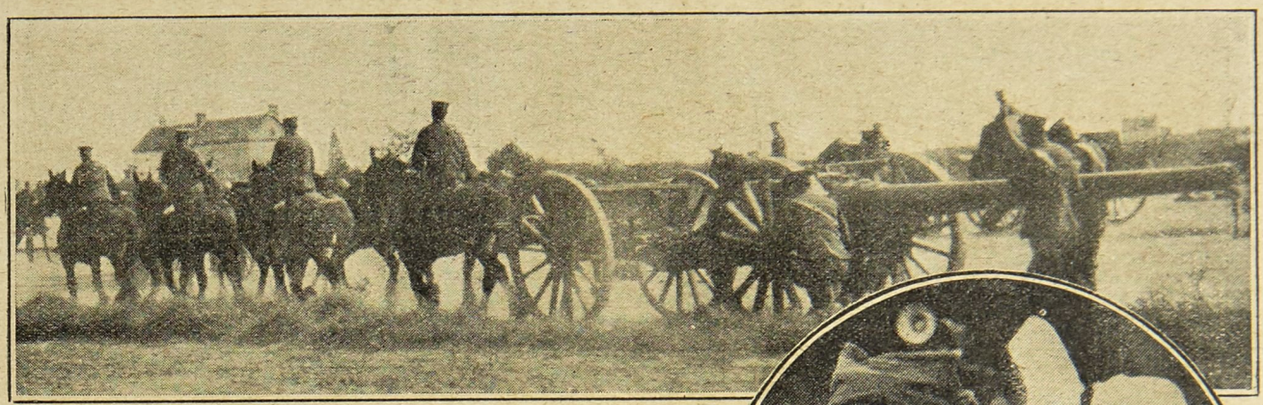
The great projectile leaving the muzzle of the howitzer before the smoke of the discharge has been able to issue. Note the massive foundations upon which the gun is mounted.

The projectile has just issued, and is followed by the great expanding smoke discharge which effectually hides it from view.

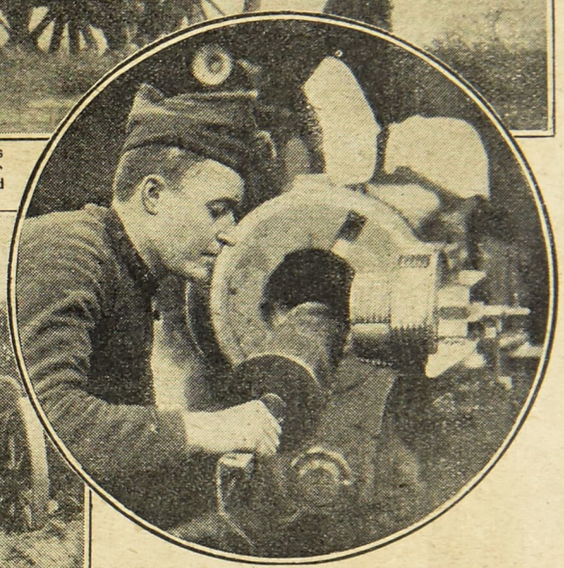


The smoke has partly cleared, and the huge projectile has almost reached the highest point in its trajectory as it travels.

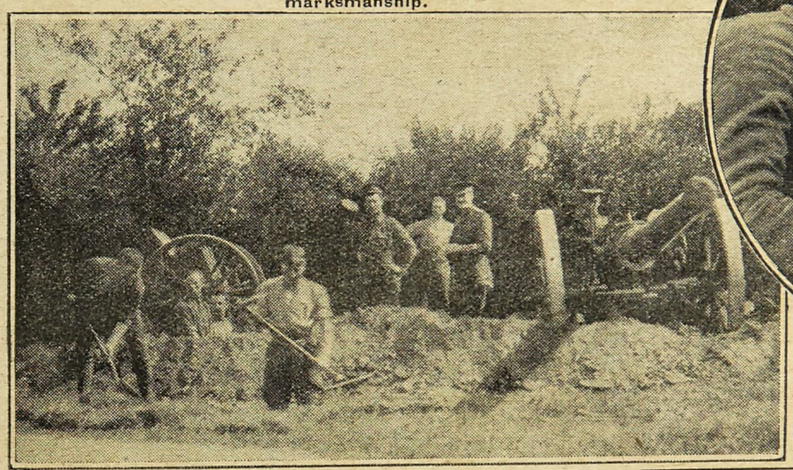
British Artillery wins Ascendancy over German



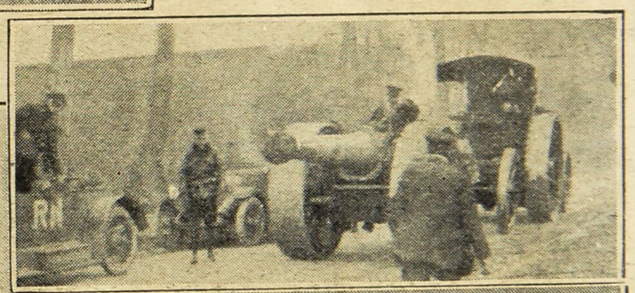
Heavy British artillery being pulled into action. These are some of the guns that justify the claim that the Allies have won the ascendency in gun-power over the enemy. The ascendency is threefold — in power, number, and marksmanship.

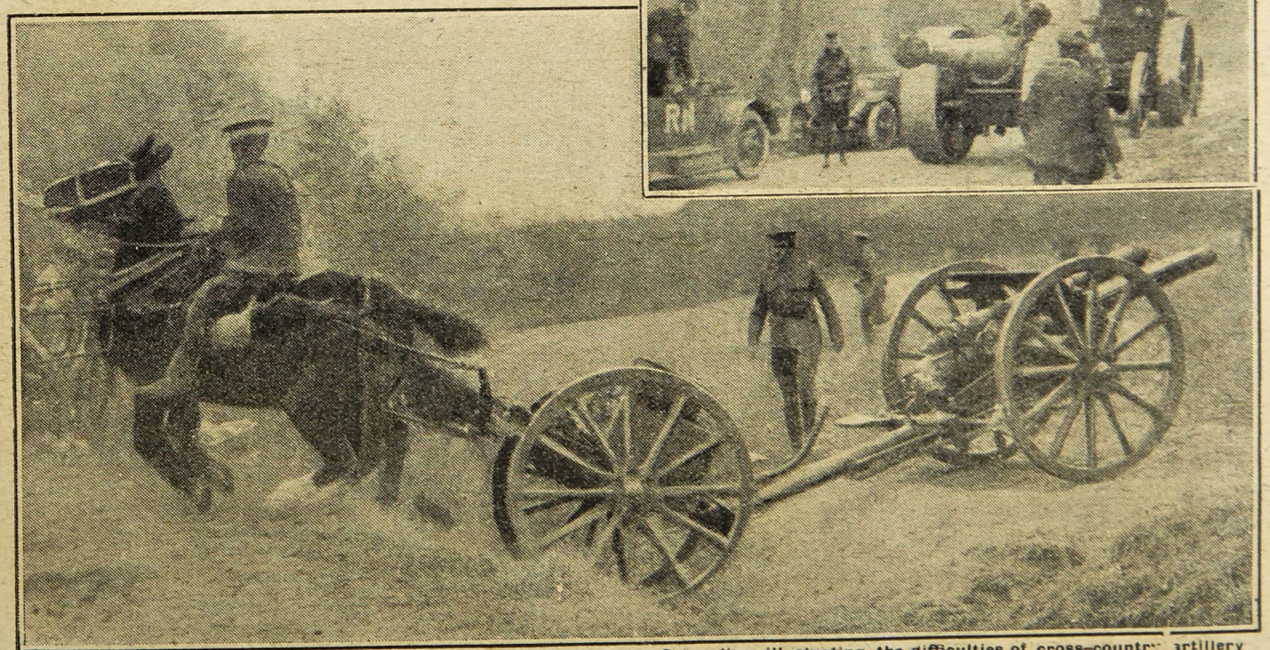


A Belgian loading a gun on a British-Belgian armoured train that has rendered effective service in the Battle of the Coast.



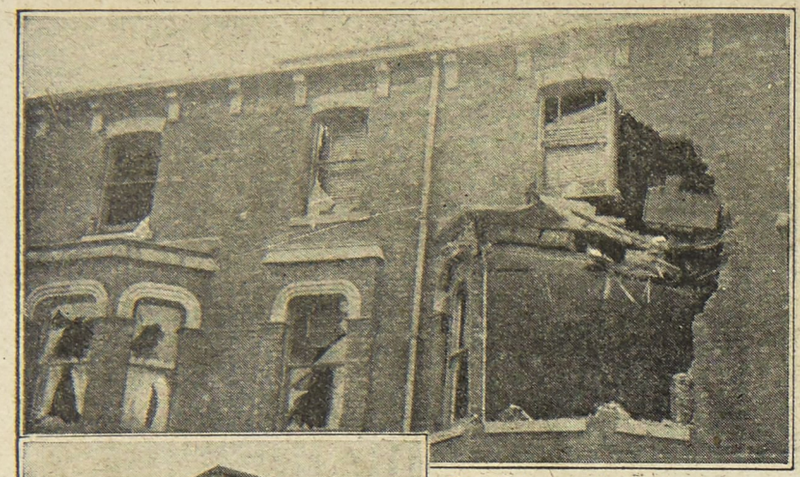
British guns in position, with an earthwork screen being piled up in front of them so that the double concealment of the earth bank in front and the trees behind will make the position difficult to detect, except perhaps from an aeroplane.



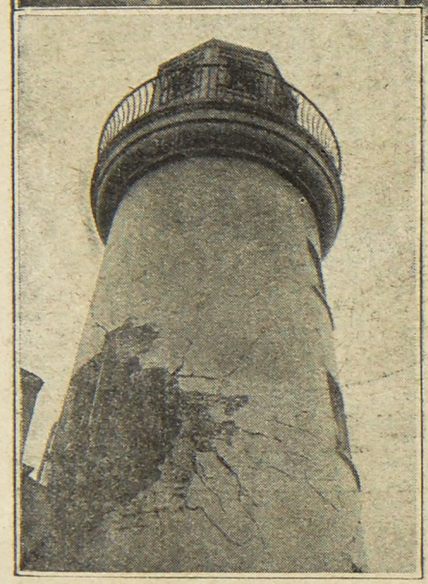


Royal Field Artillery crossing a ditch as the gun is pulled into the firing-line, illustrating the difficulties of cross-country artillery work. The inset picture shows a British heavy field-gun being transported by means of a traction-engine.

After the Sea Huns' Visit to our East Coast



Two of the private dwelling houses at Hartlepool which were shattered by German shells. Hartlepool suffered most damage and the heaviest death-roll.



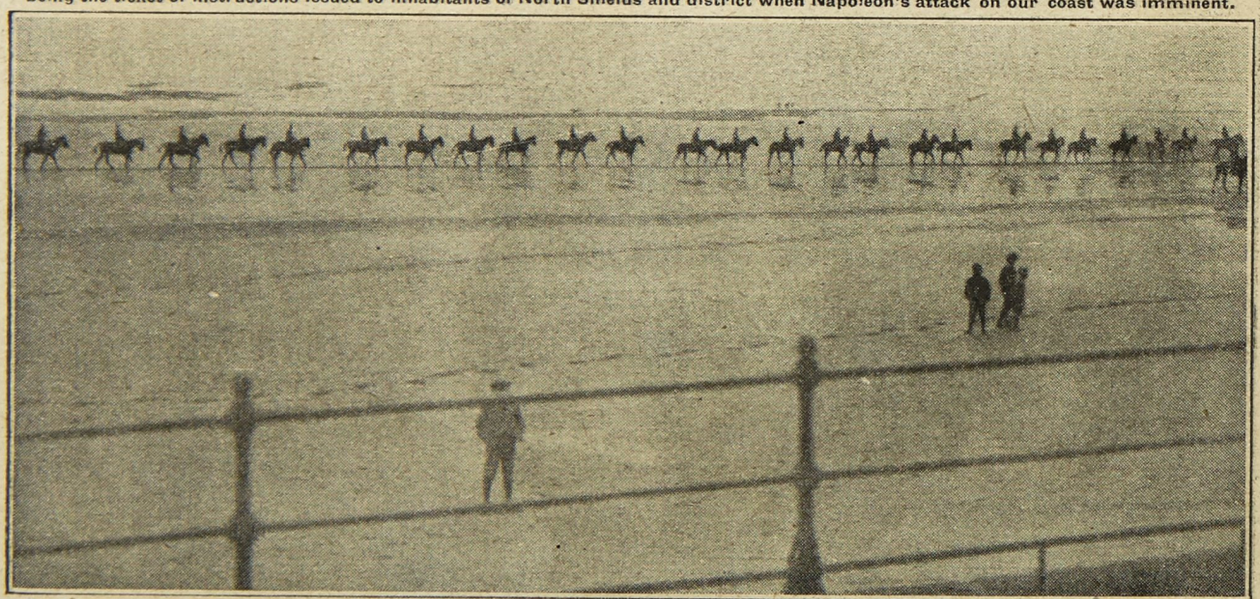
TICKET. No.

You and your Children belong to Cart No. Driver Station No. As ſoon, therefore, as the Alarm is given, do you pack up your Blankets, and a Change of Cloaths for yourſelf and Children, in the Coverlid of your Bed, and fix upon the Bundle this Direction—

No. Cart No. Driver
Station No.
of the Townſhip of
in the Pariſh of

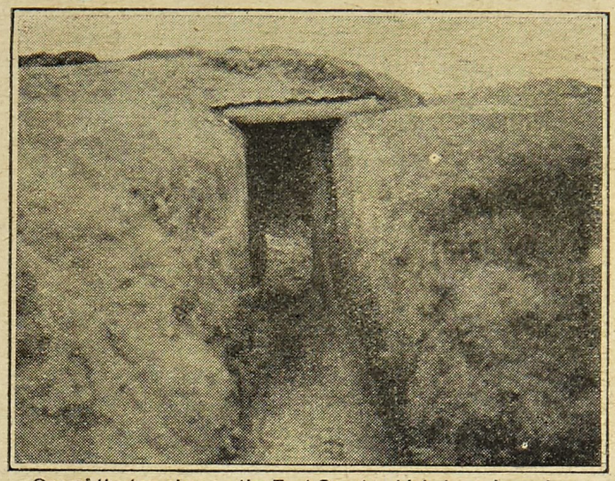
Carry alſo what Meal and Meat, and Potatoes (not exceeding one Peck) you may have in the Houſe at the Time; but on no Account will any Article of Furniture, or heavy Baggage, be allowed to be put into the Carts.—One Hour only will be allowed for Preparation, and then to ſet out.

On the left the lighthouse at Scarborough, pierced by a German shell. On the right a document of peculiar interest at the moment, being the ticket of instructions issued to inhabitants of North Shields and district when Napoleon's attack on our coast was imminent.

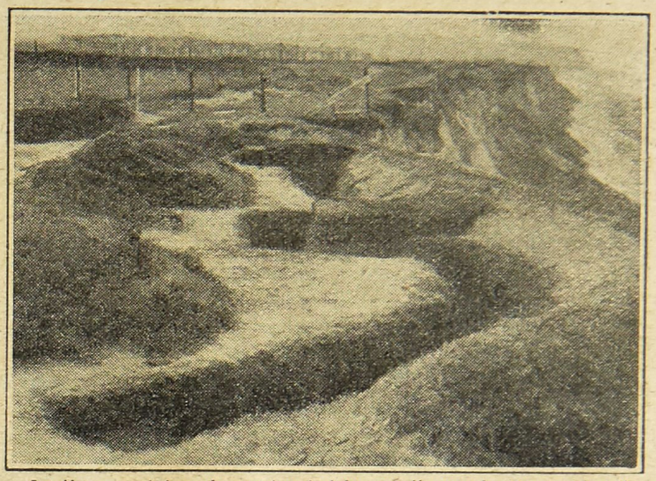


British cavalry patrolling the sands at Scarborough after the raid. The East Coast bombardment at the moment of going to press has resulted in the deaths of one hundred and seventeen civilians, about fifty-seven of whom were women and children, and seven soldiers. The coward's blow has been hard and desperate, but while Berlin is making merry over this cold-blooded murder, outraged Allies and horrified neutrals are more than ever grim and unanimous that "Kaiserism" must perish.

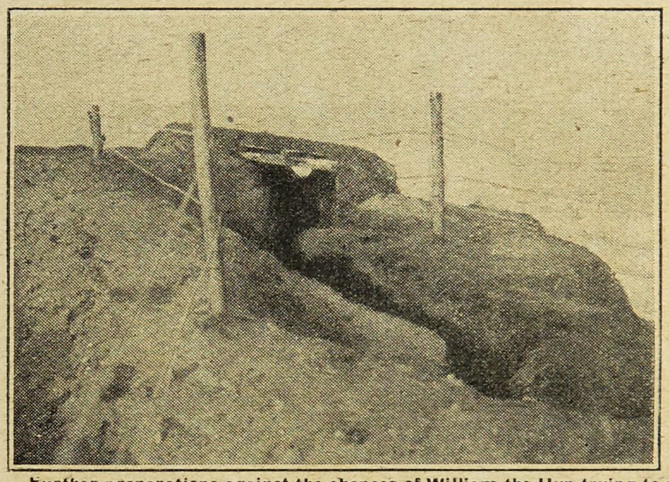
England Entrenched—Ready for the Germans!



One of the trenches on the East Coast, which have been dug in view of possible invasion.



Another coast trench constructed by our "army in the making," in view of an attempted landing on the shores of Old England.



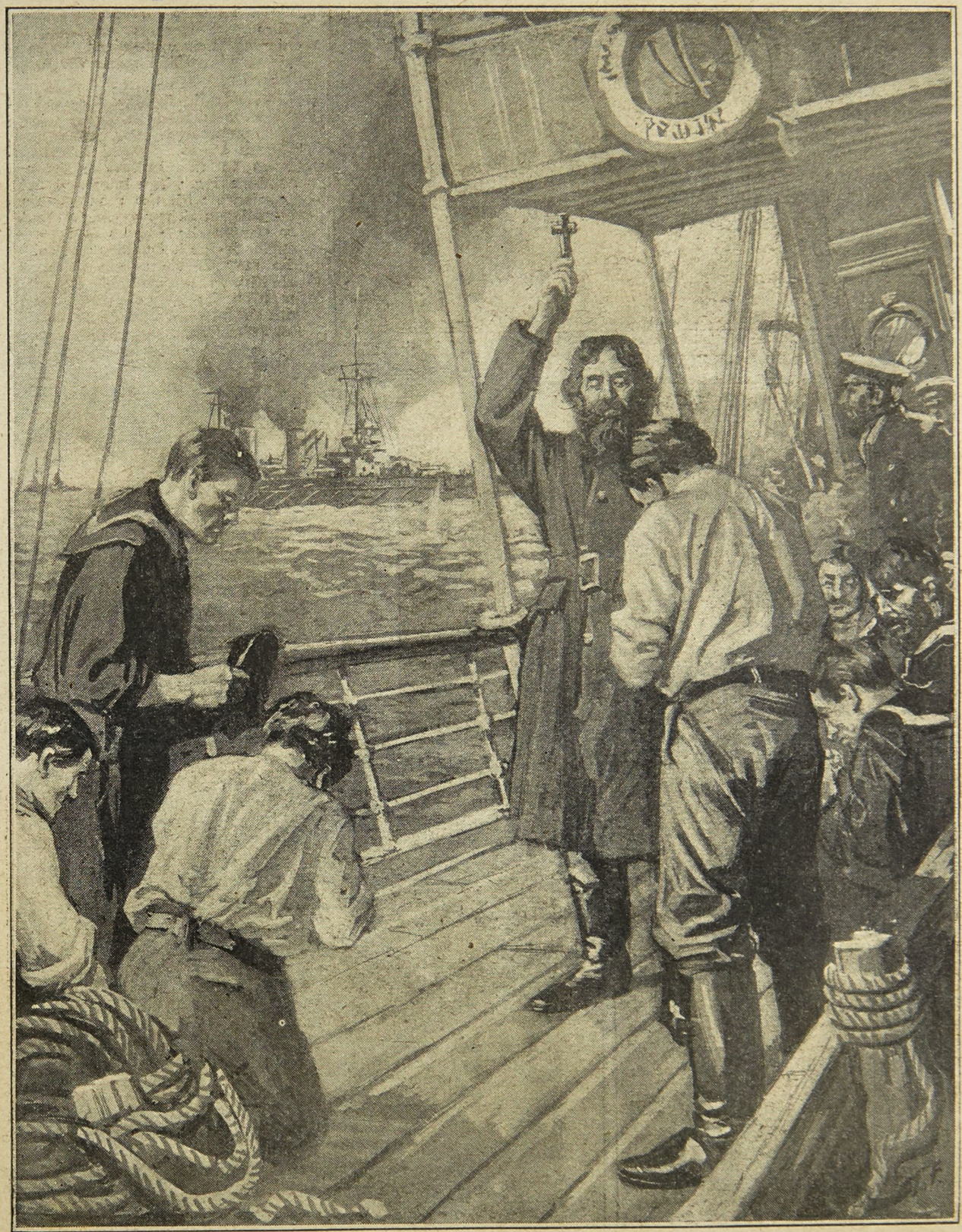
Further preparations against the chances of William the Hun trying to emulate William the Conqueror. On the left the exterior, and on the right the interior, of trenches on the East Coast.

Military guarding the cable station at Cunard Bay, Isle of Wight. The East Coast raid has, naturally, raised the pertinent question again as to what is being done to repel the invader should he succeed in getting to our shores. The photographs published above will, no doubt, help to reassure nervous Britons that precautions are being taken to cope with such a contingency however remote it may appear to the pacifists who have always ridiculed the idea of invasion as they did the possibility of Armageddon.

Woman Spy guards secret German Telephone

A French officer and private were participants in an exciting adventure which reads more like some romantic French novel than actual fact. Having lost their way, they proceeded at nightfall to a French farmhouse in quest of food. The proprietress tearfully complained that the Germans had ransacked the place, leaving her destitute. The two French soldiers, however, insisted on searching the cellar, to discover a secret German telephone in charge of a German soldier who had hidden himself in a barrel. In the course of the struggle which ensued the woman sprang upon the French private and tried to throttle him, but was overcome and taken prisoner. The innocent farmhouse was in communication with the German lines.

The Impressive Piety of the Fearless Russian



The Russian transport Pruth, laden with a cargo of armaments and stores for the Black Sea fleet, was approaching Sebastopol when it was attacked by the Goeben. Rather than allow the valuable cargo to be taken by the German cruiser, Lieut. Ragusski, the commander, mined the hold of the Pruth and advised his men to jump for life. Not a soul stirred. The chaplain, Hieromonach Anthony, then gave absolution to the crew, who knelt down and crossed themselves devoutly. Lieut. Ragusski applied the fuse. A huge column of water and flying debris announced the doom of the Pruth's gallant captain and some forty members of the crew.

"An Army marches on its Stomach"—

An improvised quick-lunch restaurant near the battle-front. Some members of a British infantry regiment are preparing a meal during a lull in the fighting. The excellence of our commissariat is beyond all praise.

ON these two pages will be found a selection of photographs of Allies and enemies preparing and enjoying their well-earned "bite" in various places and under divers conditions.

Never in the history of armed conflict have so many different ways of food preparation and consumption been in vogue. Special interest attaches to the Indians' manner of bread-making, which is carried out in accordance with the requirements of their religion. Their cooking and eating are always the objects of interested wonder by both civilians and soldiers who may chance to see them. The primitive ovens seen in the last photograph on this page contrast strangely with the modern field kitchens of the European forces.

French soldiers take every occasion to enjoy the pleasures of the table with their customary comfort even in times of war.

Bengal soldiers examining sheep, a week's meat rations for a company, with critical judgment.

Daughters of France giving refreshment to French soldiers about to join the firing-line at Arras.

The ritual of Indian baking. British soldiers have been keenly interested in the Indian method of making bread, which is carefully prescribed for them under their creed.

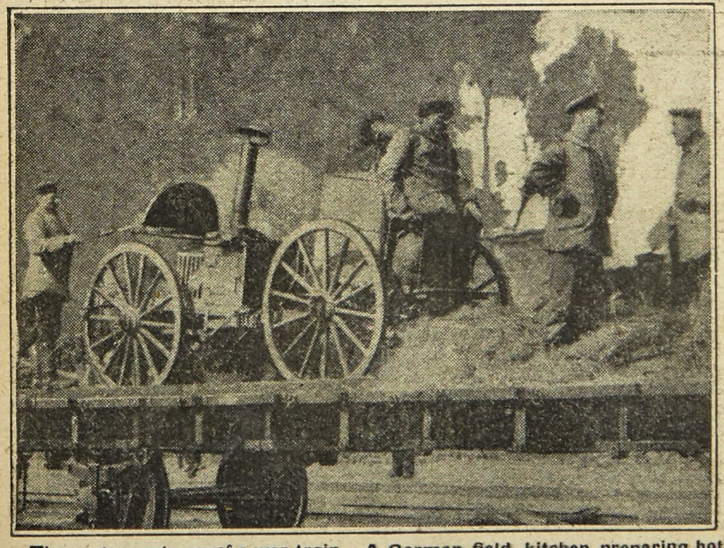
—How Napoleon's Axiom is Applied To-day

Napoleon is credited with many epigrams, one of his best known being that an army marches on its stomach. While the excellent British commissariat has called forth admiration, the German has proved notoriously inefficient, Prussian officers and men having surrendered on several occasions in a starving condition. It is the rule of German soldiery to commandeer food supplies of invaded territory. Should there be a scarcity in the district, the pilfering Hun is compelled to go short for days, suffering thereby privations far harder than those of actual fighting. Near Ypres a force of eight hundred Germans, who had been without food for days and were reduced to chewing leaves, gave themselves up gratefully to a troop of French cavalry.

German Huns enjoying a good lunch in the rear of the fighting-line.

A prisoner that can expect no mercy. German blue-jackets and marines making sure of their rations for a time at any rate.

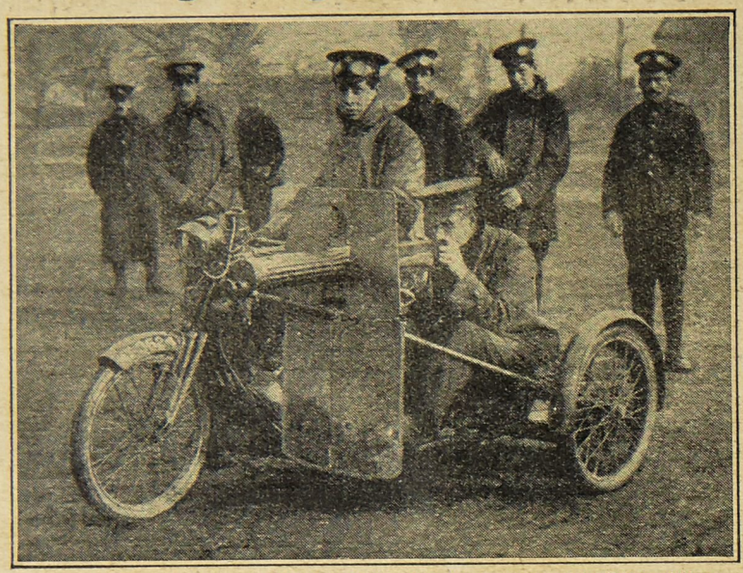
A German field bakery hard at work near Ypres in a vain endeavour to keep up the stamina and spirit of the legions that stormed the British lines during the great Battle of the Coast.



The restaurant-car of a war train. A German field kitchen preparing hot food for some of the Kaiser's soldiers on a moving troop train.

Generous Belgian captors sharing a modest meal with a Uhlan prisoner at a railway-station in Belgium.

The Fighting Value of our Warriors on Wheels



Corporal Frank Cody, son of the late Colonel Cody, in charge of a field artillery motor-cycle. The gunner is aiming the machine-gun from behind the bullet-proof shield with which the machine is fitted.

DURING the Boer War the practical value of cyclist corps did not rise to expectation, and Sir Redvers Buller raised all the hornets of the Cycle Press about his ears by saying so, politely, but very frankly.

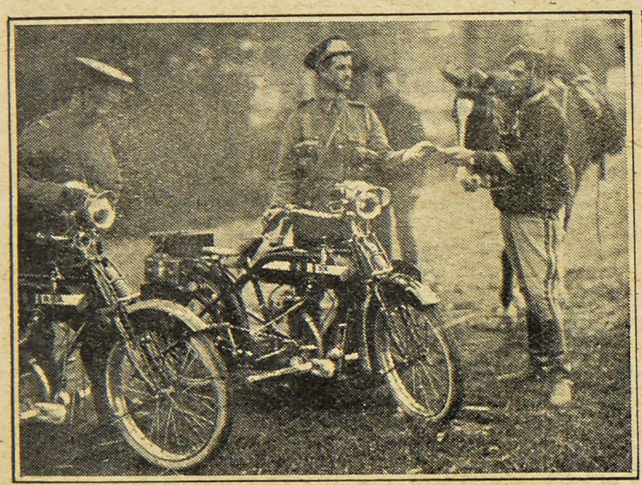
In the Great War, however, the value of the cyclist has been very great indeed. So much so that, in his despatch of November 20th, published on November 30th, Sir John French wrote :

"I am anxious in this despatch to bring to your Lordship's special notice the splendid work which has been done throughout the campaign by the Cyclists of the Signal Corps.

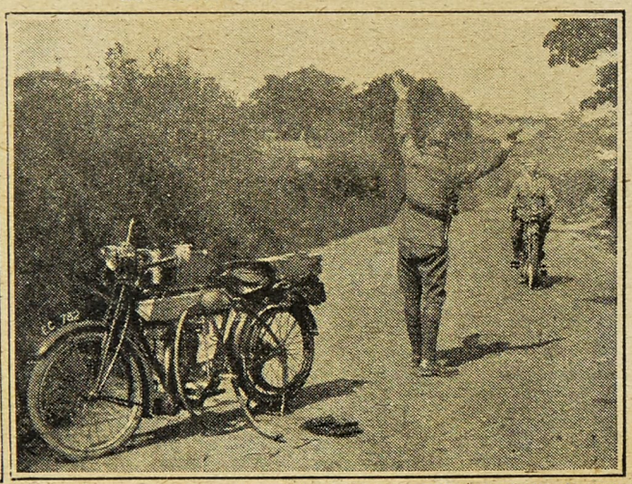
"Carrying despatches and messages at all hours of the day and night in every kind of weather, and often traversing bad roads blocked with transport, they have been conspicuously successful in maintaining an extraordinary degree of efficiency in the service of communications.

"Many casualties have occurred in their ranks, but no amount of difficulty or danger has ever checked the energy and ardour which has distinguished this corps."

The divergence of these two verdicts is not difficult to explain. In South Africa the trackless veldt is not ideal for the operation of cycle wheels, whereas in the thickly-roaded districts of France and Flanders cyclists have found the ground eminently suited for their wheels. Also, since the South African War the motor-cycle has become a practical and reliable vehicle, and the motor claims the lion's share of the credit now accorded to the wheeled sections of the army.



British motor-cycle scouts delivering despatches. It was of these men that General French wrote : "No amount of difficulty or danger has ever checked their energy and ardour."

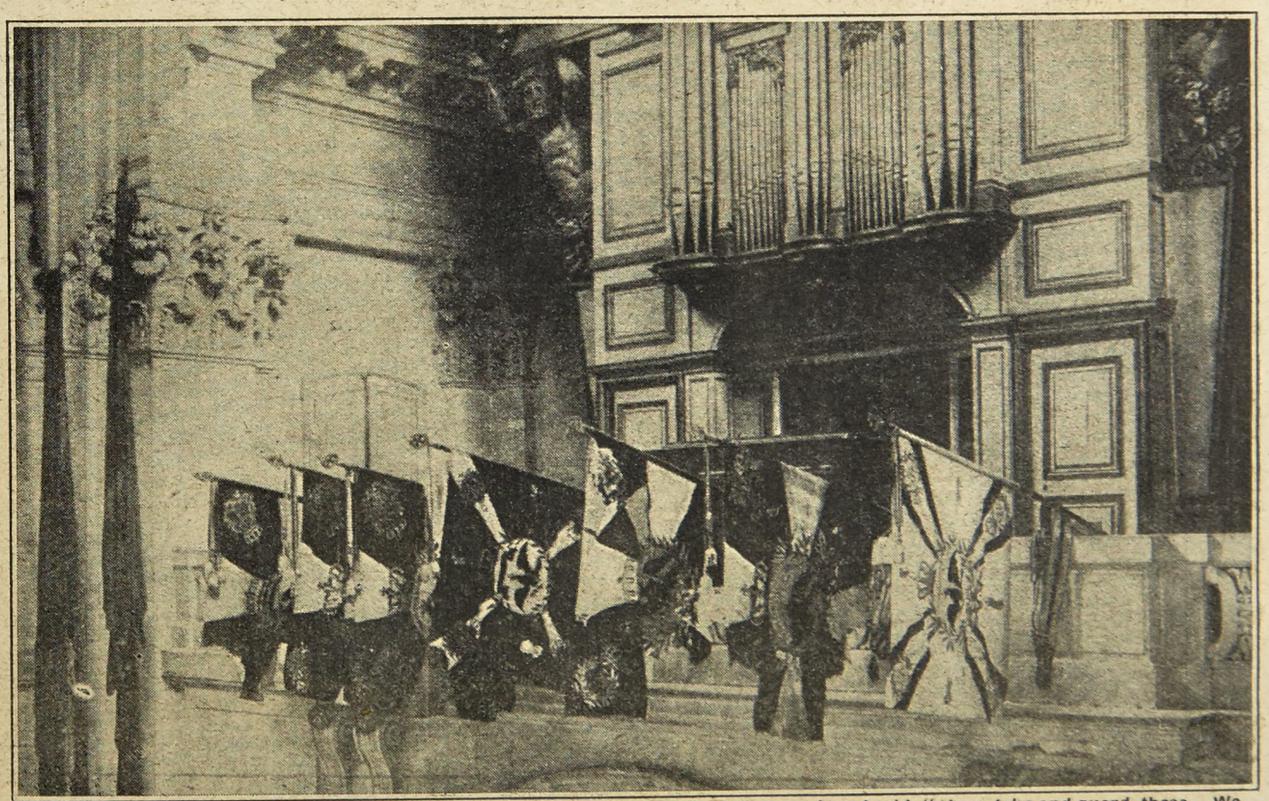


"In the name of the King!" A motor-cyclist despatch-bearer whose machine has gone out of commission holds up a civilian cyclist at the revolver-point and commandeers his machine.

A Belgian cycle corps passing through a village in the dune country of East Flanders. The mobility of these cyclist fighters gave them immense value as scouts, and their reckless bravery increased that value.

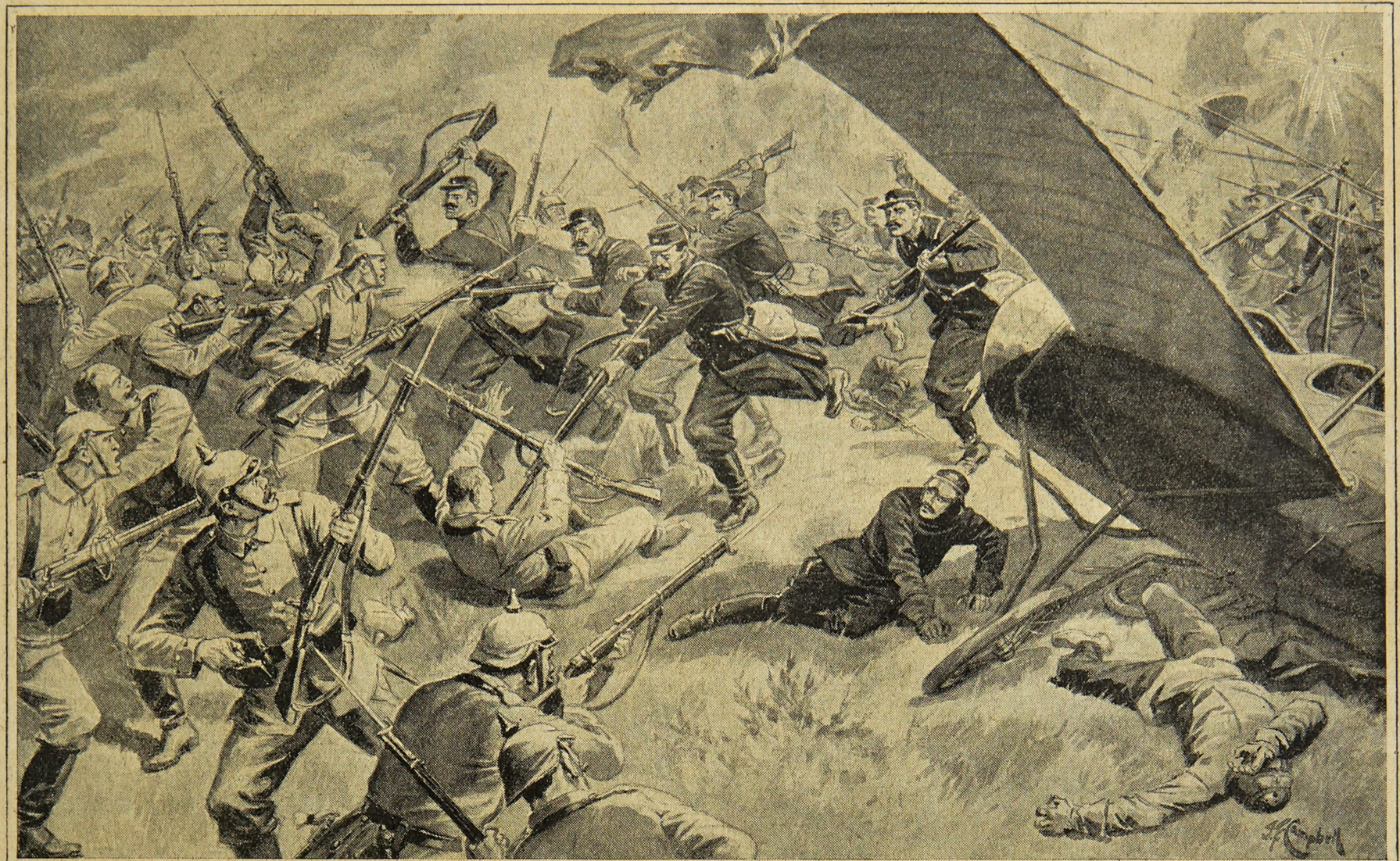
German Flags to decorate Napoleon's Tomb

The Hospital des Invalides is the home of old soldiers in Paris, and behind it is the Chapelle des Invalides, and the tomb of Napoleon, where the bones of France's greatest military genius lie encased in the most magnificent mausoleum in Europe. This photograph shows the parade of captured German flags before they were deposited, with other trophies of French valour, in the chapel.



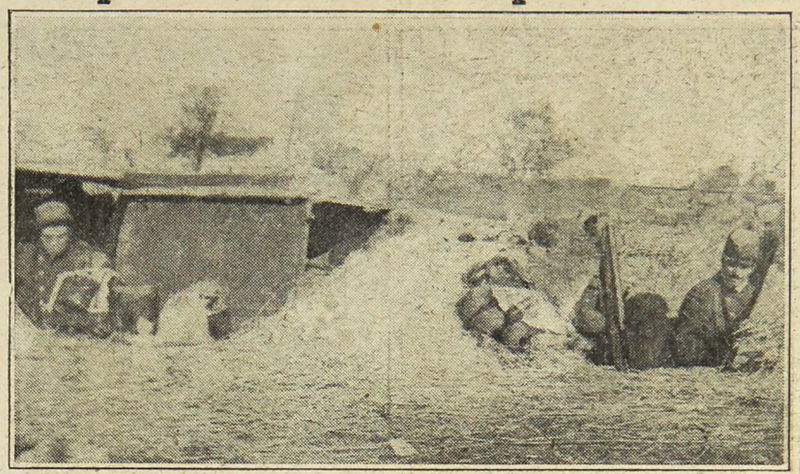
Here hang the flags captured from the German invaders. Nothing could inspire a Frenchman more than the thought that these trophies repose near all that remains of his greatest military hero. It is as if the valiant living carried a message to the illustrious dead, and said, "Here, take and guard these. We have not forgotten thee. We fight in thy example and seek to be worthy of thee in our love for France and honour." British regimental colours are not now carried on the battlefield.

Battle of Cold Steel around the Aeroplane of dead French Senator



Senator Raymond, of the French Flying Corps, died for his country, and his death was the occasion for a fierce engagement that carried his countrymen in a mad rush sweeping the Germans three miles back from the position they formerly held. Senator Raymond's aeroplane fell between the French and the German lines. One of its occupants lay dead and the other dying, so the Germans, enticed by the prospect of capturing two prisoners and the aeroplane, emerged from the shelter of their burrows to attack. The French ran forward to dispute the attempt, and after a bloody melee the Germans were hurled back in confusion, not to their former positions only, but to a point a league behind them.

Peeps Within Far-spread Trenches of the Allies



French soldiers in the trenches, somewhere in France, waiting for the wily "Boche" to make an appearance. These French soldiers have been in their "dug-outs" for some days.

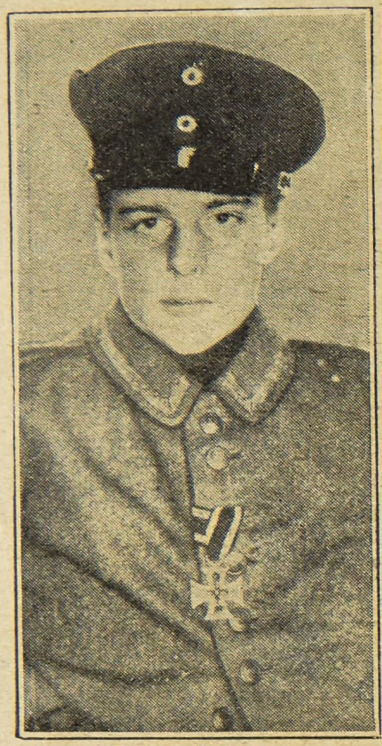
Facing the fire of the camera. Cheerful British soldiers, well entrenched, being snapshotted somewhere on the Continent.

Domestic scene in the underworld. Red Cross officers enjoying a snack and a few moments' well-earned repose. Their "dug-out" looks distinctly homely.

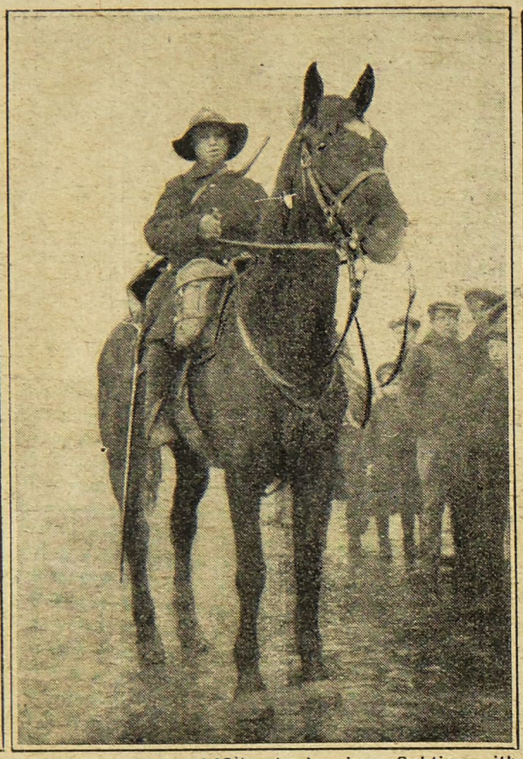
Some French soldiers carrying a mat from one trench to another along one of the routes of communication. No pains are spared to make life in the Allies' trenches as comfortable as possible.

A corner of a British trench. The photograph gives some idea of the conditions under which fighting has been carried on, and also shows the entrance to the dug-out shelter from German shells. Thanks to a supply of hot food from the kitchens actually installed in the trenches, and straw taken from stacks in the fighting area, it has been found possible to mitigate some of the hardships of our soldiers.

The Spartan Spirit of the Younger Generation

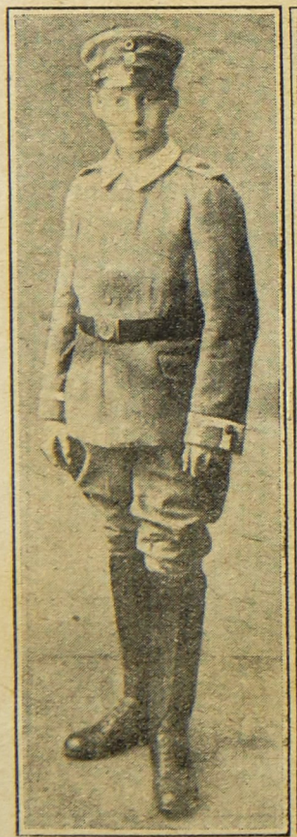


Gunther Paulas, the youngest possessor of the Iron Cross. He has fought in five battles.

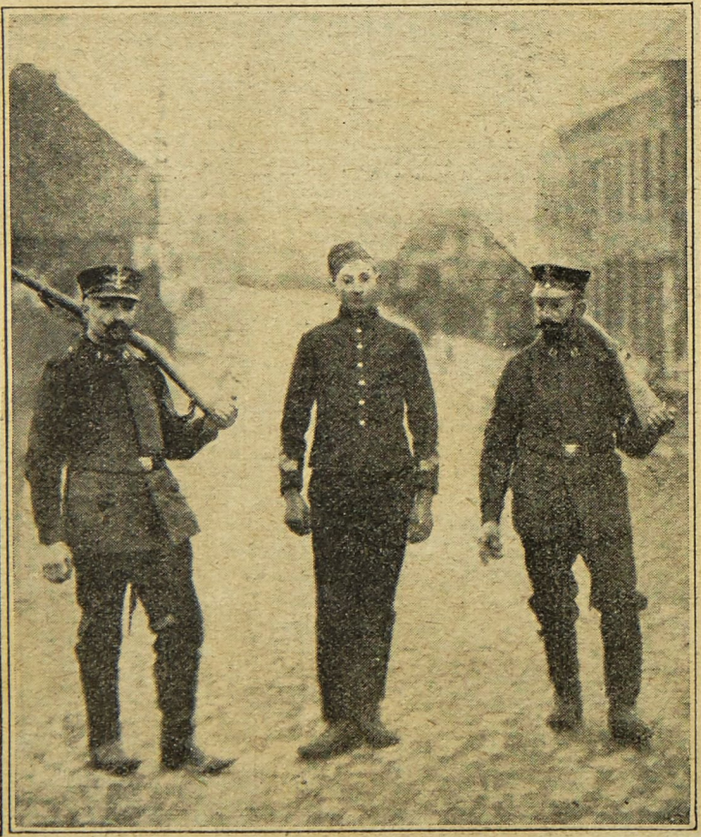


Otto Stephen (aged 13½), who has been fighting with the Belgian infantry throughout the war. King Albert has complimented him on his bravery.

Bugler Quin (aged 14½), of the Herts Reserves, who has volunteered twice for active service.



A 14-year-old German boy fighting for the Fatherland.

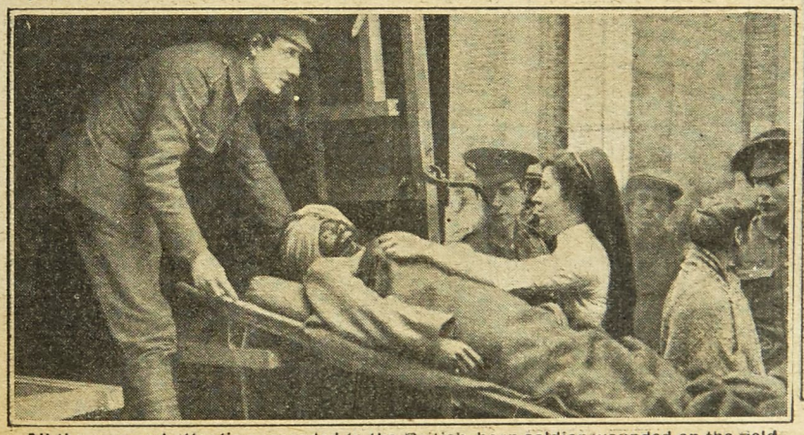


A youthful Belgian prisoner, taken during one of the coast battles, under a German guard in his native town of Antwerp.

A Parisian Boy Scout soldiering in the French Army.

Queer Comradeships made in War-time

A brave man is the first to pay tribute to bravery in others, and the British soldier acknowledges frankly the sterling qualities of France's foreign legions. In this photograph a British soldier appears in a group of these picturesque fighting men.



All the care and attention accorded to the British-born soldier wounded on the field is bestowed upon the loyal Indian who meets a similar fate. Here British Red Cross members are taking a wounded Indian away in a motor-ambulance.

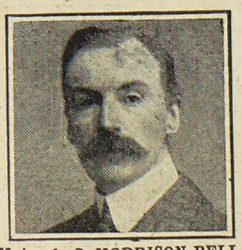
Colour caste is forgotten in the comradeship of arms, and in this photograph a British naval officer is giving a cordial greeting to the commander of one of the French African regiments.

A French doctor attending a group of wounded Belgian, French, and German soldiers made friends by the common bond of suffering.

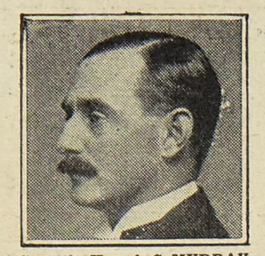
A Third Group of M.P.'s on War Service

IAN MALCOLM,
Unionist—Croydon.

Hon. C. T. MILLS,
Unionist—Uxbridge.

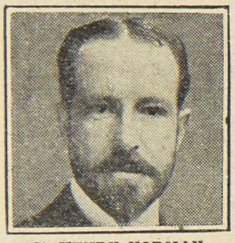


Major A. C. MORRISON-BELL,
Unionist—Honiton.

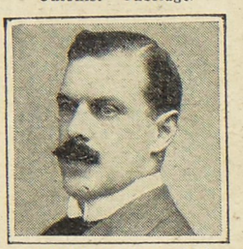


Capt. the Hon. A. C. MURRAY,
Liberal—Kincardine.

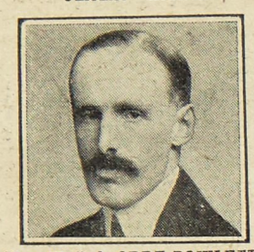
H. K. NEWTON,
Unionist—Harwich.



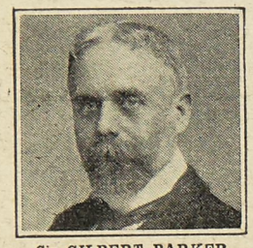
Sir HENRY NORMAN,
Liberal—Blackburn.



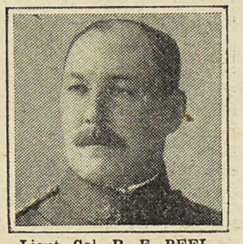
J. NORTON-GRIFFITHS,
Unionist—Wednesbury.



Hon. W. G. A. ORDE-POWLETT,
Unionist—Richmond, Yorks.

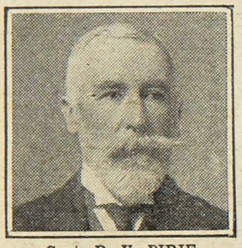


Sir GILBERT PARKER,
Unionist—Gravesend.



Lieut.-Col. R. F. PEEL,
Unionist—Woodbridge.

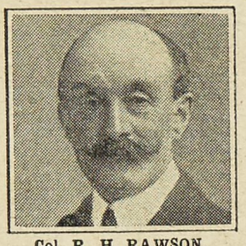
BASIL E. PETO,
Unionist—Devizes.



Capt. D. V. PIRIE,
Liberal—Aberdeen.

Hon. W. J. A. PRIMROSE,
Liberal—Wisbech.

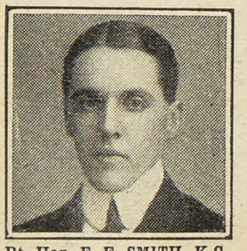
Sir W. E. C. QUILTER, Bart.,
Unionist—Sudbury.



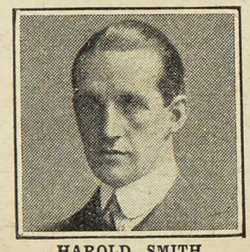
Col. R. H. RAWSON,
Unionist—Reigate.

R. A. SANDERS,
Unionist—Bridgewater.

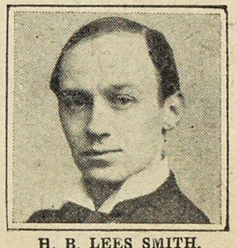
Sir S. E. SCOTT, Bart.,
Unionist—Marylebone W



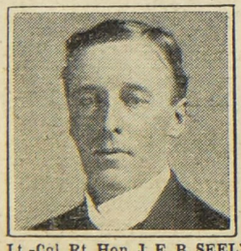
Rt. Hon. F. E. SMITH, K.C.,
Unionist—Walton.



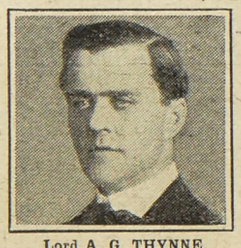
HAROLD SMITH,
Unionist—Warrington.



H. B. LEES SMITH,
Liberal—Northampton.

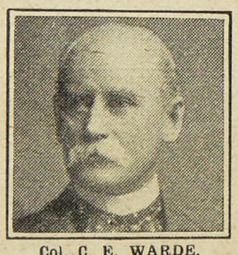


Lt.-Col. Rt. Hon. J. E. B. SEELY,
Liberal—Ilkeston

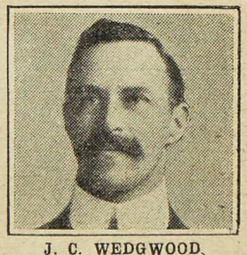


Lord A. G. THYNNE,
Unionist—Bath.

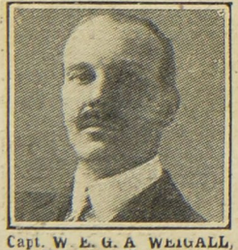
W. DUDLEY WARD,
Liberal—Southampton.



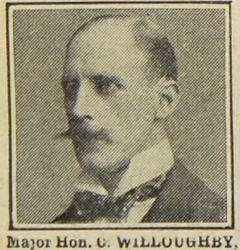
Col. C. E. WARDE,
Unionist—Medway



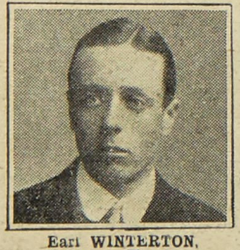
J. C. WEDGWOOD,
Liberal—Newcastle-under-Lyme.



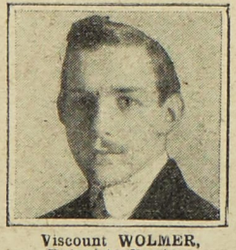
Capt. W. E. G. A. WEIGALL,
Unionist—Horncastle.



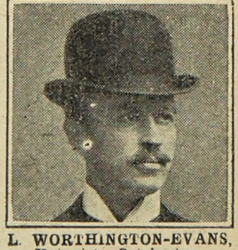
Major Hon. C. WILLOUGHBY,
Unionist—Stamford.



Earl WINTERTON,
Unionist—Horsham.



Viscount WOLMER,
Unionist—Newton.

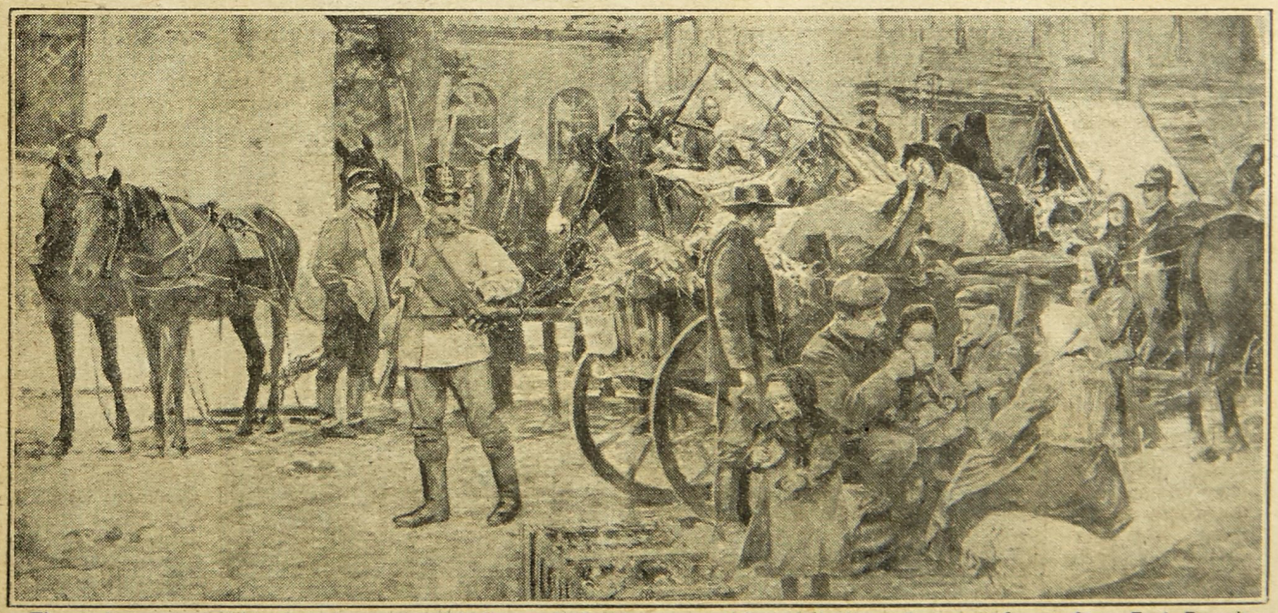


L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS,
Unionist—Colchester.

(Photos by Russell & Sons and Elliott & Fry.)

German Artists Stumble into Truthfulness

It is a shameful fact that the German nation as a whole glories and gloats over the monstrous brutality of its soldiers in their war on women and children in Belgium. Proof of this appears in the above picture, reproduced direct from a German magazine, where German soldiers are seen prodding Belgian women with the bayonet, while arson and murder are proceeding close by. Let us remember this is no war of a military caste against the forces of civilisation—it is the bestial outpouring of the concentrated hate of a whole people for all who bar the progress of their conscienceless way to world-power.



This picture appeared in a Leipzig paper. It is the work of a German artist, and it shows German refugees from East Prussia camping out in the streets of Berlin. Their appearance in the capital has impressed Germany at its centre with the reality of war, and has terrified her into the dread of approaching retribution.

HOW THE WAR WAGES: THE STORY OF THE GREAT CONFLICT TOLD WEEK BY WEEK

The Battle of Flanders

FOR nearly a fortnight the Allies have been engaged in an offensive movement along their whole front, both in Belgium and France. It, however, has developed more particularly on their extreme left from the sea to the Oise, and on their extreme right between the Argonne and the Meuse. Progress everywhere was made—sometimes only a few yards, at other times as much as a couple of miles; but it has to be remembered that the sum of the whole is considerable, and represents the capture of siege works of remarkable strength which had taken the enemy months of labour and great skill to construct. On Friday and Saturday, December 18th and 19th, the Germans resumed their offensive to the north-east of Ypres, on which they had concentrated many troops, and regained some of the trenches from which they had been dislodged by British and Indian forces. Our troops, however, went at the enemy again on Sunday and Monday, and recovered the lost positions. Associated with this determined movement was that by which the Allies, with the assistance of the fleet, whose heavy guns did great execution, pushed across the Yser and occupied the triangle formed by the coast, the river, and the line from Westende to St. Georges, all the rest of the region being under flood. Evidently the Germans, finding that they cannot get along the coast to Calais, are fortifying Zeebrugge, to the west of Ostend, where they are putting together parts of submarines brought overland from Germany—the plan being to make Zeebrugge their naval base for harrying, when they have a sneaking chance, the east coasts of England and Scotland. That is as may be. Not only in the north of Flanders but in Eastern Aisne, Champagne, and the Argonne the progress has been continuous, right beyond the Vosges towards and within a few miles of Metz.

* * *

The Eastern Campaign

THERE is nothing to justify the boasts of crushing German victories in any part of the vast theatre of war in Poland. It is true that the Russians have retired part of their centre front, and abandoned the Lowicz-Ilow line, and now rest on strongly entrenched positions ten or twelve miles nearer Warsaw. That city was twice visited by some German airmen, who dropped bombs indiscriminately, and killed ninety and wounded sixty non-combatant citizens. The Russians still hold the line of the Bzura at its junction with the Vistula, and are strongly posted on the Rawka, another tributary of the Vistula. Hindenburg, having drawn upon his fresh reinforcements at Wielun, pressed back the Russian line from Petrokof to Opoczno. A Petrograd correspondent maintains that these backward movements are due to strategical considerations, and have been deliberately undertaken by the Russian generalissimo. At any rate, the German attack north of the Vistula has, according to the same correspondent, utterly failed. The Austrian movement through the Dukla Pass in the Carpathians to relieve the pressure on Cracow has been defeated, and the garrison of Przemysl hurled back from its sortie in force into the besieged city.

German headquarters announced that the Kaiser, having fully recovered, had gone back to the front, whence presumably he despatched to his aunt, the Dowager Grand Duchess of Baden, at Karlsruhe, the following telegram in his own inimitable hysterical style: "Hindenburg just announced Russian army retired before our front after embittered battles, and is pursued by us over whole lines. How evidently has the Lord stood by our heroic troops. To Him alone be the honour.—WILLIAM."

* * *

Aerial Warfare

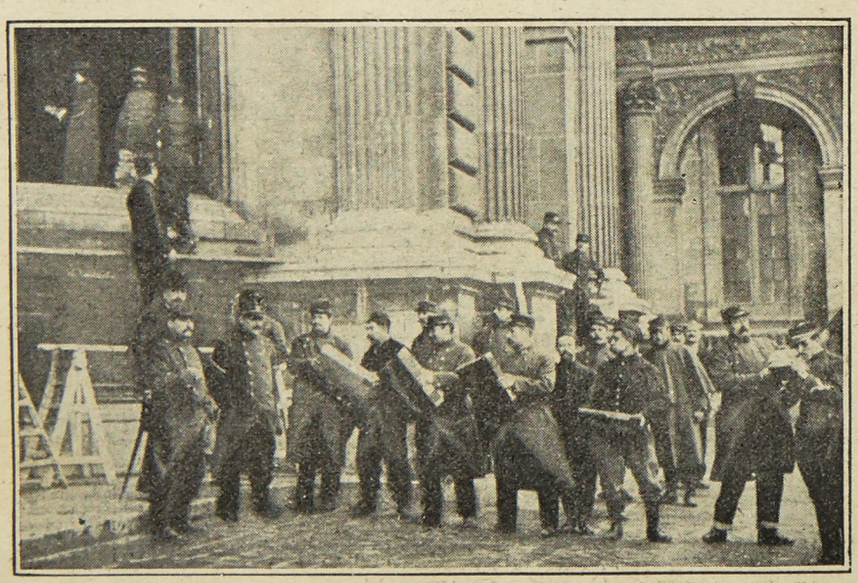
BRITISH airmen on December 19th made a swoop to Brussels and dropped twelve bombs on the Zeppelin sheds there, doing great damage. On the 20th a British naval airman made a descent on German positions near Ostend, probably Zeebrugge. He set out from his base in complete darkness, dropped nine bombs which he was convinced did considerable damage, and returned safely still in Cimmerian gloom—a most remarkable exploit. Another allied airman, on the 20th, according to a German message, flew over the Brussels suburb of Etterbeek, and tried to drop bombs, but was driven off by the fire of German soldiers. Calais was visited on Sunday afternoon by a German seaplane which dropped two bombs. One fell into the sea near Fort Risban, one of the oldest fortresses in France, and the other into the harbour, thirty yards from the Hotel Maritime, which evidently was aimed at.

* * *

In South Africa

ON Saturday, December 19th, Captain Fourie, one of the rebel leaders who had been captured, was tried by court-martial at Pretoria, Transvaal, along with his brother Lieut. Fourie. Both were found guilty, but the latter was recommended to mercy on account of his youth and being under the influence of his brother. The captain was shot the next day, Sunday, and met his death with calmness and fortitude. The lieutenant was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. Fourteen hundred rebels are still in prison awaiting trial, and over a thousand have been allowed to return to their farms under parole. Lord Buxton, in an address, said that the people of South Africa were all glad that the rebellion was at an end, and that the Union would now be able to devote itself to the task assigned to it.

* * *



A Government on the move. Documents of the French Republic being taken into the offices of the Minister of Finance, Paris, from Bordeaux, whence the French Government, with the exception of the War Office, returned on December 11th.

The Hour has Come

IN the course of his recent Army Order, General Joffre made the following inspiriting remarks:

"During three months the enemy has made numerous fierce attacks, without being able to break through our lines. Everywhere he has been victoriously repulsed. The moment has now arrived for us to make use of the weakness which he has now shown. After having reinforced ourselves with men as well as material, the hour of attack has arrived.

WONDERFUL NEW "HAIR BEAUTY" CAMPAIGN.

A SPLENDID HAIR-GROWING GIFT TO ENABLE EVERY MAN AND WOMAN TO SECURE AN ABUNDANCE OF HEALTHY, BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

Everyone May Have a Fine Head of Hair Who Accepts this Free Gift and Follows this Advice.

A WORLD-renowned Hair Specialist has commenced a wonderful new campaign to grow thousands of heads of beautiful hair this New Year, and as an introductory measure he has decided to give free of all cost a specially made up hair-growing outfit for scientific home treatment (a few minutes every morning), to everyone whose hair lacks health and beauty.

The name of this famous specialist is already a household word as the foremost living authority on hair-growth, and the discoverer of "Harlene" Hair-Drill, and his new announcement to-day will therefore be doubly welcome to all who desire beautiful hair.

Hitherto Mr. Edwards has concentrated his energies on publishing the results of his many sensational hair-growing experiments, but now his aim is, firstly, to tell the public clearly and exactly how to recognise their hair troubles, and secondly to provide at his own expense the first supplies of the only remedy that is certain to grow *new* and healthy hair.

1. A Free Bottle of "Harlene."
2. A Free Packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder.
3. Book of Directions 'Harlene' Hair-Drill

FREE

TROUBLES THAT RUIN THE HAIR GROWTH.

Amongst the many hair troubles that stop the healthy growth of the hair, the following are the most common, and bring about most quickly the distressing state of total or partial baldness that is so great a tragedy to the sensitive man or woman:

1. SCURF OR DANDRUFF. Scurf is one of the most deadly enemies of your hair. It is caused by an unhealthy condition of the epidermis, or outer skin, the surface of which breaks up into these minute scurfy particles which clog the hair shafts and make the hair grow weak and straggly. "Harlene" Hair-Drill, however, quickly removes every particle of scurf and causes the hair to grow in glorious profusion—free from all clogging accumulations.

2. LOSS OF COLOUR AND LUSTRE. This is caused by general weakness of the hair-colouring cells and of the papilla or "growing point" of the hair root. Sometimes scurf, over-greasiness or over-dryness contribute to this condition, which so rapidly robs the victim of his or her attractive appearance. This is one of the troubles that are quickly remedied by means of the wonderful treatment offered free of cost to-day.

3. FALLING AND SPLITTING HAIRS. This is caused by lack of nourishment in the hair root—a defect that is speedily put right by the wonderful stimulating effect of "Harlene" Hair-Drill, which first of all supplies the necessary nourishment, and then awakens the root of each separate hair to new life and "growing" activity, thus giving much greater strength and beauty to the hair shafts.

4. SCALP TOO GREASY OR TOO DRY. Due to over or under activity of the oily glands that lubricate the hair and help in its growth. These, although two of the most serious of all hair troubles, are fortunately amongst the easiest of all to remedy by "Harlene" Hair-Drill method explained by Mr. Edwards in his generous free-of-cost offer to "The War Illustrated" readers.

5. SCALP IRRITATION. May be caused by loose, splitting or decaying hairs, by scurf, or by a disorder of the hair roots. "Harlene" Hair-Drill cools the irritation at once, remedies the hair trouble, and thus saves your hair from its threatened ruin and grows it in healthy profusion.

A SCIENTIST'S ADVICE TO EVERY READER.

To conquer these and many other deadly hair troubles, and to succeed in growing an abundance of really beautiful hair, Mr. Edwards does not advise any long, tedious, or expensive treatments.

He says to every reader of "The War Illustrated":

"Simply spend a few minutes in pleasurable and interesting 'Hair-Drill' every morning. That is all. I will give you the necessary advice and instructions free of charge, and will also send you at my own expense a specially made up trial home treatment, so that you can see for yourself how quickly your hair troubles vanish, and how easy it is to grow scientifically a fine head of hair.

WHAT THE POSTMAN WILL BRING IF YOU SEND THE FORM BELOW.

If you desire to possess a handsome growth of beautiful, silky, lustrous hair, and that healthy look and youthful charm and attraction that is given by a fine head of hair, you need only post the form below without delay (enclosing 3d. stamps for postage). This is what your postman will bring you free:

1. **A liberal trial bottle of "Harlene" for the Hair.**
2. **A packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder.**
3. **A copy of the famous Harlene "Hair-Drill" Manual, which explains exactly how to re-grow your hair in splendid health and abundance.**

After you have experienced for yourself the wonderful influence of this treatment on your hair-growth, you can always secure further supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at 1s., 2s. 6d., or 4s. 6d. per bottle, and "Cremex" at 1s. per box of 7 Shampoos, single packet 2d.

If ordered direct from the Edwards' "Harlene" Co. they will be sent post free. Carriage extra on foreign orders.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY.

To Edwards' "Harlene" Co., Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.

Please send me your free "Harlene" Hair-Growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 3d. stamps for postage.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

W.I. 2/1/15.

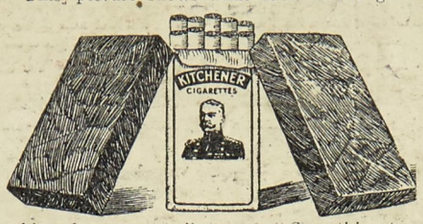
BEST NEW YEAR RESOLUTION OF ALL:

"I will give 'Something-to-Smoke' to the Soldiers at the Front

The response this week is not quite so large as usual, but this does not mean that there has been any falling off in the efforts of our readers. It is due simply to the fact that owing to the Christmas holidays we have to go to press somewhat earlier, and the list of acknowledgments is less by the contents of at least one day's post.

Probably the result will be that next week we shall make up for the deficiency and a good deal more. Our readers should really endeavour to put forth a special effort at the present moment. They should remember that Christmas and the New Year in the comfort of the home and in the dreary trenches are two very different things, and the least they can do is to show some sign of recognition for the work our soldiers are doing in defence of the Empire. The best way they can show that recognition is to contribute something, however small, to our "Something-to-Smoke" Fund.

This picture shows what each soldier gets.



Make it a New Year resolution, therefore, to spare a trifle to give Tommy the smokes he wants. Or another thing that can be done is to apply for a collecting-card and get as many of your friends as possible to subscribe.

Please send your postal orders, or applications for collecting cards to

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED
"Something-to-Smoke" Fund,
The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street,
London, E.C.

Every package paid for by a sixpence sent now will have your name and address on it, so that the soldier who gets it will know who to thank.

The following are among the recent consignments that have been made:

Gordon Highlanders; Loyal North Lancashires; Somerset Light Infantry; 2nd K.O. Yorks L.I.; 4th Royal Welsh Fusiliers; Northumberland Fusiliers; 27th Brigade, R.F.A.; 2nd Wiltshires, D Co.; 131st Battery, R.F.A.; 10th Hussars, C Squad; 1st South Wales Borderers.

Amounts Received during the Fourteenth Week of the Fund

Special Collections

Mrs. Melsom, £6 11s. 3d.; Mr. Arthur G. Thomas, £3; Mrs. Foster, £5 18s. 6d.; Miss Lanis, £5; Miss Annie Evans, £5; Mr. Arthur Ash, £4 6s.; Miss M. MacDonald, £3 10s.; Mr. G. A. Inganells, £3; Mr. Jas. J. Hood, £2 15s. 6d.; Mr. Andrew Millar, jun., £2 10s.; Mr. Cecil Hoysted, £2 5s. 6d.; Miss L. Cory, £2 4s.; Misses M. and D. Craft, £2 3s. 8d.; Mr. H. Witham, £2 3s.; Mr. R. Carr, £2 2s.; Miss Molly Ambler, £2; Mr. C. L. Waterhouse, £2; Miss E. M. Furley, £2; Miss M. Galbraith, £2; Mrs. E. Wren, £1 17s.; Mr. J. Hodges, £1 16s. 6d.; Miss E. Fletcher, £1 16s.; Miss E. Moyse, £1 15s. 6d.; Miss P. Phillips, £1 11s. 8d.; Mr. J. W. Gunning, £1 10s.; Miss F. Hancox, £1 8s. 6d.; Mr. I. H. Holt, £1 7s. 6d.; Mrs. G. Picker, £1 7s. 3d.; Miss Allen, £1 7s.; Miss Ethel Bowdin, £1 6s. 6d.; Miss Broomsgrove, £1 6s.; Mr. A. Stevenson, £1 5s.; Master A. Hoare, £1 5s.; Mr. A. H. Andrews, jun., £1 4s. 6d.; Mrs. S. N. Sharman, £1 4s.; Miss H. Higham, £1 3s. 9d.; Mrs. L. Worsfold, £1 3s.; Miss L. Dunstan, £1 2s. 6d.; Miss Temperley, £1 2s. 6d.; Mr. F. Wales, £1 2s.; Mr. Ed. Ward, £1 1s.; Mr. J. Newborne, £1; Mr. G. H. Chase, £1; Mr. A. H. Clements, £1; Mr. F. Coulhurst, 19s.; Mr. John Hyna, 17s. 6d.; Miss Gertie Caines, 17s. 6d.; Mr. A. Pender, 17s.; Miss J. A. McNeill, 17s.; Mr. James Winterbottom, 15s. 6d.; Mr. M. Jones, 15s. 6d.; Miss G. D. Bishop, 15s.; Miss A. Stewart, 15s.; Mr. N. Dodd, 15s.; Miss Hilda E. Bourn, 15s.; Miss M. Hale, 14s. 6d.; Miss Leech, 13s.; Miss M. Lovell, 13s. 10d.; Mr. E. Page, 12s. 9s.; Miss P. Parkman, 12s. 8d.; Miss Agnes J. Johnstone, 12s. 6d.; Miss S. Strange, 12s. 6d.; Miss L. McKelvie, 12s. 6d.; Miss M. Statham, 11s. 3d.; Mrs. A. F. Kent, 11s.; Miss Nancy Herbert, 10s. 6d.; Mr. W. A. Bourn, 10s. 6d.; Master A. Hopkinson, 9s.; Mr. Wm. Wrigley, 8s. 9d.; Mr. H. J. S. Hilton, 8s. 6d.; Mr. G. B. Shuttock, 8s.; Miss N. Hilton, 7s. 6d.; Mr. Chas. E. Ward, 7s. 6d.; Mr. George A. Lockwood, 7s. 6d.; Master Stephen Barber, 7s. 2d.; Miss "Angel," 7s.; Miss G. York, 7s.; Miss L. Smith, 6s. 6d.; Miss Jean Miller, 6s. 3d.; Mr. F. Cottle, 6s.; Mr. Darrell Buttery, 5s. 6d.; Miss E. Neal, 5s. 6d.; Miss Maud Webster, 5s.; Mr. E. Buxbaum, 5s.; Mrs. J. Chissell, 5s.; Mrs. Stanley Cox, 5s.; Miss H. Howland, 4s. 6d.; Mrs. F. Cooke, 4s.; Miss W. Wheatley, 3s. 3d.; Miss A. M. Inman, 3s.; Mr. A. Hammond, 3s.; Mrs. T. Simpson, 3s.; Mrs. T. Bennett, 2s.; Miss M. Marshall, 2s.; Miss E. Bolton, 1s. 8d.; Mr. S. Whally, 1s. 6d.; Miss Walsh, 1s. 3d.; Miss M. Drummond, 1s.

Donations

2 Donations of £5 = 400 presents for soldiers.
Per Rev. Geo. A. Couper (from the parish of Bolton); L. Cresswell.

1 Donation of £2 4s. 6d. = 89 presents for soldiers.
H. S. Rheam.

1 Donation of £1 15s. = 70 presents for soldiers.
R. Lambert Woosnam.

1 Donation of £1 10s. = 60 presents for soldiers.
John Sutcliffe.

1 Donation of £1 3s. 6d. = 47 presents for soldiers.
W. St. Claire Jones.

1 Donation of £1 1s. 6d. = 43 presents for soldiers.
Per Andrew M. Johnstone.

1 Donation of £1 1s. = 42 presents for soldiers.
Mrs. R. Dickson.

2 Donations of £1 = 80 presents for soldiers.
James Bagnall; I. L. Harrison.

1 Donation of 15s. 6d. = 31 presents for soldiers.
A. R. C.

2 Donations of 15s. = 60 presents for soldiers.
Nurse E. Palmer; S. J. Edmonds.

1 Donation of 12s. = 24 presents for soldiers.
F. Philpot.

1 Donation of 11s. = 22 presents for soldiers.
Mrs. L. McLaren.

1 Donation of 10s. 6d. = 21 presents for soldiers.
Goods Dept., Great Western Railway.

7 Donations of 10s. = 140 presents for soldiers.
E. Godfrey Smith; Miss Ethel Tindale; C. A. Elkins; M. K. Hunter; Jack Barber; Chas. F. Coombes; F. Edderminster.

1 Donation of 9s. = 18 presents for soldiers.
Per Violet M. L. Blenkinsop (Lads' Club at Shadforth Rectory).

1 Donation of 8s. 6d. = 17 presents for soldiers.
Mrs. Fred George, Mr. H. Gould, and Mrs. Job.

3 Donations of 7s. 6d. = 45 presents for soldiers.
C. and E. Franklin; Mrs. Connock and Miss Connock; A. C. Ross.

3 Donations of 7s. = 42 presents for soldiers.
Cyril Mason; Mrs. R. Jones; Mrs. Lopley.

1 Donation of 6s. 6d. = 13 presents for soldiers.
R. Milliken.

3 Donations of 6s. = 36 presents for soldiers.
Annie Pennock, Gertie Clarke, and Sissie Unwin; F. P. and I. Bull; J. Kershaw.

2 Donations of 5s. 6d. = 22 presents for soldiers.
"Teddington"; Alastair Lorne MacPhail.

37 Donations of 5s. = 370 presents for soldiers.
Miss Baker; T. M. B. C.; children of the C. of E. Infants' School); Miss M. Farrington; Alex Gibson; Mr. Wm. Juper; O. K. Metcalfe; Mrs. J. M. Nicholson; Mrs. A. Parker; J. Perrett; Mrs. H. E. Turner; C. White; B. Reeves; W. E. Millett; Miss McRae; Miss Lugard; Mrs. C. Lightening; Jas. Clark; Gladys C. Curson; Old Mill; Miss Nean Robertson; per W. H. White (Fasham's bakery staff); Thos. Robotham; Miss E. Jakeman; Miss M. Faulkner; James M. Dyer; E. A. Denton; Rev. Hugh Clatworthy; Miss Barfoot and Miss Lee; Leslie C. Kimberlin; Mrs. Hall; Charlie Henderson; Rev. C. Lair; G. Mason; Mrs. Radley, Miss Cuff, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Priday; Arnold Holmes; Mrs. G. S. Taylor.

4 Donations of 4s. = 32 presents for soldiers.
E. Combridge; H. and J. Franklin; No name; Miss E. Bottom.

9 Donations of 3s. 6d. = 63 presents for soldiers.
Muriel H. Aburrow and Mrs. Aburrow; collected by Miss Milton; Miss E. Stubbs; per Jos. Wm. Whitehouse (a few shopmates, Walsall); Netta Gilchrist; Miss Maud France; Mr. F. W. Randle; Miss C. White; Mrs. Maud, Miss E. Bird, and Miss E. Jenkins.

1 Donation of 3s. 1d. = 6 presents for soldiers.
Mrs. W. J. Stockall.

24 Donations of 3s. = 144 presents for soldiers.
No name, Bournemouth; Richard Bartle; G. Holmes; Miss W. E. Jones; J. Ribbins; J. R. Whitworth; Fred Talbot; Alice Smart and Jeanie Cameron; S. Dore; Miss Rebecca Campbell; Master G. Buss; Kathie and Hughie Hanan; Miss Ella Halsted; Mrs. Thorp; Winifred Simmons; Mrs. Roper; Miss M. R. Harris; G. Dobbs; Mrs. G. Dobbs, J. Caward, Mrs. Caward, G. Caward, Mrs. Todd; W. Briers; Madge E. Allen; Anonymous; Clem. O. Hirens; H. M. E. and A. Kiss; Mrs. E., Mr. W., Master Charlie, and Miss Edith Wharton.

40 Donations of 2s. 6d. = 200 presents for soldiers.
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50 Donations of 2s. = 200 presents for soldiers.
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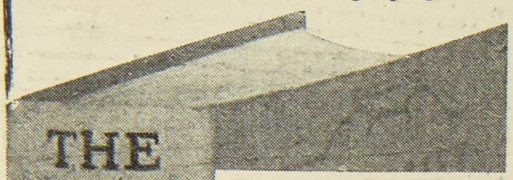

THE WAR Illustrated

VOLUME I

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ALBUM OF THE WAR

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR.

(For our Diary of Events in the Great War prior to December 22nd, see previous issues of "The War Illustrated.")

DEC. 22.—Officially reported that in Galicia the advance of the Austrians finally stopped by Russian troops.

Germans driven back from Mlawa, and retire behind East Prussian frontier.

Austrian offensive in Galicia definitely checked.

British destroyers keeping constant watch on Zeebrugge for submarines, observe suspicious movements, and bombard Belgian coast between Zeebrugge and Heyst. Germans manned guns on the dunes, but British squadron sailed out of range.

DEC. 23.—Historic speech by M. Viviani, French Premier, in Parliament, in which he stated only policy was merciless war until Europe liberated.

Announced that Lieut. Holbrook, hero of Dardanelles' submarine raid, awarded V.C.

Reported that revolutionary movement against German element in power in Constantinople, directed by Talaat Bey, in progress. Ottoman Government recalled in haste. Turkish troops on the Bulgarian frontier.

Admiral Sir George A. Callaghan, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Nore, in succession to Admiral Sir Richard Poore, Bt., K.C.B.

DEC. 24.—Bomb thrown on Dover by German aviator, without effecting damage.

Petrograd announces that in fighting in Western Galicia the 26th Division of the Austrian Landwehr was ambushed when advancing to south of Tonkhovo. Austrians decimated, 1,500 dead.

Admiral von Tirpitz, in interview with representative of American Press, threatens to torpedo British and Allied shipping approaching our ports, and thereby cut off greater part of England's food supply.

DEC. 25.—Allies seize part of village of Boisselle, north-east of Albert; also make progress north of Roye, at Libu, near Lihons.

Futile German air raid over Sheerness.

DEC. 26.—Stated authoritatively 353,000 men, 4,326 officers German and Austrian taken prisoners by Russia since war began.

Full account of Battle of the Falkland Islands, on December 8th, in which German cruisers Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Leipzig, and Nürnberg were sunk, released. It appears that while German admiral was planning to seize Falkland Islands a powerful British squadron was hastening towards him. Of its departure Admiral von Spee was unaware, for he went to Port Stanley with the idea that he would meet with but little resistance. Finding strong British fleet he tried to escape, but forced to fight.

DEC. 27.—National Theatre Company, under direction of Mr. Seymour Hicks, and including Miss Ellaline Terriss, Miss Gladys Cooper, Mr. Ben Davies, and others, leave for front, and give entertainment to troops in field and wounded in hospitals.

DEC. 28.—Greatest air feat of war announced. On Christmas Day seven British waterplane pilots, convoyed by cruisers and submarines, bombard German warships lying in roads of Cuxhaven. Flight-Commander Hewlett alone missing.

DEC. 29.—Naval and military authorities warn public of danger from fragments of shells and from bullets from guns used against hostile aircraft in attempted German raids on London.

Recapture of Belgrade by Serbians.

To south of Ypres Allies lose section of trenches near Hollebeke.

Berlin despatches report Germans engaged in constructing railways in various parts of the occupied regions of Poland, with a view to establishing fresh lines of communication with the German frontier.

DEC. 30.—Important strategic advantage announced when Allies take village of St. Georges, near Nieuport.

Representations made by United States Government to Great Britain respecting treatment of American commerce by British fleet.

Russia takes offensive in Western Galicia, having successfully dealt with German efforts to divert advance on Cracow.

German air raid on Dunkirk; 15 killed, 32 wounded.

DEC. 31.—German vantage point on road from Becelaere to Passchendaele seized, thus constituting little more of Belgium reclaimed by Allies.

Announced that Princess Patricia's Light Infantry from Canada now at the front.

JAN. 1, 1915.—H.M.S. Formidable sunk in Channel, 71 members of the crew saved.

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 21. Vol. 1. A WEEKLY PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR For Week ending 9 January, 1915.

GENERAL GOUGH AT HIS HEADQUARTERS IN FRANCE

This popular cavalry commander (the central figure) chatting with two members of his staff during a welcome lull in the fighting along the Franco-Belgian frontier. An exclusive photograph just received from the front.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XIII.—The Glorious Sea Fight off the Falklands

FOR some weeks past the lack of decisive episodes in the progress of the War has made it impossible to continue our weekly series of brilliant contributions descriptive of "The Great Episodes of the War." These progressive chapters in the history of the War can be written only when full details have been made public, and it is permissible to deal with them in a definite manner. We are able this week to present another chapter in this most popular series—one of the most inspiring—as the authentic information concerning the great naval victory secured over the German Cruiser Squadron off the Falkland Islands on December 8th has now been made available, and reveals a story of British seamanship second to none in the glorious annals of our Navy.

SOME two hundred and fifty miles east of the end of the American continent is a group of hilly islands lying in the limit of the Antarctic drift-ice. Here a couple of thousand British settlers, mainly Scotsmen, rear sheep on the chill, windy pastures, and keep at Port Stanley a store of coal for the ocean tramps that ply round Cape Horn and through the Straits of Magellan. The Falklands are the southernmost outpost of our Empire, and besides their high value as a coaling and provisioning place of call, their wireless station forms an important link between the British dominions.

After his victory over the Good Hope and the Monmouth off the Pacific coast, the German Admiral Count von Spee resolved to open his naval campaign in the Atlantic by the capture of the Falkland Islands. The destruction of the wireless station would make it easier for him to prey on our merchant-ships, the coal would replenish his bunkers, and enable his collier steamers to load up and extend the fighting range of his cruisers.

Pacific Dangers for Admiral von Spee

The fact that an important British Crown Colony had been captured and plundered by German warships would be another severe blow to the naval prestige of the British Empire. It was also known that the old, slow British battleship the Canopus and the light cruiser the Glasgow, which had escaped from the disaster that overtook Admiral Cradock off Chili, had gone to the Falklands.

Everything thus conspired to lead Admiral von Spee to follow the Canopus and attack Port Stanley. For the Pacific Ocean was becoming too perilous a cruising place for even the powerful Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, and their lighter consorts the Leipzig, Nürnberg, and Dresden. A great Japanese fleet, acting with a strong Australian squadron, were sweeping the Pacific in search of Spee's ships. The Southern Atlantic, on the other hand, was a safe field for new operations against both the warships and the mercantile marine of Britain.

In the early days of December the German commander rounded Cape Horn, and on the morning of Tuesday, December 8th, his look-out sighted the hills of the Falklands on the eastern sky-line. Spee ordered his squadron to slow down, and detached a cruiser to explore the islands and discover if any British ships were sheltering there. The cruiser steamed up to Port Stanley, in the great land-locked, hill-girdled bay on East Island, and saw only two hostile warships guarding the entrance.

Admiral Sturdee's Foregone Victory

This was what the admiral expected. Orders were at once given to the German squadron to steam up and engage the enemy. As the five warships approached the entrance to the bay, with their men at the loaded guns and the fire-control officers in their stations, the Canopus and Glasgow came still farther out, to lure Spee into the trap prepared for him. For the battle had practically been won in the board-room of the British Admiralty in Whitehall a month before it was being fought out—some seven thousand miles away—at the Falklands. The Chief of Staff, Sir Frederick Doveton Sturdee, who owed his position to his talent for strategy, worked out the victory over Spee early in November, when news came of the German admiral's victory over Cradock's flagship and the Monmouth. We had to defeat Spee as soon as possible to avenge our dead sailors, restore our naval prestige abroad, and safeguard our menaced commerce.

The first thing necessary was a force superior to that of Spee's. This was easily obtained. The latest and most powerful battle-cruisers, such as the Lion, could not be spared from the Grand Fleet. But there were available two older vessels, the Invincible and the Inflexible, each with eight 12 in. guns and a nominal speed of thirty knots an hour. With their ordnance, and the four 7½ in. guns of the Carnarvon, and the 6 in. guns of the light cruisers Kent, Cornwall, Bristol, and Glasgow, there could be no doubt of the result of the conflict.

Secret Cruise to the South Atlantic

The real problem was to calculate exactly where Spee would make for, after his victory over Cradock. This was where Sir Frederick Sturdee showed his high gift of strategy. By correctly fixing on the Falklands as the next objective of the German admiral, he won the battle in advance. He then selected his ships with regard to their speed and their coal-carrying capacity, as well as their gun-power, in order to accomplish the next important part of his programme. He was well aware of the efficiency and range of the German naval intelligence department. He had to take his squadron to the Falklands in four weeks, without his departure being observed or his ships being seen on their voyage. The thing had to be done with extraordinary secrecy, by leading the squadron away from the trade routes and keeping out of sight of land until the hills of the Falkland Islands were made. For if Spee had the least suspicion of what kind of reception was being arranged for him at Port Stanley, he would evade the battle.

By using up all his coal Sir Frederick Sturdee arrived just in time at the Falkland Islands, without being discovered on his month's voyage. He dropped anchor in Port Stanley on Monday, December 7th, and began to coal in extreme haste. His ships were hidden behind the hills of the bay, with the Canopus on guard duty outside. The old battleship and perhaps the Glasgow light cruiser, which had escaped from the battle off Chili, were probably the two vessels seen by the reconnoitring ship that Admiral von Spee cautiously but vainly detached to explore the islands on Tuesday morning.

Boats Burned for Engine Fuel

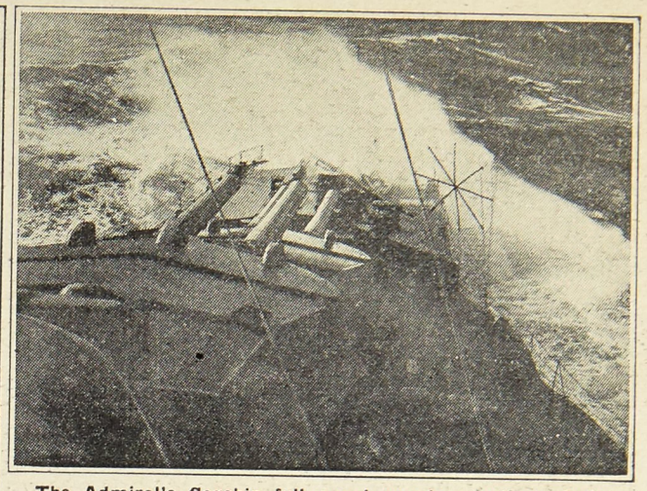
When the Canopus reported the presence of an enemy, Sir Frederick Sturdee's men were grimy from their coaling labours in the early morning, and some of the ships are said to have been only beginning to coal. It is rumoured that in the pursuit they had to burn their boats and everything inflammable to keep their engines going. The British admiral gave the signal to get up steam, and while this was being done the crews calmly sat down to their breakfast. Outside the bay the Canopus and Glasgow prepared for action as the German squadron steamed forward in battle array. The Scharnhorst, flying the admiral's flag, and the Gneisenau came on side by side, far in advance of the Nürnberg, Leipzic, and Dresden. These light cruisers had to keep well out of range of the British battleships' guns, to which they could not reply at the distance at which the battle was first intended to be fought. Their task was to tackle the Glasgow when she tried again to escape, and protect the two German colliers and the armed liner Prince Eitel Fritz, lying still farther out to sea.

Meanwhile, the two heavy-gunned German ships arranged to mass their fire on the Canopus. But, as they were

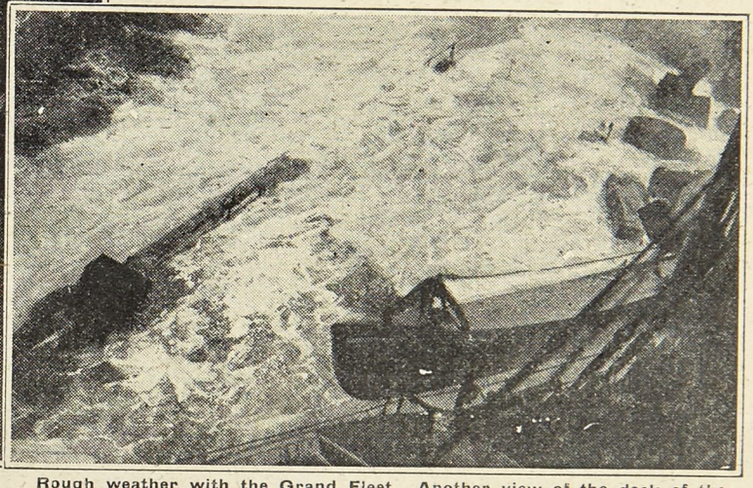
(*Continued on page 492.*)

Jellicoe and his Fleet in readiness for "Der Tag"

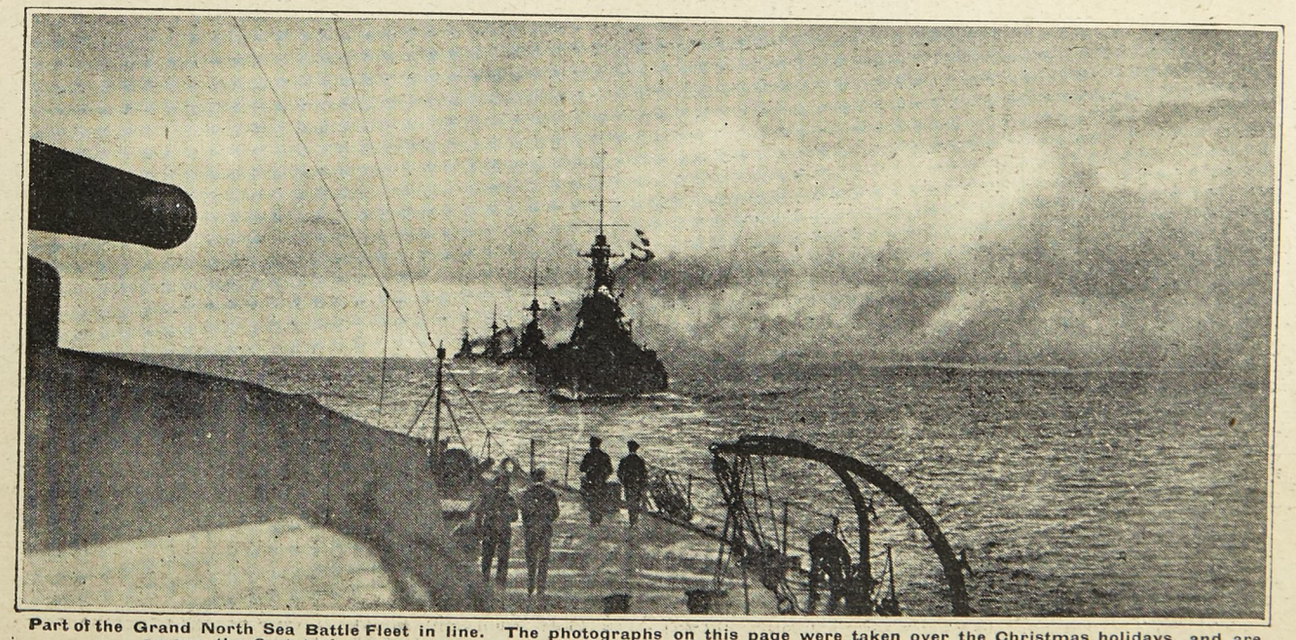
On the qui vive. Admiral Jellicoe going up to the forebridge of his flagship.



The Admiral's flagship full speed awash sometime during Christmas week.



Rough weather with the Grand Fleet. Another view of the deck of the flagship taken in the recent gale.



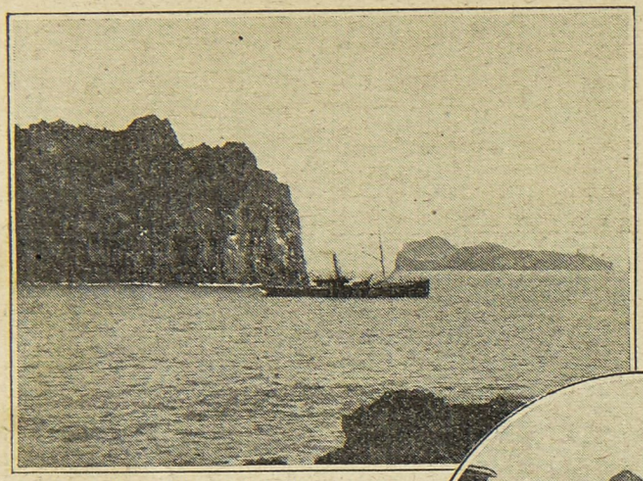
Part of the Grand North Sea Battle Fleet in line. The photographs on this page were taken over the Christmas holidays, and are among the first to be published since the beginning of the war of the Empire's strongest line of defence.

GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

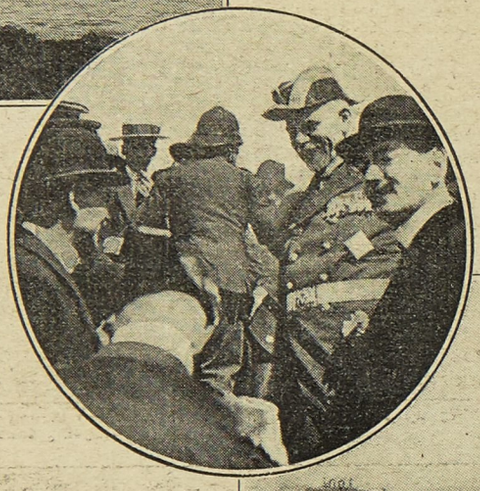
(Continued from page 490)

drawing up to give the first double salvo, the Carnarvon and the other British light cruisers came out of the bay. This did not alter the plan of the German admiral. He still manœuvred his two principal ships so as to concentrate their guns on the Canopus, but apparently he ordered the Leipzig to come up and help to keep off any British light cruiser that might risk destruction for the sake of getting near enough to launch a torpedo.

The Germans opened fire when seven miles away, and the Canopus and Carnarvon answered. Then as the battle became furious and seemingly evenly contested, Admiral von Spee suddenly signalled his light cruisers to



Part of the Falkland Islands, nearest land to the scene of the British naval victory. This little known corner of the Empire has formed successively settlement for French, Spanish, and British. The islands have been a British Colony since 1833.



scatter and make with all speed for the nearest neutral port. At the same time the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau swung round and tore out to sea.

The crews of the Invincible and the Inflexible had finished their breakfast, and were working their ships out of the hill-sheltered harbour to join in the battle. Seeing them, the Germans knew they were trapped.

It was bad weather in the South Atlantic from the changed point of view of the fleeing Teutons. The Falklands are a rainy, misty place. But on this tragic wintry day the sky was clear and the sea calm, and the fire-control officers in their stations above the smoking funnels had an unusually wide view over the ocean. Only mist and stormy weather could have given the enemy a chance of escape. As it was, the flying, chasing battle was fought by the British with everything in their favour. There was a long pursuit before the two principal German vessels were brought within range.

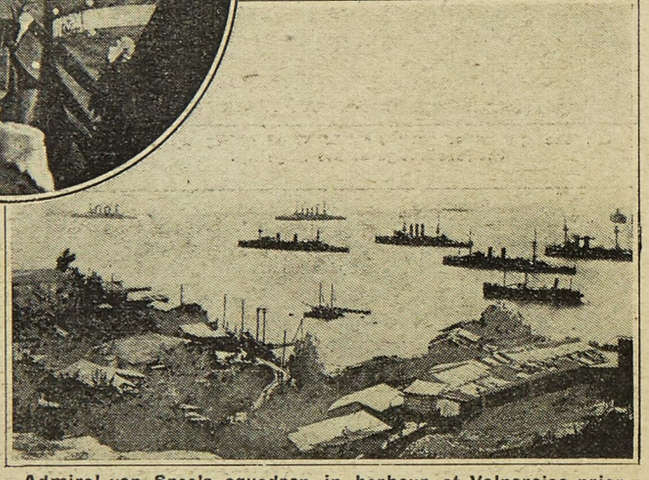
The slow old Canopus fell out of the running fight, and the two battle-cruisers forged through their lighter consorts, and trained their guns on the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau. The Invincible led, and the crack gunners of the German flagship justified their reputation by landing some 8 in. shells on the deck of the foremost pursuing ship and wrecking the ward-room. But all the British crew were under cover in their battle stations and no one was hurt. Meanwhile, the more terrible 12 in. British shells were raking the German armoured cruisers aft and fore.

A ship presents the easiest target when only its stern or bows are seen. For the chief fire-control officer, who directs the guns, has the long length of the enemy's deck on which to pitch his shell. A slight mistake in elevation merely lands a shell aimed at the stern on to the bows. It is when a ship turns and shows all her length to the enemy that, paradoxically, she makes the smallest possible target. There is then only the narrow breadth of the deck on which shells can be dropped. With the least error in elevation they splash harmlessly in front or behind the target.

As all the German ships were fleeing stern-on to our battle-cruisers, the whole length of their decks formed a mark that could be struck continually at a range of seven miles or more. Our ships being the speedier, the German vessels could not get out of range. So at last, at one o'clock, they turned broadside-on and fought to the inevitable end. Every half a minute a salvo of big high-explosive shells hurtled through the sky and burst above their decks, shattering the armoured turrets, putting the guns out of action and killing the crews. As the acrid fumes of the terrible lyddite blew away, flames began to shoot up from the flagship. Soon the Gneisenau was also on fire.

Sir Frederick Sturdee signalled to Admiral von Spee to surrender. But the German commander and his officers were brave men. With their remaining guns still blazing defiance, they kept the German ensign flying. Then the Scharnhorst went down by the stern, with Count von Spee's flag at the main truck and the crew in the bows. The Gneisenau, battered into a helpless wreck after a desperate effort to escape, also foundered. It was not a battle, but a scientific annihilation, such as had been Admiral Cradock's gallant but vain struggle against the two doomed ships.

The scattered fights between the light cruisers had more of the old romance of naval warfare. The captain of the Glasgow was especially eager to fight a duel with one of the cruisers of his class, from which he had been forced to flee when his more powerful consorts were flaming ruins off Coronel. As the new British squadron scattered in pursuit of the German China Squadron and its two colliers and armed merchantmen, the captain of the Glasgow singled out the Leipzig and engaged in a running fight with her. It is said that the Kent came up to help



Admiral von Spee's squadron in harbour at Valparaiso prior to its ill-fated voyage to destruction by the British fleet. The Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and Leipzig are discernible in the distance. The ships in the foreground form part of the Chilian Navy. Inset: Admiral von Spee embarks from Valparaiso.

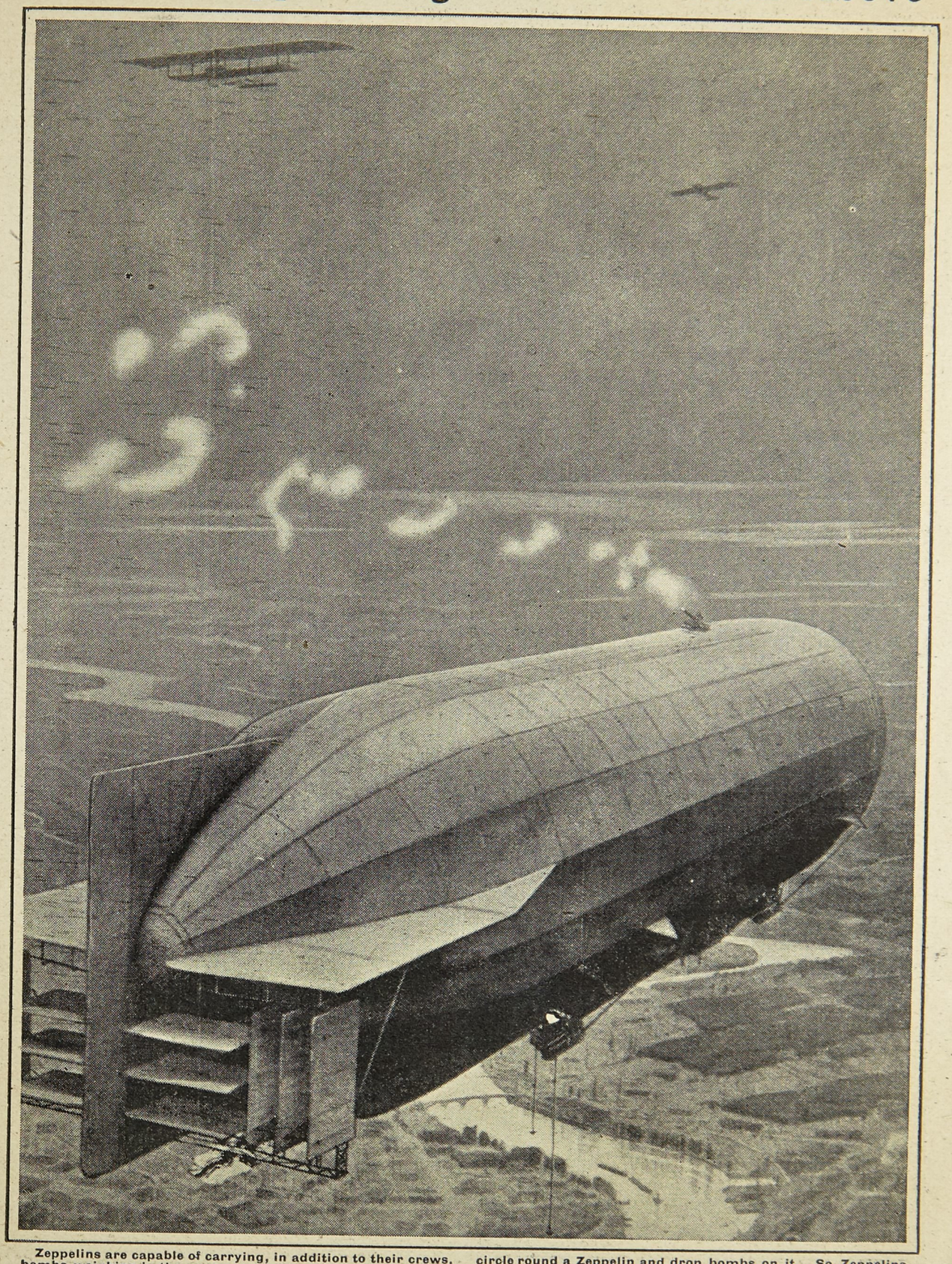
but that the Glasgow signalled "Stand off! I can manage this by myself."

The Glasgow had two 6 in. guns and ten 4 in. guns against the ten 4 in. guns of the Leipzig, and having an account to settle with the German ship, she so worked her two superior guns and the rest of her armament that at the end of a two-hours' action the Leipzig was sinking and aflame. Some German officer hoisted the white flag, and the Glasgow came up and stood by, and lowered her boats to save the remnant of the crew.

But as the first boat started on its work of rescue, some

(Continued on page 494.)

How a Zeppelin Fights Attack from Above



Zeppelins are capable of carrying, in addition to their crews, bombs weighing in the aggregate about a ton and a half. The chief menace to a Zeppelin is attack by aeroplanes, which are much swifter and capable of rising much higher. They can circle round a Zeppelin and drop bombs on it. So Zeppelins are frequently mounted with guns of high-angle range to repel attacking aeroplanes. To discharge such a gun is fraught with danger to the Zeppelin, but that danger must be faced.

British Lancers going into action. A stirring impression which shows some of our valiant cavalry at its best. On page 503 will be found a unique series of snapshots of distinguished British cavalry officers at the front.

GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

(Continued from page 492)

German gun officer, in a frenzy of bitter hatred, sent a shell on to the Glasgow's deck, killing some four men and wounding nine—the largest casualties in the entire British squadron. The amazed and angry British gunners then swiftly manned their guns, and with a broadside at close range sank their treacherous enemy. Probably in the disorder of the fire, the German captain may have lost control over the baser sort of his men, and they, eager to hurt as they died, gave an example of the practical influence of German "kultur," which the "baby-killers" at Scarborough afterwards followed.

A little later, other British cruisers came up with the Nürnberg, and sank her by a concentrated fire. Holding by the spirit of Nelson's prayer before Trafalgar, in which he prayed that humanity after victory might always be the predominant feature of the British sailors, the victorious cruisers nearest the sinking ship stopped to pick up the Nürnberg's survivors. The brief delay, it is reported, was sufficient to enable the Dresden to escape with the armed merchantman the Prince Eitel Fritz. The colliers were sunk, after a refusal to surrender, and their crews rescued. Altogether, some one hundred and fifty men of the German squadron were saved by the victors in this important fight.

Vice-Admiral Doveton Sturdee has restored our naval prestige in South America, avenged the men of the Good Hope and the Monmouth, and removed at one blow from the trade routes of the Atlantic a terrible menace to our food supplies and sea-fed industries and commerce.

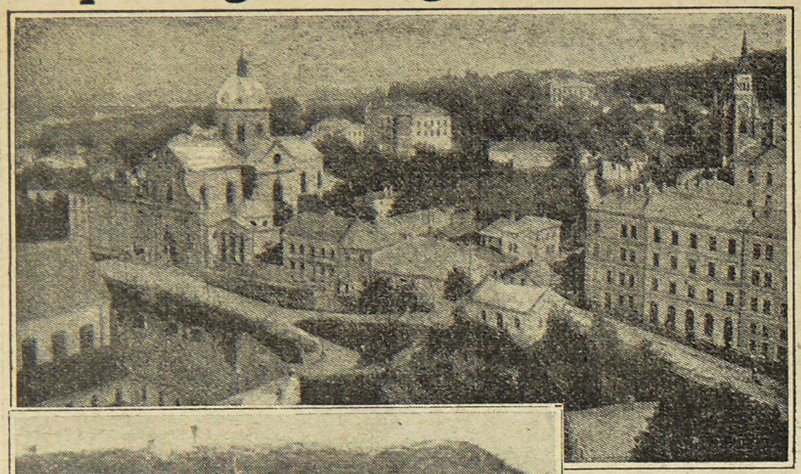
London Scottish after a night attack on the enemy. Their appearance forms a curious contrast to that of the day when, to the accompaniment of pipes, they set out for the front. London Scots have since covered themselves with glory and not a little mud.

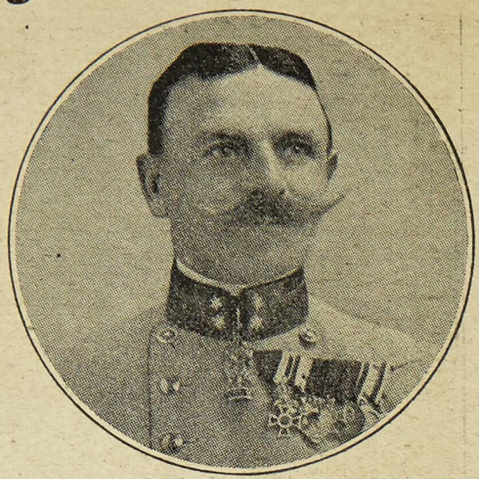
Martial Movements in Winter's Lovely Setting

Exercising cavalry horses in a picturesque environment on the Yser. In view of the fact that fighting in the present campaign is principally confined to the trenches, horses are apt to get out of form through want of work, especially during the cold weather. In order, therefore, to keep the quadruped fit and ready, it is necessary to exercise him with regularity.

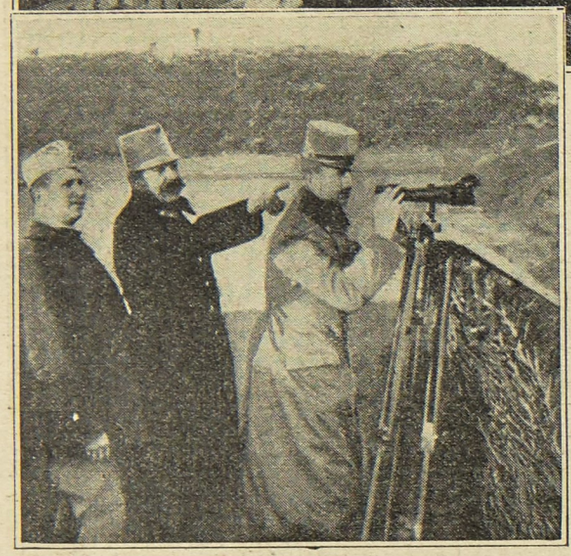
More cavalry horses keeping in trim during the cold spell. We are so familiar with the result of Prussian "frightfulness," the shattered architectural glories, the devastated peasants' homesteads, that it is a relief to contemplate the studies on this page as lending a picturesque touch to the grim contest of the nations. It would seem that Nature, as if in protest against the unsightliness of war, had determined to assert herself above the roar of the cannon, the clash of steel, and the groans of broken humanity.

Hapsburg Stronghold crumbling before the Slav

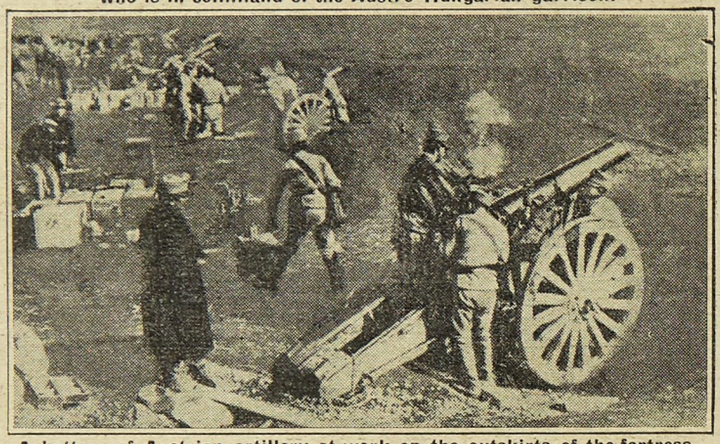




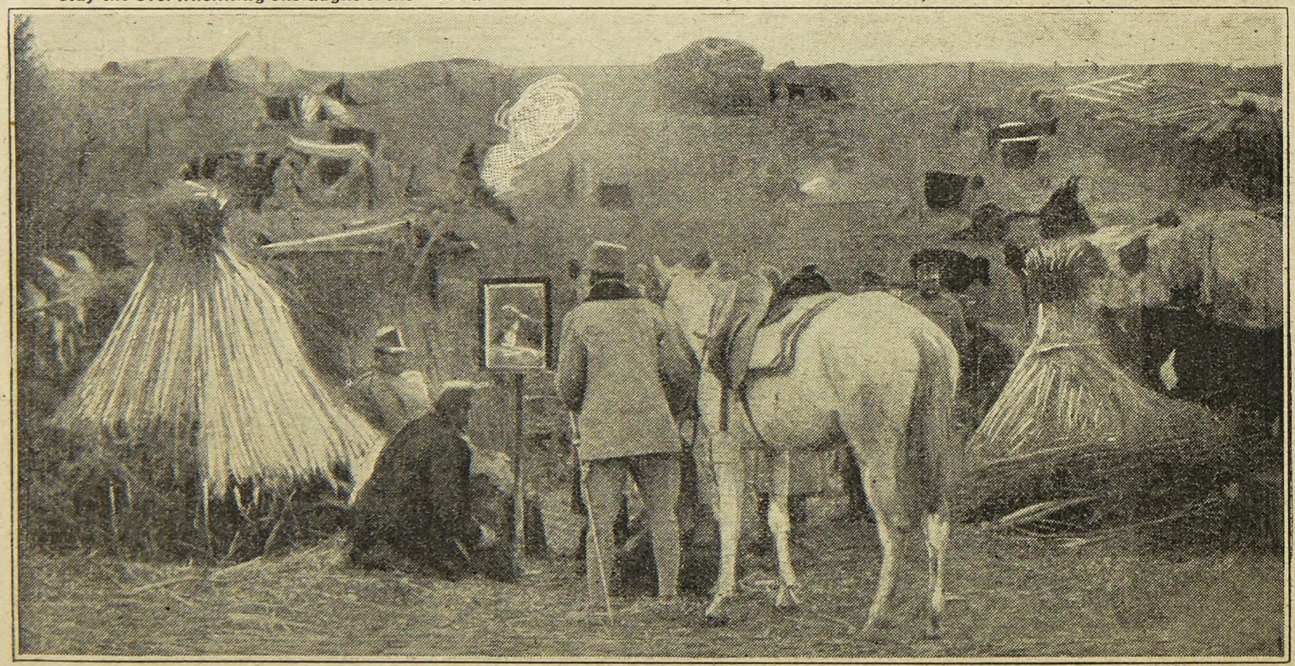
On the left a general view of Przemysl, the Galician stronghold whose fall may be expected shortly. On the right Field-Marshal von Kusmanek, who is in command of the Austro-Hungarian garrison.



Artillery officers in a redoubt of the fortress of Przemysl directing the fire of the gunners, vainly endeavouring to stay the overwhelming onslaught of the Russians.

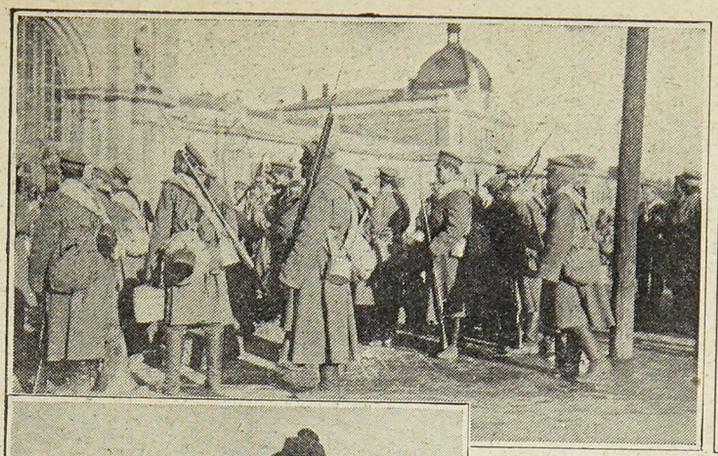


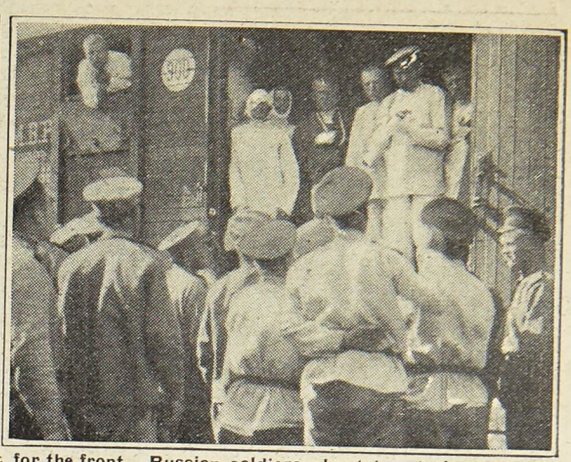
A battery of Austrian artillery at work on the outskirts of the fortress. Until recently Przemysl was considered impregnable, by reason not only of its wonderful defences, but its natural situation.



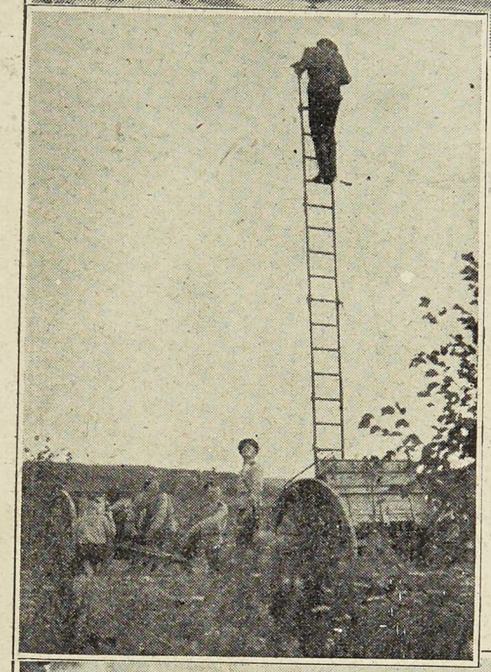
The Austrian encampment outside Przemysl. This fortress may be said to be a gate to the Empire of the Dual Monarchy, just as Verdun is a gate of France. The dogged defence of the stronghold has been a feature of the war, but the Russians are gradually closing in on the city. Sorties made by the garrison have been invariably beaten back with heavy losses. The fall of Przemysl is likely to have a far-reaching effect on the course of the eastern campaign, if it does not induce Austria to sue for a separate peace.

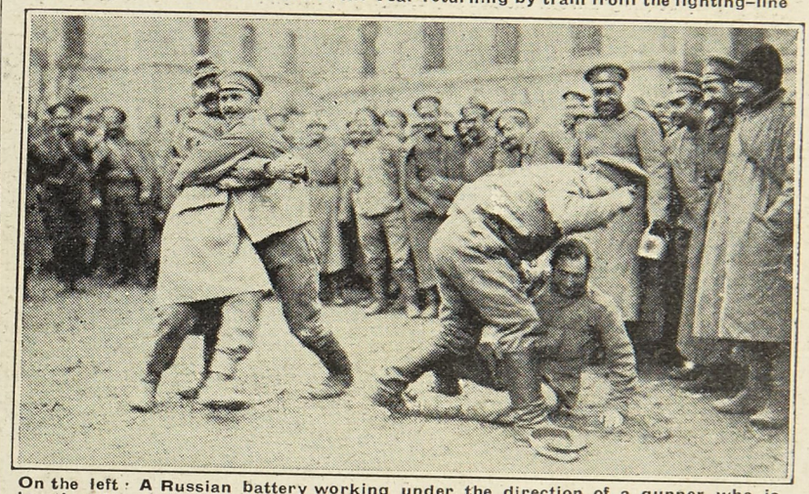
Slav and Teuton Fight and Fraternise in Galicia





On the left : Setting out for the front. Russian soldiers about to entrain at Lemberg to assist in the Siege of Przemysl. Note the winter kit and deadly bayonet. On the right : Wounded soldiers of the Tsar returning by train from the fighting-line

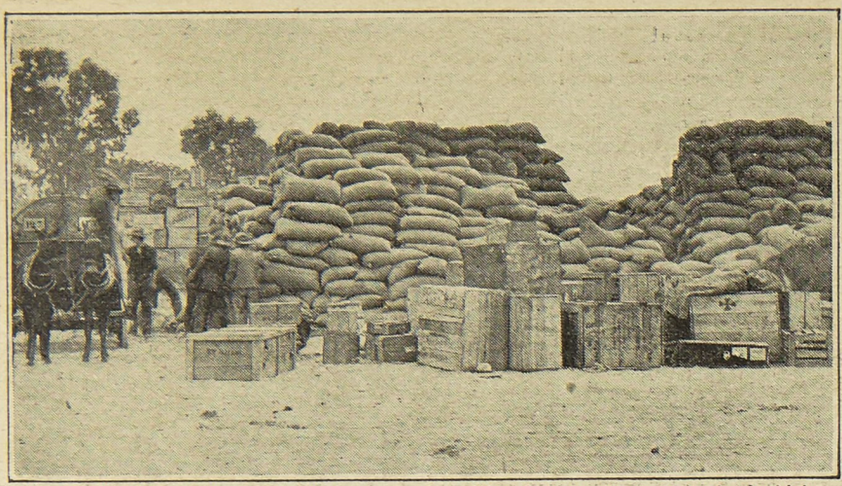




On the left : A Russian battery working under the direction of a gunner who is locating the enemy's position from a field-ladder. On the right : Austrian prisoners and Russian captors "settle the affair" by means of a friendly wrestling match.

Alleged "irreconcilable enemies" fraternising near Lemberg over a meal. Our Eastern allies are recording successes all along the line in Galicia. In the first half of December (old style) as many as 50,000 Austrian prisoners were taken by the Russians. Przemysl has been left to its inevitable fate. A few more failures, and Austria may yet realise before too late that she is the dupe of Prussia.

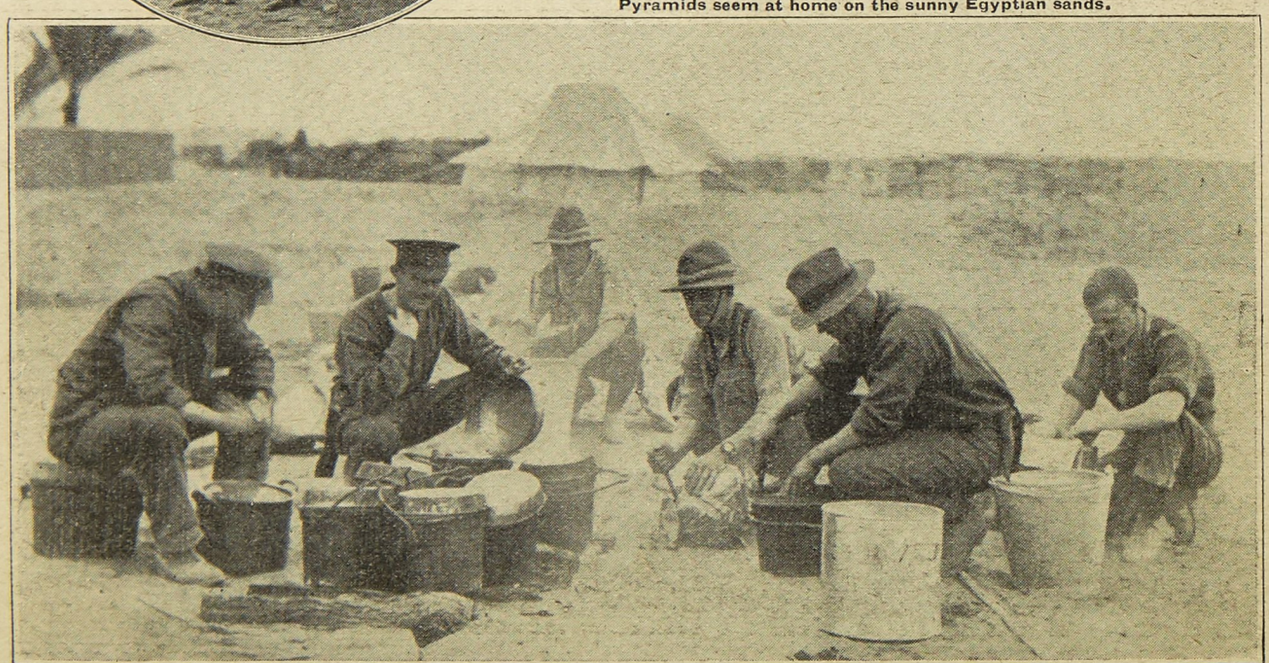
Colonials at Home in Britain's New Protectorate



New Zealand troops have brought immense quantities of stores, the magnitude of which may be judged from the above photograph, which is only a corner of them.

ONE cannot regard the photographs on this page without a feeling of envy for the lucky Colonials who are helping to protect Britian's new Protectorate. To winter in Egypt as a pleasure is a rare treat, but to winter there as a duty to the Empire is something ideal. The New Zealand troops are encamped about five miles out of Cairo, near the village of Helmieh. In the neighbourhood is the ancient city of On, noted for its Biblical history associations. The only visible remaining relic of the city is the obelisk, which is identical with that on the Thames Embankment. With the exception of the Sultan of Turkey's humorous threat to court-martial Sultan Hussein, the Turks have so far achieved nothing of interest. Native Egypt is too happy under British direction to wish to revert to Pasha feudalism or suffer bondage under the "blonde beast" of Prussia.

On the left—The immemorial Sphinx contemplates twentieth-century warriors from "down under." On the right—Some happy Australians near the Great Pyramids seem at home on the sunny Egyptian sands.



Scene at the "buffet" of the New Zealand Contingent, which, having only just arrived, had no time to instal field kitchens. Soldiers, however, drawn from the "bush" are generally adept as well as adaptable chefs, and could be relied upon to supply a tasty menu.

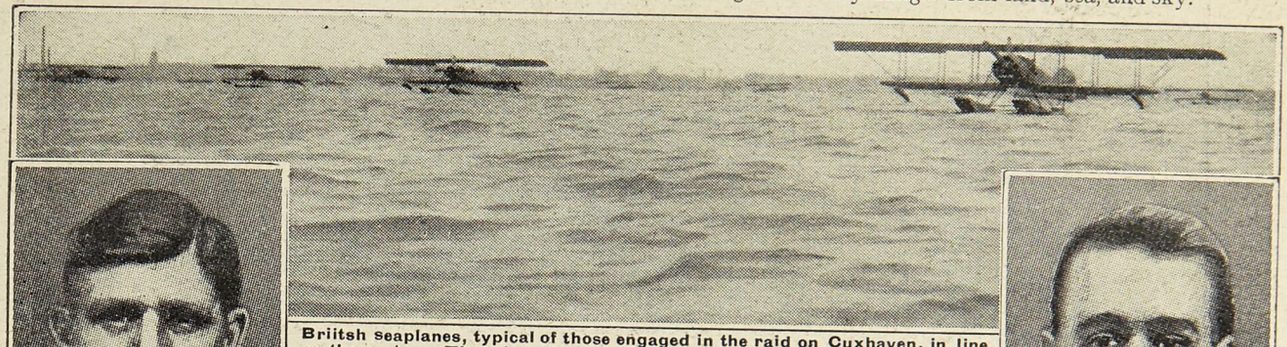
Britain's Surprise for "Wideawake" Cuxhaven

WE wonder how Admiral von Tirpitz, Germany's naval genius, felt on learning of the intrepid British seaplane raid on Cuxhaven. The gallant admiral has lately been giving expression to some delightful braggadocio schemes of waging a really ruthless war and torpedoing this country into starvation. As if in answer to his fatuous threats seven naval airmen, assisted by the light cruisers Undaunted and Arethusa, destroyers, and submarines, attacked the Huns' torpedo station on Christmas Day, dropping bombs with deadly precision on ships at the Elbe estuary.

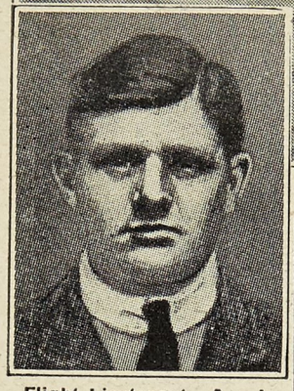
The outstanding features of the exploit were the evasion of the enemy submarines for three hours, through skilful seamanship, and the utter futility of what Germans still consider to be their trump card—the Zeppelins. Two of the latter were engaged, but soon turned tail and fled.

This, the sixth successful British air raid on German positions, was unique in that submarines, surface ships, and hydroplanes worked for the first time in unison.

While Tirpitz is trying to make our flesh creep by bombastic talk, our brilliant fighting men have acted, not however on an undefended seaside resort, but on a centre bristling with every danger from land, sea, and sky.

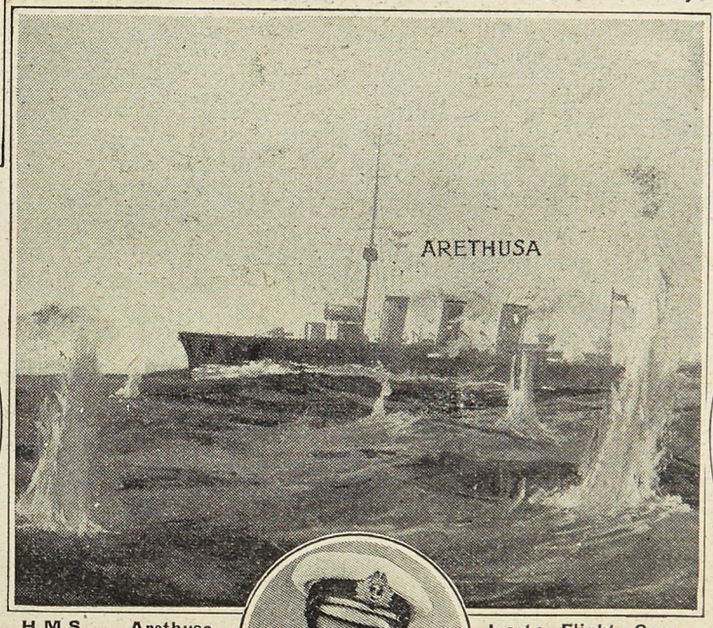


Britsh seaplanes, typical of those engaged in the raid on Cuxhaven, in line on the water. The triumphant airmen appear left and right consecutively.



Flight-Lieutenant A. J. Miley, R.N.

Flight-Sub-Lieutenant V. G. Blackburn, R.N.

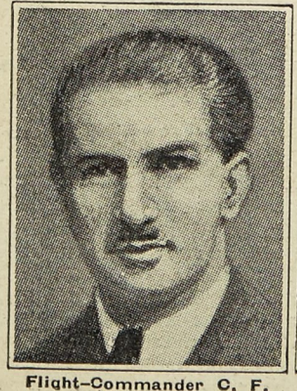


H.M.S. Arethusa, Once again she has distinguished herself in German waters.

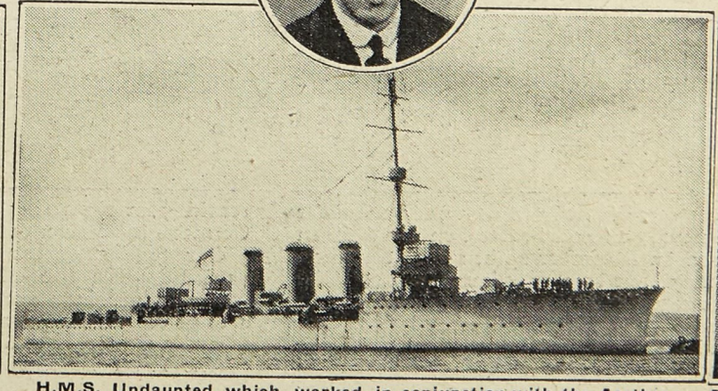
Flight-Commander R. P. Ross, R.N.

Flight-Commander D. A. Oliver, R.N.

Inset: Flight-Com. Hewlett, reported missing, but rescued later.



Flight-Commander C. F. Kilner, R.N.



H.M.S. Undaunted, which worked in conjunction with the Arethusa and the seaplanes in their raid on Cuxhaven.

Flight-Commander C. H. K. Edmonds, R.N.

Epoch-Making Air, Sea, and Under-Sea Conf

IN the annals of war there is little to compare in wonder with the British naval and aerial attack on the German naval base at Cuxhaven on December 25th, 1914. Unimportant though this raid may have been as to immediate material loss or gain, it must be regarded as, in some respects, the most remarkable of the battles yet fought, either by land or sea. It has placed beyond doubt several questions which have been causing much anxiety and heart-searching on both sides of the North Sea. If our warships and aeroplanes did not occasion vast destruction, they did something more far-reaching in shattering certain of the hopes on which the Germans have been counting for success.

Our flotillas of torpedo-boats and submarines, accompanied by the two oil cruisers Arethusa and Undaunted, and attended by seven hydroplanes, did not merely make a dash of half an hour into the enemy's waters, but maintained a battle of some hours' duration in the very mouth of the River Elbe, upwards of sixty miles to the east of Heligoland, and amid the mine-fields so abundantly sown by the Germans in these waters.

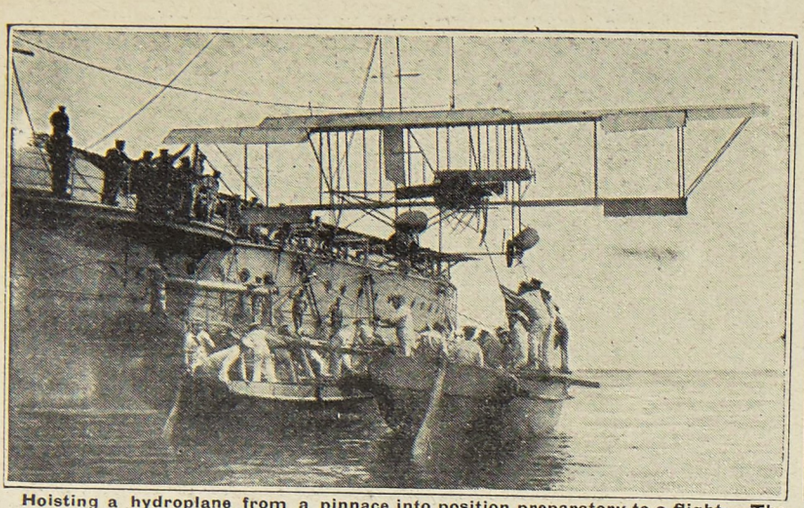
lict: The Superb Raid on Fortified Cuxhaven

The British were attacked by enemy submarines and by two Zeppelins, but none of the German surface ships had the pluck to engage the invaders even in their own waters. The strange battle in the air, on the sea, and under the waters proved: (1) That British ships can force their way when necessary through German mines; (2) that the submarine is ineffective against a swiftly moving surface vessel, though deadly when attacking a slow battleship or any waiting craft; (3) that the Zeppelin is practically useless when subjected to high-angle fire from the guns of a warship; and (4) that the British hyroplanes are capable of flying over German naval bases and bombing skulking vessels at anchor there.

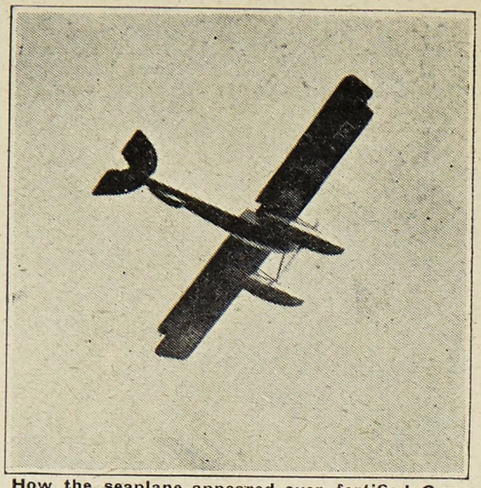
It is more than probable that by establishing these facts the British raid on Cuxhaven will sensibly affect and modify the future course of the war.

Our special war artist gives an impression of the extraordinary scene as it might have been witnessed from the foredeck of the Undaunted, when its guns and those of the Arethusa, seen in the centre of the picture, were making the Zeppelins hasten back to Heligoland.

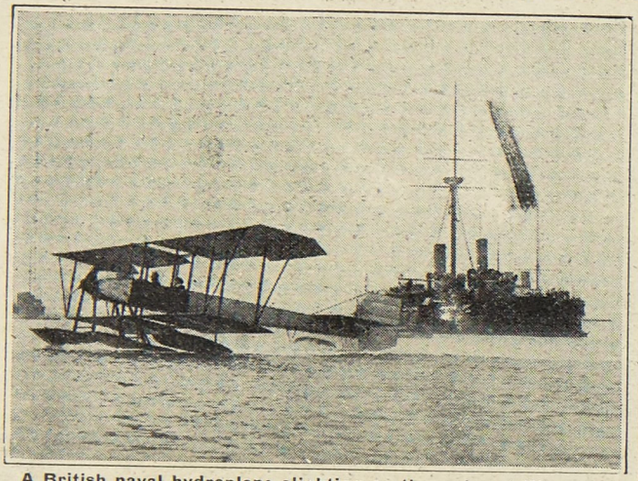
British Aerial Activities in many Quarters



Hoisting a hydroplane from a pinnace into position preparatory to a flight. The British Navy has brought the hydroplane to a high state of perfection.



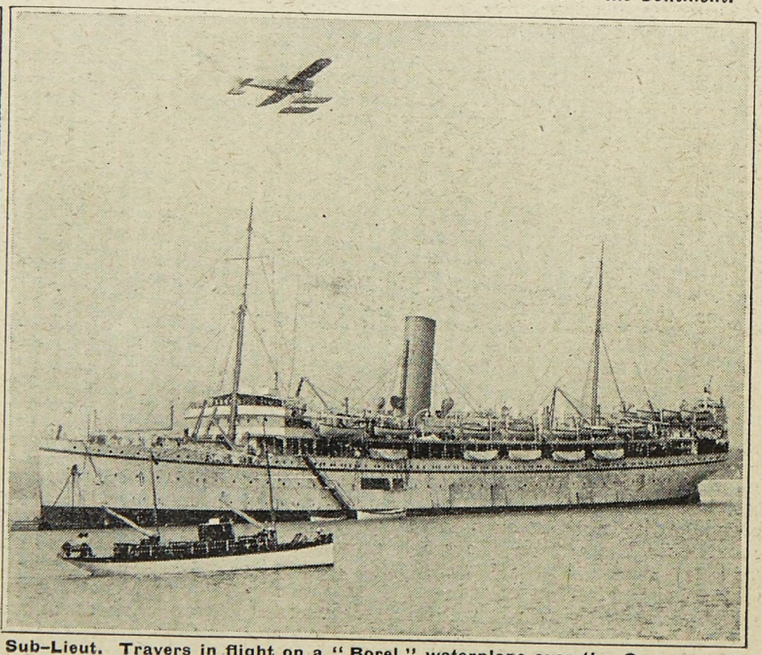
How the seaplane appeared over fortified Cuxhaven on Christmas Day.



A British naval hydroplane alighting on the water at Weymouth after a trial flight round the harbour.

Troopers endeavouring to follow an air duel between a British aeroplane and a German Taube somewhere on the Continent.

Flight-Com. Grahame-White chats with a Briitsh soldier and French airman in France.

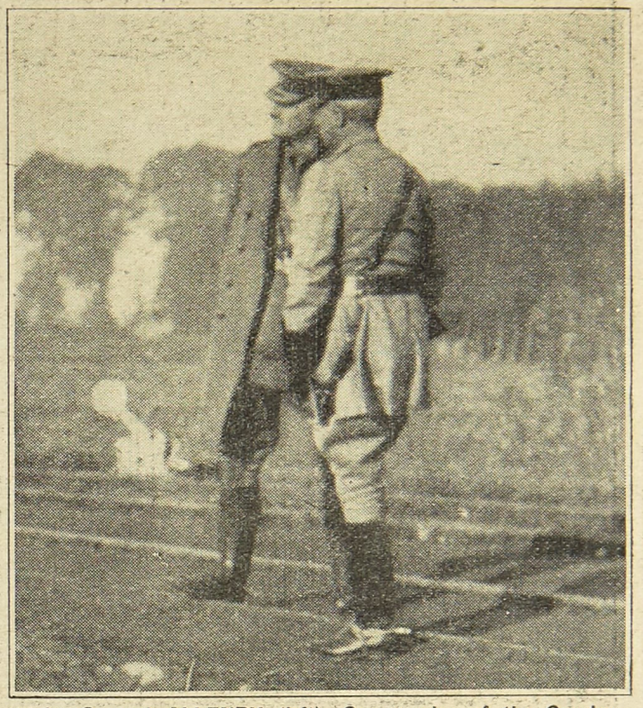


Sub-Lieut. Travers in flight on a "Borel" waterplane over the Government troopships lying off Netley, Hants.

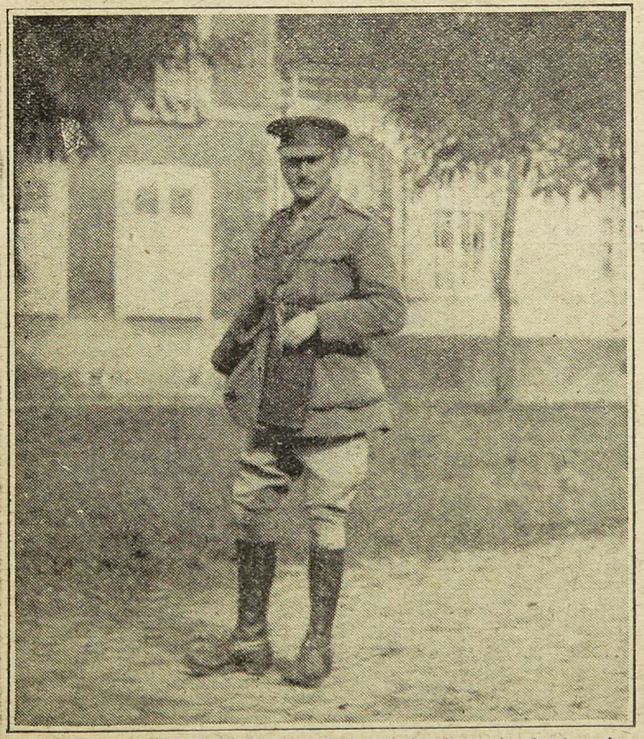
Dashing Cavalry Leaders at the Front

IN this wonderful war that goes on by day and night, obscurely, mysteriously, "somewhere on the Continent," and in which battles that fifty years ago would have thrilled the world as "decisive," take place almost daily, dismissed by a few words in the official communiqué, we hear little or nothing of the officers whose brains are slowly but surely guiding our gallant troops to victory. We are, therefore, glad to be able to present our readers with these war portraits of famous leaders. The photographs are unique as showing distinguished officers at the front "somewhere in France"—officers whose names have been mentioned with highest praise in Sir John French's despatches.

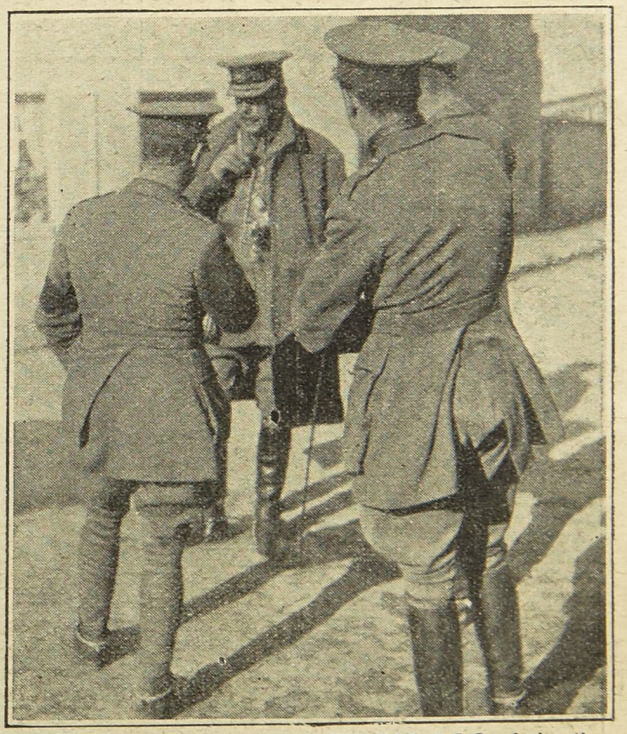
Major SELIGMAN, member of the Headquarters' Staff. He is attached to J Battery, R.H.A., which so signally distinguished itself after the famous Greys' charge.



Major-General ALLENBY (left), Commander of the Cavalry Expeditionary Force. He was mentioned in Sir John French's despatches on several occasions.

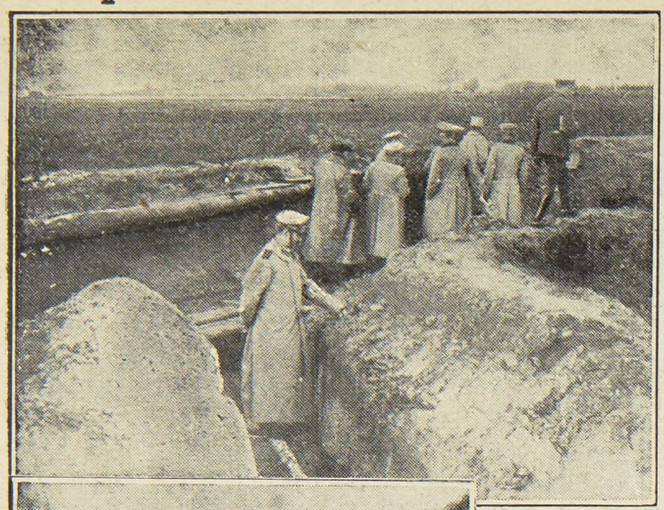


Brigadier-General GOUGH, one of the ablest cavalry leaders in the British Army, who, in addition to other notable actions, succeeded in clearing the enemy from the region of the Bethune Aire Canal.



Brigadier-General Sir PHILIP CHETWODE, D.S.O.—facing the camera—conversing with some of his staff. He commanded the Fifth Cavalry Brigade which fought the brilliantly successful action at Binche in the early part of the war.

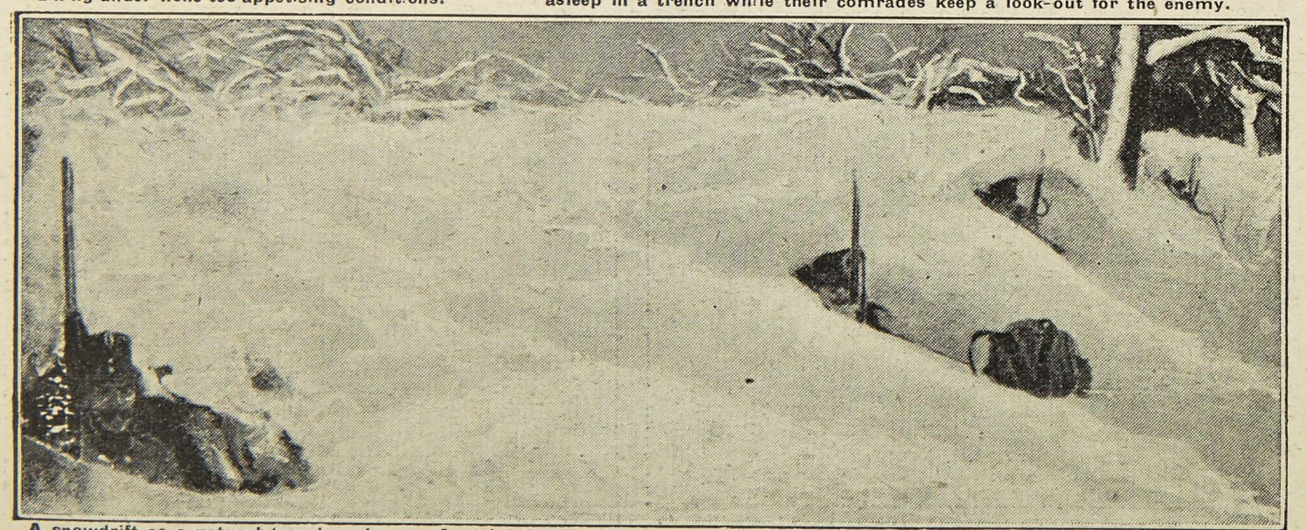
Snapshots from within the Enemy's Firing-line



On the left, foreign military attaches inspecting German trenches near Antwerp. On the right, a German bomb-proof shelter in the Argonne, the approaches to which are concealed by brushwood and vegetation.

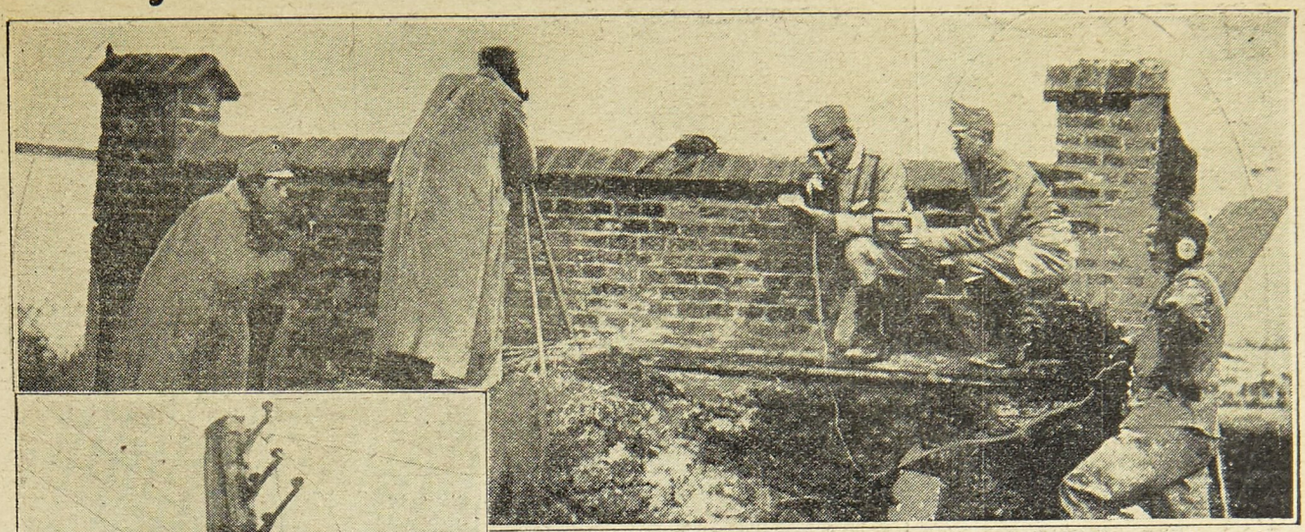
Distinctly rough and ready. German soldiers dining under none too appetising conditions.

Scene from an East Prussian battlefield, showing some German soldiers fast asleep in a trench while their comrades keep a look-out for the enemy.

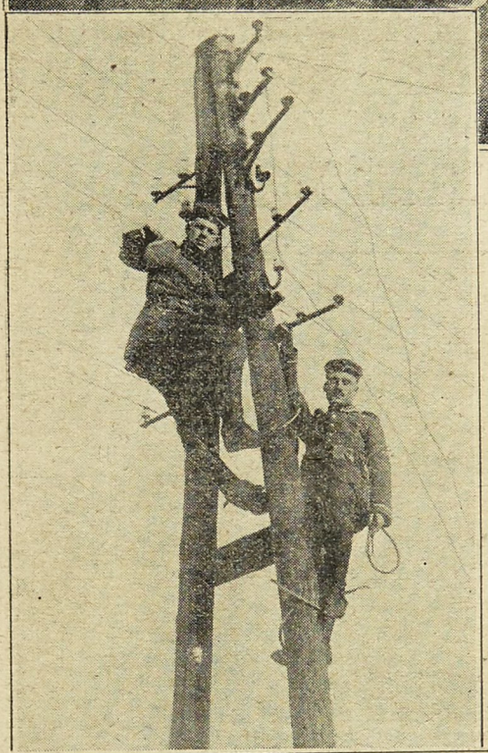


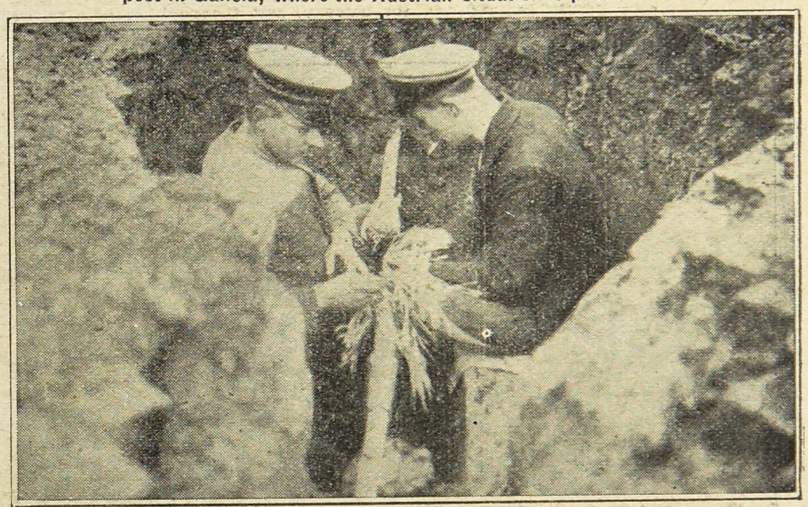
A snowdrift as a natural trench and some Austrian infantry "fairly up to their necks in it." As a rule the trenches of our enemies, especially in East Prussia, are strongly constructed and timbered, but the Hun and his Austrian ally are not able generally to adapt themselves to the discomforts of underground warfare with that good humour which has been so characteristic of the Allies.

Enemy Communications—Cut-off and Otherwise



Austrian officers directing the fire of a battery by telephone from an observation post in Galicia, where the Austrian situation is precarious.



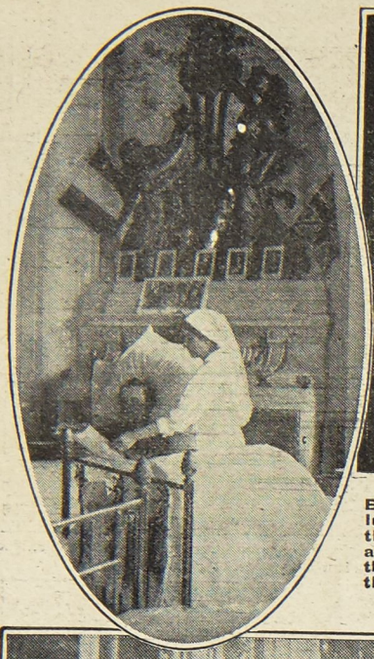


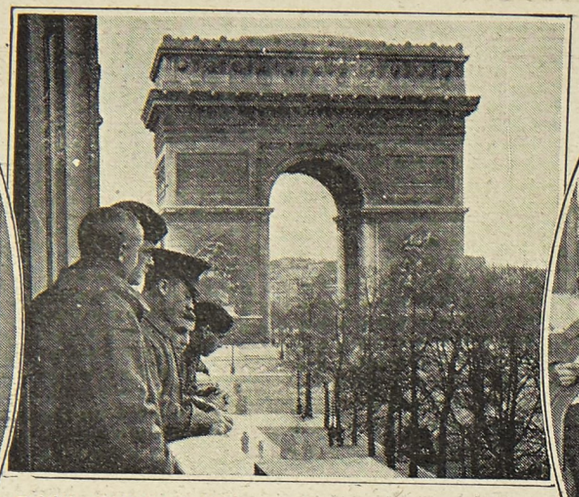
The Huns are making every use of the telephone in warfare, and have laid cables extensively throughout Belgium. Sometimes a shell shatters one of these, but it is promptly repaired, as also are broken overhead wires, as seen in the inset.

German officer getting on to headquarters in the neighbourhood of Verdun, the famous French fortress on the Meuse.

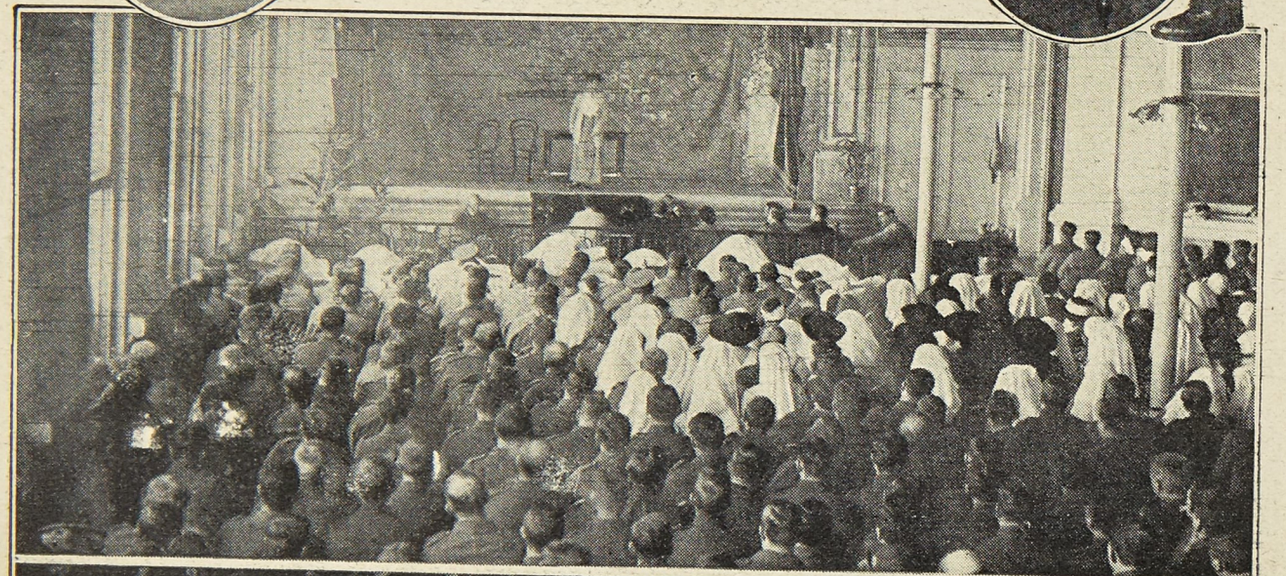
Outpost patrol taking a message which, judging by expressions, does not seem of great "military significance."

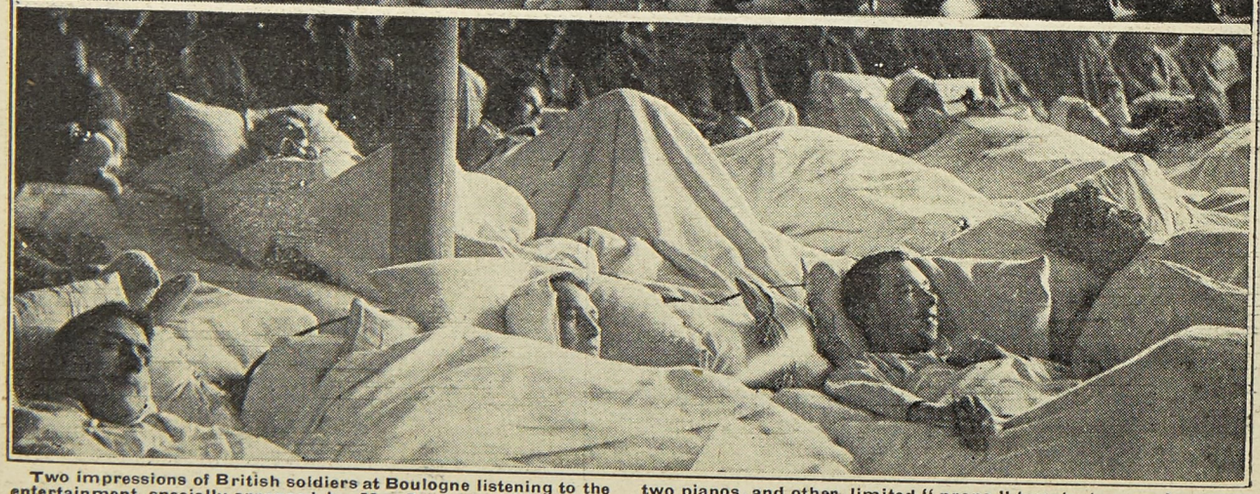
From Muddy Trench to Luxurious Hotel





British wounded soldiers are finding life in the "ville lumiere" very pleasant. Since the beginning of the war they have been idolised by Parisians. Many are installed at the famous Hotel Astoria. In these three photographs they are seen looking out over the Champs Elysees from the balcony, and thoroughly enjoying convalescence in the sumptuous bed-rooms.





Two impressions of British soldiers at Boulogne listening to the entertainment specially arranged by Mr. Seymour Hicks, Miss Ellaline Terriss, and Miss Gladys Cooper. This variety-show tour has proved immensely popular at the front. Ten motor-cars, two pianos, and other limited "props," twenty-two performers, one small valise for each member of the company, unlimited talent, an appreciative audience—and there you have the most interesting and successful venture in the history of theatrical enterprise.

Kitchen Utensils as Deadly Weapons of War

One great surprise of the war has been the revival of hand-to-hand fighting, and the use of such old-fashioned weapons as the bayonet and the hand-grenade. Before the war, experts were of opinion that infantry fighting would be carried on at a range of 800 to 1,000 yards. Frequently it has been from 75 to 100 yards.

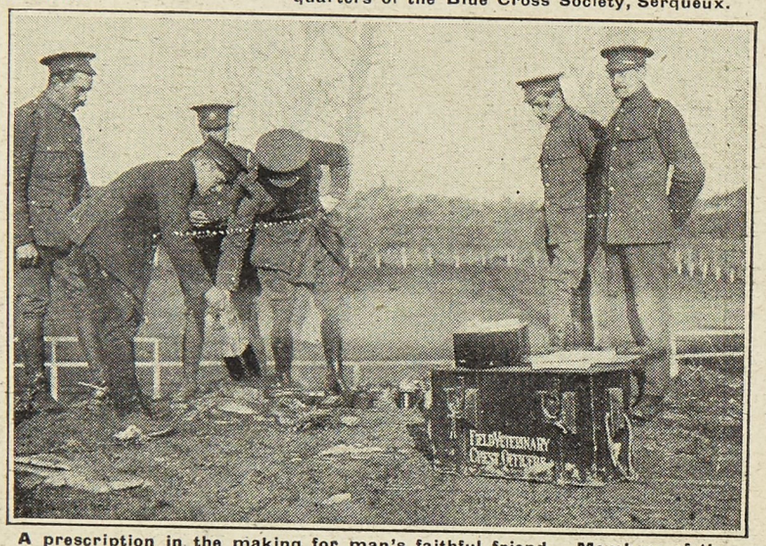
Above is recorded a hand-to-hand encounter which shows the British fighting spirit at its best. Germans stumbled into the Scots Greys' camp at supper-time. Orthodox weapons not being handy, the enemy were attacked with frying-pans and dixey tins. The Huns, unable to stand such pummelling, surrendered.

The Worthy Care of our Dumb Allies

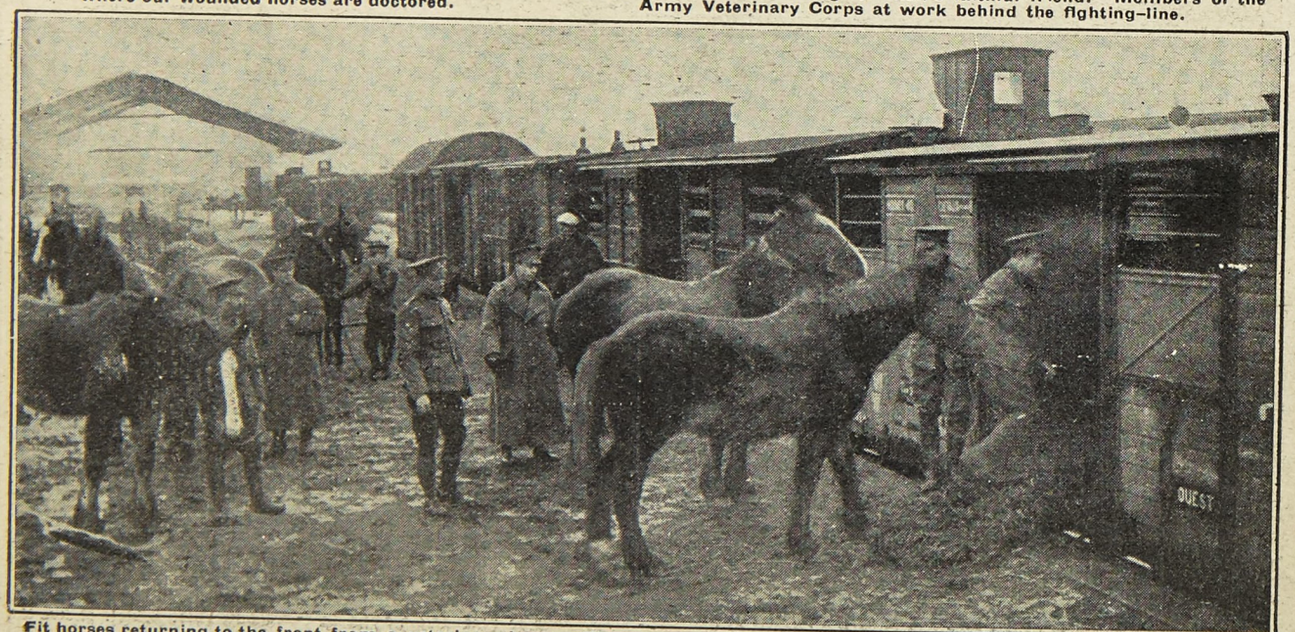
Three members of the R.S.P.C.A., now serving with the Army Veterinary Corps on the Continent, attending a wounded horse.

A dumb patient receiving treatment at the head-quarters of the Blue Cross Society, Serqueux.

Daily scene at the veterinary hospital, Serqueux, where our wounded horses are doctored.

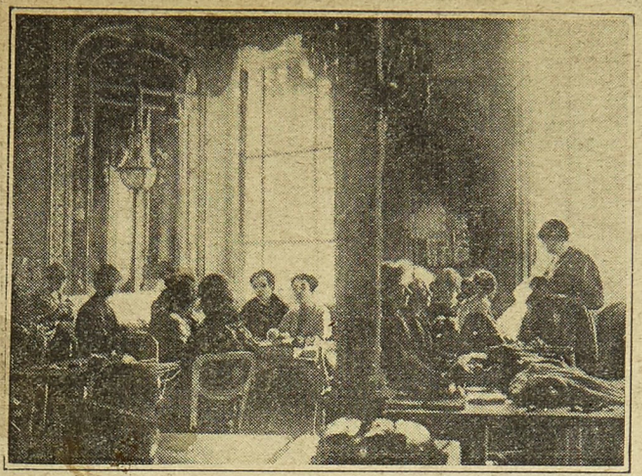


A prescription in the making for man's faithful friend. Members of the Army Veterinary Corps at work behind the fighting-line.

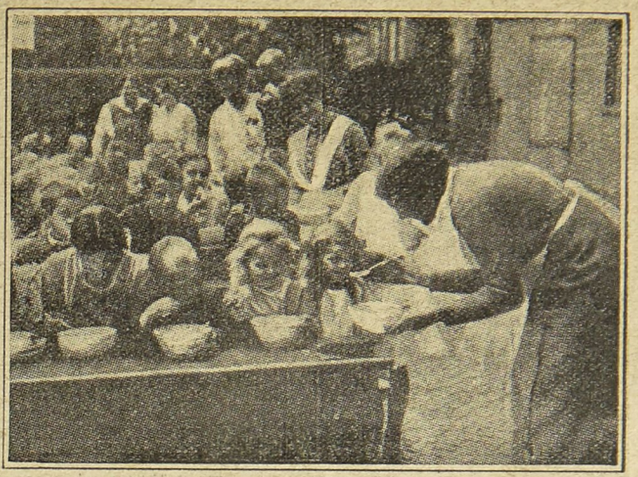


Fit horses returning to the front from a veterinary base. The work of the Army Veterinary Corps and the Blue Cross Society is admirable, both from a humane and economic standpoint. The greatest possible care, too, is taken of the quadruped by our soldiers when in action. Contrast this with the inhuman treatment of the Hun, who sacrifices his horses with unheard-of prodigality.

Women of the Warring Nations at Work



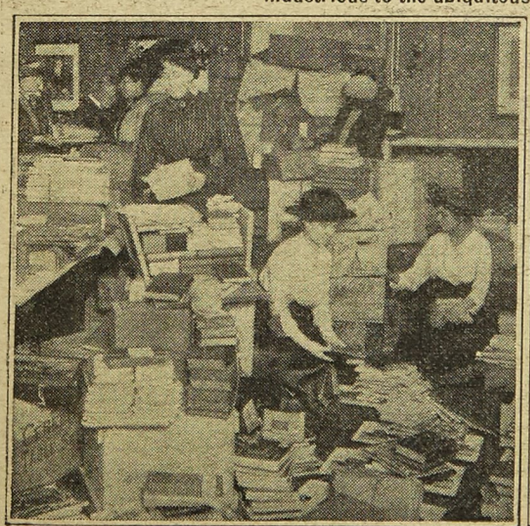
A noted Parisian rendezvous of gaiety becomes serious in the cause of the wounded. Scene at the Abbaye de Theleme, Montmartre, where French women are hard at work making bandages.



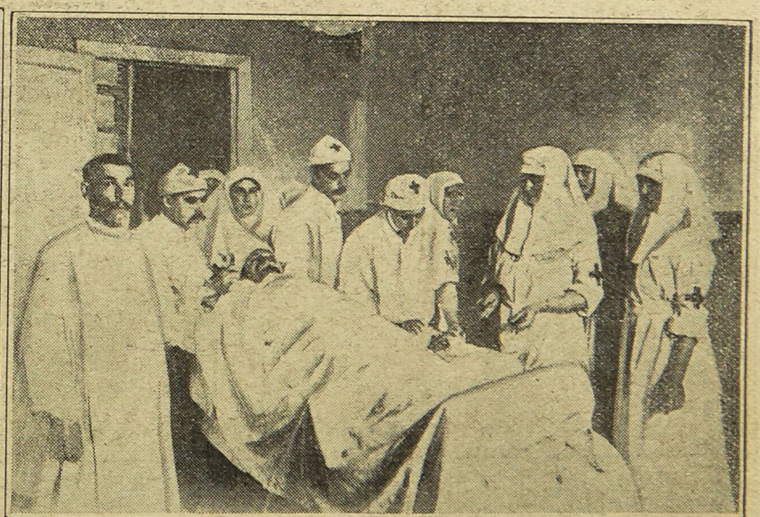
Prussian Royalty remembers the younger generation. Six hundred children of German reservists have the honour of being personally fed by the Duchess of Brunswick, the Kaiser's daughter.

Geisha girls of the Yanagibashi quarter, Tokyo, preparing "consolation bags" for Japan's fighting sons. May we congratulate them on appearing at once so charming and industrious to the ubiquitous camera?

Belgian by birth, Austrian by marriage. Countess Lonyay, leader of the Red Cross movement in Vienna.



Thousands of games and pastimes for our soldiers are being sent to the front through the agency of Mrs. Alec Tweedie, 12, Russell Square, W.C.

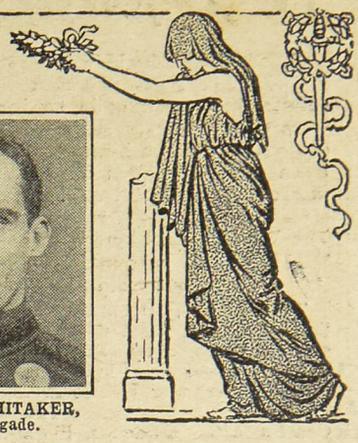


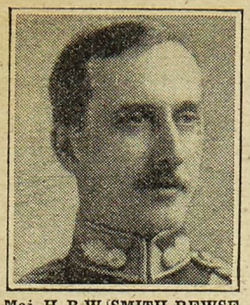
The Tsaritza and her two daughters Princesses Olga and Tatiana (on the right) assisting in the care of wounded Russian soldiers at Petrograd. Thus the most aristocratic royalties are democratic on behalf of the brave.

Drummer's Dexterous Gallantry Under Fire

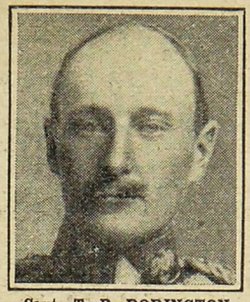
An heroic figure of the war is Drummer Spenser J. Bent. He has received the V.C. for holding a position when all his officers had been struck down. On another occasion he rescued a wounded comrade under heavy fire. Private McNulty ventured from the trench, and was struck by a German bullet. He collapsed, but the Huns continued firing at him. Realising the situation, Drummer Bent went to the rescue. No sooner had he attempted to lift the wounded man than he slipped and fell. Drummer Bent, therefore, dexterously hooked his feet under McNulty's arms, and, using his elbows, he managed to drag the wounded man to safety.

Fallen in Freedom's Cause



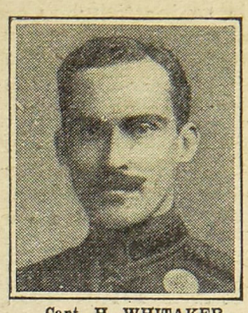


Maj. H. B. W. SMITH-REWSE, Royal Field Artillery.



Capt. T. P. DORINGTON, 1st (Royal) Dragoons.

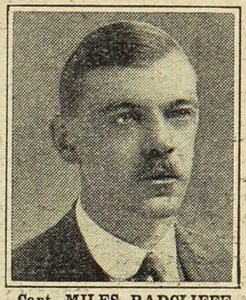
Capt. EVERARD J. LAMB, 1st Batt. Northumberland Fusiliers.



Capt. H. WHITAKER, Rifle Brigade.

Capt. C. B. CHICHESTER, The Buffs (East Kent Regt.).

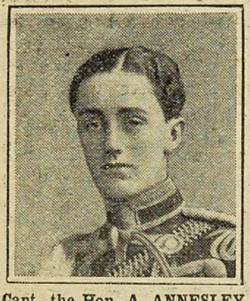
Capt. C. SYMES-THOMPSON, Grenadier Guards.



Capt. MILES RADCLIFFE, Border Regt.

Lieut. S. K. R. GORE, Royal West Kent.

Lieut. K. P. HENSTOCK, Middlesex Regt.



Capt. the Hon. A. ANNESLEY, 10th Hussars.

Major H. B. W. Smith-Rewse joined the Royal Field Artillery in 1897. He was with the West African Frontier Force for several years, and held appointments at Woolwich, first as instructor, and later as officer of a company of gentlemen cadets.

Captain the Hon. A. Annesley was the eldest son of the eleventh Lord Valentia. He joined the 10th Hussars from the militia, and served in the South African War.

Lord Annesley met his death while flying over Ostend as long ago as November 5th. He was a sub-lieutenant in the R.N.V.R., and left Eastchurch with Flight-Lieutenant Beevor, but the machine was shot down by Germans, and both airmen were killed.

Sec.-Lieut. S. A. Goldsmid, who is believed to be killed, received his first commission in 1912.

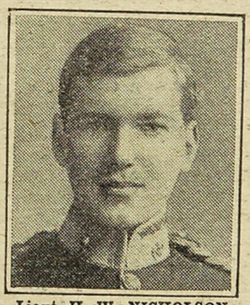
Major T. P. Dorington, of the 1st (Royal) Dragoons, had a varied and brilliant military career. He saw service in South Africa, being engaged at the Relief of Ladysmith, Colenso, Spion Kop, Vaal Kranz, and in Natal, the Transvaal, Orange River Colony, and Cape Colony. For a short while he was adjutant in the Imperial Yeomanry, and, subsequently, adjutant in the Territorial force.

Captain Symes-Thompson joined the 1st Batt. Grenadier Guards in 1901, and saw service in South Africa. At the outbreak of the war he was transferred to the 2nd Batt.

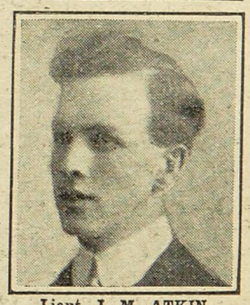
Lieutenant R. W. Fletcher, of the Royal Field Artillery, was a well-known Blue. He rowed bow in last year's Oxford crew.

Sub-Lieut. Earl ANNESLEY, R.N.V.R.

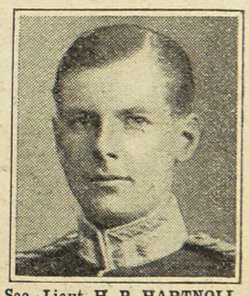
Lieut SIDNEY A. GOLDSMID, Worcester Regt.



Lieut. H. W. NICHOLSON, Cheshire Regt.

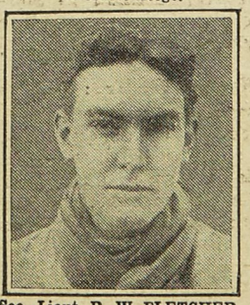


Lieut. J. M. ATKIN, Sherwood Foresters.



Sec.-Lieut. H. P. HARTNOLL, Worcester Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. P. McDONAGH, Royal West Kents.



Sec.-Lieut. R. W. FLETCHER, Royal Field Artillery.

Lieut. A. P. F. LYON. Gordon Highlanders.

Sec.-Lieut. M. A. HEPBURN, Seaforth Highlanders.

Sec.-Lt. J. H. G. LEE-STEERE, Grenadier Guards.

(Photos by Lambert Weston, Speaight, Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Heath, Brooke Hughes, Swaine.)

HOW THE WAR WAGES: THE STORY OF THE GREAT CONFLICT TOLD WEEK BY WEEK

ALTHOUGH the New Year opened badly with the loss of H.M.S. Formidable in the Channel, our ships and submarines, working in conjunction with seven seaplanes, were conspicuously successful during the last week of the old year, the epoch-making attack on the fortified German town of Cuxhaven constituting an event of singular interest and importance.

* * *

The Wonder Raid by Air and Sea

THE official account issued by the Secretary of the Admiralty is somewhat bald, but sufficiently lucid :

"On Friday, December 25th, German warships lying in Schillig Roads, off Cuxhaven, were attacked by seven naval seaplanes piloted by the following officers : Flight-Commander Douglas A. Oliver, Flight-Commander Francis E. T. Hewlett, Flight-Commander Robert P. Ross, Flight-Commander Cecil F. Kilner, Flight-Commander Arnold J. Miley, Flight-Lieutenant Charles H. K. Edmonds, Flight-Sub-Lieutenant Vivian Gaskell Blackburn. The attack was delivered at daylight, starting from a point in the vicinity of Heligoland. The seaplanes were escorted by a light cruiser and destroyer force, together with submarines. As soon as these ships were seen by the Germans from Heligoland two Zeppelins, three or four hostile seaplanes, and several hostile submarines attacked them. It was necessary for the British ships to remain in the neighbourhood in order to pick up the returning airmen, and a novel combat ensued between the most modern cruisers on the one hand and the enemy's aircraft and submarines on the other. By swift manœuvring the enemy's submarines were avoided, and the two Zeppelins were easily put to flight by the guns of the Undaunted and the Arethusa. The enemy's seaplanes succeeded in dropping their bombs near to our ships, though without hitting any. The British ships remained for three hours off the enemy's coast without being molested by any surface vessel, and safely re-embarked three out of the seven airmen with their machines. Three other pilots who returned later were picked up, according to arrangement, by British submarines which were standing by, their machines being sunk. Six out of the seven pilots, therefore, returned safely. Flight-Commander Hewlett is, however, missing. His machine was seen in a wrecked condition about eight miles from Heligoland, and the fate of this daring and skilful pilot is at present unknown."

On Friday last the good news came through that Flight-Commander Hewlett had been rescued by a steam-trawler and conveyed to Ymuiden. The official report concluded by stating that the extent of the damage done by the British airmen's bombs could not be estimated, but that all were discharged on points of military significance.

* * *

ANOTHER successful aerial raid should also be noticed. On Christmas Eve Squadron-Commander Richard Davies, of the Naval Air Service, visited Brussels in a biplane, dropped eight bombs on a German Parseval airshed on the outward, and four on the return flight. Judging from the clouds of smoke which arose from the shed, the attack was evidently successful, and the airman safely returned to his base.

* * *

The Kaiser's Alarm and German Excitement

THE news of the Cuxhaven raid was withheld from the German public till Sunday, December 27th, and then it caused the greatest excitement throughout the Empire, though the facts were minimised to the utmost extent. Damage to Cuxhaven was denied, and imaginary injury to the British flotillas emphasised. The Amsterdam Exchange News Agency telegraphed on December 29th that the Kaiser summoned his brother, Prince Henry, of "mailed fist" notoriety, from Kiel, where he was in naval command in the Baltic, to H.M.'s Headquarters, to confer with him and Admiral von Tirpitz. During the conference, held in the Kaiser's private room, which lasted several hours, the Kaiser demanded "an exhaustive report as to the damage done at Cuxhaven."

* * *

A SORT of a reply to the Cuxhaven raid was made by five German aeroplanes which visited Dunkirk on December 30th. The first appeared about eleven in the forenoon, followed, at ten-minute intervals, by three others, which circled over the centre of the town and dropped bombs in pairs. The fifth hovered some distance away, ready, evidently, to meet any French or British airships. These, however, were probably occupied elsewhere. It being market day, the streets were crowded. Altogether fifteen persons, mostly women and children, were killed, and thirty-two wounded. A fusillade of rifles and quick-firers was kept up against the hostile airships, but apparently neither they nor their pilots were injured.

* * *

Along the Western Battle-Front

THE campaign in Flanders and the North of France as far as the Vosges and beyond was carried on during last week in the vilest of weather. In fact, so violent was the hurricane on Monday, that military operations were practically suspended both by the Allies and the enemy. There have been fluctuations of success; but, on the whole, ground has been won by the Allies all along the line. The most important capture in Flanders was the village of St. Georges, which was the only foothold the Germans had across the Yser, and was important as the strategical key of the defences of the Yser, since it stood on the only high ground in the flooded area. On the 30th the Germans made a determined attack both with artillery and infantry to recover it, but did not succeed. Another important capture was on the Becelaere-Passchendaele Road, nine miles north-east from Ypres. There, again, the Germans on the 30th bombarded heavily, but failed to recover it. Its importance is due to the fact that the road forms the main line of intercommunication along the whole German front in that region. In spite of violent bombardments by the enemy, they made no progress in any portion of the line in the valley of the Aisne or in Champagne, while, on the other hand, the Allies have gained somewhat in the Argonne and along the heights of the Meuse. The French are consolidating their positions in Upper Alsace, and have reduced to silence the German howitzers, which were specially directed against Upper Aspach.

* * *

The Campaign in Poland and Galicia

HINDENBURG'S offensive movement to break the Russian centre in Poland to the south-west of Warsaw has been absolutely checked. The decisive point was on the Bzura front, and the German attack everywhere failed. A Petrograd semi-official statement admits that the German reinforcements which had been brought up from the Yser, in Flanders, did succeed in crossing the Bzura River on December 22nd by means of pontoons, and drove the Russians out of their trenches. On the morning of December 23rd the further advance of the Germans was checked, and the Grand Duke Nicholas was able in the afternoon of that day to bring up his reserves, and attack the enemy on two flanks. After nightfall the Russians made a fierce assault on the trenches which the Germans had occupied, drove them out, and pushed the broken units to the River Bzura. Those who tried to swim across perished in the water. The brigade was almost annihilated, and their machine-guns captured. In West Galicia the Russians carried by assault several fortified works of the enemy, and captured many prisoners and guns. South-west of the Dukla Pass, in the Carpathians, the Russians dislodged the Austrians from their strong positions, and put them to flight in a panic. They also repelled fresh sorties of the garrison of Przemysl and counter-attacks by the enemy in the Dujok Pass.

* * *

Rights of Neutral Traders : American Protest

THE American Ambassador, Dr. Page, paid a visit to the Foreign Office on Tuesday, December 29th, and presented to Lord Haldane—who, in the absence of Sir Edward Grey, was in charge—a Note from the Government of the United States on the subject of the treatment of American commerce. The Note recapitulated a protest made on November 9th against the seizure and detention fo neutral ships bound for neutral ports by British cruisers on the ground that they were suspected to contain contraband ultimately destined for the enemy.

THE NEW ARMIES

When Will They Go to the Front?

By the Editor

THERE has been much speculation lately as to when Lord Kitchener's new armies are going to the front. As a matter of fact, the transport of the new armies across the Channel is beginning now. Of course, the numbers that are going at the moment are small, but it will be no long time before we shall have an immense British army on the Continent. As this army grows so should our "Something-to-Smoke" Fund grow also. My readers have done magnificently so far, but I am going to ask them to do still more, and do so with confidence that I shall receive the response which so worthy an appeal deserves.

The men who are going to reinforce the fighting-line, my readers should remember, are not professional soldiers. They are men who have left civil life to become soldiers at a dire crisis in the history of their country. I think it about the least we stay-at-homes can do is to see that these brave fellows lack nothing that it is in our power to give them.

And it is certainly in our power to provide them with a continuous and adequate supply of smokes. THE WAR ILLUSTRATED "Something-to-Smoke" Fund makes it possible at the absolute minimum of cost. By our system of sending tobacco and cigarettes from a duty-free warehouse, we are able to send one-and-sixpence worth for every sixpence contributed, and if only our readers will renew their efforts and try to interest all their friends, there should be no difficulty in ensuring a full supply of the cigarettes and tobacco they like for all our brave fighting men.

I hope my young friends between the ages of twelve and sixteen, to whom I have already announced prizes of watches for the biggest amounts collected, are now getting busy with their collecting-cards. They need not be returned till the end of the month, so there is still time to apply to me for a card if any of you have not got one. I am giving a two-guinea watch for the biggest amount, and watches of less value to everyone who collects at least £5.

The Editor

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Pure Virginia Tobacco

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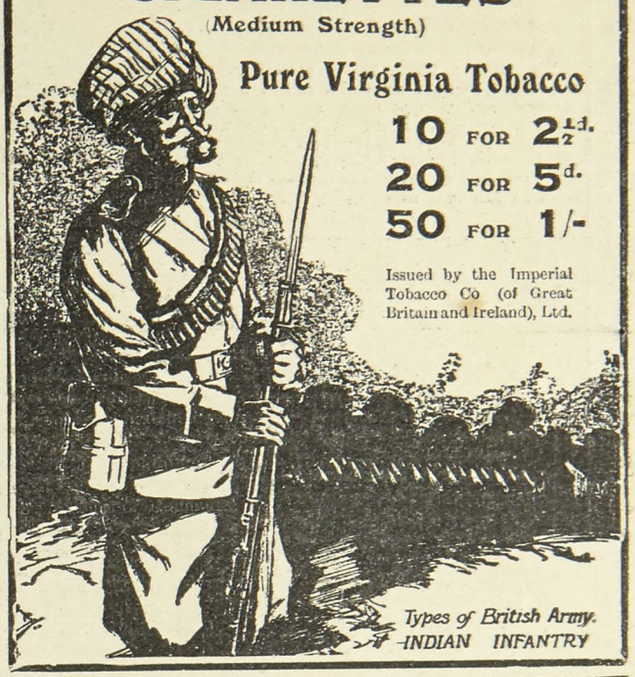

Types of British Army.
INDIAN INFANTRY

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MORE MEN—MORE SMOKES!

We must double our "Something-to-Smoke" Fund

It is an open secret that during the next few weeks reinforcements in very large numbers will be going to the front. Many of the battalions of Lord Kitchener's army which were recruited in the early days of the war are approaching the end of their training, and to their great delight they are about to have the opportunity of meeting the Germans for which they have been preparing with such patience and devotion.

We honour those brave men who have responded to their country's call in her hour of need, and who in many cases have given up positions of ease and comfort in exchange for the prospect of danger and death. It is for us who stay at home in comfort to do what we can to make the conditions of their lives as tolerable as possible, and in no way can we do this better than by keeping them well supplied with the "smokes" they like.

This picture shows what each soldier gets.

That is why we say at the top of this page that we must double our "Something-to-Smoke" Fund. In addition to keeping up the supply to those already at the front, we must think of the new army as well.

Remember that in no other way can so much to smoke be sent for so little money.

The little picture on this page shows exactly what Tommy gets for every sixpence contributed to the fund. To buy as much in the ordinary way over the counter would cost one-and-sixpence. The enormous difference is due to the fact that Martins Ltd., the well-known tobacco manufacturers of Piccadilly, London, W., are sending the packages direct from a bonded warehouse, so that there is no duty to pay.

Let our readers, therefore, get busy, each doing his level best to make the fund grow. Send what you can of your own, and apply for a collecting-card, so that you can go round and ask your friends to subscribe.

Address all communications to:

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED
"Something-to-Smoke" Fund,
The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Amounts Received during the Fifteenth Week of the Fund

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38 B-C

WAR ARTICLE BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly

A QUIET DAY IN THE TRENCHES

Regd. for Canadian Magazine Post.

No. 22

Lead and Smoke in the Trenches

Tommy provides the Lead—You provide the Smoke

"I have received your parcel," writes Corporal Bradford, of the 2nd Highland Light Infantry, to the Editor, "and I thank you very much. The smoke goes down A1 in the trenches whilst waiting for the Germans. We are giving them lead as well as smoke."

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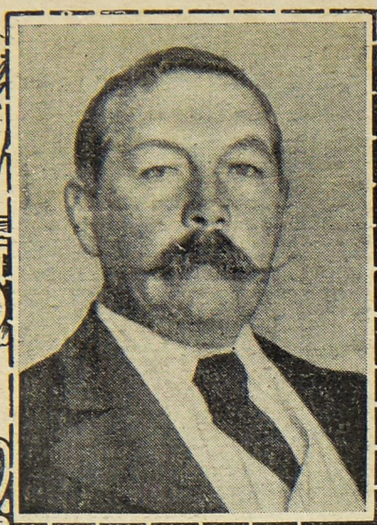
THE WAR Illustrated

No. 22. Vol. I. A WEEKLY PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR For Week ending 16 January, 1915.

The whole neighbourhood of St. Georges was inundated by the floods, with the exception of a small strip of rising ground which the Belgians succeeded in capturing under cover of the Royal Naval guns. The Germans retired to the shelter of some houses, but re-formed and counter-attacked. The Belgians were in jeopardy, and to relieve them six naval fusiliers volunteered to convey to them a 75 mm. gun by wherry along a canal, the only means of transport. The Germans, observing the manœuvre, shot down the volunteers one by one, but not before the sixth had brought the gun to within reach of the Belgians. The latter secured the "75" and opened deadly fire, which put the Germans to flight. Shortly afterwards the Allies were in possession of St. Georges.



Hoppé.

HOW THE BOER WAR PREPARED US FOR THE GREAT WAR

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Not only one of Britain's foremost novelists—perhaps the most universally popular of all our living writers, whose works circulate in many tongues to the remotest corners of the world—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is something more. He represents in literature the splendid sanity and poise of British character, and his historical writings on the South African War have long ranked as standard works.

The Editor of "The War Illustrated" has been fortunate in inducing Sir Arthur to explain to his readers how the lessons learned by the British Army in the South African campaign are being applied in the Great European War to-day.

If the Boer War be looked upon as a full-dress rehearsal in preparation for the much more serious war which was to follow it, then the vast expenditure and the considerable loss of life have amply justified themselves, for they have enabled our small professional Army, led by officers who nearly all had the training of the South African campaign, to start this vitally-important contest at a considerable advantage. Whether that advantage is as great as it should have been had we thoroughly digested all our lessons is a delicate question for a civilian to discuss. As I ventured, however, fourteen years ago to write a chapter upon the military lessons of the Boer War, I shall now supplement it by a few remarks as to how these lessons seem to have influenced our conduct.

Importance of Good Shooting and Necessity of Cover

The Continental military critics never understood the importance of the Boer War because, as in the case of the North and South struggle in America, they looked upon it as a scrambling, amateurish business which bore no relation to the clash of disciplined legions. Hence those solid infantry formations and gigantic cavalry charges which amazed our representatives at the various Kaiser manœuvres. It was their theory that if Buller's infantry did not instantly win its way to Ladysmith over Botha's trenches, or Methuen carry the lines of Magersfontein, it was the fault of the soldiers and their leaders. Now that the Germans have themselves tried what the combination of trench and rifle means at Ypres and elsewhere, and have tested the quality of British infantry, they will get a new light upon the teaching of the South African War.

Two things we learned in Africa—the importance of good shooting and the necessity for using cover. Our excellence at both was a revelation to the Germans at Mons, as has been admitted by many of their officers. They were the two factors which saved us during that perilous business, for, outnumbered as we were, and faced by a far stronger artillery, we could not possibly have saved the army had we not some make-weights upon our side. Those were the all-important make-weights—that we could inflict the maximum and receive the minimum of punishment with the rifle. They saved us—and we owe them both directly to the South African War. Before that lesson we were no better than the Germans. I have myself seen, in the manœuvres of 1898, lines of British infantry *standing* at two hundred yards distance to fire volleys at each other, unrebuked by officers or umpires. At least "nous avons changé tout cela."

A Simple Prophecy now being fulfilled

The Boer War opened up the new era of artillery, and there at least our opponents have learned part of the lesson. The six guns exposed in neat array have disappeared. Now a gun lurks here behind a building, and there amid the brushwood, while the observer, a quarter of a mile away, is telephoning ranges, and the gunners are training upon an unseen mark. All this is new but is common to both sides. In the chapter to which I have alluded I said: "The bullock guns of the Boers are the forerunners of an artillery which, in a country of good roads with steam traction available, may assume the most monstrous proportions. The greatest cannon of our battleships and fortresses may be converted into field-pieces." The prophecy was a simple one, and seems to be in a fair way of being fulfilled. It is only the road bridges and culverts which put any restriction now upon the size of the gun—save, of course, the difficulty of removing it in case of a retreat. One thing has very clearly emerged in the present operations, and that is that taking an average with light guns and heavy the British artillery, in men and material, is probably unequalled and certainly unsurpassed among the armies of Europe.

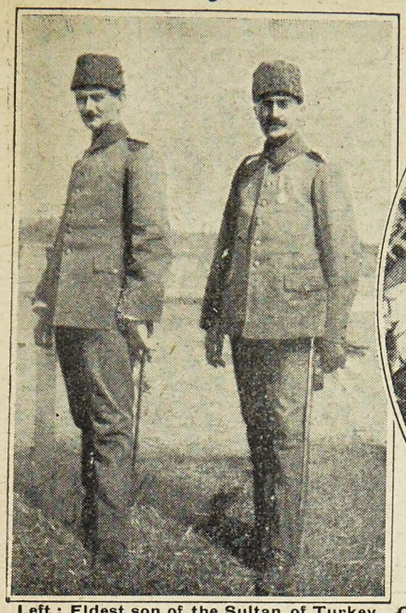
The New Versatility of our Cavalry

But it is in the cavalry that the Boer War left its mark most deeply, though it will always be a fair ground for argument whether it left it deeply enough. Certainly our cavalry have been splendid. They have adapted themselves to everything and been the general utility men of the Army. I have notes of one regiment which executed a famous "arme blanche" charge in the morning, fought as dismounted riflemen in the afternoon, and formed themselves into a gun-team to pull off deserted guns in the evening.

Since then they have spent a good deal of their time making and holding trenches. Such men cannot be improved upon, and if they, in their nimble suppleness, present a contrast to armour-plated, top-booted Continental types, it is once again to South Africa that we

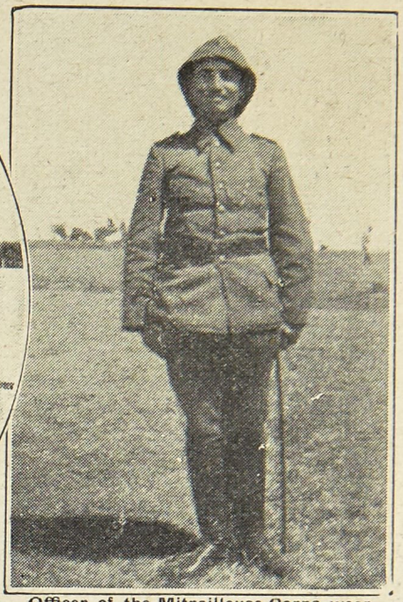
(*Continued on page* 516.)

Turkey follows the Goose-step of Kaiserism

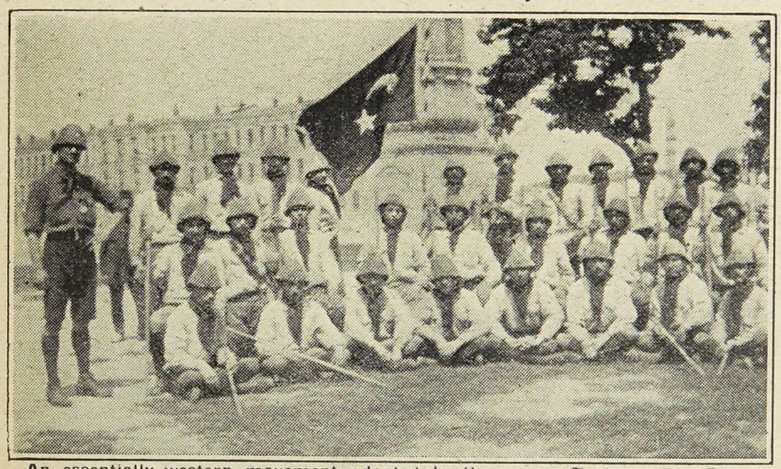


Left: Eldest son of the Sultan of Turkey, finest revolver shot in the Turkish Army. Right: Col. Halil Bey, garrison commander, Constantinople, at Stefano.

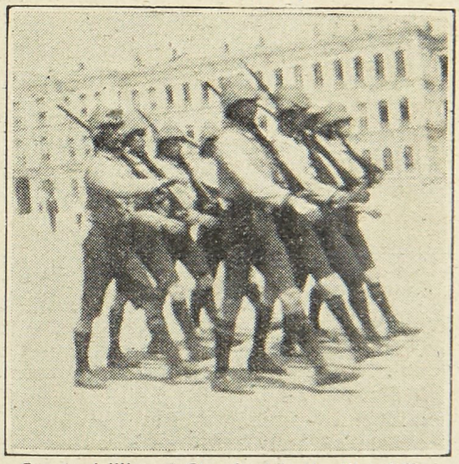
Col. Ismael Hakki, Chief of Headquarters' Staff (left), with his aide-de-camp. Hakki Bey was hero of Tchataldja during the Balkan War, and recently married the Sultan's niece.



Officer of the Mitrailleuse Corps wearing the Kabalask hat introduced by Enver Pasha after the Tripoli War with Italy.



An essentially western movement adopted by the young Turks. Boy Scouts from Adena on the occasion of their visit to the War Office, Stamboul, presumably to express indirect loyalty to the Hun. After 16 they are embodied in a training corps.



Scouts drilling at Stamboul in the War Office grounds with Bulgarian cavalry carbines captured during the Balkan War.

Youthful Turks target-shooting in front of the War Office in the Place Sultan Bayazit, Stamboul. They are also wearing the new military helmet, more adaptable to warfare than the religious fez or turban, but so arranged as to resemble the latter, and thereby overcome the devout Mussulman's scruples. It is to be hoped for their sake that they will prove better shots than their wily ally the "Bosche."

Part of the directing force of the armies of three nations discuss the military situation somewhere behind the fighting-line in France. An exclusive photograph of members of the French, Belgian, and British Headquarters' Staffs at work in picturesque surroundings.

LESSONS OF THE BOER WAR

(Continued from page 514)

owe it. The British horseman has been trained to be both a cavalier who fights with cold steel, and also to be a mounted rifleman who uses his horse merely to give him mobility in reaching or changing the place of the fight. In theory the two types are really incompatible, since the one is always looking for good ground to charge over, and the other for broken ground to skirmish over. But practice often works out better than theory, and if the British cavalry have shown themselves to be good men off their horses, they have also never yet met their equals on their horses. The question will still arise, however, which system, ceteris paribus, gives the best result.

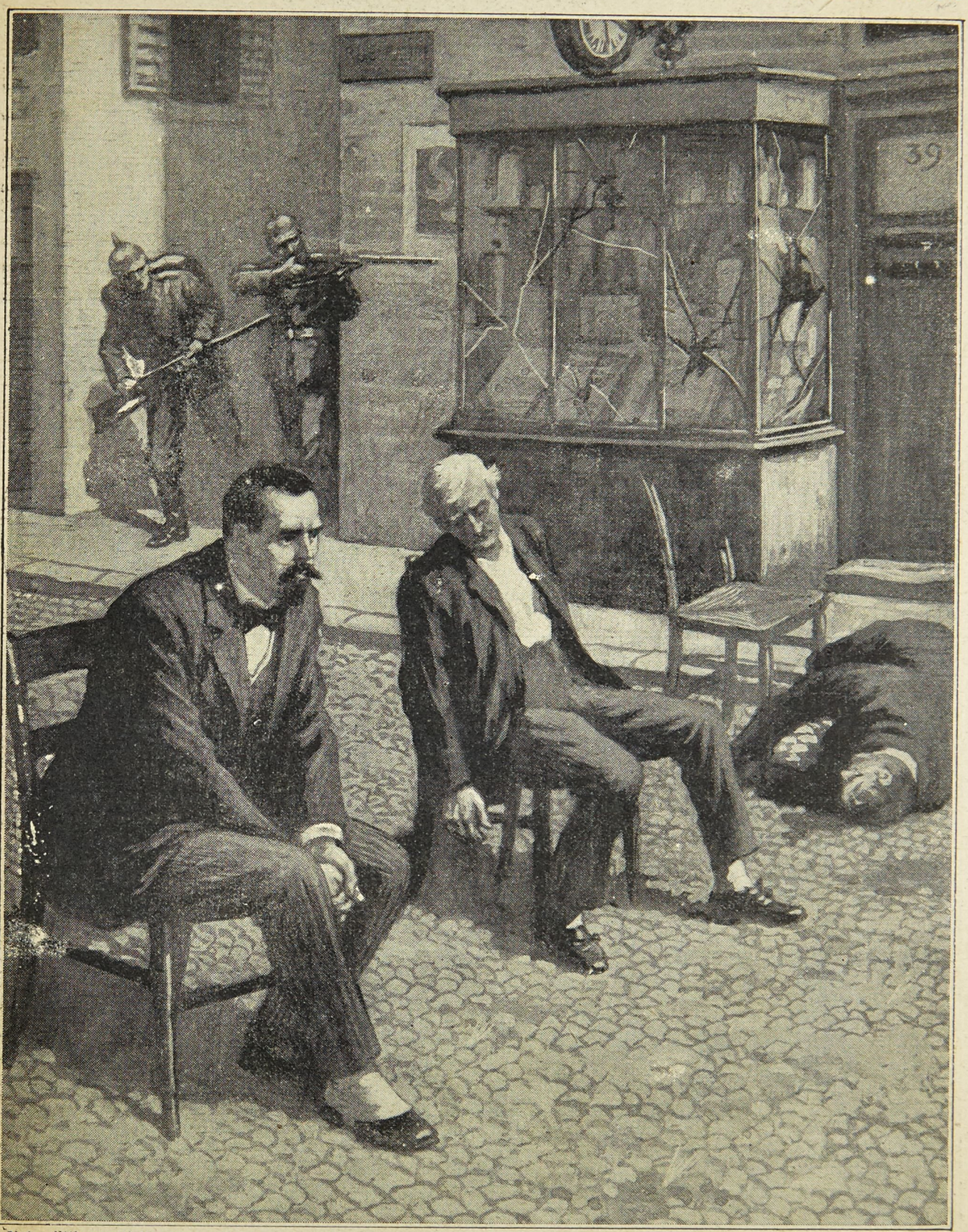
One curious illustration may be quoted which bears upon the subject. On the same morning two cavalry skirmishes were fought, of which I have full details though I may not yet record them. In the first a squadron of British lancers met a squadron of German Guard dragoons in a fair cavalry charge at fifteen miles an hour. They rode through each other, six or seven fell upon either side, and each wheeled to a flank as other forces were coming into the fray. That was an example of the arme blanche. Shortly afterwards a squadron of British hussars saw a hostile squadron approaching and at once dismounted. The Germans charged and were practically annihilated. Thirty-two dead or wounded were picked up in front of the hussar line, and a number of the others who rode past were shot by the horse-holders. That was an example of the mounted riflemen. It is the latter type that has come to us through our South African experience.

One lesson we seem to have unlearned, and already we have paid a heavy price for it. It is that the officer should at fifty yards be indistinguishable from his men. His life is the most valuable of all, and yet we deliberately put him up as a mark. If, for the purpose of leading, his dress must be conspicuous, then let the marks be on the back of his collar. He should no longer be encumbered with a useless sword—an implement which should never have survived South Africa. Let him have a light rifle. He need not use it when his men require his attention, but in many situations they do not, and then he can be of use in the firing-line. But it is a shame to make him conspicuous, for it is a thing against which he is precluded from complaining.

I have been told—but I trust that it is not true—that in some Indian regiments the officers have a different headgear from the soldiers. This would seem a really monstrous thing if it be true. But it is the one conspicuous example of a lesson once learned and now entirely neglected.

Arthur Conan Doyle

Honest Hun Confesses to German Fiendishness

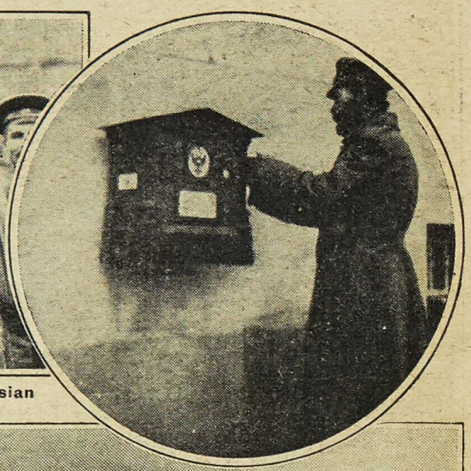


Not a little scepticism and indignation have been caused by the publication of examples of German "frightfulness." Huns' conduct has, however, been so terrible that reticence to credit it is hardly surprising. The above incident is an accurate pictorial representation of a German officer's (Lieut. Eberlein) confession published in the "Muenchner Neueste Nachrichten." He entered St. Die with a company of men, and was compelled to barricade himself up till reinforcements came. In his own words he describes how he placed three civilians on chairs between himself and the Allies' fire. Callously he discusses their last emotions, and continues: "This means is effective, for the enemies' fire has slackened. I am sorry for them."

Slav v. Teuton: Incidents Bellicose and Pacific

Enemies unite in aiding the wounded. Russian and Austrian Red Cross doctors attending an injured Austrian soldier.

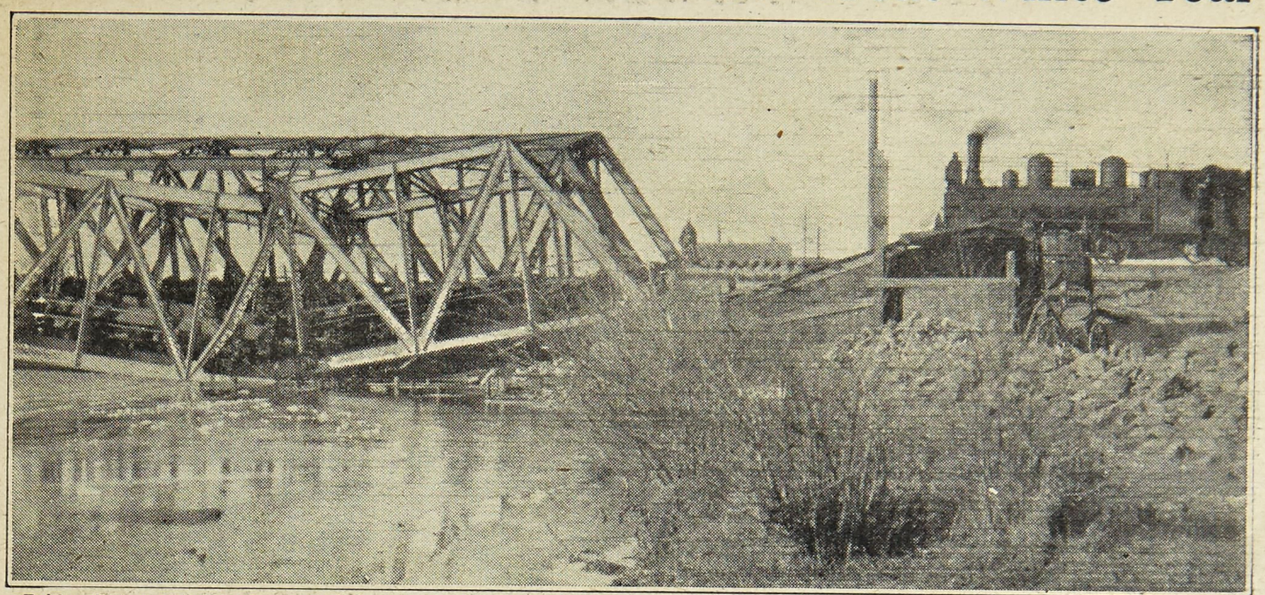
The charity that follows in the wake of the invader. Russian priest and soldiers distributing money to poor children of Galicia.



Some Austrian prisoners conversing with their friends at Lemberg while under a Russian guard. Inset: A soldier of the Tsar posts a letter at the military box, Lemberg.

Cossacks moving out of Lemberg to follow up the Austrian rout along the Carpathians. The failure of the Hapsburg cause under Hohenzollern direction is expected soon to bring about a disintegration of the Central Empire. Many soldiers fighting for Franz-Josef have manifest Slav sympathies, and Hungary only awaits a favourable moment to break away from the Austrian yoke.

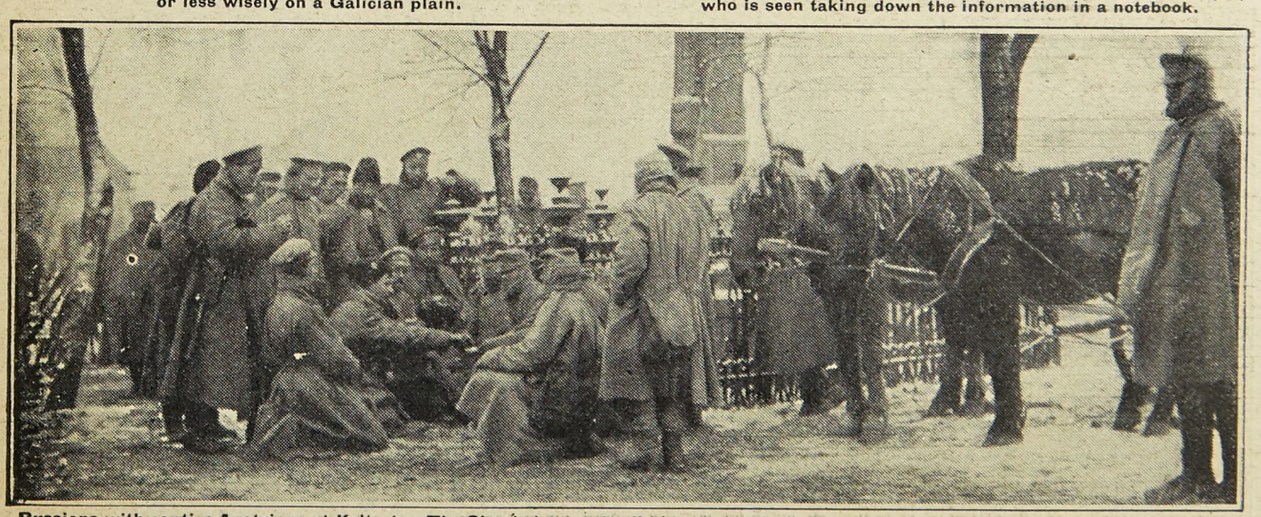
With the Valiant Sons of the Great White Tsar



Bridge destroyed by the Germans before Lodz. The Huns have made terrific but futile efforts to intercept the Russians' railway communications hereabouts. Hindenburg's initial plan in striking at Warsaw was to hold the lines and cut off Russian reinforcements.

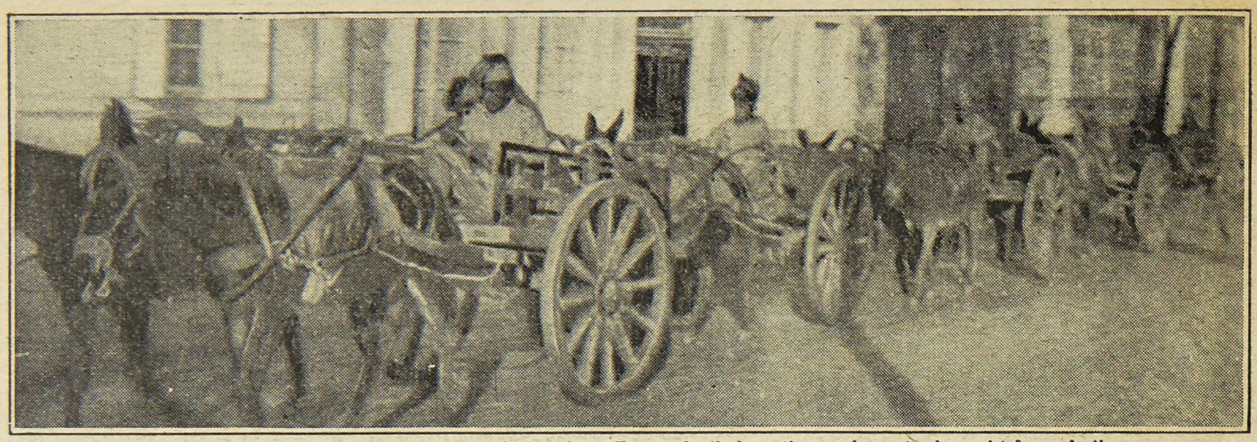
A mess of pottage a la Russe. Some Russian soldiers dine more or less wisely on a Galician plain.

A Cossack reports the result of a reconnaissance to his etat-major, who is seen taking down the information in a notebook.



Russians with captive Austrians at Keltsch. The Slav is having it all his own way in Galicia. Austrian resistance grows weaker every day. It only needs the intervention of Rumania, on the side of the Allies, completely to demoralise the Dual-Monarchy into submission.

From Golden Orient to Sodden French Battlefields



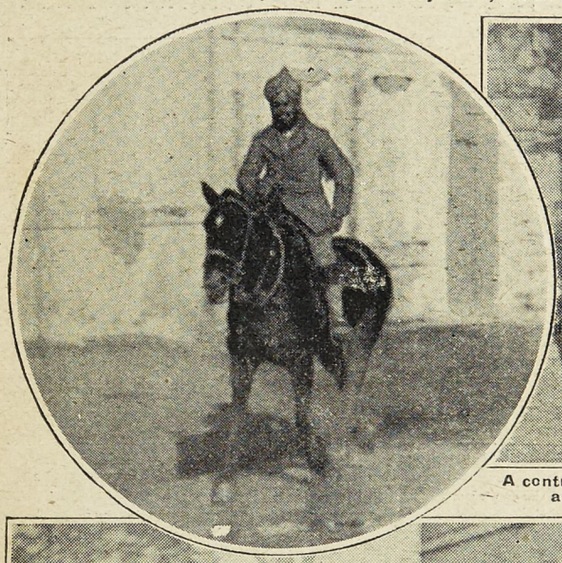
Indian troops passing through a village in Northern France in their native mule carts, brought from India.

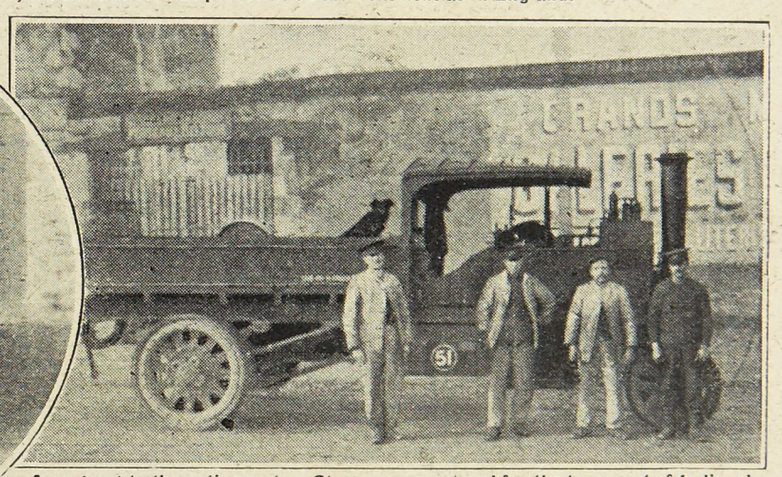
More of our Indian warriors who have struck terror into the Hun by reason of their ingenious and fatalistic courage and daring. They are seen well-equipped against our "rainy season," which must have reminded them somewhat of an eastern monsoon.

Weird music of the East always fascinates the Gallic temperament, ever susceptible to Orientalism. A body of Sikhs slouch at ease through a French town to the accompaniment of their pipes and tom-toms on their way to the firing-line.

Picturesque Indians in a Drab Environment

Mules belonging to the Indian contingents. These animals are very useful in transport work, especially where the roads are in bad repair owing to heavy rains, which have been as prevalent on the Continent as in England.



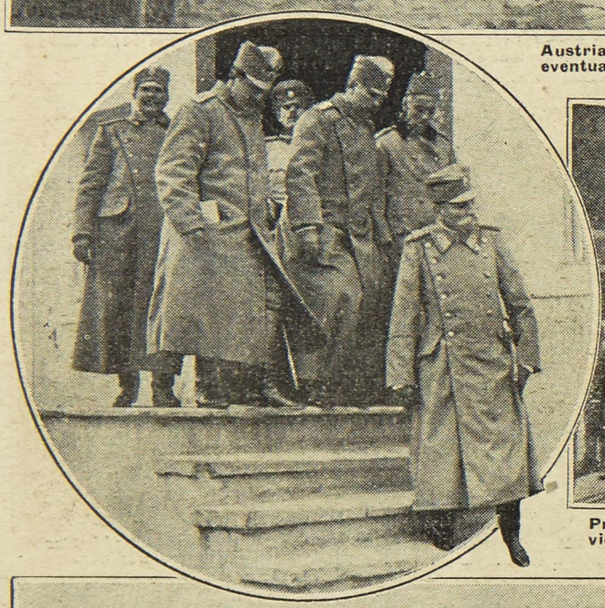


A contrast to the native carts. Steam-waggon used for the transport of Indians' ammunition. Inset: A native courier, happy in spite of the weather.

Indians pass with their belongings from somewhere in France to somewhere else. The intense loyalty of the Indians has been a severe shock to the credulous German, whose reliance on the disintegration of the Empire has proved as fruitless as it was fatuous

Little Serbia's Great War against Teuton Tyranny

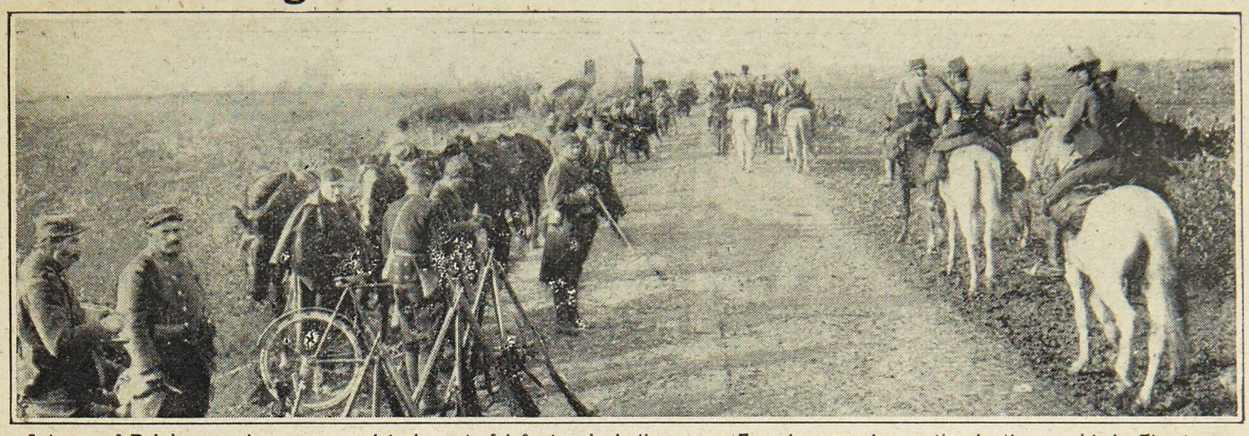
Austrian soldiers guarding positions at Gluchi (Macva-Serbia). These were eventually recaptured by the Serbians in their great rout of the Austrians.



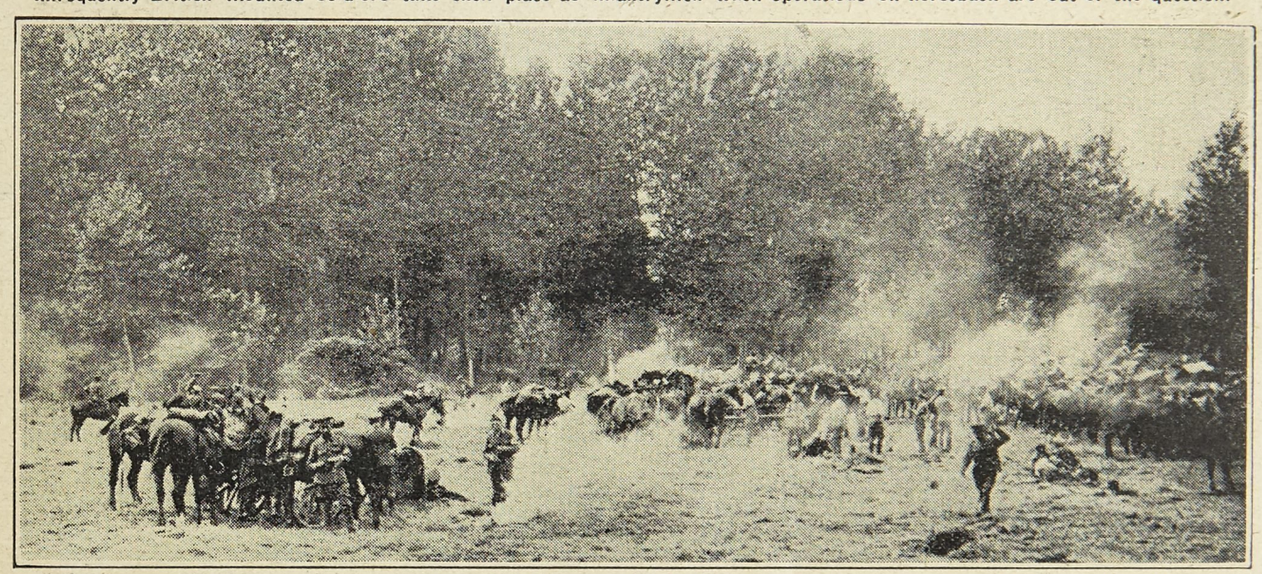
Prince Alexander's triumphal re-entry into Belgrade after his brilliant victory over five Austrian army corps. Inset: King Peter and the Serbian General Staff, who should be proud of their great success.

Heavy Serbian artillery in action. Serbian soldiers individually are among the finest fighters in the world. Lord Kitchener alluded to the recovery and subsequent victory of the Serbians over the Austrians as one of the brightest spots in the military operations. We wonder how Austria regards her "punitive expedition" now.

British-Belgian Activities in France and Flanders



A troop of Belgian cavalry passes a detachment of infantry, including some French comrades, resting by the wayside in Flanders. As Sir Arthur Conan Doyle points out in his article on pages 514–16, cavalry are exceedingly versatile in the present war. Not infrequently British mounted soldiers take their place as infantrymen when operatious on horseback are out of the question.



Cavalry at a British bivouac in a sequestered French field enjoy a brief interlude from strenuous work at the front. Here they are able to indulge in that essentially British luxury, a wash and brush up, without any rude interference from the Hun.

A Scottish regiment on the march in Flanders transforms a quiet village into a busy military centre, the blithe spirits of the men cheering the few remaining peasants in the district.

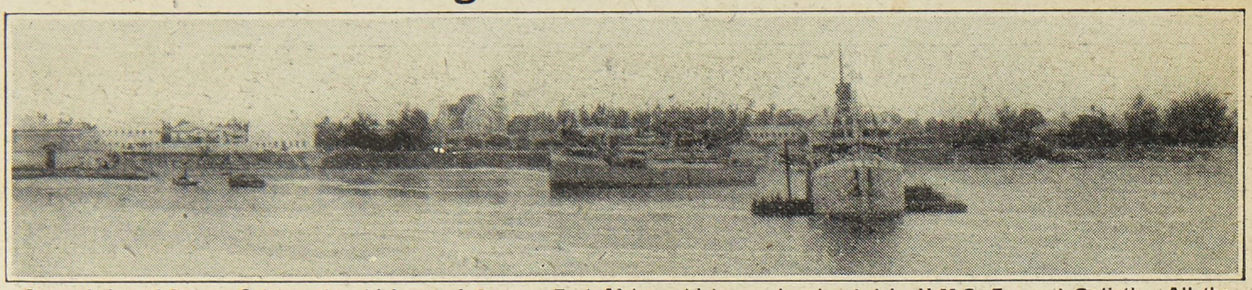
Germans vainly strive to cross Vistula Bridge

The progress and prowess of our Russian allies increase week by week. The rout of the Austrian forces in Galicia, the destruction of the Turks at Sarykamysh, and the checkmate of the Germans on the Vistula emphasise the limitless activities and area of the Slav in the war of nations. The freezing of the Vistula compelled the Germans to evacuate the island above Plock and abandon pontoons of ammunition. In their retreat the Huns endeavoured to force a passage over the bridge at Dobrzin, near Wroclavek, but shattered themselves against a solid mass of Russians who advanced to meet them.

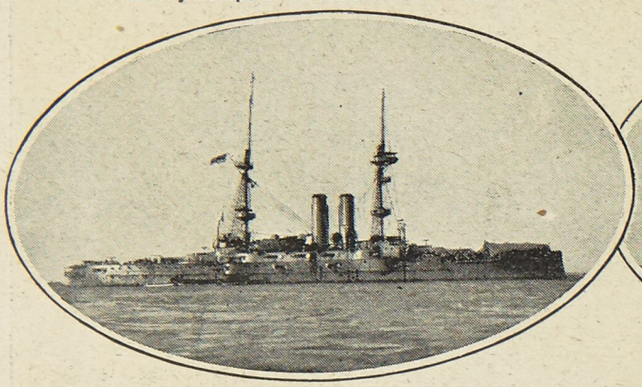
The Russian Bayonet brings the Hun to Book

Generally, the German private is a poor soldier when it comes to a hand-to-hand contest. Never having been allowed to use his own initiative, the merest pawn in the Hohenzollern game and the slave of his officers, he can only fight as a machine. The German army under General Mackensen was surrounded by the Russians. After several attempts to break through, General Mackensen flung the remainder of his force on Bresin. Here the slaughter was fearful beyond imagination. To escape the terrible Russian, many Germans took refuge in some of the houses, only to be caught in a trap and exterminated at the point of the bayonet.

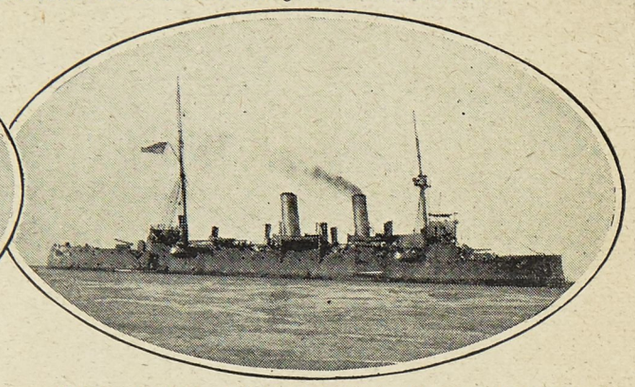
War's Lurid Light in the Dark Continent:



General view of Dar-es-Salaam, the chief port of German East Africa, which was bombarded by H.M.S. Fox and Goliath. All the enemy's ships in the harbour were disabled and the town suffered considerable damage from bombardment.



H.M.S. Fox, which attacked Dar-es-Salaam, the port of German East Africa, photographed at Zanzibar.



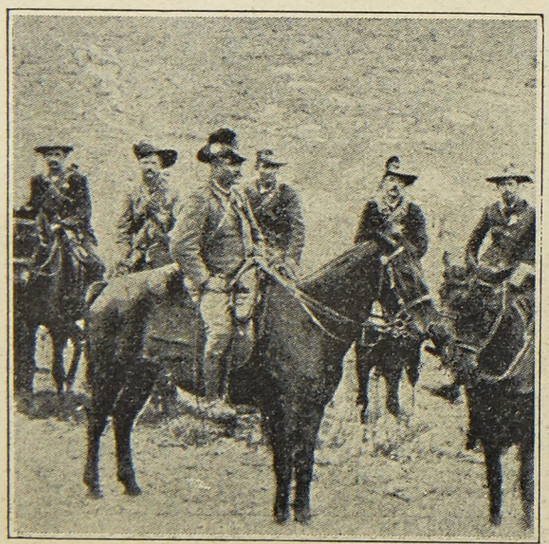
H.M.S. Goliath, which assisted in the bombardment of Dar-es-Salaam, photographed at Zanzibar.

The black element in "Kultur's" cause. Native troops of German East Africa marching through Dar-es-Salaam.

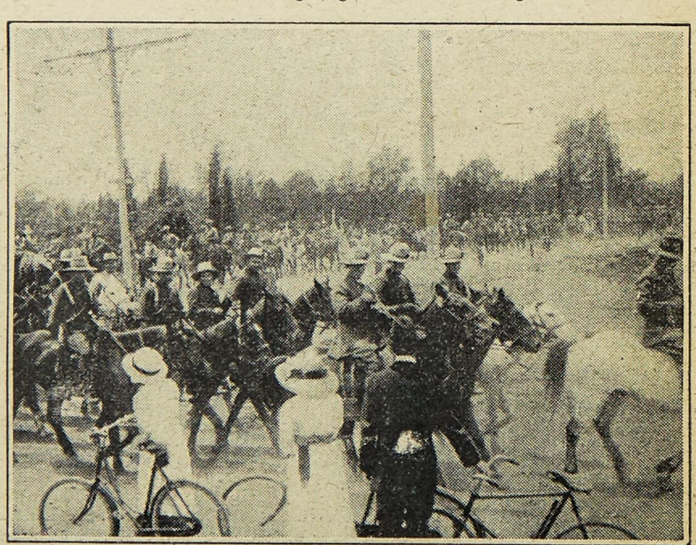
AS in Europe so in Africa, the muddlesome German plans have miscarried. The South African rebellion, on which the Huns counted, has ignominiously flickered out with the death of Beyers, the capture of De Wet, and flight of Maritz. In British East Africa all goes well. The colony has responded vigorously to the call to arms. The Germans missed their opportunity here at the beginning of the war to occupy Voi and Mombasa, and destroy the Uganda railway with their superior force of men and artillery.

Sea-power has made its influence felt off Dar-es-Salaam, the capital of German East Africa, the Fox and Goliath having bombarded the port and ships with great success.

German East Africa, however, is fortified with the Huns' usual thoroughness, and is likely to put up a determined defence before undergoing the fate of Tsing-tau.

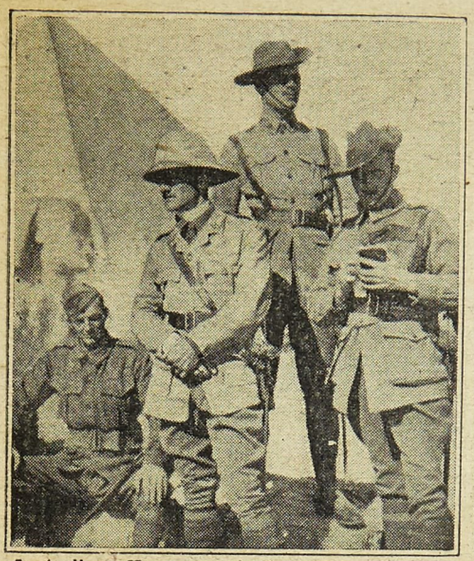


Treacherous Boer and tricky Hun. Colonel Maritz, the rebel leader still at large, with staff of German and Boer officers in the background.



Commando of loyal burghers return triumphant to Pretoria after rounding up rebels in the neighbourhood. Thanks to the promptitude of General Botha, the South African Rebellion has been squashed.

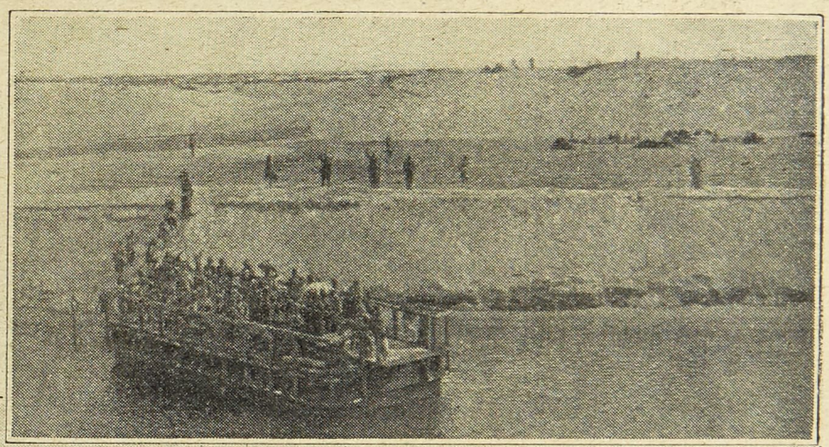
Activities in North, East and South Africa

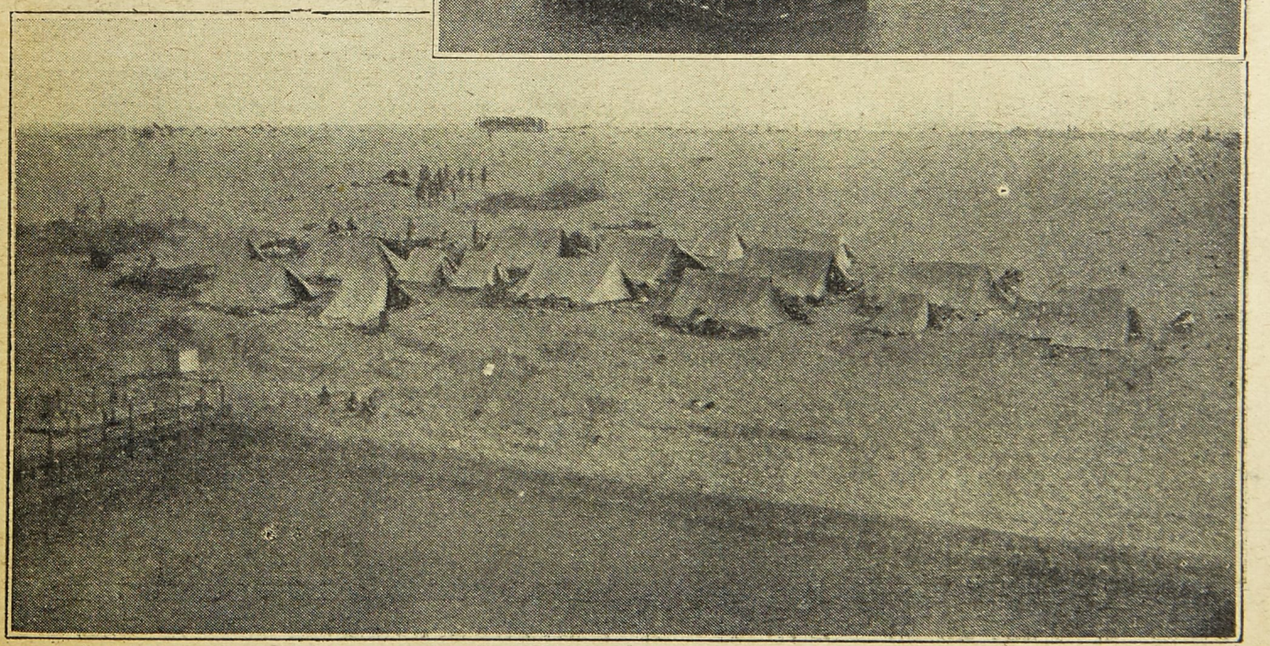


Australian officers now in Egypt take observations in the neighbourhood of the Pyramids.

British and native officers of the army of occupation congregate in Cairo on the occasion of the appointment of Prince Hussein as Sultan of Egypt.

THOUGH all over the vast continent of Africa the drums of war are more or less audible, the situation in Egypt up to the time of going to press is unchanged. British forces, however, are more than ready should the Ottoman arrive. Turkey, however, wants all her available men to meet the victorious Russian in Europe, and her activities in Northern Africa promise to be limited. She is alleged to have an army of 300,000 in Eastern Asia Minor and the Caucasus ready for Egypt, but the smashing victory of the Russians at Sarakamysch has accounted for at least 80,000 of these, and transport difficulties of the balance, if they exist, are almost insuperable.



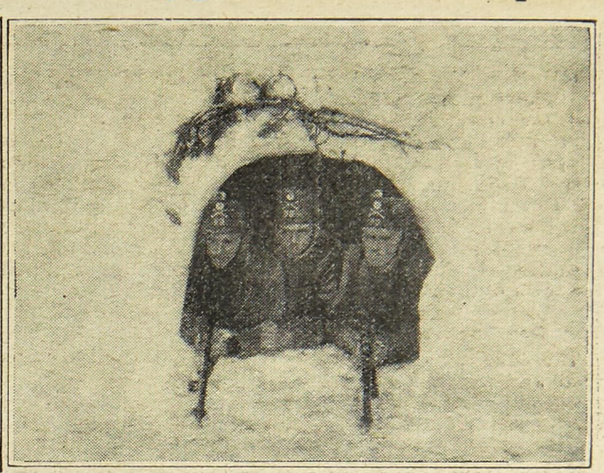


British troops, including Australian and Indian contingents, await the "terrible" Turk with equanimity. These photographs show the encampment on the east side of the Suez Canal, and some Indian soldiers crossing the famous waterway.

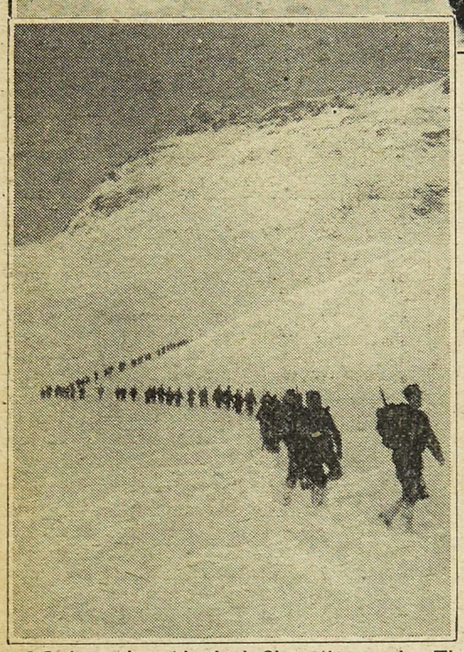
Spade & Pick in vain Defence against the Bayonet

Strange fights with strange weapons have often taken place during the present campaign. Last week we published an illustration of an encounter with kitchen utensils. The above drawing vividly shows German soldiers vainly trying to defend themselves with spades and picks. Huns had been sapping to within twenty yards of the British trenches. Under cover of darkness our soldiers crawled out and advanced unobserved. At the critical moment a British searchlight played upon the enemy's position. The Germans, armed only with their sapping tools, were completely surprised and routed at the point of the bayonet.

Strange "Winter Sports" in the "Playground of Europe"



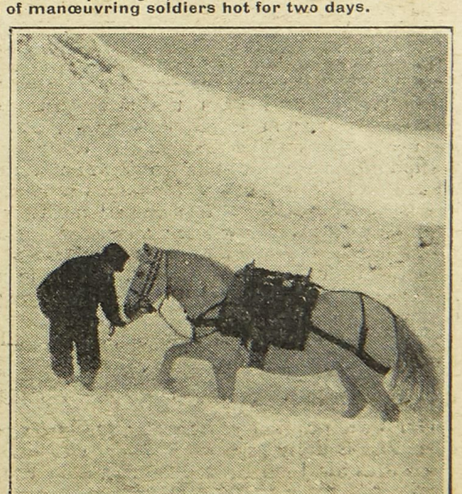
On the left a Swiss mountain battery moving through a snow-covered pass. On the right three typical Swiss soldiers anticipating life in the trench "dug-outs."



A Swiss regiment in single file on the march. The Swiss Republic has no wish to join the belligerents, but is quite ready to defend itself should the Hun tear up any more scraps of paper.

In the Alps at this time of year the cold is intense, and the special case seen in this photograph has been invented to keep rations of manœuvring soldiers hot for two days.

Swiss soldiers transporting snow for the purpose of constructing trenches. Should Switzerland be compelled to enter the war through territorial violation, her natural situation and climatic conditions make her a difficult proposition for an enemy.



Swiss cavalryman bringing his horse through the snow. The Swiss Army is merely kept up to defend the neutrality of the Republic, but every Swiss is liable to service. Its total strength, not including Landsturm, is about 200,000 men.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

THE New Year has begun well for the allied armies. The German advance in Poland has been stayed, and the considerable forces there are losing heavily in vain attacks upon the Russian front. Warsaw is apparently farther from the reach of the Germans than ever. Two Turkish army corps have been annihilated in the Caucasus, and at the moment of writing a third is flying for its life. Austria is hard pressed to resist the widespread invasion of her territories by Russia. Serbia is smiting the Austrians on her side. France has captured the town of Steinbach in Alsace.

The Deadlock and After

The deadlock on the western front continues, and the rival armies face one another in sodden trenches, sometimes not more than fifty yards apart. Every day that this deadlock can be maintained is a gain for the Allies. At the outset neither France, Great Britain, nor Belgium was ready for the war on land. Britain had its Expeditionary Force fully prepared, but it was soon to realise that, in place of hundreds of thousands of men, millions would be required. These are now being enrolled, drilled, armed, and despatched. France was surprisingly behind. Her Army had suffered from the interference of politicians. She was lacking in stores, in supplies, and in equipment for her soldiers. The first plan of campaign, the concentration of the best first-line troops in an attempt to conquer Alsace and Lorraine, was fundamentally wrong. All this has been readjusted. The line from Belfort to Furnes is held to-day by armies whose personal enthusiasm, efficiency, and admirable equipment are the praise of all who have seen them. The power of the politicians in military affairs has ceased, and General Joffre is justifying the national confidence in him. Fresh armies are being prepared, and by April France will be able to put her full strength into the field.

Pictorial proof of the Christmas Day truce showing Briton and German, friends. Phenomenal as it may appear that soldiers can fight to the death one day and fraternise the next, it is after all only strictly in accordance with human nature. Such incidents are not uncommon to warfare, and occurred in Napoleonic and Russo-Japanese campaigns.

Our Own Position

Our own position at the front is stronger to-day than ever, and is daily growing stronger still. During the past few weeks Sir John French's forces have been considerably reinforced, not alone with Regulars, but with Territorials and with Canadian troops. Much is hoped from the Territorials, who have confounded all their ancient critics by their efficiency and preparedness. The Canadians who are already at the front are the mere advance guard of the army of 32,000 men on Salisbury Plain who are daily expecting their orders to cross the Channel. The spring will see a British army of close on a million men on the Continent of Europe, and a French army far greater in force than ever before. There is no truth in the persistent rumour that Lord Kitchener will abandon his present office and take command in person of the army in the field. Not alone in numbers, but in material of war, our troops now show to advantage. In August the Germans had marked superiority in artillery. To-day our guns equal theirs. To-morrow, unless they have some new weapons in store, our guns will far surpass them.

The Turkish Debacle

The Turkish defeat in the Caucasus is complete. Two army corps, including the crack Ninth Corps, attempted the invasion of Russian Caucasia through the difficult mountainous country north of Armenia. They were supported by a third army corps in the rear. Southern Caucasia, as all who have been through it know, makes an ideal line of defence with its high passes, its narrow roads, and its fiercely cold climate. The Turks attempted to gain commanding mountain passes by a quick rush, the troops moving up in the lightest order, seemingly without field artillery, without sufficient food, and without adequate clothing against the winter cold. A great battle took place on the high mountain passes in arctic weather, a battle lasting ten days, whose grim horror can only be imagined. Nothing but the most desperate courage could have kept the invaders on so long. The Russians were in such a position that the end was inevitable. The two Turkish army corps were almost completely annihilated, and the third put to flight.

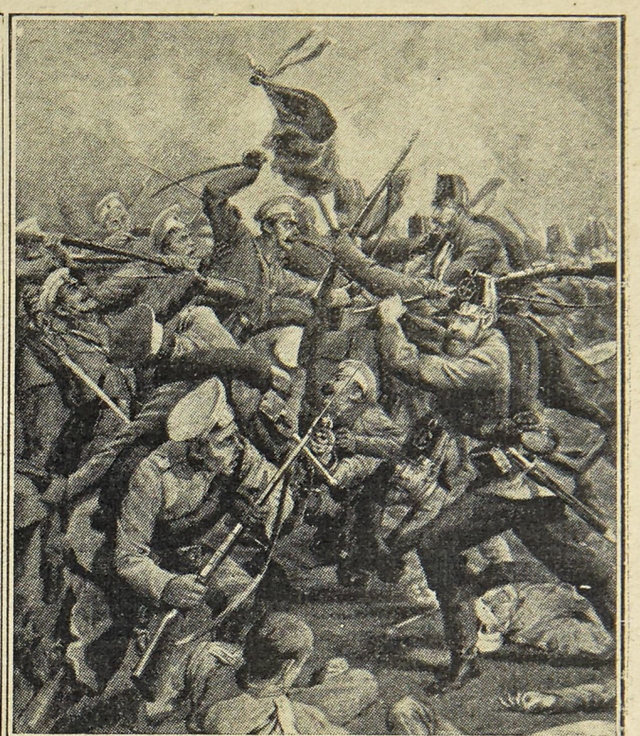
This defeat is likely to have far-reaching results. It may well give the final impetus to send Rumania and Bulgaria to the side of the Allies. It makes it less likely than ever that Turkey will be able to accomplish much in her threatened invasion of Egypt. The British officials in Egypt regard the possibilities of the Turkish advance so contemptuously that they are now sending for their wives and families to return to Cairo from England. There may yet be another result of the Turkish defeat—a serious movement in Turkey itself against Enver Pasha and the military clique who have brought the country to her present desperate pass.

The Medical Aspect

The premature policy of breaking the dykes and flooding the country—a policy which should never have been adopted save as a despairing last resort—has made much of Flanders a marshland, causing the trenches to be half full of water all the time. A dreadful harvest of disease will inevitably be reaped by all Europe from these months of winter exposure, from the almost innumerable dead whose bodies congest the hastily-dug pits, and from the armies of wounded everywhere. Already signs are evident of this. Diseases whose connection with war might not at first sight be apparent—such as spinal meningitis—are becoming familiar. The regular war diseases, like typhoid, are to-day taking their heavy toll of men. Sanitarians in every country are aware of the peril ahead, and are laying their plans to meet it. Unfortunately, the situation is complicated by a growing shortage of doctors. Many have died in the trenches when tending the wounded.

The War as seen through German Eyes

A stirring pictorial conception, by a well-known German illustrator, Richard Assmann, of the fall of Tsing-tau, the port of Kiao-Chau, Germany's colony in the Far East, which was captured by the allied Japanese and British forces on November 7th.



A vigorous, if somewhat old-fashioned, impression of a hand-to-hand encounter between Germans and Russians by Arno Grimm. The prevalence of close fighting in the present campaign has come as a surprise to many experts who regarded it as out-dated.

A German idea of the deadly havoc caused by the explosion of a land mine. The scene of the disaster is the neighbourhood of Przemysl, the Galician fortress, which is being besieged by the Russians. In addition to great natural strength, Przemysl is fortified to the last degree with outworks, land mines, etc. Every modern defensive measure has been taken to hold it against our Eastern allies, but the Russians are pressing the Austrians hard in Galicia, and Przemysl may fall at any moment.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N.

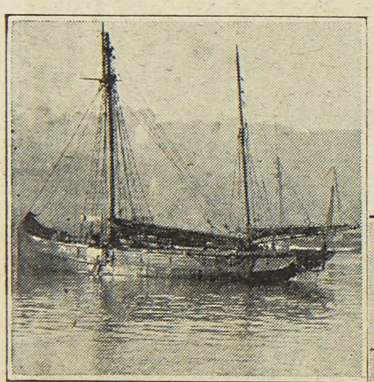
IT is an old story that the sea will take to itself only one mistress, and it must occur to many minds in Germany that her position would be much stronger in this war if the bulk of the three hundred millions sterling she had spent in fifteen years during the present century on her Navy had gone to the Army. Her battleships, it is true, have so far protected her from direct invasion, but so also would additional army corps. The main function of a navy is to keep the sea open, and if it cannot do that it has failed.

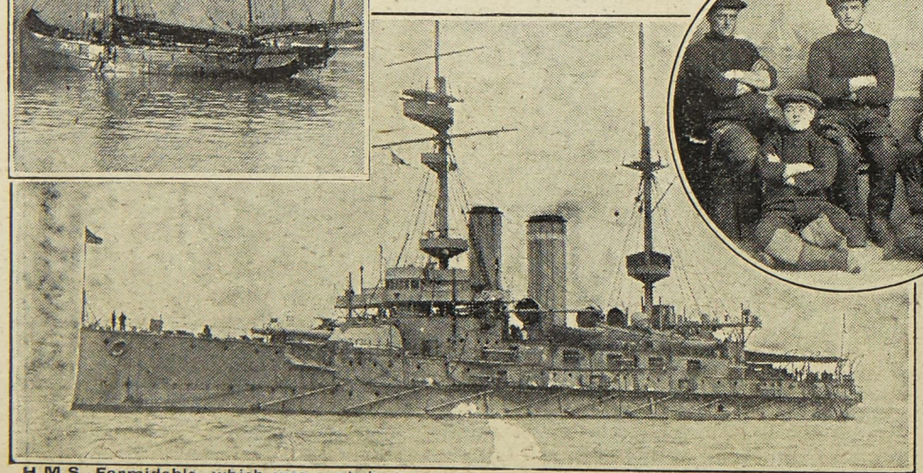
Why Germany Cannot Invade England

The naval operations of Germany are confined entirely to fast ships, submarines, and mines. If we understand why this is so, we know the meaning of command of the sea. Germany cannot use slow ships because they would be chased down and sunk, and this being so we may be certain that she cannot invade our islands. Therefore, for the two hurried visits or "raids" she made on our East Coast, she used her fastest and most costly ships, losing one of her armoured cruisers in her own mine-field on the return journey. In these raids she makes the rapid firing of shells into towns of no conceivable military importance—only a lure to bring our ships across a mine-field laid under cover of darkness. The most likely period to be chosen is when there is no moon. Contrast with such futility some of our own operations against the shore, as for instance, last week, the bombardment of Dar-es-Salaam in German East Africa. Behind the protection afforded by the modern ships in home waters, a number of our old ships have been doing service in rendering useless such German ports abroad as might otherwise serve as bolt holes or sources of supply for fast commerce raiders, such as the Kronprinz Wilhelm, whose activities in the Atlantic are again reported as I write.

The Value of Our Old Ships

Our old ships, under the protection of modern craft again, have also for many weeks past been inflicting great damage on the German right flank and on certain coastal preparations in Belgium, and they have upset Turkish plans in Syria and elsewhere by operations on and from the sea-coast.





H.M.S. Formidable, which was sunk by some unproved agency in the Channel on New Year's Day with the loss of about 550 souls. Heroism characteristic of the highest traditions of the sea prevailed on the doomed ship, and afterwards when the captain and crew of the trawler Providence rescued seventy survivors of the wreck. Inset photographs show the crew of the trawler—left to right (back row): W. Carter, Captain Pillar, J. Clark; (front row): Dan Taylor, L. Pillar—and their craft in harbour.

Were it not for the preponderance of modern naval strength which the four allies possess as against Germany, Austria, and Turkey, it would not be possible for us to use our old ships without risk of bringing on them everywhere the fate of the Good Hope and the Monmouth. The condition on which old ships, or "anything that can float a gun," can render valuable services is that the enemy's modern ships are fully held in check by a superiority in similar vessels.

We see then that command of the sea enables us to take great liberties, and at the same time it arrests the liberty everywhere on the sea of the weak naval Power. So it is our commerce goes on with very easy insurance rates, while German sea commerce is arrested altogether. The latter seeks to evade capture by passing over in neutral vessels and through neutral countries.

Germany's Naval Handicap

So it is that with some ships as a base and with the backing of the Grand Fleet behind these again, all in wireless communication with each other, we can use our oldest small submarines in operations like that carried out by B11 in the Dardanelles, or by the French submarine which has just deprived Austria of a new Dreadnought for at least a year, having torpedoed her at anchor in the fortified port of Pola. In the same way we launch hydroplanes, fresh to this work, right on the enemy's coast for Cuxhaven, or for the matter of that, for the Kiel Canal itself.

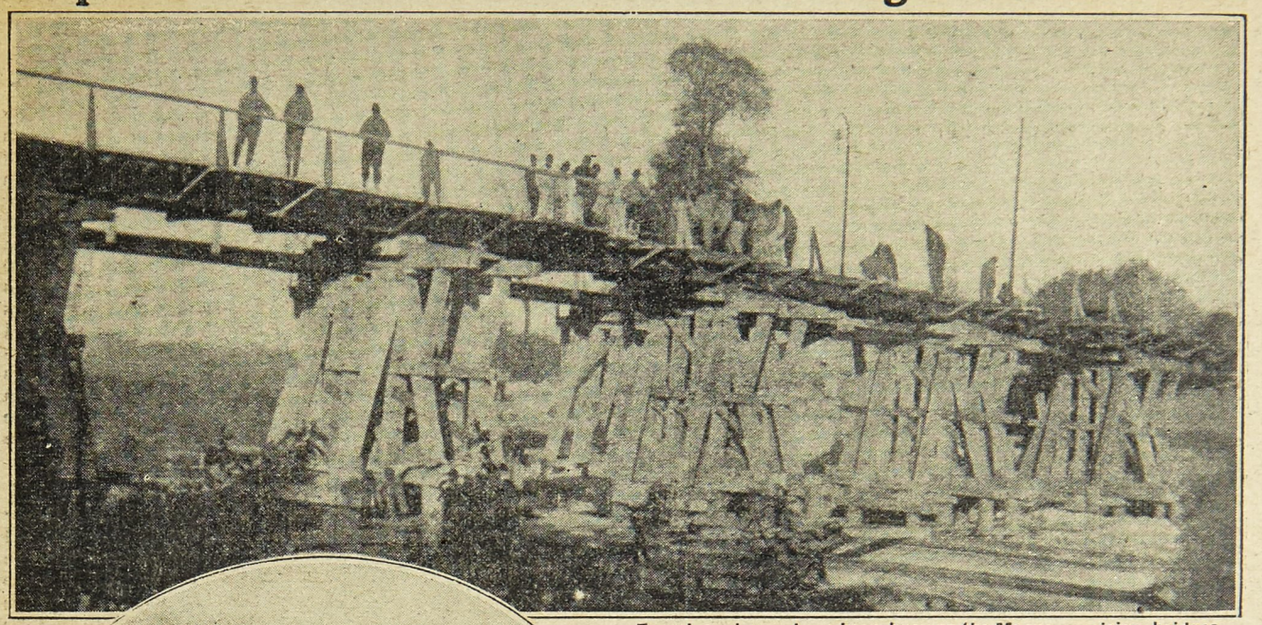
Germany, on the other hand, has to base all the efforts of her submarines and aeroplanes on her fortified ports, so a great strain is placed on the endurance of the craft and their crews. This of itself explains the entire failure of her aircraft at sea and the comparative failure of her submarines.

As I have pointed out elsewhere and before the war—in preaching the doctrine that a navy like a machine must have a margin of safety for the work it has to do—we have always lost through the risks of navigation because of the necessity of keeping on the sea more ships than our enemy. If we add the losses from submarines and mines to the ordinary risks of navigation, and include the loss of the Formidable, it will still be true that, relatively to Germany, we have not lost on so great a scale as in our past wars.

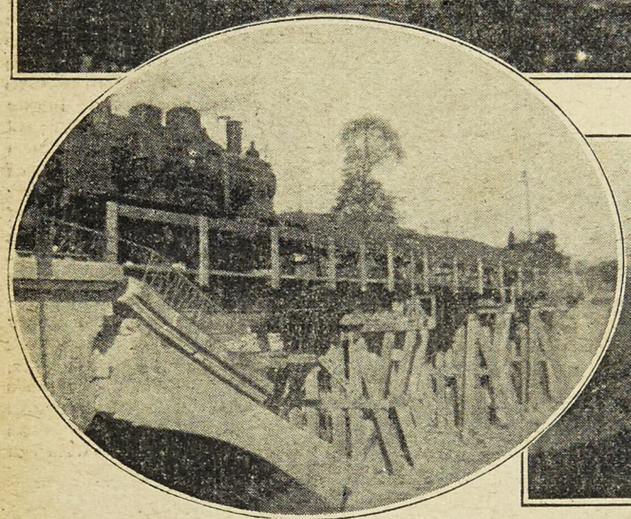
"Trust in Jellicoe!"

The public is calm and confident in Jellicoe and the Grand Fleet in home waters. It knows that, in spite of isolated successes of the enemy's mines and submarines, the naval position of the Allies grows stronger day by day. Allowing for our losses, what are they in relation to the great gains in small craft which we will make, compared with Germany, through our larger shipbuilding resources? When we come to the stars of the piece, the Dreadnoughts, we have already added two Turkish battleships we were building; then there is a Chilian to follow, and besides these twelve more by the end of 1915, while Germany only adds three to her total.

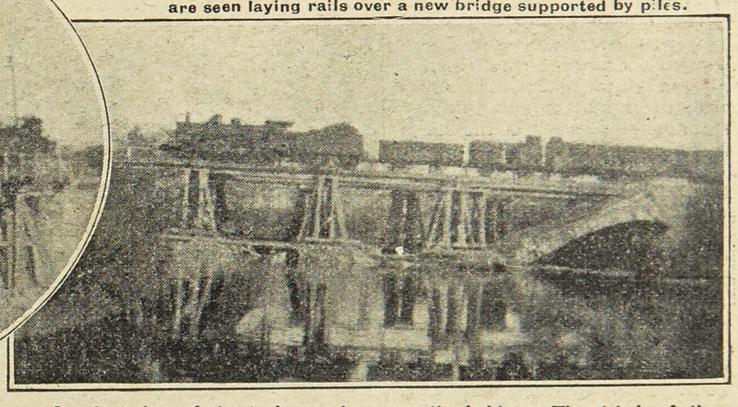
Rapid Reconstruction after Strategic Demolition



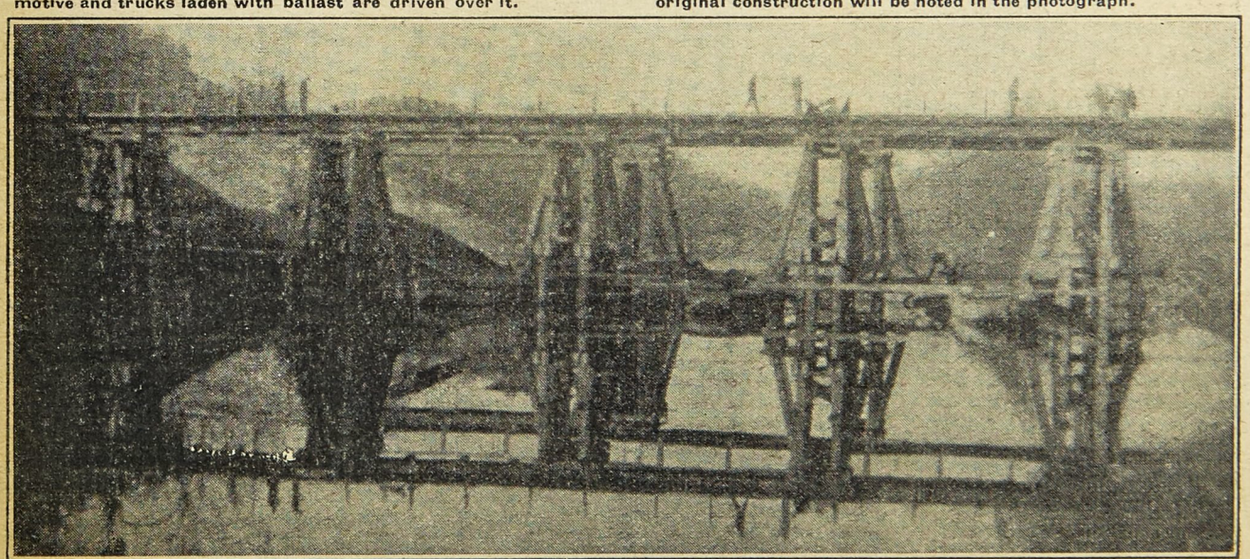
French engineers have been busy on the Marne repairing bridges destroyed by the army in the great retreat on Paris. Above they are seen laying rails over a new bridge supported by piles.



In order to test the strength of a new structure a locomotive and trucks laden with ballast are driven over it.



Another view of the train moving over the bridge. The debris of the original construction will be noted in the photograph.



Early morning scene on the Marne, now tranquil enough save for the hammering of French engineers. The above photographs are exceptionally interesting as showing the ingenious and rapid work of our French allies, and were sent to us by a soldier in the 7th Company of Engineers. Most of the bridges blown up in this district have already been replaced.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

ONE of the greatest surprises of the war to those who have been interested in aeronautics for any length of time is the extensive use of aeroplanes as weapons of offence. Officers of both the Navy and Army, who have done quite a considerable amount of flying, held the opinion, even after the war broke out that, although aeroplanes would undoubtedly be an absolute necessity as scouts, and even for the quick carrying of despatches from one part of the fighting-line to another, they would have no particular use as bomb-droppers. The utmost they would concede was that an aeroplane, carrying a passenger armed with a rifle or with a machine-gun, would be useful in chasing away hostile air-scouts.

Pre-War Opinion on the Aeroplane

One officer, occupying a high position in the military side of aeronautics, went so far as to say in a lecture some six months ago that it would be quite possible for aeroplanes carrying bombs to do considerable damage to aircraft, etc., on the ground by swooping down suddenly and launching bombs from low altitudes, and that advantage could be taken of "ground contour" in this work. By this, he meant that if an aeroplane camp was known to exist in the shelter of a hill, for example, a hostile machine might come down low on the opposite side of the hill and pop over the top unexpectedly, dropping small bombs big enough to destroy aeroplanes or temporary sheds, and get away before the defenders of the camp had time to hit him.

Falling Bomb *versus* High-Velocity Shell

However, since our aeroplanes have fairly got going, opinions have changed quite a good deal. A good many flyers are of the opinion that bomb-dropping from aeroplanes is rather a futile form of amusement, because as a bomb starts without any high velocity like that of a shell leaving a gun, it is very easily pushed out of its course by different air currents through which it may have to pass, and therefore a bomb-dropper can never hope for the same accuracy as a gunner. Nevertheless, skill and luck combined have produced some quite unexpectedly good effects. For instance, when Flight-Commander Marix, R.N., won his D.S.O. by destroying a new Zeppelin and its shed at Düsseldorf, he made sure of his aim by diving almost vertically towards the top of the shed, so that when he let go his bombs they fell vertically instead of carrying forward with the speed of the machine at the some time as they were falling, as they would have done if he had let them go when he was flying level.

This trick of his had another effect also, because when the Germans saw the machine apparently falling head-first they thought it had been hit, and ceased firing and waited for the smash. As soon as he had dropped the bombs he pulled the nose of the machine up, did a kind of half-loop, and the machine, lightened by the load of bombs and impelled by the terrific speed of its dive, shot up into the air like a rocket, and he was practically out of range before the astonished Germans had time to make up their minds what really had happened.

The evolution of the propeller. A modern military aeroplane passes over an ancient mill in Northern France.

Some time ago one of the officers of the Royal Flying Corps managed to explode the greater part of a German ammunition column with bombs dropped from a height of something like three hundred feet. In this case the column was travelling along a straight road through a wood, so that he had practically a white line ruled on the ground in front of him to give him perfect direction; but it was purely a matter of his own judgment of the speed of his machine over the ground which enabled him to let go the bombs at the right moment, so that they fell among the waggons instead of falling in the road either in front or behind, and even then luck entered largely into the performance, because a very little deflection would have caused the bombs to have dropped into the road alongside the waggon, in which case they would probably have done a little damage to the waggon wheels or bodies, but would not have detonated whole loads as apparently they did.

Judgment and Luck in Bomb-Dropping

Naturally, troops in the field who have been heavily shelled by artillery pay little attention to bombs dropped by aeroplanes, because the smallness of the bombs and the small number which any one aeroplane can carry seem play to them after the effects of heavy artillery; but the recent raid on Dunkirk by several German aviators shows that the effect of bombs on a town is considerably greater. For one thing, of course, the bombs striking a pavement of heavy stones explode with much greater effect because they throw bits of pavement about, whereas if they strike a field most of their effect is lost simply in digging a hole, and similarly if a bomb goes through the roof of a house and explodes in a room full of men it does quite a good deal of damage.

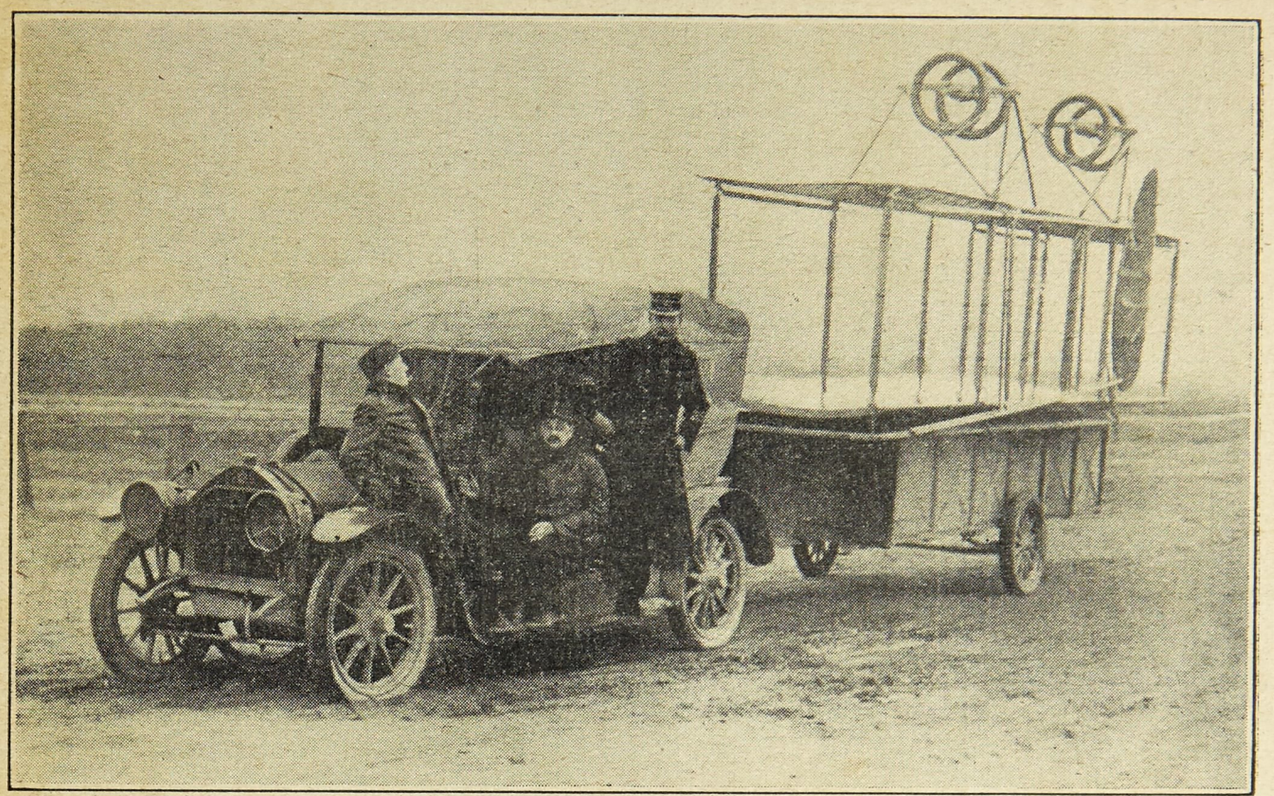
Aircraft to harry Retreating Germans

Every village in the vicinity of the fighting-line is used to shelter men who are resting after leaving the trenches or before going into the firing-line, and therefore as a purely military act it is very well worth while making such villages as uncomfortable to live in as possible. They cannot be reached by our artillery, and therefore it is obviously advisable that our aircraft should pay attention to them.

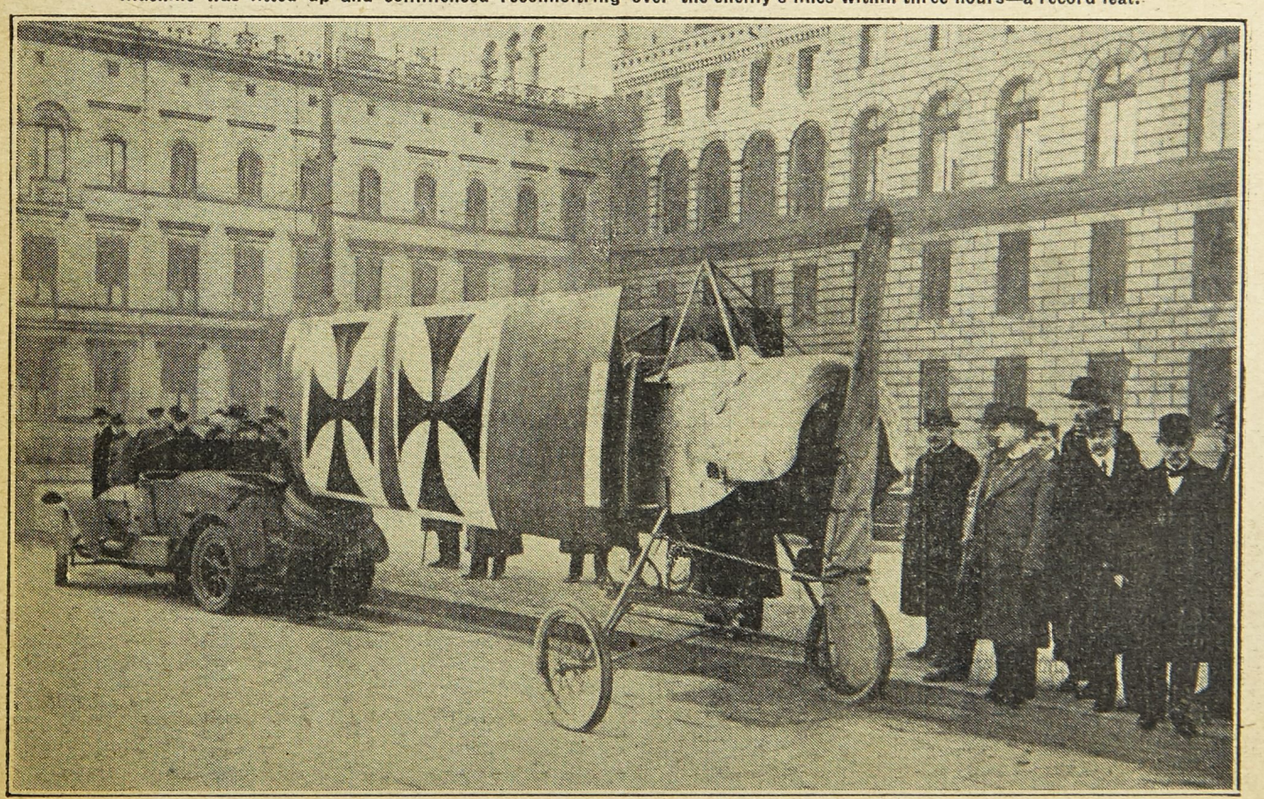
For a considerable time the French have been using very big and powerful machines which carry much heavier bombs, each of which is quite capable of blowing the inside out of a small house if it goes through the roof, and of blowing in the front if it lands in the street outside.

When at last the inevitable retreat of the German Army does begin, it will be found that bomb-dropping will be still more useful, for when big masses of men are moving along roads, and when long troop trains are crawling slowly along railways, the bomb-dropping aeroplane will be able to get down much lower with safety, because the anti-aircraft guns, which are at present the chief worry of aviators trying to cross over the enemy's stationary line of trenches, cannot be everywhere at once, and therefore it will be the less easy for the enemy to hit back.

Winged Aircraft Awheel on Terra Firma

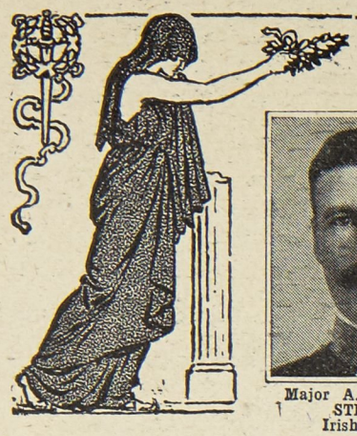


Slightly out of its element. An aeroplane being transported on a lorry to the French base in North-Eastern France. On arrival the machine was fitted up and commenced reconnoitring over the enemy's lines within three hours—a record feat.

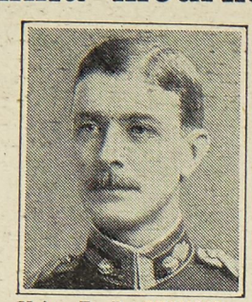


A German aeroplane off to the front by road. It will be noticed that the machine is run on its wheels, being attached to a motor-car after the fashion of a "trailer." It is decorated with the German Cross, but the Germans are capable of substituting the Union Jack, the tricolor, or the Belgian colours as might suit their purpose, just as they use the Red Cross for their ammunition trains.

Britannia mourns her Hero Dead



Major A. HERBERT-STEPNEY, Irish Guards.



Major E. P. THOMSON, Royal Munster Fusiliers.

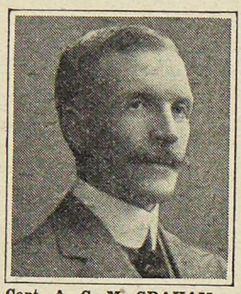
Capt. CHARLES CARUS MAUD, D.S.O., Somerset Light Infantry.

Capt. the Hon. R. MORGAN-GRENVILLE (Master of Kinloss), Rifle Brigade.

Capt. ALAN G. TRITTON, 3rd Batt. Coldstream Guards.

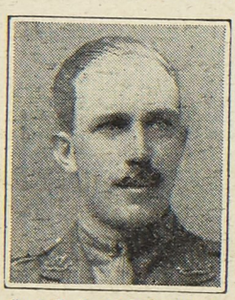
Capt. A. GERALD WORDSWORTH, 2nd Batt. Middlesex Regt.

Capt. J. P. WHELAN, Royal Irish Rifles.



Capt. A. G. M. GRAHAM, Worcestershire Regt.

Capt. H. M. POWELL, South Staffordshire Regt.



Capt. R. J. BROWNFIELD, Royal Warwickshire Regt.

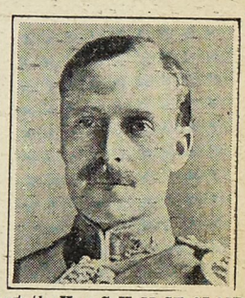
Capt. the Hon. Richard Morgan-Grenville (Master of Kinloss) served with distinction in the present campaign. He joined the Rifle Brigade in 1906, and obtained his company in August last. His mother was the eldest daughter of the third Duke of Buckingham and Chandos and tenth Lord Kinloss, on whose death she succeeded to the barony.

Capt. A. Gerald Wordsworth was gazetted from the Militia in 1902 to the 2nd Batt. Middlesex Regt., and first saw active service during the last few months of the South African War. Capt. Wordsworth was the son of the Rev. J. Wordsworth, of All Hallows, Cumberland, who himself had been a captain in the Middlesex Regt. before taking orders.

Capt. Sir Montague Aubrey Rowley Cholmeley, Bart., was formerly lieutenant in the 4th Batt. Lincolnshire Regt., and a great sportsman, being Master of the well-known Burton Hunt.

Lieut. the Hon. Edward Charles Hardinge, D.S.O., died from wounds received in action. Son of a distinguished father, Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, ex-Viceroy of India, he served the Empire with great ability, being mentioned in Sir John French's despatches, and subsequently received the D.S.O. for conspicuous gallantry.

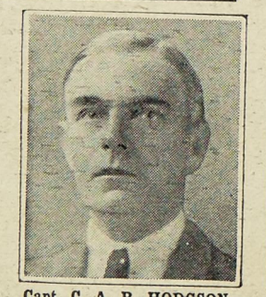
Major Edmund Peel Thomson, Royal Munster Fusiliers, entered the Army in 1893. After brilliant service in the South African campaign, he was appointed Staff-Captain of Pretoria sub-district, and was made Brigade-Major, Middlesex Infantry Brigade, in 1912.



Capt. the Hon. C. H. M. ST. CLAIR, Seaforth Highlanders.

Capt. Sir MONTAGUE CHOLMELEY, Grenadier Guards.

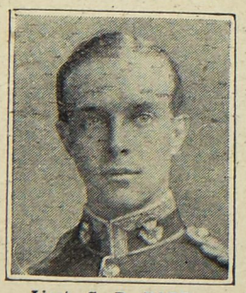
Capt. G. H. SMART, West Yorkshire Regt.



Capt. C. A. R. HODGSON, Royal Warwickshire Regt.

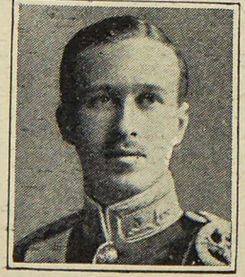
Capt. GEOFFREY STEWART, 2nd Batt. Coldstream Guards.

Lieut. C. F. VERRALL, Royal Sussex Regt.



Lieut. G. R. PARR, Somerset Light Infantry.

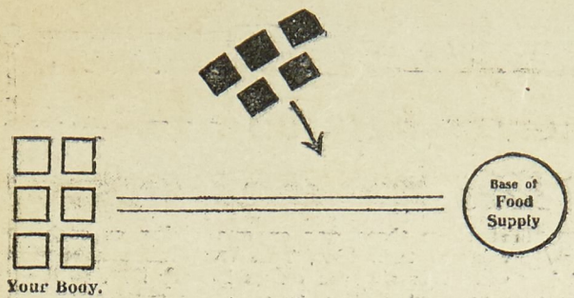
Lt. Hon. EDWARD HARDINGE, D.S.O., The King's Hussars.



Lieut. I. M. MACANDREW, Seaforth Highlanders.

Sec.-Lieut. J. H. G. NEVILL, Grenadier Guards.

(*Photos by Vandyk, Ernest Brooks, Lafayette, Barnett, Chancellor, Heath, Russell & Sons, Barrett, Hills & Saunders, Bassano.*)



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Build up the defensive forces of your body

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It must be BOVRIL

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE

S.H.B.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR.

(For our Diary of Events in the Great War prior to January 1st, see previous issues of "The War Illustrated.")

JAN. 1.—H.M.S. Formidable sunk in Channel, 199 of crew saved.

New Year Honours List contains many rewards to naval and military heroes of war; C.B. for captain and commander of Carmania, and captain of Sydney. D.S.O. for Flight-Lieutenant Sippe, Squadron-Commander Briggs, Flight-Commander Babington, for distinguished aerial service.

JAN. 2.—King George's New Year message to President Poincaré published, in which his Majesty says he is certain the New Year will see great strengthening of Franco-British friendship and alliance. Cheery reply sent by President.

JAN. 3.—Allies maintain to the north of the Lys all positions won during past few days.

French bombard German train in railway-station at Altkirch.

This Sunday observed as Day of Intercession in all the churches, and Red Cross collections taken.

JAN. 4.—New German moves in Poland reported. Every endeavour to cross to north of the Vistula, there to join hands with forces from East Prussia, and descend upon Warsaw from the north. Bavarian regiments hurried to support of Austrians round Cracow.

Russians utterly defeat Germans at Koslow Biskupi.

JAN. 5.—Steinbach, in Alsace, reported in French possession, after violent fighting for many days. This success, it was hoped, would materially help any advance on Mulhouse and Colmar.

Announced that Dar-es-Salaam, port to chief town in German East Africa, bombarded by British warships and suffered considerable damage.

Russians reported to be holding the strategic railway connecting the Bukovina with Western Galicia and Hungary.

JAN. 6.—Russian Foreign Office announces complete victory over Turks in the Caucasus. At Sarakamysh, near Kars, two Turkish army corps (80,000 to 90,000 men) enveloped and annihilated.

Russians' triumphant march towards Hungary proceeding, reported to be in Transylvania, where several towns occupied.

Albania in revolt, movement directed against Essad Pasha.

Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, arrested by Germans for his boldness in daring to request his diocesans to maintain loyalty to King Albert.

Lord Kitchener, reviewing the war in House of Lords, referred to the Allies' daily increasing resources of men and material; 218,000 names registered under the household canvass of those willing to serve.

JAN. 7.—French report announces slight advance to north-east of Rheims, while enemy's batteries silenced in this district and along the Aisne.

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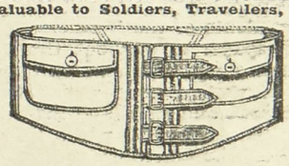

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Unrivalled Picture-record of the War

The War Illustrated 2d weekly

Edited by J. A. Hammerton

EDITORIAL

IN this week's issue of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED I have made a slight increase in its literary contents with a view to enhancing still further its value as a chronicle and comment on the war.

The time has come, I think, for giving the reader more expert guidance as to the slowly-changing situation, and more help to a clear understanding of the bewildering complexity of the war news. It is hardly possible, no matter how fully events are chronicled, to convey to the reader in that form a true appreciation of the state of the war week by week, and I have therefore called in the services of a trio of expert war critics whose highly specialised knowledge will, week by week, be placed at the service of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

OUR WAR EXPERTS

THUS, in the present issue, and regularly in future, my readers will find three brief but carefully-written articles viewing the march of events by land, sea, and air, and my instruction to these war experts whom I have called to my aid is to suppose each week, as they sit down to tell my readers how the war strikes them, that they are answering the familiar question of a friend: "What do you think of the situation to-day?"

I am sure these features will be a great success, as I myself have read the first three articles with deep personal interest, and with the satisfaction of feeling that I have been listening to men well qualified to give a calm, sober, and trustworthy opinion as to the outlook.

Mr. F. A. McKenzie, who has already contributed to the pages of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, enjoys great popularity as one of the most successful war correspondents of the "Daily Mail." His work for that newspaper throughout the Russo-Japanese War gave him a reputation which placed him in the front rank of writers upon war. He has travelled widely in Europe and Asia, and indeed there are few quarters of the world with which he is not familiar. He has written innumerable studies of the peoples at present involved in the great conflict, and has an intimate knowledge of the scenes on which the tide of battle is now rolling from the Far East to Flanders.

Commander Carlyon Bellairs has long been regarded as one of our soundest naval critics and a publicist whose opinions have commanded the attention of the whole country when, as a Member of Parliament, he has discussed in past years the naval policy, or through his frequent and brilliant contributions to the Press. My readers, I am sure, will welcome his addition to the staff of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, and his weekly comment on the War by Sea will be followed with eager attention and satisfaction.

Mr. C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane," is admittedly the foremost writer in England to-day on aviation. The astonishing importance of aircraft is one of the outstanding features of the war, and I have felt that sufficient attention has not been given to this in our pages. It is, therefore, a special pleasure to me that Mr. Grey has been able to join THE WAR ILLUSTRATED staff as its aviation expert, and the intensely interesting article from his pen in this number is but a foretaste of the valuable information he will place at the disposal of my readers week by week.

WITH these three war experts giving us each week of their best, THE WAR ILLUSTRATED will be as superior on its literary side, as it has ever been pictorially, to all other publications of the kind, and I am making arrangements for still further contributions by eminent writers, such as the brilliant article which I have the privilege to publish this week from the pen of **Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.**

These special contributions will, in every case, deal with some aspect of the war, or with some point of interest arising out of it. An important study of Treitschke and his doctrine of Force will appear in an early number from the pen of Mr. Joseph McCabe, a famous student of German thought.

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS

ON the pictorial side, too, I am sure my readers must have noticed with approval my success in securing for them an unusually large number of exclusive photographs from the front. I have been able to perfect a system on the Continent whereby THE WAR ILLUSTRATED enjoys an unrivalled service of authentic photographic material sent to it exclusively by numerous representatives with the fighting forces, included among whom are a number of French officers.

All these arrangements involve very great expense, and have been slow in perfecting, but their fruits are seen in the attractiveness of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, and the enormous popularity which the journal enjoys throughout the English-speaking world is ample recompense to all associated with me in the task of maintaining it at the highest pitch of interest week by week.

BINDING OF VOLUME I.

IN order to put my readers to the minimum of expense in preserving THE WAR ILLUSTRATED as a permanent pictorial record for perusal in after years, I have arranged to make the volumes as large as possible, and instead of binding them up each quarter, as might have been done with greater profit to the publishers, but at greater expense to their patrons, to make *twenty-six weekly parts form one volume.*

In four more issues from this week we shall have completed our first volume, and binding-cases, with handsome title-pages and index, and with *a magnificent colour-plate of Admiral Jellicoe* as frontispiece, will be placed on the market at the low price of 1s. 6d.

Let me advise you, if you are short of any parts, to secure immediately such back numbers as you lack, so that you may be able, when Part 26 is published, to have the whole bound at once into what will be the most remarkable photographic and artistic chronicle of the war.

The publishers have repeatedly reprinted back numbers in order to convenience readers who have taken up the periodical some time after its start, but it is impossible to continue these reprintings, and although all back parts are still obtainable, the supply cannot be guaranteed indefinitely, so that those who lack any will be well advised to lose no time in securing them from their newsagent.

The Editor

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15. Registered as a newspaper, and registered for the Canadian Magazine Post. N

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BEST PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE FRONT

The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly

Regd. for Canadian Magazine Post.

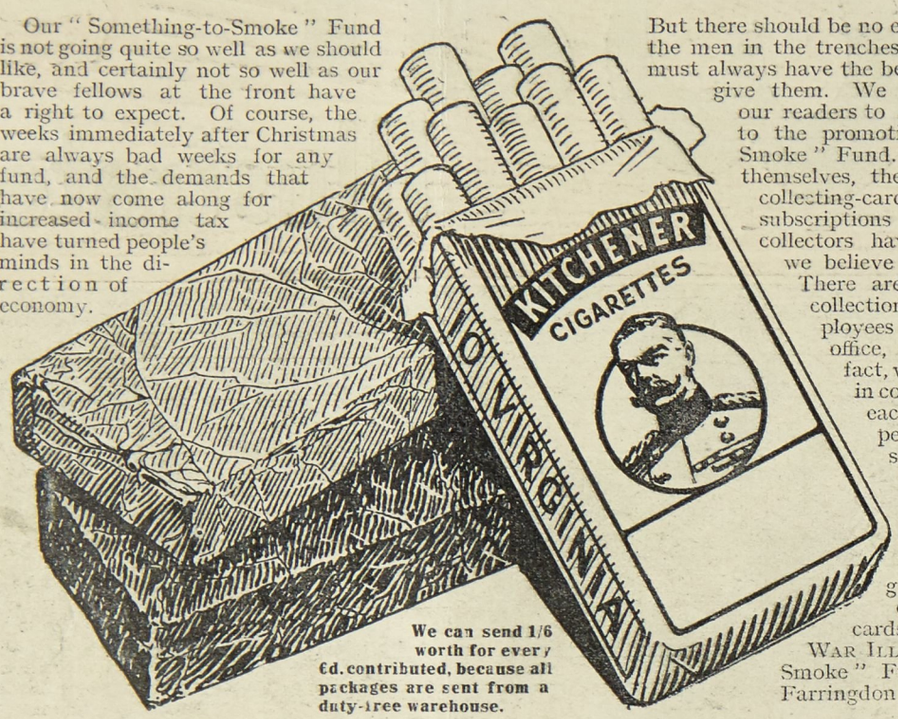
RUSSIA CRUSHES TURKEY IN THE SNOW-BOUND CAUCASUS

No. 23

Many More Smokes Wanted

How Our Readers Can Use Collecting-Cards

Our "Something-to-Smoke" Fund is not going quite so well as we should like, and certainly not so well as our brave fellows at the front have a right to expect. Of course, the weeks immediately after Christmas are always bad weeks for any fund, and the demands that have now come along for increased income tax have turned people's minds in the direction of economy.



We can send 1/6 worth for every 6d. contributed, because all packages are sent from a duty-free warehouse.

But there should be no economising at the expense of the men in the trenches. Whoever goes without they must always have the best and the most that we can give them. We are appealing, therefore, to our readers to apply themselves vigorously to the promotion of our "Something-to-Smoke" Fund. If they cannot give much themselves, they can at least apply for a collecting-card and go round asking for subscriptions among their friends. Our collectors have already done much, but we believe they could do even more. There are numberless ways in which collections can be made—among employees in the same shop, in the same office, and in the same factory, in fact, wherever people are associated in considerable numbers. Though each contributor only gives a few pence, it is wonderful how these small contributions mount up. One or our readers, for example, employed in an engineering works, sent us cards the other day showing the handsome total of thirteen guineas. Send all postal-orders or applications for collecting-cards to: The Treasurer, The War Illustrated, "Something-to-Smoke" Fund, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Amounts Received during the Seventeenth Week of the Fund

Special Collections

Mr. E. Brenner, £13 13s.; Mr. G. J. McQuoid, £6 6s.; Miss J. Bell, £5; Mr. J. Munro, £3 0s. 6d.; Mr. E. M. Robson, £2 13s.; Mr. S. Harrop, jun., £1 15s. 6d.; Mr. J. Hession, £1 13s.; Miss K. M. Sears, £1 12s.; Mr. J. Horstall, £1 11s. 6d.; Miss O. Sills, £1 8s.; Miss C. M. Somerville, £1 7s. 6d.; Mr. H. Rayner, £1 7s.; Mr. H. E. Whitney, £1 2s. 6d.; Mr. D. Barnard, 19s.; Miss A. Gayton, 17s. 6d.; Mr. G. Atherton, 15s.; Master C. Buckland, 13s. 6d.; Mr. H. Millett, 12s. 6d.; Miss Eva Kidd, 12s.; Mr. S. Robinson, 11s.; Mr. J. Rigg, 11s.; Miss L. Oldfield, 10s.; Mr. G. T. Stanhope, 10s.; Master N. Browne, 9s.; Miss E. M. Pearse, 9s.; Mrs. C. J. Hockwill, 9s.; Miss L. Bowman, 8s. 7d.; Mr. G. Coxen, 8s. 6d.; Miss Hadcock, 8s.; Mr. R. Bartle, 7s. 6d.; Miss H. Williams, 7s. 2d.; Mr. E. Dyke, 7s.; Master E. H. Bishop, 7s.; Mrs. C. A. Pratt, 6s.; Mrs. R. Burrows, 6s.; Miss S. Amps, 5s. 6d.; Miss E. Walker, 5s.; Miss K. Prockter, 5s.; Mr. M. Schneiderman, 4s. 6d.; Miss J. Valley, 4s.; Miss K. Howells, 3s. 6d.; Mr. J. Haslam, jun., 3s.; Miss Hodgson, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. B. Ball, 2s. 6d.; Mr. L. Close, 2s.; Mr. Claude Uppleton, 2s.; Miss D. Averill, 1s.

Donations

1 Donation of £5 = 200 presents for soldiers.
Per W. Vergette (proceeds of whist drive at Glinton).

1 Donation of £1 10s. 7d. = 61 presents for soldiers.
Per Mr. Frank Lindo (proceeds of collecting-box).

1 Donation of £1 = 40 presents for soldiers.
Per John Kirk.

1 Donation of 15s. = 30 presents for soldiers.
Collected by Maggie Lister.

1 Donations of 12s. = 24 presents for soldiers.
Miss G. L. McCrea.

1 Donation of 11s. = 22 presents for soldiers.
Collected by John A. Knox.

2 Donations of 10s. = 40 presents for soldiers.
"A Yorkshire Tyke"; per A. Williams.

1 Donation of 8s. 8d. = 17 presents for soldiers.
"Toby of Horsham."

2 Donations of 6s. = 24 presents for soldiers.
Per Miss Olive G. Chambers (nine boys at Brooke School who made nets and sold them); P. J. P.

1 Donation of 5s. 6d. = 11 presents for soldiers.
Nellie Johnson (aged 11) and Eric Johnson (aged 10).

5 Donations of 5s. = 50 presents for soldiers.
Per Mrs. D. Collingwood (Master Christopher Fawcett, of South America); Miss A. M. Hunt; Gordon Clark, Norman Clark, Alf Clark, and Susie Clark; No Name, of Batheaston; Miss M. Eyre.

1 Donation of 4s. 6d. = 9 presents for soldiers.
Miss Winifred Evelyn Jones.

4 Donations of 4s. = 32 presents for soldiers.
Miss Annie Atherton; Nellie Mason (aged 10) and Gertie Mason (aged 8); per Mabel Thorpe (Mr. J. Vichery, of America); Mrs. A. W. Angell.

1 Donation of 3s. 7d. = 7 presents for soldiers.
A. G. Rogers.

2 Donations of 3s. 6d. = 14 presents for soldiers.
Miss B. Taylor; per Jos. Wm. Whitehouse (a few shopmates, Walsall).

3 Donations of 3s. = 18 presents for soldiers.
Miss A. Magawly; Mrs. Dulcie Belcher; Master Cyril Lees.

1 Donation of 2s. 8d. = 5 presents for soldiers.
A Militant Suffragette.

17 Donations of 2s. 6d. = 85 presents for soldiers.
Mrs. and Mr. B., Miss S., Miss M., and W. Foote; Mrs. M. Magowan; Mrs. Annie Thorne; Lily Terry; F. J. Edwards; Sidney and Harry Jones; A Well-wisher; Little Dorothy Allenby and her mother Ellen Allenby; Miss Nan Brown; Miss R. Bowers; Geo. T. Carrott; Master Norman Greenhalgh; Mrs. J. Pikesley and Myra F. Holden; Mabel Hocking; Mrs. L. L. Sullivan; Hilda M. Sunley; John Williams.

16 Donations of 2s. = 64 presents for soldiers.
Mrs. H. E. Chant; Mrs. Rippingale; Miss G. K. Nispel; W. Shirt; Miss H. Smith; Dora Pritchard; the Assistants of London House; Mrs. G. M. Kendall, per V. Ecutt; May and Fred (two scholars); W. Friend and Ethel Harding; Master Jack Riley; Miss E. Shouler; Mrs. Bovill; N. B.; A. H., of Mitcham; Jeannie Marwick.

4 Donations of 1s. 6d. = 12 presents for soldiers.
W. H. Ainsworth; Miss E. Inman; Miss Hinchliffe; Eileen H. Cowen.

22 Donations of 1s. = 44 presents for soldiers.
Miss B. Cooper; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gould; Mrs. W. Loveless; J. H. Wedlyn; Beattie E. Metcalfe; Miss Hilda Turner; Miss Adelaide and Miss Nancy Brooke; Flora Cozens; Miss Gill; Gertrude Kefford; Ida Muscatt; Lilian Norris; Betty Duffy; Miss N. Hallett; Alfred T. Hall; W. Reed; Nellie Read; Ernest Wright; Cissie Wright; Mrs. L. Ferry; Ronald King; F. Smith.

16 Donations of 6d. = 16 presents for soldiers.
S. Ellison; No Name; A. M.; Mrs. Curtis; Harold Lawson; Bartie Allen; A. F. Bayley; Mrs. Beathier; Frank O. Doherty; Mrs. A. Dolman; E. W.; Dorothy Coleman; A. E. Dunn; Master Kenneth Murray; Master Ian Murray; Miss Florence Warr.

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 3. Vol. 1. A WEEKLY PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR For Week ending 23 January, 1915.

GARIBALDI BROTHERS DIE FOR FRANCE.—Fresh lustre to an immortal name has been added by the deaths of Bruno and Constante Garibaldi, who fell in the Argonne while fighting with their four brothers and some 2,000 Italian volunteers. On the first day of their entry into the firing-line the Garibaldians captured a German position. Bruno dashed into the fight at the head of his company to fall, shot down by the deadly German fire. Calling to a comrade he embraced him, murmuring "For my brothers!" and expired on the field. Constante died while rallying his men with great bravery.

THE GERMAN GOSPEL & ITS APOSTLE

The pernicious teachings of Treitschke, and how they fostered Prussian Militarism, clearly explained

By JOSEPH McCABE

Author of "Treitschke and the Great War," etc.

WHEN the clouds of war have passed, and the nations engaged in the grim struggle are arraigned before the jury of civilised nations, there will be a prompt and unhesitating verdict. The wonder will then be expressed that we had paid so little attention to the most obvious fact of recent European life—the fact that for forty years Germany has been meditating and arming for an aggressive and expansive war. We have, with British generosity, admired the German school and the German merchant, we have translated learned German treatises, and suffered with chivalrous appreciation German victories in the field of trade, but when we heard of writers who were poisoning the German nation against England, and directing its colossal military expenditure against us and France, we took little notice. They were cranks, pedants, or dyspeptics, we said. Now we know that they were the spokesmen of the modern German Gospel, and that for forty years they had traced the lines of the present campaign, as the Germans intended it to run.

"Blood and Iron" for the new generation

Few are now unaware that Heinrich von Treitschke, professor of history and political science at Berlin University from 1874 to 1895, was the chief apostle of this barbarous gospel, but probably many still fail to see how an academic teacher could inoculate a nation with so fateful—and, as it will prove, so fatal—a theory. As is usual in such cases, the message of the prophet coincided with the mood of the people and the conditions of the country, yet Treitschke's personal share in creating the great illusion has been immense. The most popular professor in the largest German university, he had his class-room thronged by young men of the middle class, and a whole generation of officers, journalists, teachers, and historical and military writers, went out over Germany with his dream of medieval carnage and annexation. Bismarck had astutely recognised the value of the fiery Saxon teacher, who united an admiration of Machiavelli with a worship of Prussia, and had set him on the academic throne at Berlin. In this way, and in more stately language, the Chancellor's "blood-and-iron" policy was carried to the new generation, and directed to a new and even greater expansion of Germany.

Since he began to teach at Berlin, in 1874, Treitschke openly preached the gospel which we find on the point of the Prussian bayonet to-day. His university lectures have been published by his students under the title of "Politik" (Politics), and in these and his many public lectures we find the inspiration of the Bernhardis of a later date, and of the Kaiser and German officers of to-day. His chief work is not history, though he has written the history of Germany in a romantic and heroic vein which intoxicated young men. His main purpose was to build up an ideal of a State, and in his ideal State he demanded especially two characteristics—it must be very powerful, and it must be very big. Of small nations like Holland, Belgium, Denmark, and Switzerland, he always spoke with contempt. A little nation, he contended, never did anything "great." It is a pity he did not live to see the greatness of the Belgian spirit contrasted with the pettiness, meanness, and childishness of the Prussian spirit. He openly drew the inference that the small nations must be absorbed in the larger, and as Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark were "Germanic" in origin, he plainly sketched the programme of bringing them back into the German family under the lead of Prussia. In the case of Holland he advocated only commercial union, but other pages of his work show that this was not sincere.

Recently erected statue in Berlin to Heinrich von Treitschke, the apostle of the "might-is-right" creed. His detestation for Great Britain amounted to a mania, and his lectures and writings have done more to bring about the world's greatest tragedy than any other individual effort.

Holland and Belgium to be annexed

He maintained that the geographical position of Germany was insufferable. She *must* have the mouths of her great rivers (especially the Rhine) and an extensive sea front of the German Ocean; in this respect he plainly implied the annexation of Holland and Belgium.

That this programme involved a great war, Treitschke did not merely admit; he seemed to regard it as an advantage. The essence of a State, he repeated constantly, was military power, and he went beyond any writer of modern times in glorifying war. His fiercest scorn was reserved for the advocates of disarmament. These "pipe-of-peace-smokers," he said, would ruin the human race. War, he said, in revolting terms, was a God-sent agency for purifying the moral nature of a community, and all the sacrifices it imposed on men, women, and children were a normal part of their duty to his Moloch of a State. He had the most profound contempt for the modern idea of a State as a social institution for the protection and the prosperity of the men and women who compose it. This was "materialism." True "idealism" was to regard the State as something greater than the men and women who compose it; something that can impose on them whatever sacrifices it wills, and may be quite indifferent to their will. So he supported the despotism and the bloody ambitions of Prussia.

In his discussion of treaties and moral principles we find Treitschke even more flagrantly laying down the maxims which have disgraced modern Germany. Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland, for instance, were protected by treaties, and there were in addition a number of international "conventions" which might hamper Germany in its next expansion. The admirer of Machiavelli—it is at times difficult to realise that he is speaking from the chief professorial chair of Germany—makes short work of these. Nothing on earth, he says, is higher than a State; there is no such thing as absolute international law, and can be no such thing as an international tribunal. A treaty or convention is, therefore, only a voluntary limitation of its

(Continued on page 540.)

What the Horrors of Invasion really mean

Immediately a village is retaken by the French from the Germans, our allies vigorously set about repairing the damage done by the "Bosches." In this photograph some military engineers are seen at work on the roof of a shell-shattered cottage in St. Genevieve which has not been abandoned by the brave inhabitants, who may be seen at work within the house.

The appalling tragedy of invasion as enacted in Lille, which has been subjected to continuous bombardment by the Germans. Lille is situated near the Franco-Belgian frontier, and is, so to speak, in the vanguard of the battle. This camera record of the frightful desolation in a once beautiful and prosperous French town brings home to us very vividly the horrors of Prussian aggression.

A British battery coming into action under supervision of some members of the Headquarters' Staff, somewhere on the Continent. It will be noticed that the position is partially screened by a heap of stones and a haystack.

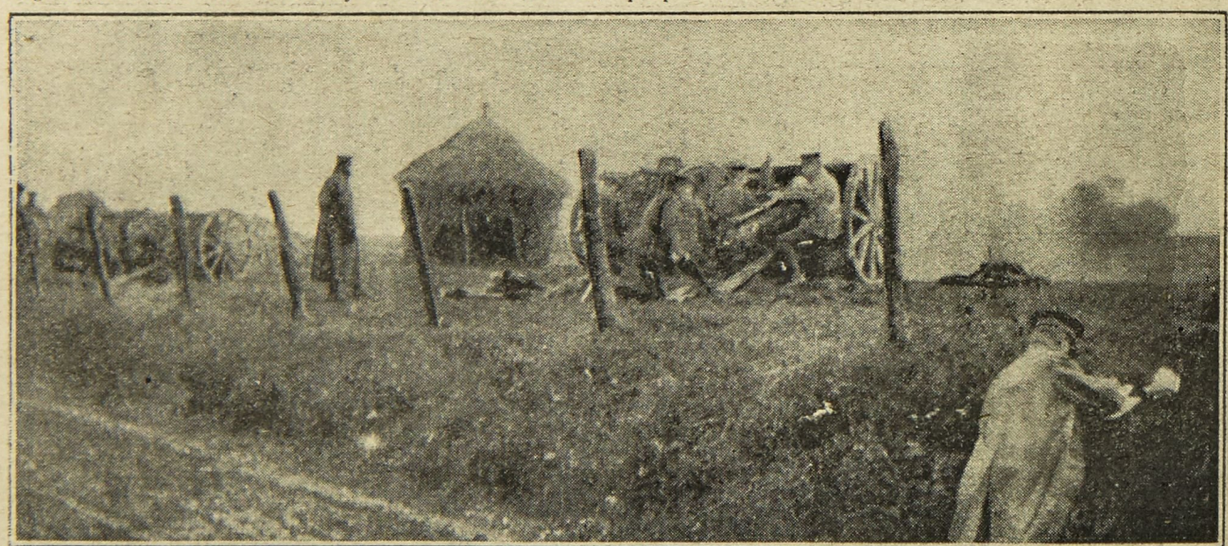
THE GERMAN GOSPEL AND ITS APOSTLE

(Continued from page 538.)

action on the part of a particular State, and the State can withdraw it whenever its interests require. In fact, he says, every treaty is signed with the mental reservation—"As long as things remain as they are." This is the "scrap-of-paper" theory of the present German Chancellor, advocated in Berlin University forty years ago. On the subject of broad, moral restrictions, not expressed in treaties, Treitschke is not less plain. After a long and hypocritical discussion of the question whether the end justifies the means, he concluded that "the highest moral duty of a State is to maintain its power"; that "moral means" are to be preferred if they are possible, and that "morality must be political (Prussian) if politics is to be moral." And he expressly defends lying, spying, bribery, and deceit for a nation's purposes. As to the behaviour of soldiers in the field, Treitschke says it is precisely "the moral grandeur of war" that the soldier must "crush his natural feelings of humanity." I have heard from Belgian officers that the troops who blasted Louvain were largely university students. No doubt they were pupils of the pupils of Treitschke.

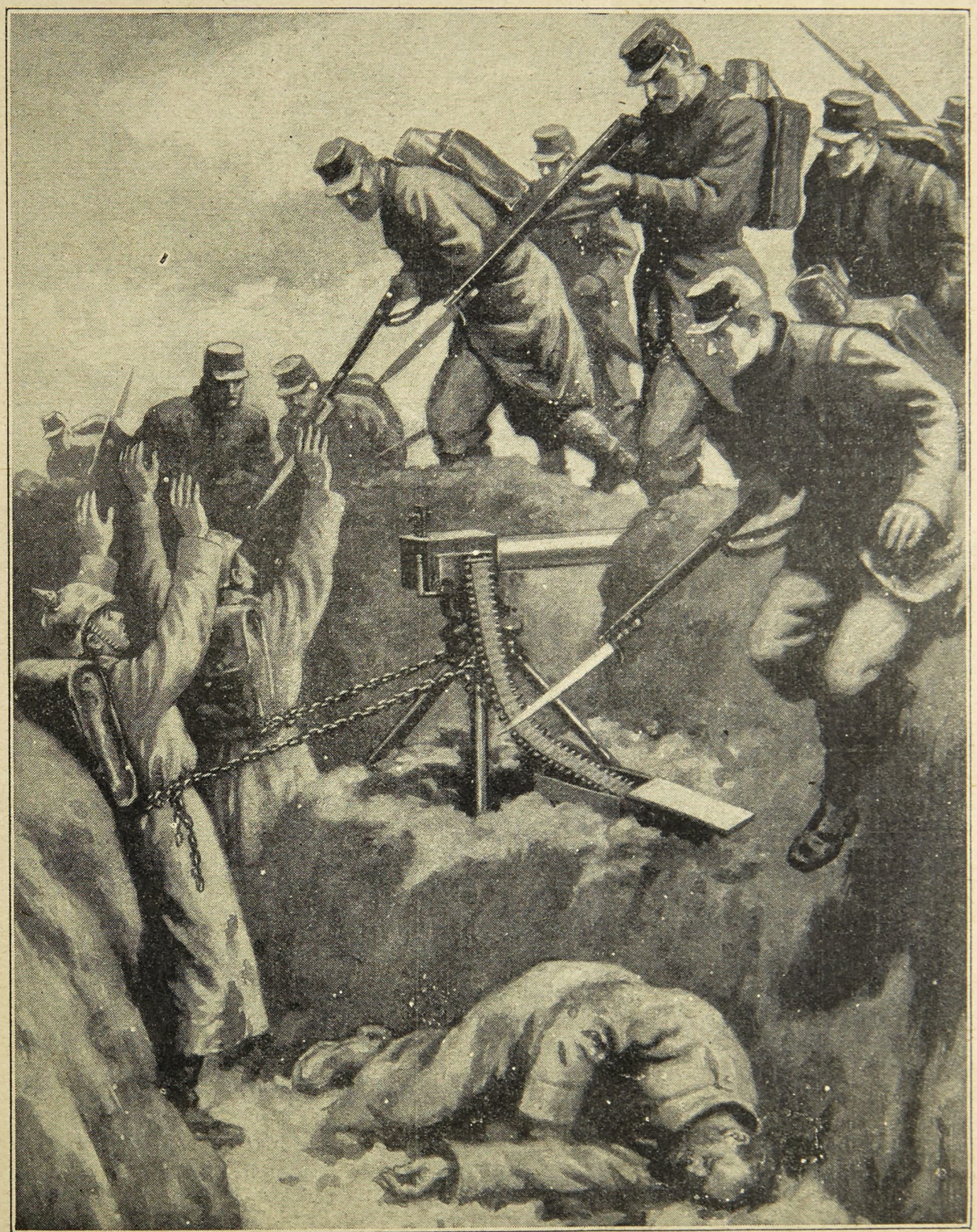
The next step in the professor's programme, in so far as it bears on the present war, is to inflame the German against England, and he loses no opportunity. England was the great obstacle to this dream of Imperial expansion. France, he thought, was decadent and powerless, and of the greatness of little Belgium he had no suspicion. England was the rival. Germany wanted, and *must have*, colonies, and England already possessed the best territories beyond the sea. Germany must have command of the sea, and she would have to wrest it from England. So Treitschke entered upon a systematic vilification of England, and created the German legend about England's "perfidy" and "cunning." The language he uses about England is at times perfectly ludicrous in its childish spite. In the mouth of a professor of history it is grotesquely inaccurate.

This gospel Treitschke carried far beyond the confines of a crowded class-room. As a distinguished professor and the official historian of Prussia, he had a position of great weight with the general public, and he addressed fiery orations to large, popular audiences. In these he sometimes developed the idea which we find on the lips of the Kaiser to-day—the notion that God has especially selected the German nation, through the Hohenzollerns, to impose a new and higher civilisation on the world. He defends this with all his learning and eloquence in a public lecture entitled "Luther and the German Church," and at the close of another lecture, addressed to a large body of university students, he exclaims that "some day the whole world may recover its health in the German character." So he contrived to fill an infatuated people with its silly dream of a mission of German "Kultur," and, under this high-sounding name, kept alive in Germany the most brutal medieval ideals of aggressive war. No wonder that neutral nations know where to place the blame of this war. For forty years Germany has been preaching and preparing for a ruthless, aggressive campaign, while no other great nation in Europe desired aggression, or armed for any other purpose than defence.



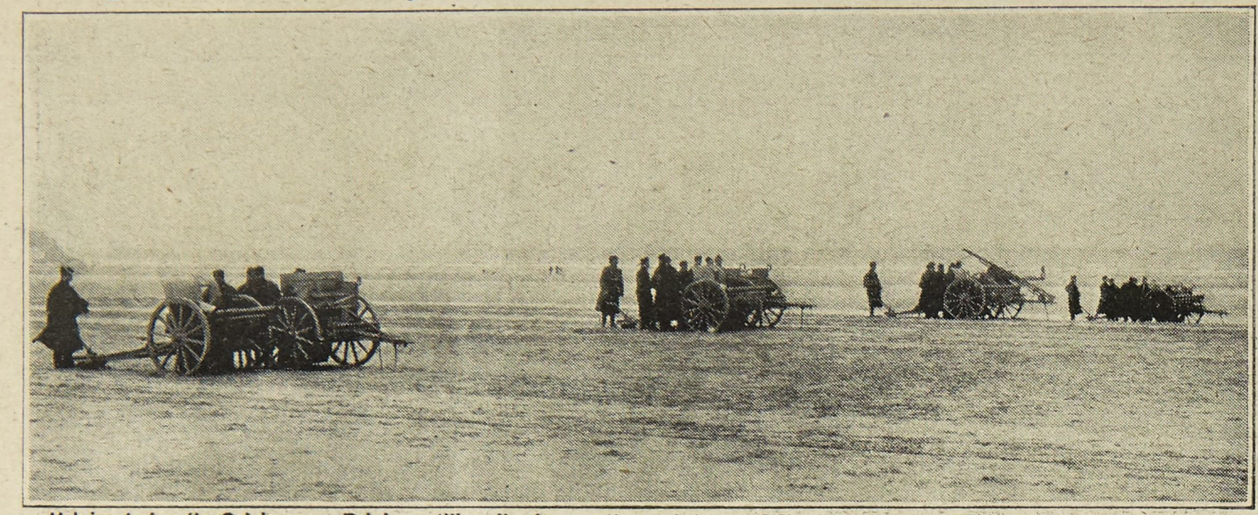
The battery opens fire, and the smoke of the guns can clearly be seen receding in space. In the foreground a gunnery officer records the result of the shells. This photograph, together with the one at the top of the page, is exclusive to "The War Illustrated," and was taken by one of our special photographers at great personal risk.

How the German Gunner is made to face the 75's

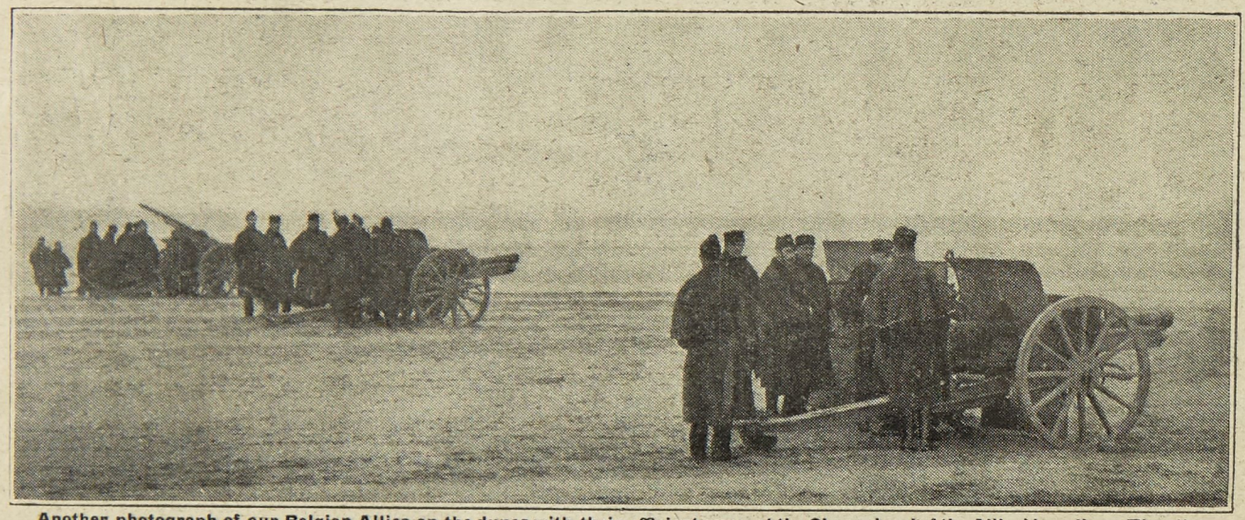


Evidence of the failing spirit of the German soldier and the brutality of his officer is recorded by a French commander fighting in the neighbourhood of Rheims, and graphically illustrated in the drawing on this page. After French artillery had effectively shelled the German trenches, the infantry charged them with the irresistible dash characteristic of our Allies. All the Germans fled in disorder, with the exception of the gunners, who were unable to move, being chained to their guns. It appears that the famous French "75's" have so scared German gunners that their officers chain them to their guns in order to hold them in the firing-line.

Belgium's Army Still a Lion in Prussia's Path:



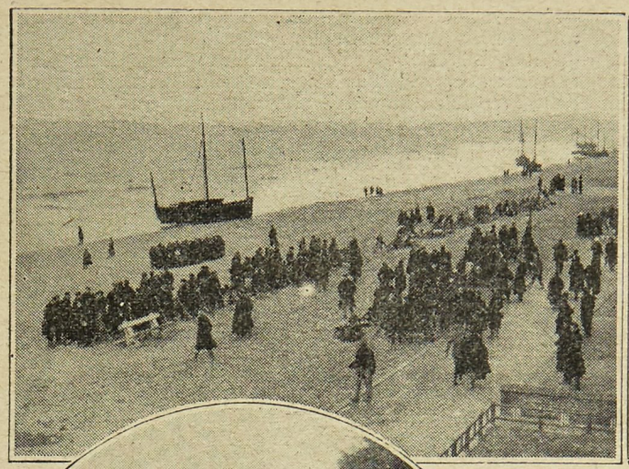
Helping to bar the Calais way. Belgian artillery lined up on the sand-dunes of Northern France. Their strenuous work in this region of hostilities has proved yet another stumbling-block to the Kaiser's designs on Calais.



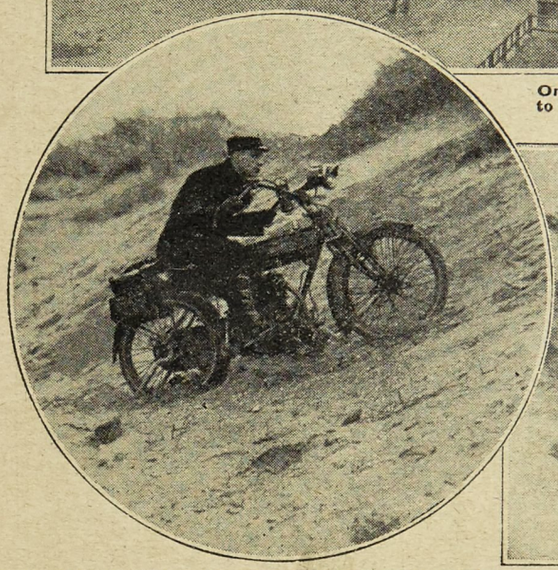
Another photograph of our Belgian Allies on the dunes with their efficient guns, at the Channel end of the Allies' long line. The other end is on the borders of neutral Switzerland, where the French Alpine soldiers are fighting near the Vosges.

Belgian lancers on their way to meet the Germans near the sand-dunes of Northern France. Practically the whole of Belgium is now in the hands of the Germans, who regard it as Greater Germany. The heroic Belgian Army, with King Albert at its head, is, however, confident of regaining their territory. The greater the sacrifice for liberty and honour, the greater will be the enemy's price on the day of reckoning.

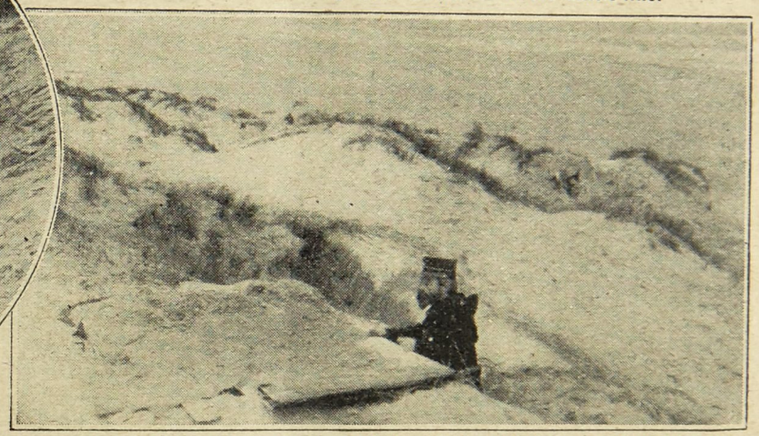
How it holds Dune and Dyke against the Hun



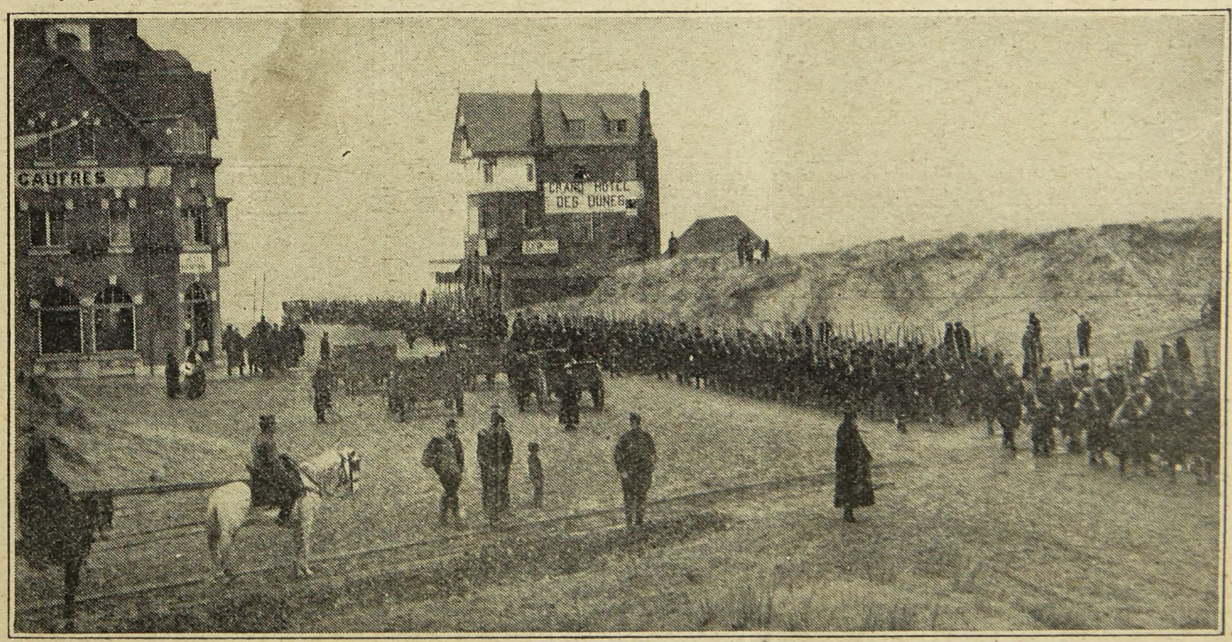
On the right: Belgian Louvain Lancers advance along the breezy coast-line to take up a position on the dunes. On the left: Belgian infantry rest awhile prior to relieving their comrades in the battle line.



Hard on the motor-"bike." Belgian scout on the dunes, carrying out reconnaissance work under novel conditions.



In a sandy burrow. Another Belgian scout on the look-out for Germans, unobserved except by the ubiquitous "snapshotter."



More Belgian soldiers move out of a coast resort to help frustrate the pathetically continuous efforts of the Germans towards Calais. No doubt the War Lord himself is beginning to realise that it is a long, long way to his Channel base, although picture-postcards are distributed broadcast in the Fatherland showing German guns bombarding Dover from the neighbourhood of the historic seaport.

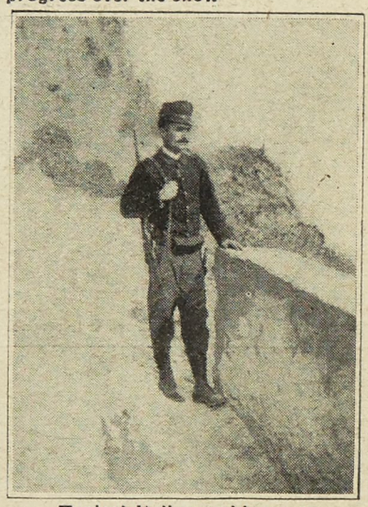
Italy may soon range Herself with the Allies

THE significant decision of the Italian Government in cancelling passports granted to Italian men under thirty-nine seems to point to Italy's tardy participation in the European War. Italian public opinion has always been favourable to the Triple Entente. In moving at once Italy would anticipate any desire on the part of the Dual Monarchy to conclude a separate peace with the Allies, in which contingency Austria's hopes of territorial expansion and greater influence in the Adriatic would be temporarily dashed. After all, Italy's continual preparation must be almost as expensive as warfare itself. With Rumania to help her, and an enemy already much weakened by the Russians, Italy will never have a better opportunity of realising her national ambitions at the expense of Austria.

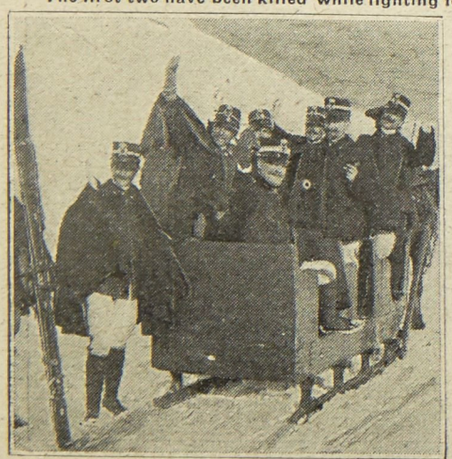
King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, whose decision to do or not to do is daily awaited.

A company of Italian Alpine Infantry manœuvre on skis at a high altitude. Skis are the quickest means of progress over the snow

The heroic Garibaldi brothers—Bruno, Constante, Peppino, and Ricciolti respectively. The first two have been killed while fighting for France with the Italian volunteers.



Typical Italian carbineer on sentry-go.

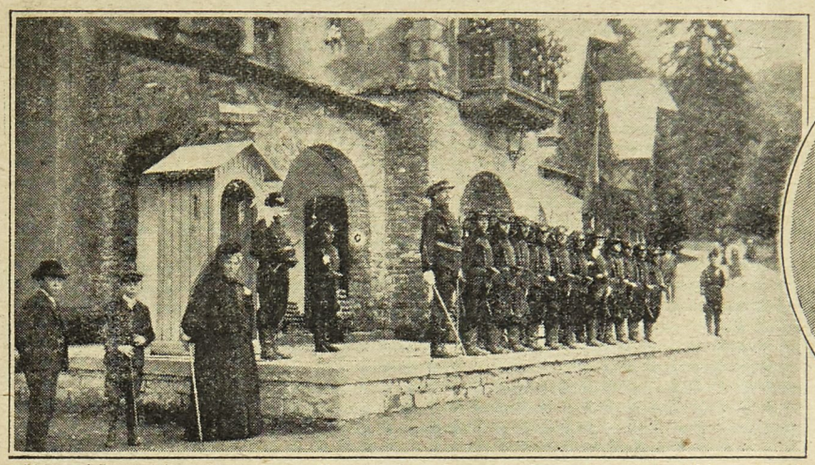


Italian officers' genial au revoir to French comrades off to the front.

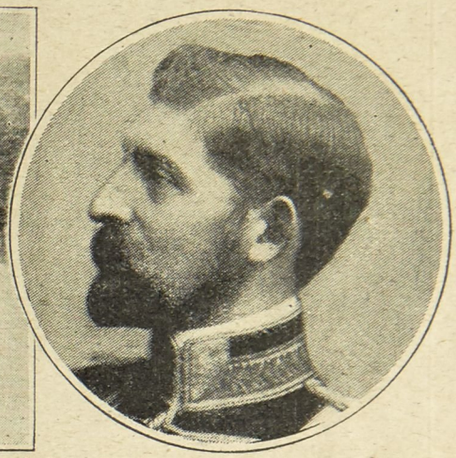
Some of the famous Italian Bersaglieri, who would be glad of the opportunity to fight with France against the Teutons.

Rumania prepares to enter the Great Conflict

ALTHOUGH Rumania is expected to enter the European imbroglio in the middle of February, her ultimate action to a great extent depends upon Italy. Rumania's sympathy is whole-heartedly with the Allies. An ancient Latin race, she has everything to fear from Teuton aggression. Diplomats have been at work to prevent a rupture between Rumania and Hungary, but should they fail, Rumania will take the opportunity to realise he national aspirations. She has long coveted Bukovina, a province in the Crown land of Austria, between Galicia and the Rumanian north-west frontier. A large percentage of Bukovina's inhabitants are Rumanians, who, like many Hungarians, anxiously await the deliverance from Austrian suzerainty which is inevitable.



Typical Rumanian chasseurs on the occasion of a recent inspection. It will be noticed that their hats are similar to those of the Italian Bersaglieri.

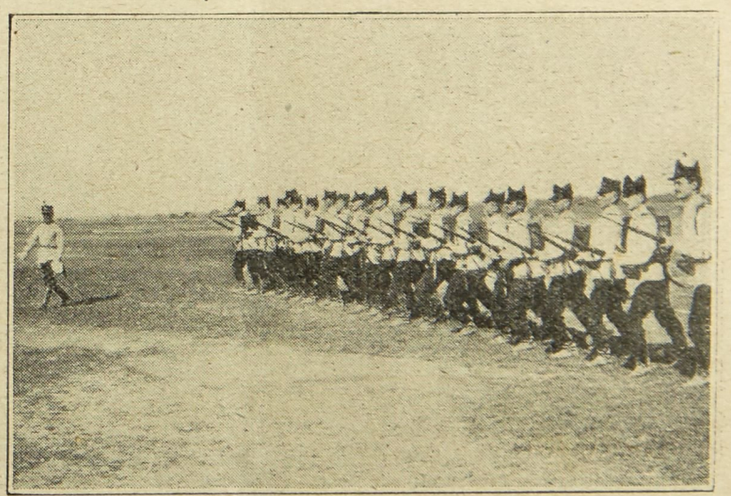


King Ferdinand of Rumania, who succeeded his Germanophil uncle King Carol recently.

Types of Rumanian cavalry and infantry. Here also a sympathy with Latin ideas is observable, uniforms resembling those of French chasseur and Piou-piou.

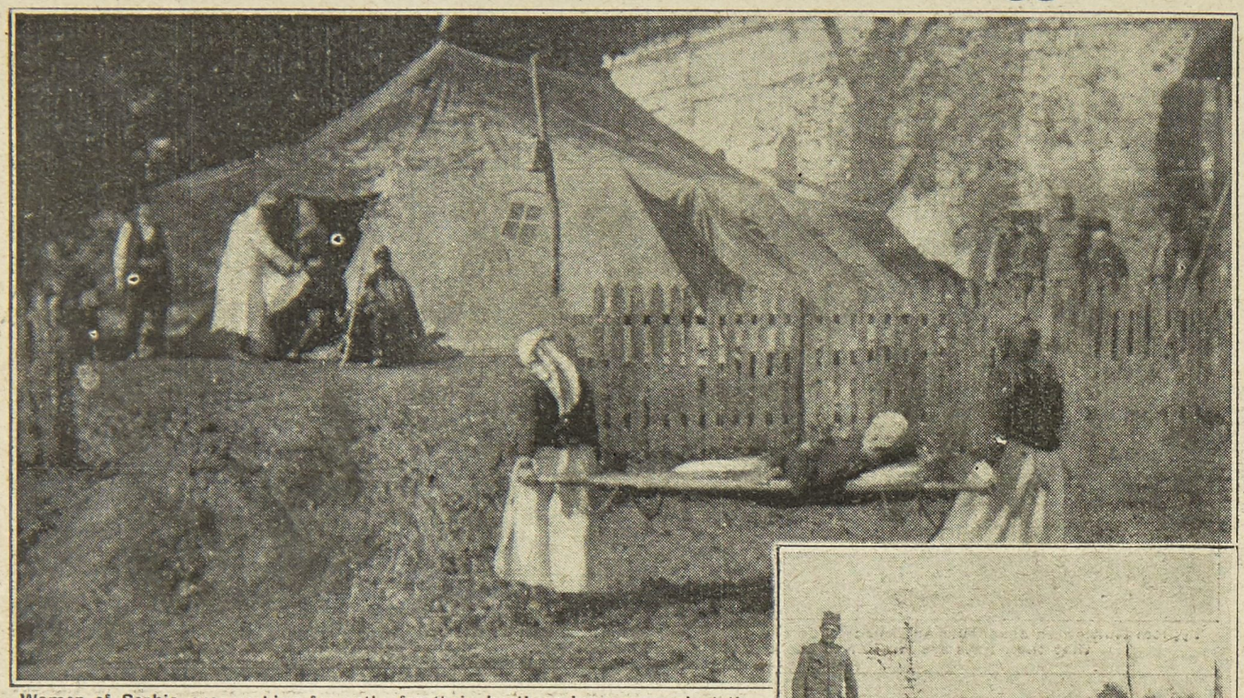
Rumanian infantry entrenched during recent manœuvres.

Practising with big guns. A Rumanian battery in mimic warfare.

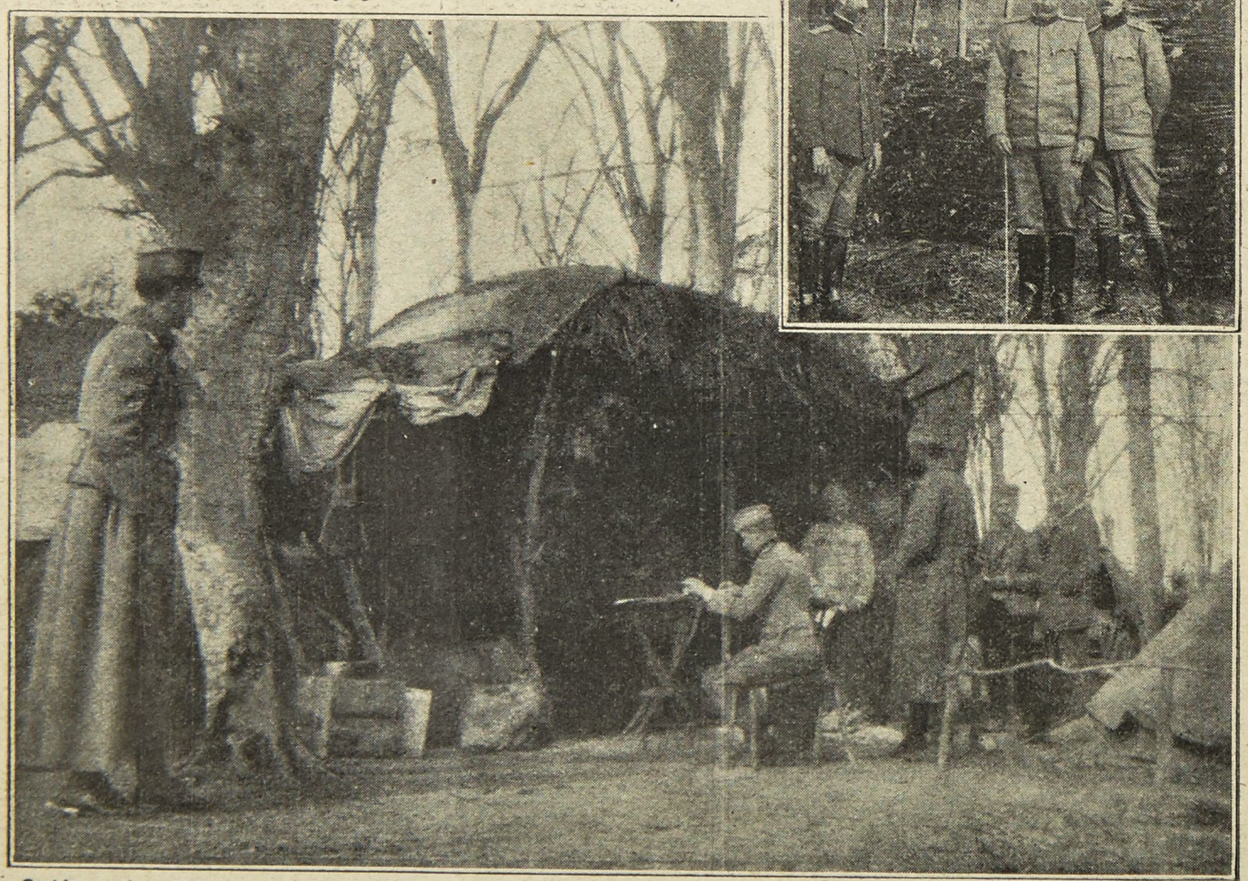


Typical Rumanian infantry prepare for their struggle with Austria, which will begin next month if diplomatists cannot come to an understanding.

Serb Men & Women Resist Austrian Aggression



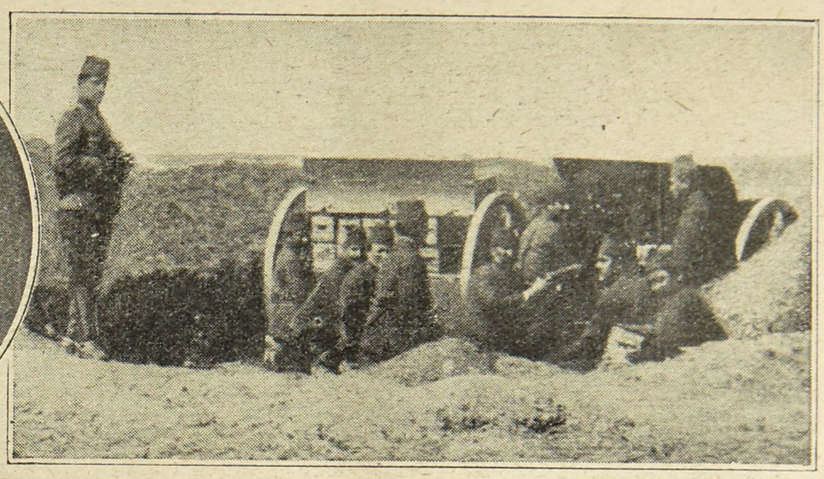
Women of Serbia are working fervently for their brothers-in-arms against the Austrian tyrant. Everything that they can do to lighten the burden of the soldiers is being done by the hardy womenfolk of this indomitable kingdom. Two peasants in this photograph are conveying a wounded soldier to a tent hospital.



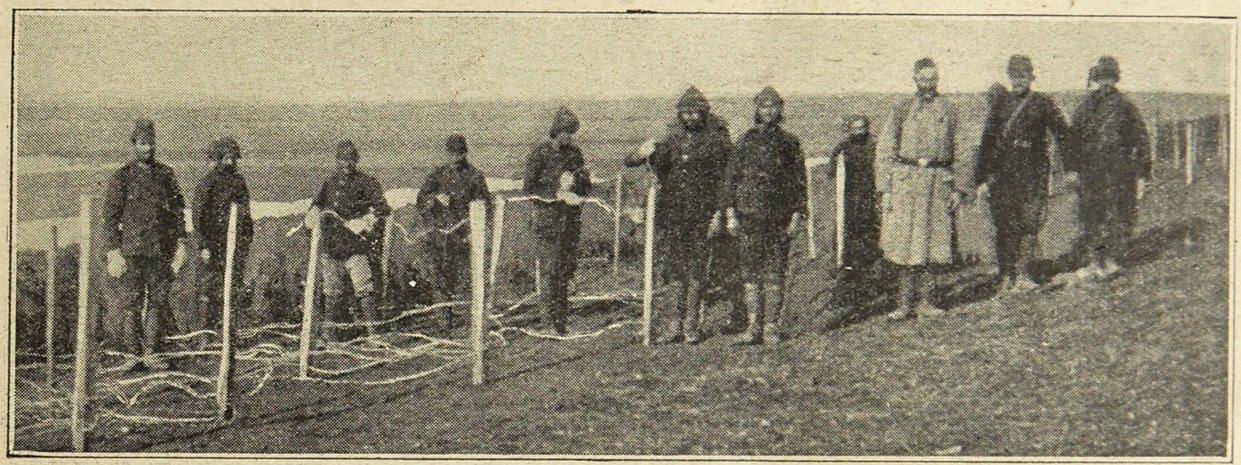
Serbian regimental headquarters in the field from which operations against the Austrians are directed with such success. Inset: A group of Serbian officers standing in front of shrapnel-proof screens. The latter are constructed on the principle of a hurdle, and have proved most effective against spreading shrapnel in the Near Eastern area of hostilities.

Turkey's Half-Hearted Efforts in Kultur's Cause

Talaat Bey, the chief conspirator in dragging Turkey to the support of the Germans.



Turkish artillery entrenched in a formidable position, and an officer of the Sultan's Army superintending operations.



Turkish troops fixing wire entanglements. They are seen wearing the new military headgear, which is half fez and half helmet. This was adopted after the Turco-Italian campaign in Tripoli, and occasioned much criticism at the time from fanatics who regard the fez as the only wearable headgear in accordance with their religion.

Turkish soldiers dig trenches in readiness for the Russians. Disaffection prevails in Constantinople over the war, which has been brought about only by a small minority in power, subsidised by German gold. Prussian supervision has not improved Ottoman military conditions and the Turk has no heart to go through another inevitably disastrous struggle.

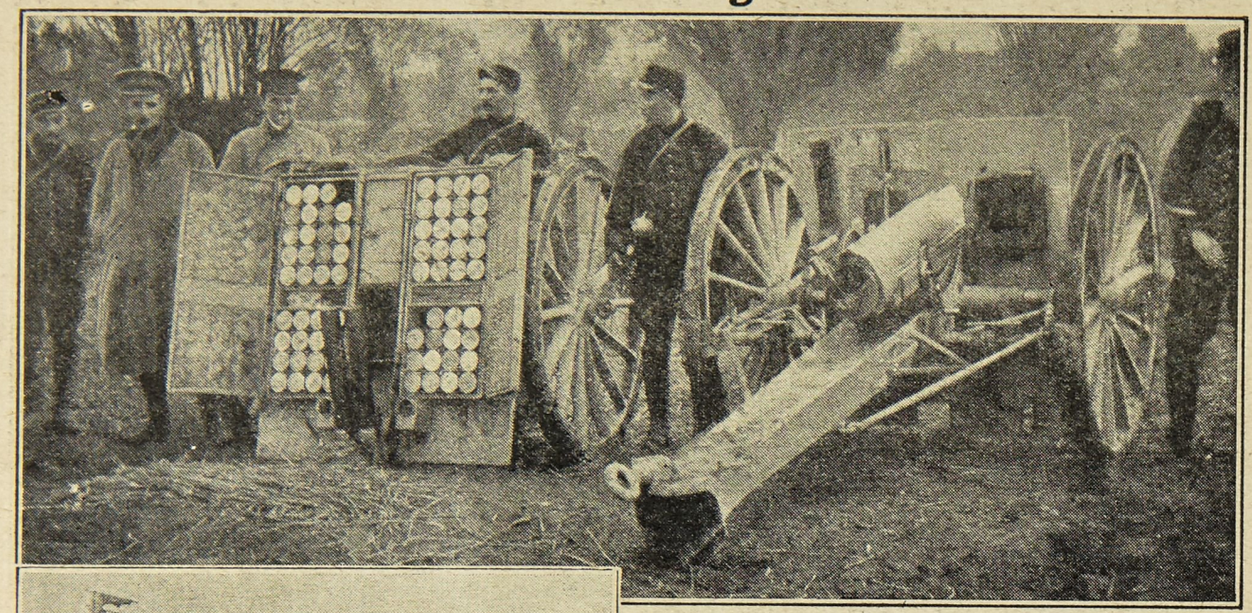
Turks rush to Disaster at Germany's Behest

One of the most important events since the beginning of the year was the overwhelming disaster to the Turkish Army in the Caucasus, near Sarykamisch, early in January. Hurled across these snowy heights by their ruthless German exploiters against the Russians, the misguided and hapless soldiers of the decrepit Sultan suffered complete disaster. Though at first greatly outnumbered, the Russians courageously held their ground until reinforced, and then routed the Turks, who suffered appallingly amid the snow-bound passes, innumerable wounded being quickly frozen to death.

Brilliant French Strategy in Vosges Passes

Chasseurs Alpins, whose knowledge of the Vosges and general skill in mountain warfare, showed great ingenuity during the recent French advance into Alsace. By means of heavy artillery fire, they led the Germans to believe that they intended to concentrate their attack in the neighbourhood of Col St. Marie, instead of which the chasseurs proceeded through an opening seven miles farther south. While the enemy waited for an infantry attack to follow up the artillery fire, a scouting party of sharpshooters on skis advanced over the snow-covered hills. Coming down under shelter of pine-trees they opened a deadly fire on the Germans at two hundred yards, who were taken unawares and endeavoured to retreat, suffering heavy loss.

The Guns that are deciding the Issue of War

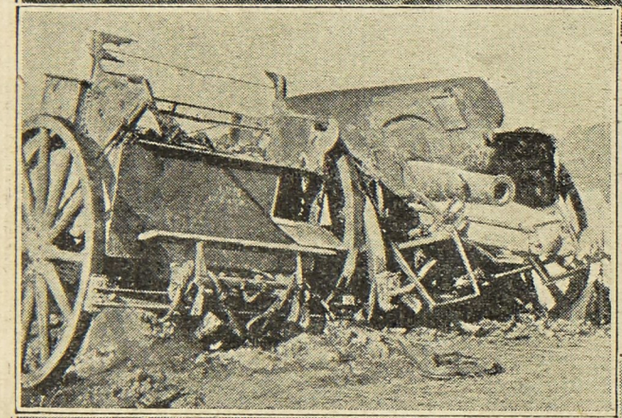


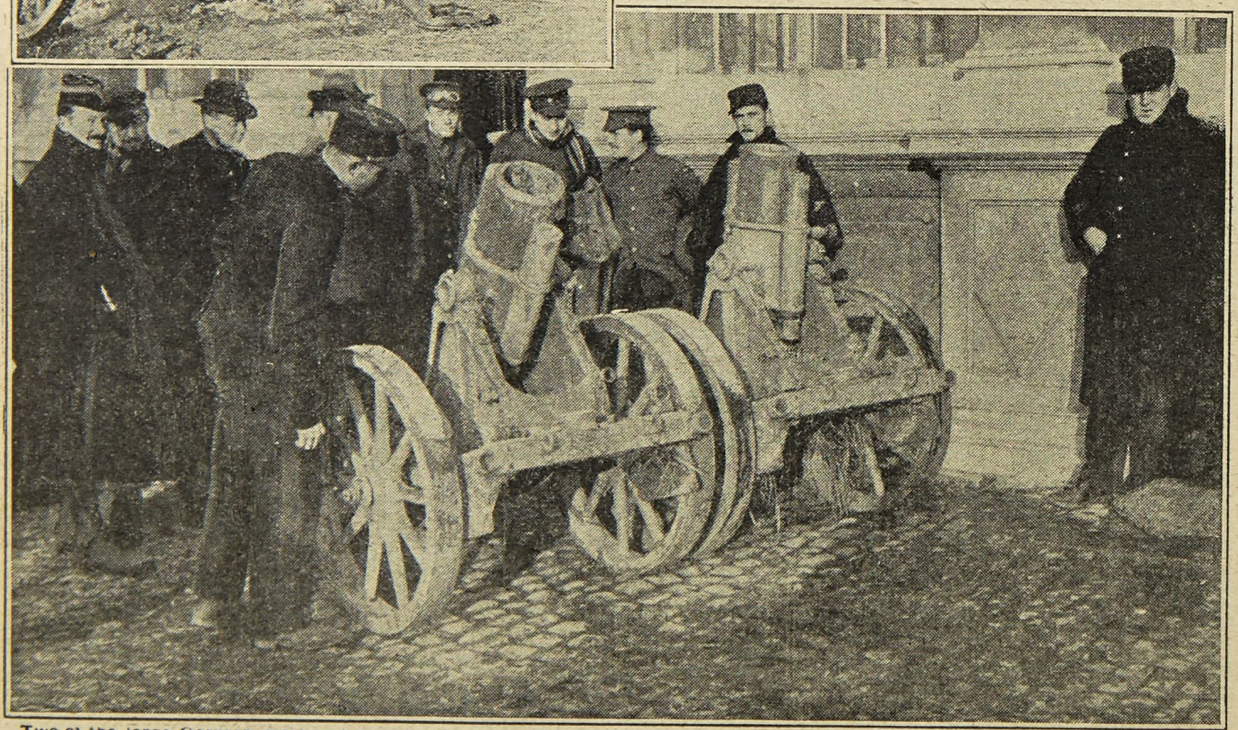
One of the famous 75-millimetre guns with which our French allies have made such good practice during the war.

IT may be taken as axiomatic that weight and mobility are conflicting qualities in artillery. Germany has shown us what is possible with heavy guns. But she has also shown us what is impossible.

Effective as they may be where there is time to place them and hard beds of cement or stone on which to mount them, they are worse than useless when rapid movement is essential. For instance, the Germans brought up some heavy mortars—which are really short guns of great weight, throwing large projectiles a limited distance. But the floods let into the low-lying beet-fields forced the Germans to retire rapidly, and these mortars had to be abandoned.

Again, the renowned "Soixante-quinze" or 75-millimetre (about 3 in.) gun of the French Army, is a remarkably effective small-calibre gun of extreme mobility, that makes it far more deadly and decisive than more cumbrous and less mobile guns could possibly be.

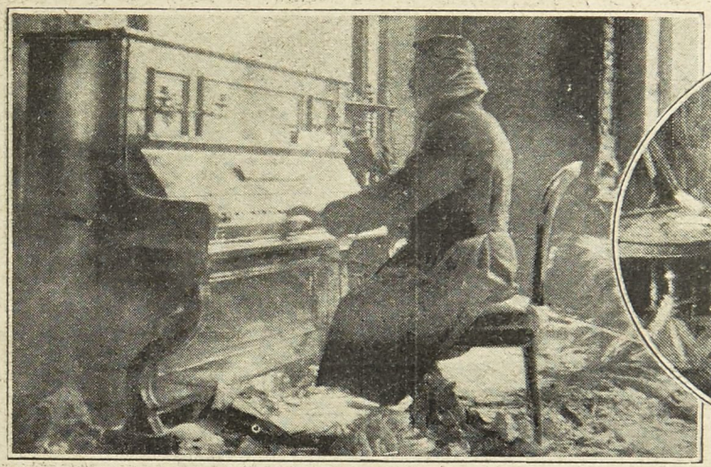




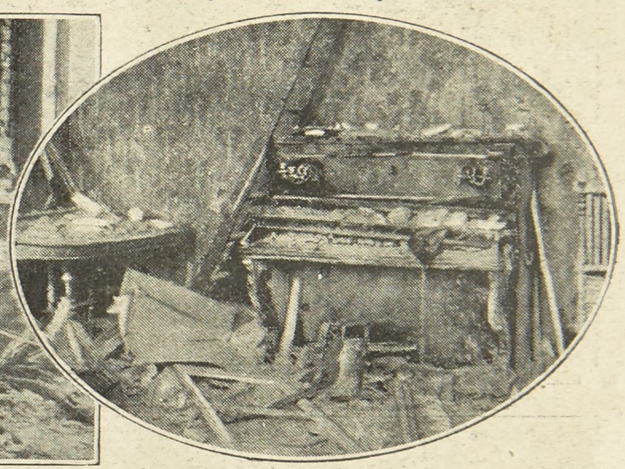
Two of the large German mortars brought up to help in blasting a way through to Calais, and abandoned when the floods were let loose by the Allies. They were recovered by the British, and were at Pervyse, near Dixmude, when photographed. The inset photograph above shows what a French gun did to a German gun after firing fifteen minutes.

Musical Interludes amid the Clash of Arms

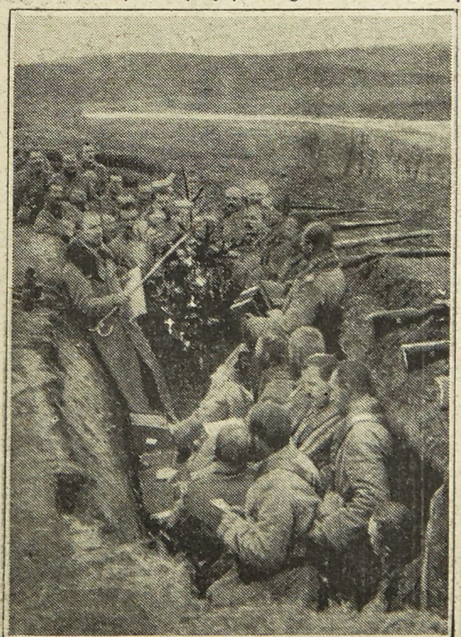
Music hath charms, more or less, to soothe the savage Hun. German soldiers sing in parts on the Belgian sand-dunes, while a comrade keeps a look-out for any violent form of applause from the enemies' guns inconveniently near at hand.



Music amid the debris of bombardment. A brave Belgian soldier emulates Nero's feat, and plays, though in a different spirit, while the city burns.



The broken melody. Scene in the room of a house at Pervyse after being struck by German shells.



"Deutschland uber Alles" underground. German soldiers sing round Christmas-tree in E. Prussia.

Desperate measures to be popular. German band, guarded by armed escort, parades Antwerp, and gives selections to generally indifferent audiences.

Affairs of Outposts on Frontiers Far and Wide

French cyclist patrol cautiously peers round the bend of a lonely road to make sure that no "Bosches" are in the vicinity.

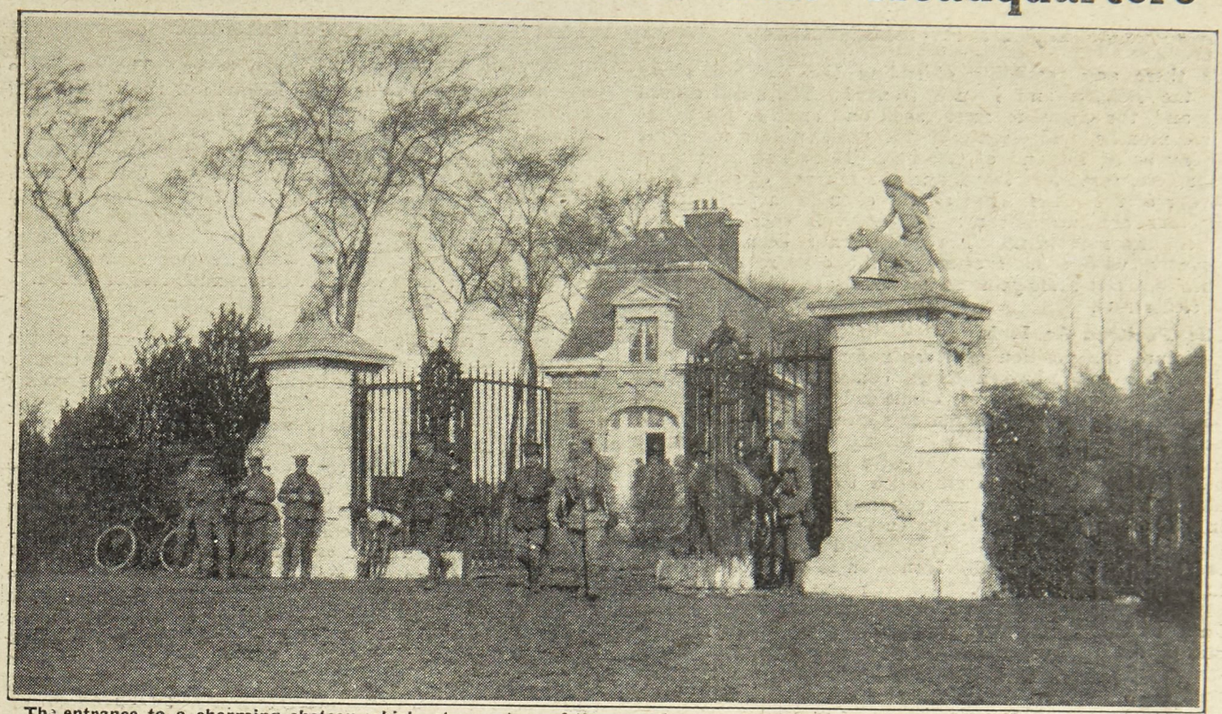
German outposts, together with Dutch soldiers, avail themselves of the warmth of the guard's cabin fire on the frontier line.

Enemy scouting party in Belgium take cover in the snow, while two of them sweep the horizon for signs of the Allies.

Prussian patrol engaged in scouting Argonne woods discover some of the Allies, and take aim from cover.

On the track of a meal. Prussian cavalry patrol about to sample some refreshment at a stall in a Polish village. The stall-keeper and boy in the foreground are typical natives of Poland, some of whom have relations fighting on both German and Russian sides.

Peaceful Homes as War-time Headquarters



The entrance to a charming chateau which, at one stage of the operations on the Franco-Belgian frontier, served as British Head-quarters. Situated in a pleasantly wooded district not far from the fighting-line, the mansion has a peculiarly unwarlike aspect.

In the course of many months of indecisive fighting, British Army Headquarters has moved from place to place according to the vacillations of the long battle-line. It is sometimes domiciled in a charming rural district on a seigniorial estate, sometimes in a large industrial town, and sometimes at an ancient hamlet. In this photograph some orderlies of the Staff of one of the cavalry divisions quartered at a picturesque French village are awaiting instructions.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

IS there any possibility of ending the deadlock along the Belgian and French fronts? The allied armies and the Germans have faced one another for about three months, and essentially the positions are the same to-day as at the end of October. There has been some gain here, some loss there, and the average of gains is in favour of the Allies. But all the changes in position put together are insignificant. At intervals each side tries a forward movement. The Allies have been attacking recently, with some success, as the capture of Perthes testifies. But these gains do not vitally affect the strength of either side.

The Position As It Is

Picture the position as it actually is. On either side there is a long, broken front, consisting of successions of trenches and dug-outs, connected together as far as possible by intricate passages, so planned that they cannot be swept by gun fire for any length. These trenches are fronted by numerous lines of wire entanglements, some high and some low, against which the enemy must hurl himself. Around them are concealed pits, with stakes in their centre, to impale the enemy. At every possible point machine-guns are placed to annihilate any approaching foe, and searchlights can be turned on to discover attempts at night attack.

Away behind these lines of trenches are other similar lines, so that if the first series should be taken there is still a strong barrier against any real advance. Some distance behind these are the gun positions. The artillerymen have some of the dreariest work of the war. Day by day they shell the invisible enemy. Many of them have never seen a German, save as a prisoner. Every now and then one of the enemy's shells kills or wounds one or more of the gunners. Now a hostile aeroplane drops a bomb near them. Behind these trenches and gun positions there are considerable forces of troops who can be brought up whenever necessary. Infantry go to the trenches for forty-eight hours at a time—forty-eight hours mostly of monotonous waiting, usually in deep mud, sometimes in deep pools of water. Our men never know when the enemy will creep along the few hundred yards between either side and attempt to storm our position. The enemy never know when we will make a similar attempt.

What May Happen

It is not impossible to capture trenches such as these. I myself have seen, notably in the Battle of Liaoyang, position after position, prepared in just such fashion, stormed and taken—needless to say, at very heavy cost of life. But in former wars the capture of such trenches was done to turn the enemy's flank or drive in his centre and force his retreat. Here neither side can turn the flank of the other, for there is no flank, nor can it storm simultaneously hundreds of miles of trenches. When one side captures a particular point it usually finds that it has only secured a position which is commanded to the right and left by the enemy and which is untenable.

Two main possibilities are open to us. The one is to force a tremendous wedge into Belgium or the Luxemburg by concentrating our forces there and driving forward regardless of cost. The second plan is to use the guns of our Fleet to drive the enemy from the Belgian coast and to attempt a landing in force there. One of these, or possibly the two, is almost certain to be tried as soon as spring weather makes active campaigning possible. If a wedge were driven in towards Ghent the Germans would automatically be forced to retire from their positions on the coast, or they would be surrounded and captured.

The Canadian Troops

Princess Patricia's Regiment, the advance guard of the Canadian forces, went into the trenches on Saturday, January 9th, and Captain Newton, a very popular young Etonian, was killed there. This marks the entry of the Canadian troops into active war. The first contingent—thirty-two thousand men—are still, at the time of writing, on Salisbury Plain, and they do not seem likely to leave for the front so soon as was first expected. They have been severely tried by the exposed position of their camps and by their life under canvas amid the wettest weather England has known for a century.

Canada is raising two more contingents, and before the summer is out will have close on a hundred thousand men at the front. The combined forces of the Dominions and of India on the Continent will number fully four hundred thousand. The Canadians do not show at their best in camp here. They are splendid fellows, husky, vigorous, and full of initiative and intelligence. But their weakness, from a military point of view, has been their unwillingness to submit to discipline. This will soon be remedied when they get into the fighting-line. I know many of the Canadians well, and, like everyone else who knows them, am sure that they will do magnificently when they get the chance.

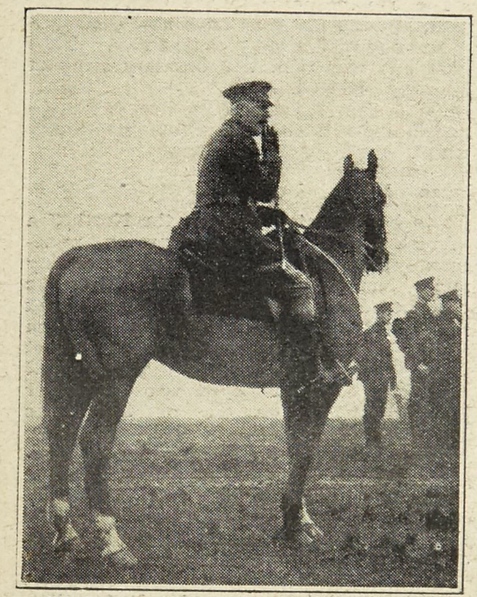
Rumania's Decision

It is now as certain as anything can be that Rumania will join the Allies and will attempt an early invasion of Transylvania. Her military preparations have been very carefully made. She is the strongest, richest, and most stable of the Balkan States. Her action greatly adds to the dangers of Austria-Hungary—a country already in a difficult enough position. Hungary herself will soon find foreign armies within her borders. She cannot hope to hold Transylvania against the determined attacks of Russia and Rumania combined, and once Transylvania is captured, the heart of Hungary lies open. In Russian Poland everything continues to go very well. Baron von Hindenburg's great army has struck its great blows and failed to effect its purpose. It is suffering heavily from the bitter cold of the Polish winter. It has lost enormously in its attacks, and while it has gained some ground it has not weakened the essential defensive position or lessened the confidence of the Russians.

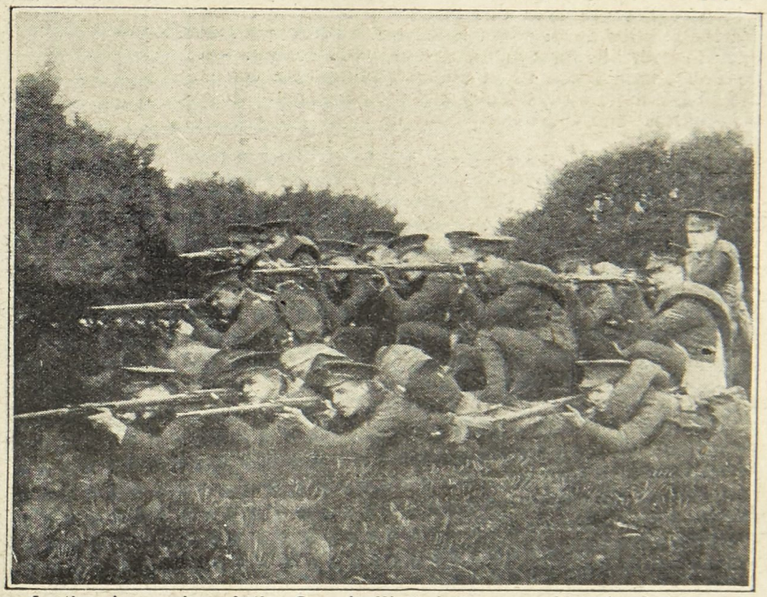
Princess Patricia's Light Infantry, the first Canadian regiment to go to the front, seen on the march during recent manœuvres.

Queen's Westminsters Getting Fit for the Front

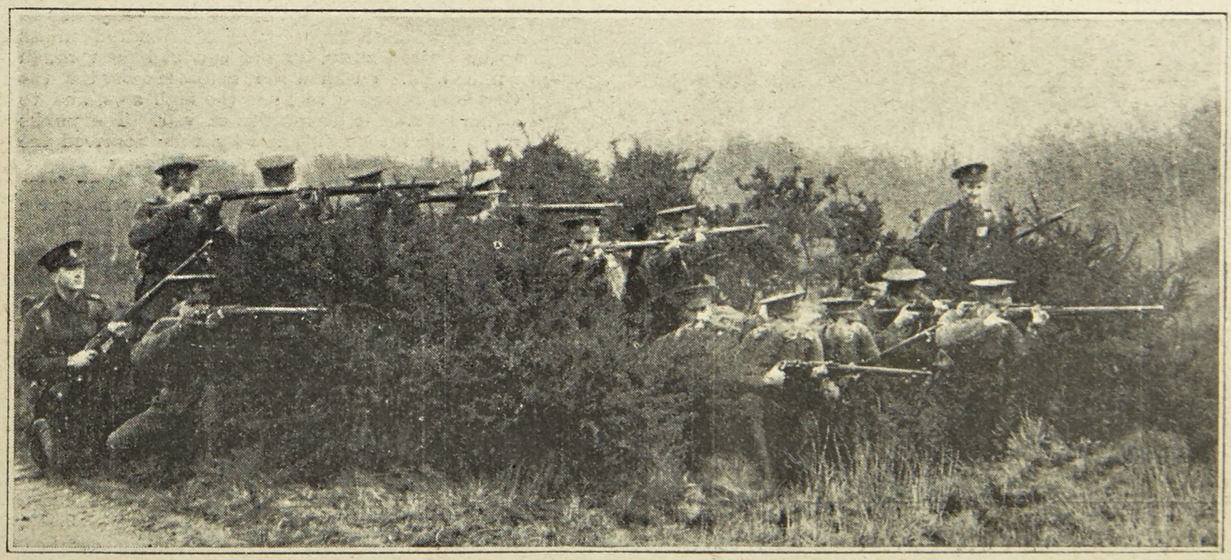
Members of the 2nd Battalion Queen's Westminsters at rifle practice in preparation for their forthcoming departure to the front.



Col. Gordon Clark is working strenuously to get the second battalion of this famous territorial regiment ready for the fighting-line.



Another impression of the Queen's Westminsters searching for bull's-eyes. Skill in marksmanship is, after all, a deciding factor of war, and in this respect the Allies have certainly proved themselves superior to the enemy.



The new British armies which will be off to the front in the course of a few weeks are being well trained in the art of cover shooting, neglected by the Kaiser's legions before the war with such disastrous results. Thanks to the skill of the officers and enthusiasm of the men, the 2nd Battalion Queen's Westminster Rifles is nearly fit to take its place, with the 1st, in the firing-line.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N.

THERE are certain facts presented by the war which teach us more than any dissertation about naval power. Last week we saw how it enabled us to use all sorts of old ships, while Germany can only, in favourable circumstances, venture her best fighting craft. At the moment there are in hiding four fast raiders, two of them cruisers and two armed merchantmen. With the exception of the more or less invisible submarines, everything else is under the protection of fortified and mined harbours, the entrances of which have been made so tortuous that there is grave risk of danger to friend as well as foe. From them the fastest ships venture out like frightened rabbits to scurry back on the mere threat of a superior force.

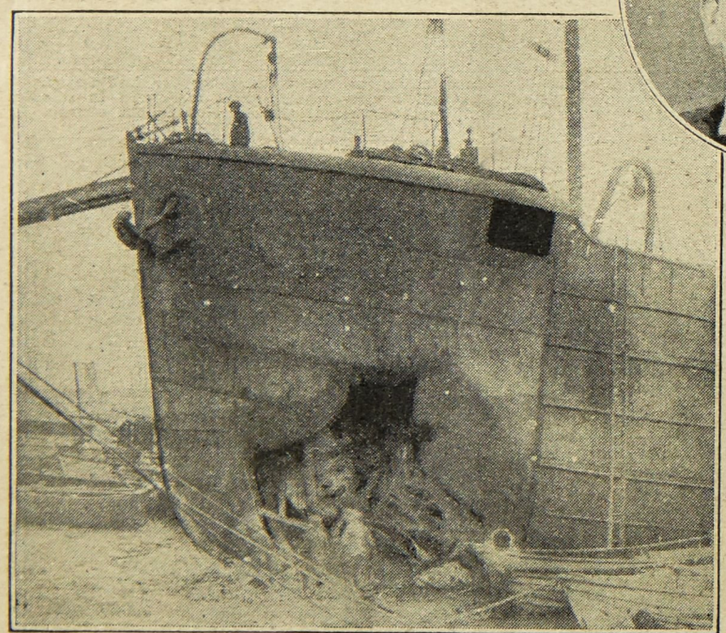
Value of Fortifications to a Weak Fleet

Thus we have an illustration of Palmerston's doctrine that the history of fortifications shows that they enable an inferior fleet to hold out against a superior enemy. Thus the inferior naval power is driven to divert men and money to immobile forts and garrisons, while Britain—and here Palmerston failed us in understanding—can concentrate all the more on her Navy and mobile Army. So we see the strong and the weak pursue different policies, and both are right.

We have said that the open sea, unlike the land, where every inch may be disputed, will serve only one master. Where there is fighting the results are decisive, except where one side uses the advantage of speed to avoid action—*e.g.*, the Karlsruhe escaped from the Bristol, and the Goeben fled from the Russian Black Sea Squadron.

Why the German Navy Hides Itself

If the German Fleet would come out, the result would be decisive, and we would be free to land some of our five new armies in Schleswig, to seize an island on the German coast as a base, and to bombard where we liked without any further consideration of saving our ships for any other event than the interference of a powerful neutral. For this reason it does not suit Germany to allow us to bring about decisive results. Germany is faced with a similar situation in regard to Russia in the Baltic. If now it proves true that the entire modern Navy was concentrated last week at Wilhelmshaven and Cuxhaven, it is because Von Tirpitz and Prince Henry of Prussia have advised the Kaiser that the mines and ice will take care of the Russian battleships. The Kiel Canal is not a healthy place for the crews, and the Brunsbuttel locks at the entrance are not invulnerable. It is therefore best to concentrate. To the German mind the air raid on Cuxhaven appeals, not so much because of the concrete damage, as for the secrets it disclosed concerning their naval strength and the power of interference with military enterprises.



An impression of the damage done to a North Sea steamer by the explosion of a mine. Fortunately it was possible to beach the ship, to save her from foundering. The black mark of the censor obliterates her name. Inset: A member of the crew of a mine-sweeper wearing the new hat-ribbon, issued by the Admiralty, with which he is evidently pleased.

Events in the Black Sea

The Goeben has again run away from the Russian squadron, and been damaged by a mine, putting her out of action for some months. Russia is now free to carry out amphibious operations, such as the sending of troops and stores by sea. The Turkish force in the Caucasus was largely sent by sea, but the Russians have now destroyed many transports, and no supplies will pass that way. Thus the victory Russia has won with her ordinary army of observation will be consolidated.

The fast German cruiser Breslau (the Goeben's companion since the beginning of the war) has also been seriously damaged by gun fire.

The Effectiveness of Mine-Laying

That we ought to have hunted through the North Sea prior to the outbreak of war, in order to prevent mine-laying, is now generally admitted. A large mine-layer can lay four hundred mines, and do untold mischief. After the outbreak of war we loosed our hounds. The Amphion sank the mine-layer Koenigin Luise at noon on August 4th, but she herself perished two days later on one of the mines already laid. Recently, the Petrograd correspondent of the "Morning Post" tells us, the Russians blew up a whole shipload of mines in a German mine-layer. The difficulty of a relentless hunt now is the fact that, for each ship that might have been sunk, there are always from one hundred to four hundred mines to be cleared away, for one cannot hunt through a mine-field. We knew long before the war that the Germans intended to mine the high seas, and to strike before the declaration of war. The public must ask the politicians why they deprived the Navy of its initiative in those fateful days.

It will be remembered that on returning from the first raid on our East Coast on November 4th the Germans lost a modern armoured cruiser, the Yorck, in their mine-field by Wilhelmshaven. The correspondent from whom I have quoted now states that the Von der Tann, one of her great cruiser-battleships, collided with the light cruiser Frauenlob, and is incapacitated for a considerable period. It will be remembered that this vessel was one of the five cruiser-battleships that took part in the raid on Hartlepool and Scarborough, and it must have been on the return journey that the light cruiser ran into her. Returning to intricate channels, the Goeben and Yorck immolate themselves in mine-fields, and the Von der Tann and Frauenlob run into each other. There is nothing discreditable in this. It merely means that the sea claims a constant wooer

Indian Heroes from Trench to Breezy Brighton

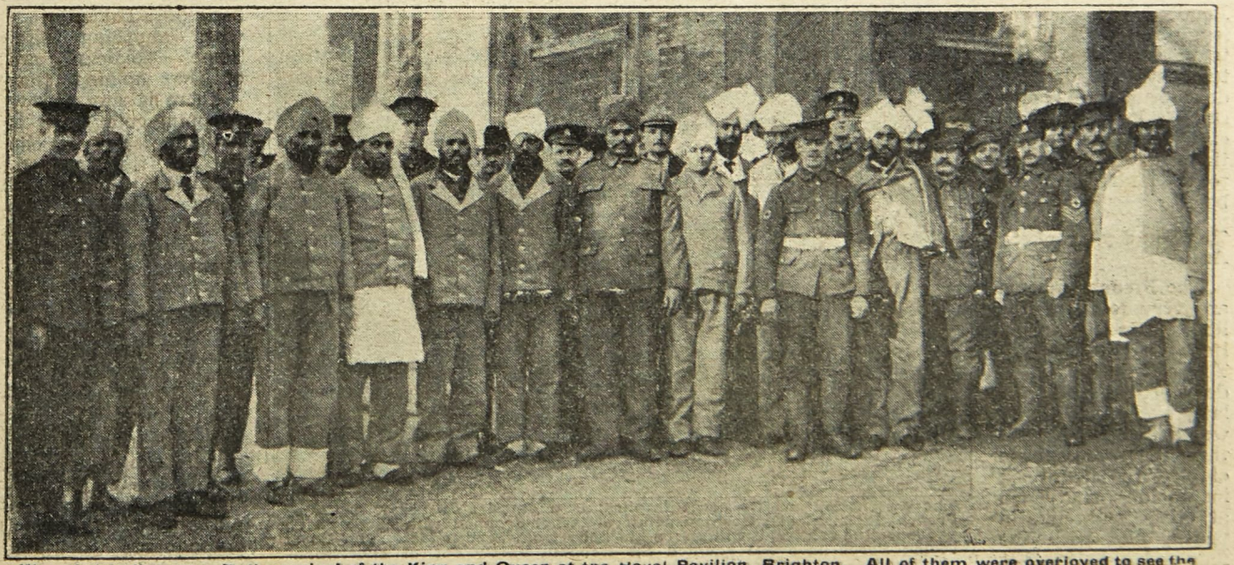
WHEN the history of Armageddon is written for posterity one of the most interesting chapters will concern the almost imbecile credulity of the German race. For years they have been misled by their rulers and professors. For years they have been taught to regard this war as essential to their preservation. The Crown Prince, who so enjoyed British hospitality in India, was convinced that the races would revolt on the outbreak of the European War. German agents in Egypt prophesied its secession. The whole Empire would, in fact, crumble at the bark of Prussia's war-dogs.

"We are fighting because the Raj desires us" was the remark of wounded Indians at Brighton to the King on the occasion of his recent visit. "We will die for our Emperor" was the general spirit. Another 130,000 Indians are already on the way to the battlefields of France. Could anything be more eloquent of the loyalty of India to the Mother Country, and the utter fatuity of German pre-war convictions?

One of the first photographs published showing the Indian soldiers in their trenches. They are seen defending a French frontier village.

Their Majesties the King and Queen leaving the Royal Pavilion, Brighton recently, after visiting the wounded Indians.

Types of Indians who have bled for the great British Raj. Several are wounded in the left hand through grabbing German bayonets.



Wounded Indians await the arrival of the King and Queen at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton. All of them were overjoyed to see the King-Emperor. "The smile of the Queen makes us well" they declared in Hindustani.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

APROPOS of bomb-dropping in general, I came across rather a quaint little incident the other day. Two officers had been arguing as to the accuracy and effectiveness of bomb-dropping generally, so they arranged a competition among themselves. The sceptic said that he would be the target while the other officer took up a chunk of wood in place of a bomb and hove it at him from a height of not less than 1,500 feet. If the pilot hit him with the chunk of wood, and he survived, he was to stand the pilot a drink, and if the pilot missed him by more than a certain distance the pilot paid for the refreshment.

Uncertainties of Bomb-dropping

The competition seemed so amusing that three or four other flying officers insisted on joining in with the target, and they won handsomely; though, be it said, the bomb-dropper was not one of the most experienced at the game. When one considers that this little gamble took place not very far behind the firing-line, one realises that the work of the Service flier is not altogether without its humours.

Incidentally, officers who have been on the ground when real bomb-dropping has been in progress, even men who are fliers themselves and know the difficulty of judging distance with a bomb exactly, tell me that when an aeroplane, obviously out on a bomb-dropping job, appears overhead, one has to exercise quite a great deal of will-power to prevent oneself from dodging about on the ground in the hope of escaping being hit by the bomb, which one cannot possibly see.

What to Do when Bombs are Falling

The only thing to do is to look all the way round and argue with oneself that the chances are thousands to one against the spot on which one is standing being hit, and that if one leaves it, one may equally well dodge on to the spot which is going to be hit. If one is in an open field, the danger is comparatively slight in any case, because on soft ground the bomb does not throw its pieces over any great area horizontally.

The big bombs used by the Zeppelin which attacked Antwerp were apparently ordinary naval shells of large calibre, fitted with a tail something like that of an arrow, to ensure their dropping on their noses, and of course these have an even greater effect than the heavy bombs used in the big French aeroplanes. Fortunately, however, they are so heavy that it is doubtful whether even the latest Zeppelins could carry more than between twenty or thirty of them; so that, although their effect where they do hit—if, for example, a few Zeppelins manage to get over London some calm, foggy night—is likely to be quite great, the total amount of damage done to a really big city cannot be important, except, of course, to the people who happen to be underneath the bomb.

The Deadly Steel Arrows

The French aviators are very fond of the little steel arrows, known as "flechettes." These have been described fairly often of late, but it may be as well to remind readers that they are pieces of steel rod about six inches long, sharpened at one end like a pencil, and with the four and a half inches or so at the other end machined out so that the whole thing has the section of a cross. That is to say, there is first of all the sharp point, then a short piece of rod the full size, and then this cross-shaped piece, which is, of course, very much lighter than the front end, and so acts just as do the feathers of an arrow. These things are packed in boxes of about five hundred, and the boxes are carried along the floor of the aeroplane with an opening so that the contents of the box can be dropped in a stream by simply pulling a string. Like bombs, they are liable to be deflected from their course by the air currents through which they pass, but they cover a considerably larger area than the ordinary small bombs, and as they are very seldom perfectly straight, they wriggle about and distribute themselves in the air, so that the five hundred would probably cover, very fairly distributed, a space of about fifty yards by ten, and when they do hit anything they are particularly deadly.

A friend of mine was at the military aerodrome at St. Cyr some little time ago when some of these arrows were being tested with an unfortunate cow as the enemy. About three arrows struck the cow, and went clean through her into the ground, after which the cow died somewhat suddenly.

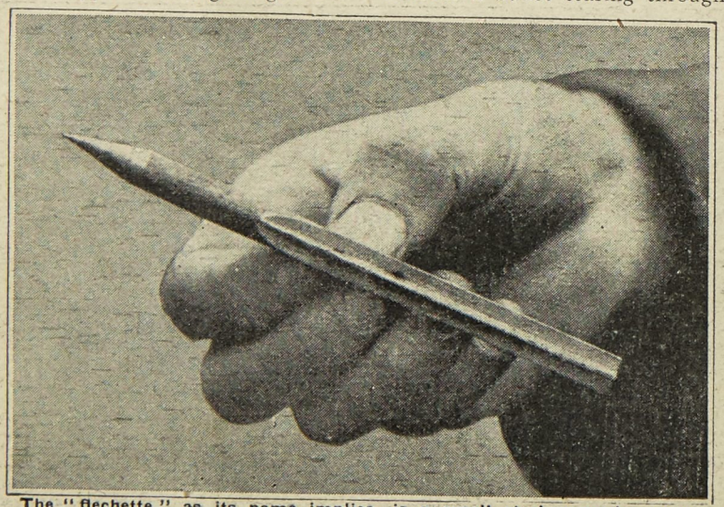
Our Aviators think Arrow-dropping "Dirty Work"

The Germans and Russians also use these arrows, but so far, the Royal Flying Corps has not done so, except experimentally, partly because some of the officers say that it is a dirty way of fighting, because the enemy cannot hear the things coming, and because they make such nasty wounds, and partly because some of the officers say that it is not possible to drop them with sufficient accuracy to make it worth while to risk losing an aeroplane and its pilot through the enemy's gun or rifle fire for the sake of the damage arrows are likely to do. Nevertheless, against cavalry or infantry in anything like close formation they certainly are effective, as the French have proved

"Flechette" versus Bullet Wounds.

In fact, one of the German surgical papers some time ago devoted a long article to the effect of these arrows on troops. If one hits a man on the head it will go through his helmet into his brain, and if it misses his head, and hits him on the shoulder, it will probably glance off the shoulder-blade and go right through his lungs, which means practically certain death, because, having passed through the lungs, it gets mixed up with other parts of the anatomy, whereas a bullet tearing through the lung from front to back does not interfere with anything else. Some soldiers are of the opinion that if there is any arrow-dropping going on it is actually safer to lie flat on the ground, because although one covers a greater area the arrow which does hit home will have less chance of going through several important organs, and may simply go straight through as a bullet does, without causing complications.

In view of the uncertainty of hitting a mark with the much larger missile, the bomb, it is hardly likely that the "flechette" will prove a weapon of any serious consequence in the war.

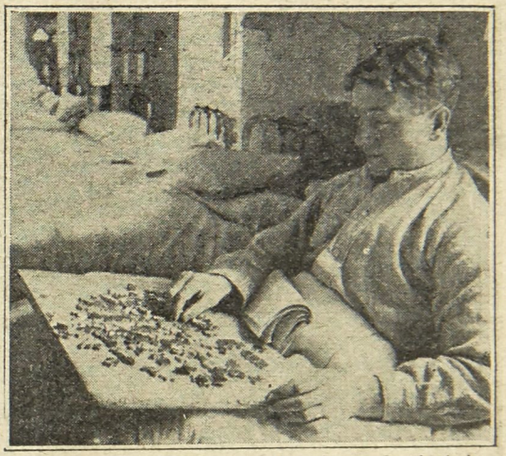


The "flechette," as its name implies, is a small steel arrow in use by French, Russian, and German aviators. When dropped from above on an unsuspecting soldier, it will pierce his body from head to foot. The Royal Flying Corps have not adopted the weapon, partly out of sportsman-like feeling, and because the chances of hitting a mark are remote.

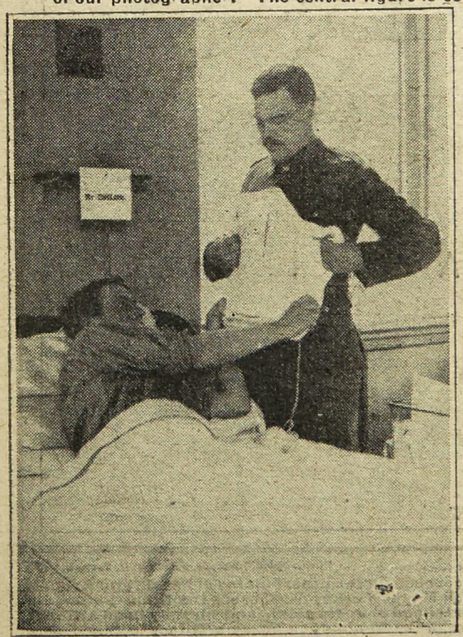
Harmless Diversions of our Wounded Warriors

Humours of caricature after the horrors of war. Wounded soldier at the Manchester Military Hospital draws his friends on the blackboard, and apparently the "All Highest War Lord" himself, who is represented as some sort of animal with an Iron Cross.

A comb-and-paper quartette of wounded soldiers give a selection from their repertoire at the Princess Christian Convalescent Home, Bisley, for the benefit of our photographer. The central figure is conducting with a crutch.



Almost as elusive as a German sniper. A private in convalescence at St. George's Hospital in tries to get the better of a jig-saw puzzle.



Lance-Corporal F. Russen, Queen's West Surreys, measuring a sweater, knitted by himself, on one of his comrades in St. George's Hospital.

A popular game on the way back to England. British wounded soldiers take a hand at nap on board ship. The player on the extreme right has produced the ace at the psychological moment.

Sketch Map of Area of Turkish Activities

Copyright:

"Geographia," Ltd., 55, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

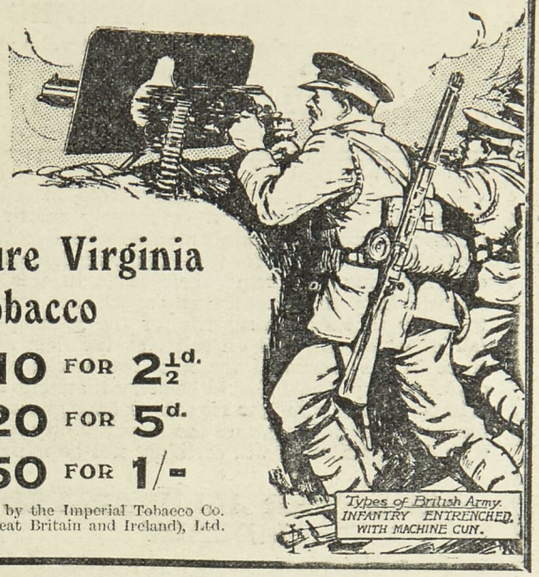
While there is a temporary deadlock in France, Flanders, and East Prussia, owing to weather conditions the Turkish area of hostilities becomes increasingly absorbing. A glance at the map tends to show the enormous difficulties of the task set the Turks by their "infidel" masters, the Prussians. When the Ottoman is not being annihilated by the Slav in the frosty Caucasus he is scorched on the desert plains of Persia and Arabia. In order to attack Egypt Turkey must cross the Sinai Peninsula from the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, and already in an attempt she has been compelled to abandon heavy artillery in this desert waste. The Turkish minor success at Tabriz is not likely to improve the general low spirits of the badly-led Ottoman troops.

PLAYER'S

COUNTRY LIFE

CIGARETTES

(MEDIUM STRENGTH)



Types of British Army.
INFANTRY ENTRENCHED WITH MACHINE GUN.

Pure Virginia Tobacco

10 FOR 2½d.
20 FOR 5d.
50 FOR 1/-

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR.

(For our Diary of Events in the Great War prior to January 8th. see previous issues of "The War Illustrated.")

JAN. 8.—Lord Haldane stated that it was duty of every subject to assist in repelling invasion, and in national emergency country might find it necessary to resort to compulsory service.

JAN. 9.—Field-Marshal Lord Methuen appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta, in succession to General Sir Leslie Rundle.

French Government Commission into acts of violence committed by German troops in France published, constituting horrible and appalling indictment.

Reported that large Turkish transport sunk on Jan. 2 by mine at entrance to Bosphorus, and on Jan. 5 second transport sunk in Black Sea.

JAN. 10.— Sixteen aeroplanes make attempt to cross English Channel, but return without reaching England. Later in day drop bombs on Dunkirk, killing a number of civilians.

JAN 11.—French successes won near Soissons and Perthes maintained in spite of German counter-attacks. Burnhaupt-le-Haut re-occupied by enemy.

In Caucasus Turks assuming vigorous offensive in neighbourhood of Karaugan to cover retreat of Tenth Army Corps.

JAN. 12.—French reported to be gaining valuable ground in neighbourhood of Soissons.

Sir Edward Grey's reply to United States Note on subject of contraband favourably received in America.

JAN. 13.—Indian Viceroy, in speech at Delhi, stated that India has despatched, or is despatching, nearly 200,000 men to fight overseas.

French official report speaks of fresh sections of trenches captured by Allies, and near Perthes the redoubt north of Beauséjour Farm scene of a desperate struggle.

German efforts to effect passage of River Rawka, in Poland, driven back.

JAN. 14.—Tabriz, capital of Persian province of Azerbaijan, occupied by a Turkish force.

Resignation of Count Berchtold, Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs. Succeeded by Baron Stephen Burian.

Great activity in western area. French report loss of eastern side of spur of Hill 132, north-east of Soissons. The fierce German attack under General von Kluck near Soissons response to successes achieved by French in this quarter last week.

FAMOUS LOVE PICTURE ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Nothing to Buy. Nothing to Sell.
No Competition to Enter.

FREE TO EVERY READER OF THIS PAPER.

From to day everyone sending the Presentation Coupon at the foot of this announcement will have forwarded a copy of the beautiful Engraving roughly illustrated below. Every Engraving presented is guaranteed by the OXFORD FINE ART GALLERIES—a firm established over 33 years ago and enjoying Royal Patronage—to be printed *by hand*, by British labour, direct from the engraved plate, on fine quality plate paper measuring 22 in. by 18 in.

Some idea of the value of this unique free gift may be obtained from the fact that the Artist's Proofs (all of which have now been disposed of) were sold at 3 guineas each, and the ordinary India prints at 1 guinea each

The famous Royal Academy Picture, "Two Strings to Her Bow," by C. Haigh Wood, magnificent Engravings of which are now offered free (see Coupon below).

Probably no other picture of its kind, except perhaps its companion picture, "To Be or Not to Be," has ever exercised such a fascination in every home circle.

It portrays a scene from which there can be no escape so long as the World lasts and young and lovely woman rules.

Love, Hope, Passion, Jealousy, Despair—all these conflicting human emotions are depicted in the men's faces, in striking contrast to the perfect calm and guileless innocence of their fair inspirer. For the first time an Engraving of this exquisite Royal Academy Picture is now offered free, as a sample of the Oxford Fine Art Galleries' famous reproductions, to introduce the catalogue of superb pictures which they are now supplying to art lovers all over the world.

By sending the coupon below (together with 6d. for box and postage), you place yourself under no obligation to buy frames or pictures or anything else. The gift is absolutely free and *unconditional*—if the unrivalled beauty of this splendid Engraving kindles in you a desire to buy from the catalogue, so much the better for the Oxford Fine Art Galleries; if not, the matter ends with your free gift.

Further, if you do not think the free picture one of the most beautiful hand reproductions you have ever seen you can return it, and your cost of postage *both ways* will be willingly refunded by the Oxford Fine Art Galleries.

As every Engraving is printed by hand, the output per day is necessarily limited; therefore, fill in the coupon at once, and send off to-day to avoid delay in delivery.

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Under Royal Patronage. Established 33 years. Tel. 3727 Mayfair.

I accept your offer of a free Engraving of C. Haigh Wood's famous Royal Academy Picture, "Two Strings to Her Bow," and request that the Engraving and Illustrated Catalogue be sent to me, carefully packed and carriage paid. I enclose Registration Fee of 6d. (P.O. or stamps) to cover cost of box and carriage per Parcel Post.

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Unrivalled Picture-record of the War

The War Illustrated 2d weekly

Edited by J. A. Hammerton

EDITORIAL

THE article on "The German Gospel and its Apostle" which I print this week is well worth careful perusal. I do not think I have yet seen the whole pernicious teaching of the notorious Treitschke put so clearly in such brief compass. Mr. McCabe the author is a scholar of unique attainments. He was a brilliant student of Louvain University, and attained distinction as a Catholic priest, but eventually broke away from the Church and embarked on a remarkable career as an author and lecturer. His knowledge of German literature, history, and philosophy is unrivalled.

* * *

THE SECRET OF OUR SUCCESS

SOMETIMES I wonder if my readers realise the extraordinary pictorial value which THE WAR ILLUSTRATED provides week by week. I am quite certain that very few of them would be inclined to believe me if I were to state exactly how much money it costs me every week to secure so large a number of copyright photographs and original drawings by war artists of repute.

For the first time in the history of British journalism a weekly periodical at the modest price of 2d. is providing its readers with as many—nay, more illustrations than they will find in any sixpenny pictorial, and of the same high quality. And they are printed with a finish that almost challenges comparison with a sixpenny art journal.

This is something of a phenomenon in popular journalism, and, needless to say, the extraordinary success of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is merely a generous appreciation of bold enterprise in providing the "popular" public with a class of periodical that has hitherto been reserved for a more limited audience.

* * *

MY EDITORIAL POLICY

THE new weekly features initiated in my last issue have met with a very cordial reception, and the further contributions from my war experts in the current number are packed with most interesting information. The ideal which each of these writers has steadily before him in preparing his contribution is to charge his article with the maximum of information that can be compressed within the space allotted him. Mere word-spinning for the sake of space-filling has been sternly ruled out in my editorial policy from the first number onwards, so that THE WAR ILLUSTRATED week by week presents in almost tabloid form the essence of the war news, while no picture that was not intrinsically interesting has ever found a place within its pages.

Unlike most pictorial weeklies, also, THE WAR ILLUSTRATED seeks to present in each group of photographs the pictorial expression of some concrete idea. Its pages are no mere fortuitous jumble of illustrations, but each treats of a definite theme, the camera being thus made as nearly as possible to play the part of the narrator.

These are some of the reasons why the subscribers to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED find themselves in the fortunate position of having, not merely enjoyed week by week the perusal of the most vividly interesting budget of topical war pictures, but—if they have been careful to preserve their copies—of possessing a periodical that is well worth permanent preservation, and which, bound in the handsome cases the publishers are providing for it, will be a source of endless interest in the future years.

* * *

ADVICE AS TO BINDING

WE are nearing the end of the first volume, and the binding cases will soon be on sale. The last number of the first volume will contain a **Complete Diary of the War** up to the date of issue, while a very attractive title-page and index, printed in photo-tone on superior paper, as well as a beautiful colour-plate of Admiral Jellicoe, will be presented with the binding cases, in order to make the first volume a completely satisfactory pictorial record of the first six months of the Great War.

But now is the time for those of my readers who are contemplating preserving their parts in this way, and who happen to have lost any of the back numbers, to apply to their newsagents for the missing parts (all of which are still on sale), as the demand for these in the course of the next few weeks will be extraordinary, and I should be sorry if anyone found it impossible to complete his set. I have given every reader ample warning, and the responsibility for any such disappointment will certainly not be mine.

* * *

"THE WAR ILLUSTRATED" LIBRARY

LET me introduce you to a new series of handy books dealing with subjects of interest arising out of the Great War, and issued by THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. The first two volumes are on sale everywhere from Friday of this week.

The Handy ABC of the War is the title of No. 1. It contains nearly 1,000 entries arranged in alphabetical order, affording ready reference to an immense variety of war topics—such as military terms, places, and personalities in the war, details of the British Army and Navy—as well as the armed forces of all the belligerent Powers, and the thousand and one questions which the newspaper reader so frequently finds it difficult to answer.

The little book, though published at the low price of 3d., provides vastly more information than any of the other works of similar kind, at prices from 1s. to 2s. 6d. Neatly bound in attractive coloured wrapper, and clearly printed, it will be found an invaluable companion to the daily newspaper.

Little Stories of the Great War is the title of the second volume of the series. It consists of a selection of the best letters written by soldiers and sailors descriptive of actual incidents in the war by land and sea, the whole arranged in chapters and carefully edited. This little book is also profusely illustrated, containing twenty full-page drawings by the famous war artists who have made the name of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED a household work throughout the British Empire.

It is incomparably the cheapest publication of the kind, and will be treasured by thousands of readers who have relatives at the front, many of whom have no doubt contributed to these pages. It is an ideal gift for sending to one's soldier friends.

The Editor

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.
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48. Registered as a newspaper, and registered for the Canadian Magazine Post. N

The War Illustrated, 30th January, 1915. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*

IMPORTANT ARTICLE on the Triumph of the Aeroplane in the War **By GRAHAME-WHITE**

The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly

Read. for Canadian Magazine Post.

The Modern Empire rallies in the shadow of the Ancient Sphinx

No. 24

An Artillery Officer's Letter

How His Section Appreciated "The War Illustrated" Smokes

The Editor has just received the following from an officer in the Artillery to whom a case of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED smokes was recently sent for his men.

"It gave me personally a heap of pleasure to have the packets and to dish them out to the men of my section, and I wish you and the people who send their contributions had some faint idea of how the men themselves appreciate these gifts. Unfortunately, the men themselves are poor hands at expressing thanks of any sort, and to people quite unknown to them especially. I made an emphatic point when distributing the 'baccy of impressing on the fellows that they should each send a word or two of thanks on the accompanying postcards. Over thirty of them came to me after, and pleaded that they simply didn't know how to write or what to say; so I wrote a line on each myself, saying 'Gunner So-and-so had asked me to send thanks and happy New Year,' etc., etc. And I'm glad to say (because I know how these cards are appreciated at home) that a very large proportion of the rest of the men have written a few lines on the cards (I see them all, of course, as I have to read and 'censor' all my section men's correspondence), and have posted them."

ALL FOR 6d.
1 Cake Dark Tobacco
1 Cake Bright Tobacco
10 Cigarettes.

This letter affords striking evidence of the appreciation with which both officers and men at the front regard the gifts of our readers. The contributions to our "Something-to-Smoke" Fund, we are glad to say, show signs of mounting up again. People are recovering from the "after-Christmas" period, during which it is notoriously difficult to open purse-strings, the heavy expenses of the festive season having set New Year thoughts in the direction of economy. But we must all make up our minds to do even better, for as the days pass by the number of men at the front is increasing enormously, and the more the men the more the smokes that will be required.

Last week some hints were given as to how our readers can use their collecting-cards effectively, and it is hoped that these hints are showing good results. Those who are collecting could not be spending their energies in a better cause.

We know there is nothing our soldiers appreciate so much as "Something-to-Smoke," and our readers know by now that the best way to provide them with "Something-to-Smoke" is from THE WAR ILLUSTRATED Fund. Every sixpence contributed to it means one-and-sixpence worth of tobacco and cigarettes to someone at the front. Send all postal orders and applications for collecting-cards to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED "Something-to-Smoke" Fund, The Fleetway House, Farringdon St. E.C.

Amounts Received during the Eighteenth Week of the Fund

Special Collections

Mr. D. G. Batson, £5; Miss F. Kent, £3 10s.; Mr. D. D. Roper Marshall, £3 8s.; Mrs. G. S. Taylor, £2 10s.; Mr. A. Kendrick, £2; Mr. Wm. Porter, £2; Miss J. Armowe, £1 18s. 6d.; Miss Rhodes, £1 16s.; Mr. F. Bland, £1 12s.; Mrs. T. Jones, £1 11s.; Miss Fisher, £1 10s.; Mrs. K. Millen, £1 8s. 6d.; Miss Woolgar, £1 6s. 4d.; Mr. H. Wilson, £1 4s. 6d.; Mr. W. I. Young, £1 2s. 10d.; Mr. H. E. Johnson, £1 1s. 7d.; Mrs. Coates, jun., £1 1s.; Mrs. and Mr. C. L. Badmin, £1 1s.; Mr. A. H. Clements, £1; Mrs. G. Hamilton, £1; Mrs. G. Malcolm, £1; Mrs. Astley Rotherham, £1; Mr. E. B. Mason, 18s. 3d.; Mr. S. Dore, 17s.; Miss L. Partridge, 16s. 6d.; Mr. H. W. Hust, 16s.; Messrs. J. H. and R. E. Davies, 14s. 4d.; Master R. Pattenden, 14s.; Miss L. Goldberg, 13s. 6d.; Miss D. H. Ellwood, 10s. 3d.; Mr. B. Stewart, 9s.; Miss R. Davis, 8s. 1d.; Mr. Reginald Hornaby, 7s.; Miss E. Knott, 8s.; Mr. W. H. Wadman, 7s. 3d.; Mr. H. Price, 7s. 1d.; Master J. Shipman, 6s. 3d.; Miss Eileen Grinshaw, 5s. 6d.; Mr. James Holloway, 5s. 2d.; Miss D. Vernon, 5s.; Mr. Jas. Pearce, 4s. 6d.; Miss A. Owen, 4s.; Mrs. A. Hassal, 3s.; Mr. F. W. Randall, 1s. 6d.; Scout Fitzpatrick, 2d.

Donations

1 Donation of £10=400 presents for soldiers.
Per Capt. H. Conningsby Gould (proceeds of boxing contest).

2 Donations of £5=400 presents for soldiers.
S. M. Cotton; collected by Dorothy Bird.

1 Donation of £3 0s. 9d.=121 presents for soldiers.
Mrs. W. H. Holliday (proceeds of entertainment at Martley).

1 Donation of £2 10s.=100 presents for soldiers.
Employees of Eckersley & Sons.

1 Donation of £1 12s. 6d.=65 presents for soldiers.
Per E. J. Jones (money raised by carol singing).

2 Donations of £1=80 presents for soldiers.
Miss Violet Le Jeune; "A Mother."

1 Donation of 12s. 6d.=25 presents for soldiers.
Per Mrs. F. Howard.

3 Donations of 10s.=60 presents for soldiers.
H. R. O. Flakerty; collected by Mrs. R. Cochran; Alan Thorman.

1 Donation of 9s.=18 presents for soldiers.
Collected by Mrs. M. McCallum.

1 Donation of 8s. 6d.=17 presents for soldiers.
Collected by E. M. Hendley.

3 Donations of 7s. 6d.=45 presents for soldiers.
Collected by Mrs. E. Johnson; E. R. and W. Horley; collected by Rev. R. A. Scott.

1 Donation of 6s.=12 presents for soldiers.
"Puss."

5 Donations of 5s.=50 presents for soldiers.
Per Marion Lockhart (five friends at Woolfords', Cobbinshaw); Miss Madge Jones; friends in Stanley, Perthshire; R. D. Campbell; Masters L. and G. Palmer.

1 Donation of 3s. 6d.=7 presents for soldiers.
Collected by Grace Martin.

4 Donations of 3s.=24 presents for soldiers.
Miss M. Rees; E. Francis; Mrs. Potter; Winifred Simmons.

9 Donations of 2s. 6d.=45 presents for soldiers.
Miss Oriel; B. Shaw; J. W. Dirnock; M. D.; Miss Booth; Miss L. Hodgson; Miss J. Sherman; Miss S. Strange; Miss M. Ferguson.

11 Donations of 2s.=44 presents for soldiers.
Per R. W. Marsden (Miss N. Wright 1s. 6d., and self 6d.); Cheah Cho Lay; No Name, of Oakamoor; Per Mrs. S. Bayley; Miss S. H. Greenwood; Miss Jackson; Annie H. Simpson; Robert Wood; Miss Janet Paton; A. H.; Miss Irene Balmont.

4 Donations of 1s. 6d.=12 presents for soldiers.
T. H. Hutchins; Chas. J. Meadows; George Riley; Miss Henley.

16 Donations of 1s.=32 presents for soldiers.
Jack Lucas; "Interested," Blackburn; Florence Hatfield; Miss D. Deane; Miss May Crawford; Miss Bath; No Name; Ida Muscatt; Miss E. A. Roads Merry; Miss G. Featherstone; Master W. J. Tremellen; Mrs. P. Beard; Isabella Ramsey; Susan Mollison; Miss L. Thomas; R. E. Hill.

21 Donations of 6d.=21 presents for soldiers.
Miss Mina Laird; Fanny Rose; W. E. David; Miss L. J., Sidcup; Miss Isa Dickinson; Elsie Manson; Master Alec Leslie Wells; Mrs. M. Gillford; Henry; Miss Ruth Hayle; Miss Dora Tremellen; Miss Moffatt; Phyllis; Miss Ada Stubbs; Miss Lilian Turner, Sidney West (aged 9); Miss Bertha Slade; Miss Marie Schromer; Emmie Mowbray (aged 8); Cecil Mowbray (aged 11); Miss Anna Entwistle.

THE WAR Illustrated

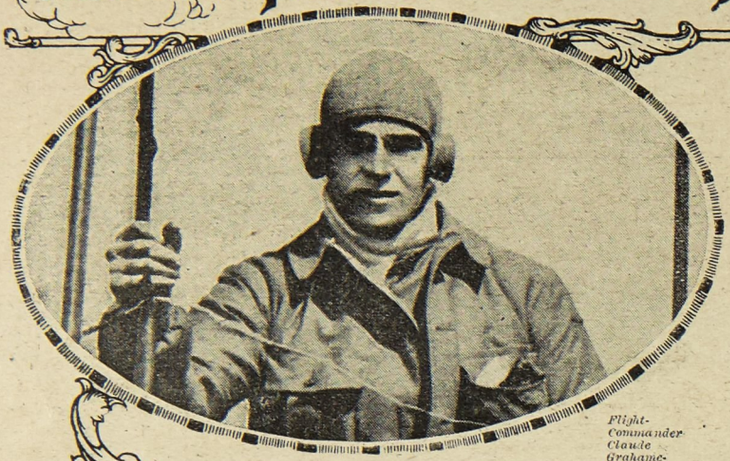
No. 24. Vol. 1.

A WEEKLY PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

For Week ending 30 January, 1915

A troop of British Lancers take timely and picturesque cover, somewhere in Northern France, from a bomb-dropping German aeroplane. A photograph exclusive to "The War Illustrated," taken by one of our special photographers with the Expeditionary Force.

Triumph of the Aeroplane in the War



Flight-Commander Claude Grahame-White.

Specially written for "The War Illustrated"
By
CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE
and
HARRY HARPER
Authors of "The Aeroplane in War"

MILITARY aeroplanes were, at the outbreak of the present war, efficient in two only of the five uses for which they are destined in future warfare. They were able, firstly, to act as scouts; and, secondly, to direct the fire of artillery; but there were no fighting, armoured aeroplanes worthy of the name, and no machines suitable for attacking successfully a strongly-fortified position, nor were there aircraft capable of the rapid transport of troops. From the point of view of a perfected aeroplane—of machines which should carry out all these tasks—the war has come five years too soon.

The scouting aeroplane, on which designers have concentrated their attention, is the most practical of flying craft. It has braved wind and fog, rain, and even snow, and has run the gauntlet of hostile gun fire. From the severest test, under most arduous conditions, it has emerged triumphant. It is possible for an aviator, using a high-speed machine, to reach an enemy's position that is three days' march away, observe the disposition of his forces, and then return to headquarters—all within a space of three hours. More than once, when rapidity in scouting has been essential, the aeroplane has done work of supreme importance.

The Aeroplane's Immense Value in Reconnaissance

The best instance occurred at Mons. Sir John French, hearing from General Joffre on the evening of August 23rd that the British position was threatened by three German army corps on its front, with another seeking to turn its flank, needed to confirm this news before dark, so that he might decide what should be done next day at dawn. Considerable distances had to be traversed in such a reconnaissance, and only an hour or so of daylight remained. No other instrument of war could, in the time, have done what the British aircraft did. A number of them flew out, each following a specified route, and in an hour, thanks to their speed and to the fact that no land obstructions caused them deviation or delay, they had collected news which it might have taken cavalry scouts a day to glean. The enemy were seen, their strength estimated; "the fog of war" was pierced and swept aside. And that night, in his headquarters, making ready for the coming day, Sir John French was able to plan our fighting retreat.

Aircraft enable a commander-in-chief to see, as Wellington always longed to see, what is occurring "on the other side of the hill." War ceases to be haphazard, with those who control it making fumbling moves, vaguely aware only of what an adversary is doing. As Major-General Henderson has said: "Throughout a campaign, where both sides are sufficiently equipped with aircraft, the game must be played with the cards on the table." Secrecy in operations, the striking of an unseen blow, becomes enormously difficult now there are these scouts in the air. And for this reason, as the war has shown, the use of aircraft has had a marked influence on strategy. They have rendered extraordinarily important the factors of time and distance. A commander-in-chief, if he hopes for success, must try to adapt the tactics of Napoleon, the originator of modern war, to these new conditions that prevail. He must aim at his enemy so swift and powerful a blow, at a point where this enemy's line is weakest, and least able to call up support, that even if the stroke is seen by the air scouts before it is struck, it possesses such rapidity, such irresistible force, that it will succeed in the face of detection.

Mathematics for Anti-Aircraft Gunners

Anti-aircraft artillery, semi-automatic in its action and throwing shells to a height greater than that at which an aviator will fly if he is to do practical work as a scout, has been used vigorously against the aeroplane. But the latter, thanks to its speed and manœuvring power and to the small target it offers, has rarely been hit, and its work is impeded by gun fire to no serious extent. One of the fastest single-seated scouts, when at its highest speed, will travel more than one hundred and seventy feet in a second; and as a shell may take two or three seconds to rise to the altitude at which a machine is flying, this means that, between the moment at which the gun is fired and the bursting of the shell at the height for which it is timed, the aeroplane that is the target may have travelled several hundred feet. This entails for the gunner an intricate calculation in which, basing his aim on an estimate of the speed of the aircraft, he points his weapon at the moment of discharge at some point in the air which may be eight or ten lengths in advance of the machine. And there is, in addition to calculating the speed of the aeroplane, the difficulty of estimating its height, which will change constantly as the pilot manœuvres his machine. It is not surprising, therefore, that while many aircraft run this gauntlet of fire, few are brought to the ground.

Aeroplane as Range-finder for Artillery

In directing long-range artillery, which may be bombarding some position its gunners cannot see, the aeroplane has succeeded beyond all hope. A pilot ascends, watched by the officers of the battery with which he is co-operating. He flies over the enemy, observing their positions. When he sees concealed trenches or hidden guns, which it would be impossible to detect save from his bird's-eye view, he drops a smoke-bomb, which marks the spot, whereupon the officers who are watching his flight, working out the range by means of a telemeter or some other sighting instrument, proceed to drop their shells just over the area that has been indicated. In one instance, which shows the accuracy that can be obtained, an aviator was passing above a village in the enemy's territory when he observed in the garden of a lonely cottage a gathering of figures, which, having regard to the military motor-cars he saw drawn up near by, suggested to him that this might be a meeting of the Headquarters Staff. Such, indeed, it was. The airman dropped his marking bomb. It was seen through their field-glasses by the artillery officers for whom he was range-finding, and who were lying among some bushes on a

hill-top, three miles away. Of course they could not see what the airman saw. They had to take it for granted that what he had observed below was worth expending ammunition upon. The range was worked out, and one of the guns which was standing on the hillside just below them, shielded by a screen of bushes, was trained so as to throw a shell at this target that was invisible. The gun roared, and the shell sped away with a whine that rose quickly to a shriek.

Accurate Aim at Unseen Target

Those in the garden of the cottage heard the shell coming towards them, rending the air with its harsh, grim note. It took them by surprise, because no bombardment was in progress in this corner of the battlefield. But there was no time to move to safety; there was, in fact, no shelter for which to run. The frail cottage, were it struck, would prove a death-trap. So the generals and their staff stood silent by the map-strewn table, waiting the arrival of this messenger of death. The shell swept down at them, struck, and burst; the earth splashed up in a fountain, and there arose an inky, sluggish cloud of smoke. But instead of landing in the garden, as it should have done, the shell dropped twenty-five yards too short. It tore a gap through the garden hedge, and dug a pit on the other side, besides covering the officers and their maps with a fine spray of mould. But for this trifling error of yards they were devoutly thankful; it was just enough to save their lives. Such shooting is wonderful, none the less. Remember that the gunners who fired could obtain no glimpse of their target. Yet at a distance of three miles, and at their first shot, they were so near their unseen target that they sprinkled it with earth by the bursting of their shell.

Of fighting aeroplanes, when the war began, there were a few craft which had been fitted with machine-guns; but these were experimental and slow-flying, and had technical defects. Yet there was aerial fighting, none the less. British and French aviators, triumphing over the limitations of their craft, attacked the German airmen with rifles and revolvers, making up in personal gallantry what they lacked in armament. Apart from the skill required to bring an adversary to combat in the air and impose your tactics on his, the courage of the airman needs to be exceptional. His machine, as he steers for his foe, is moving through the air at a very high speed; and to handle this craft, apart from any question of manœuvring for a conflict, requires much dexterity.

Rapid Manœuvring and Aerial Conflict

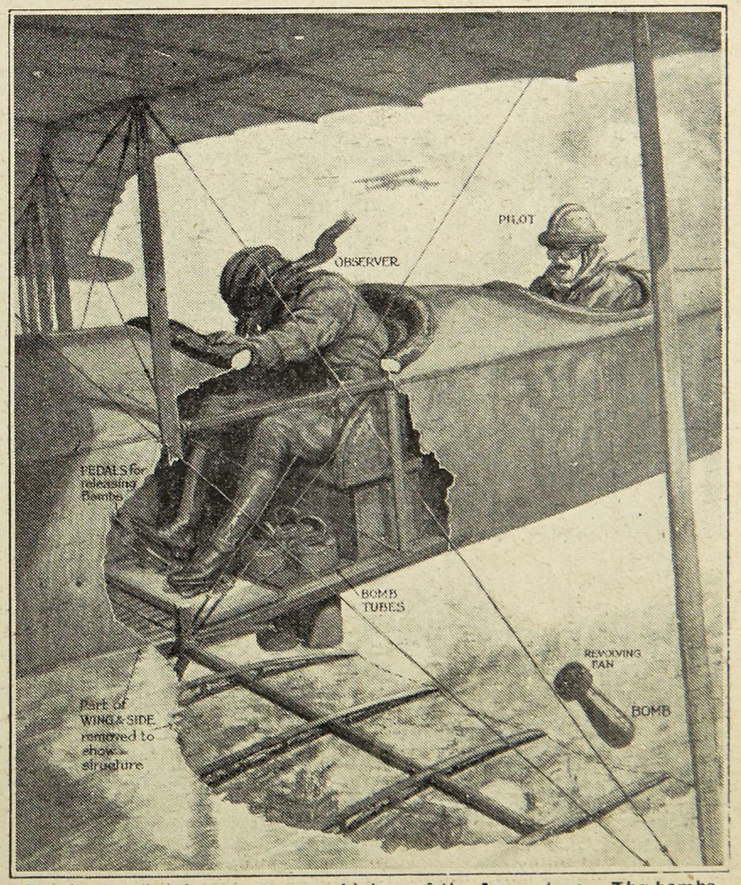
The evolutions of two machines as they draw together in combat are so rapid that an observer from the ground can scarcely follow them. The positions of the antagonists change constantly in regard to each other. A pilot is above his enemy's head one moment, then suddenly he may dive below him, and the next instant, by a turn at a critical moment, he may avoid a conflict and dart away. The difficulty of accurate firing is extreme. From a machine passing through the air at eighty or a hundred miles an hour the marksman has to aim at another craft which is also in rapid flight, and follows no given course or altitude, but is altering its position ceaselessly both as regards elevation and range. And in the airman's brain, though it may be sub-conscious, lies the thought that a shot from his enemy, if it strikes him or hits a vital part of his machine, may send him earthward in a fall which spells death, and from which there is no escape.

The bold tactics of the allied airmen, who forced a combat whenever possible, had a distinctly weakening effect on the German initiative. But, remembering this, and granting also the use, as the war progressed, of a more perfect type of gun-carrying craft, there was no chance of so interfering with the enemy that he lost the services of his flying scouts. It is the keynote of aerial strategy that, immediately war is declared, you should seek to bring your foe to combat, and so cripple him that, in subsequent stages of the campaign, his flying scouts may be beaten back when they attempt to penetrate your lines and observe your dispositions. In this way, while blindfolding your enemy, you are still able to see yourself. Your adversary will fight, so to say, in twilight, while you are in the light of day. But in this campaign, owing to a lack of machines, and through the inadequacy of weapons, none of the contending air corps have been able to inflict a crushing blow, and the result has been that both by the Germans and the Allies a constant use of aircraft has been possible.

Human Element and the Mechanical

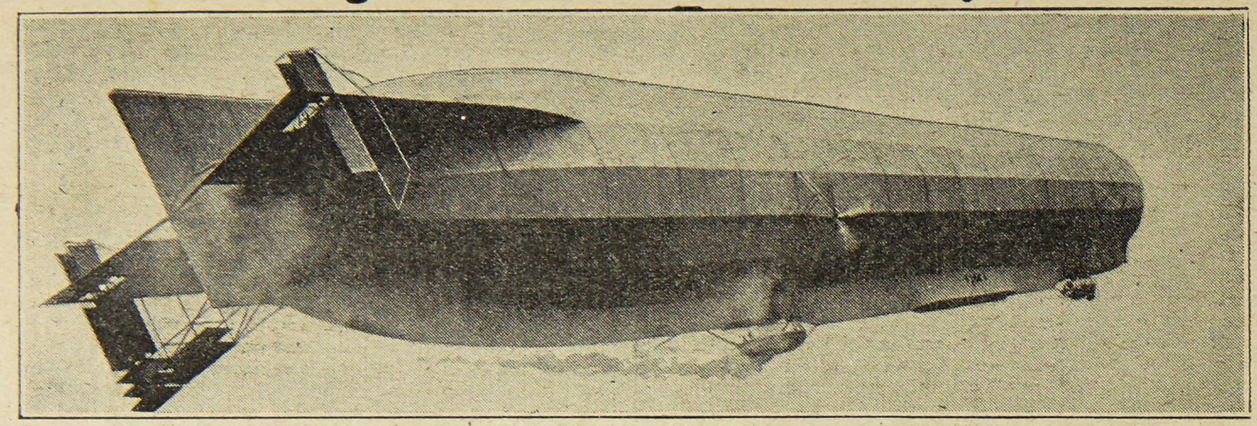
Surprising results have been obtained during the war by the use of aeroplanes in destructive raids. Airship stations have been attacked with conspicuous success; they offer large and vulnerable targets. Ammunition and supply depots have also been raided with effect; while in attacks on troops in bivouac, or on the march, which should be judged more by their demoralising influence than by the actual damage done, airmen have harassed the enemy and prevented them from resting, even when in camps behind the battle-front. But here again the triumph of the air corps has been more human than mechanical. By flying low and risking their lives every second, as did our naval airmen at Düsseldorf and Cuxhaven, the bomb-droppers have managed to hit the targets at which they aimed. Only in this way—by descending deliberately into the danger-zone, and launching their missiles from heights of a few hundred feet—could they have overcome the difficulties that exist in dropping bombs with accuracy from an aeroplane in flight.

But the aerial history of the war, when it is written, will show that it is as scouts and as range-finders for artillery that the flying corps have done their really vital work.



Bomb-dropping from a German biplane of the Arrow type. The bombs are carried in cylinders in front of the observer's seat and the pressure of a pedal releases one on its errand of destruction.

The Coming of the Aerial "Baby-killers"



The Zeppelins braved three hundred miles of the North Sea to do—this! The ruined house at St. Peter's Plain, Yarmouth, and its wounded owner, Mr. Ellis.

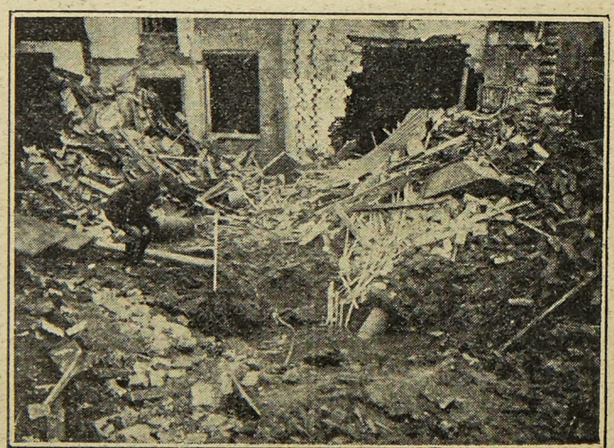
A thrill—not of horror nor dismay, but of disgust—went through all Britain, on the morning of January 20th, with the news that on the previous night, between the hours of eight o'clock and midnight, Yarmouth, King's Lynn, and two or three smaller towns in the north-east of Norfolk, had been visited by German airships and subjected to a cowardly bombardment.

The amount of damage done was small—no more than has happened often in a gas explosion—the loss of life slight; but the loathsome blood-mad fiends who could do this foul work and rejoice stirred every Briton's heart to sterner resolve to crush that degraded nation whose war methods are more savage than those of the lowest races known to anthropology.

Demented Germany is gloating over the proof that their Zeppelins can cross the North Sea and kill English children of four years old and English women of seventy. But British airmen, ten times more daring, have flown in daylight over long leagues of German soil and hovered over thickly-peopled German cities, and have dropped no bombs on civilians. Our Admiralty has warned Germany, however, that we can "take reprisals to any extent."

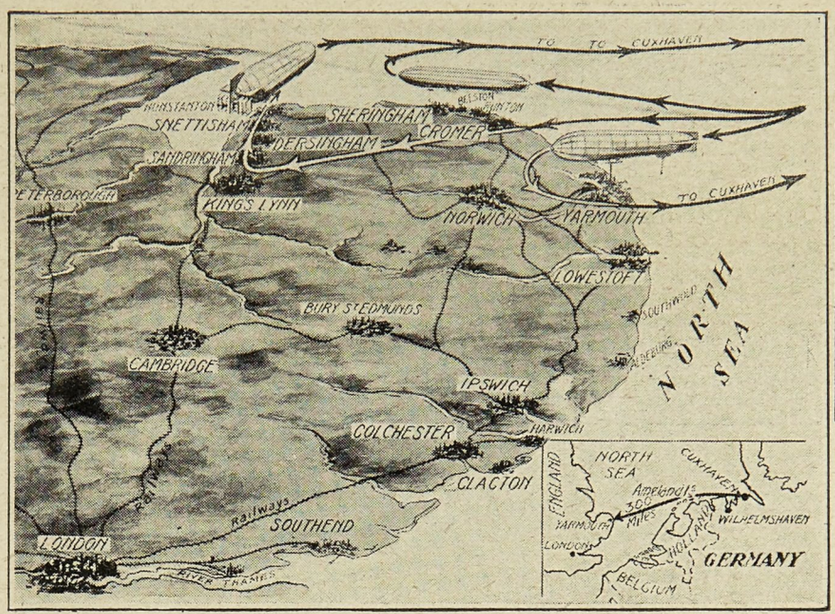
Workmen removing what was left whole of the furniture from the house of Mr. Ellis at Yarmouth.

Where the shoemaker Samuel Smith was killed. An impression of the wrecked houses in St. Peter's Plain, Yarmouth.

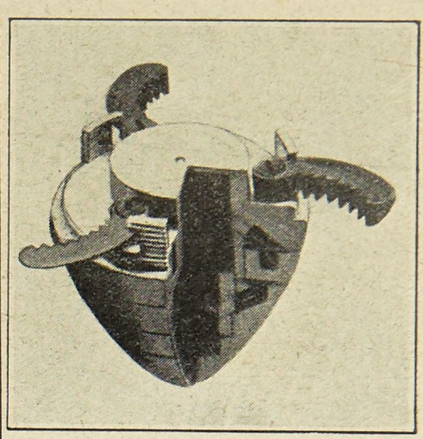


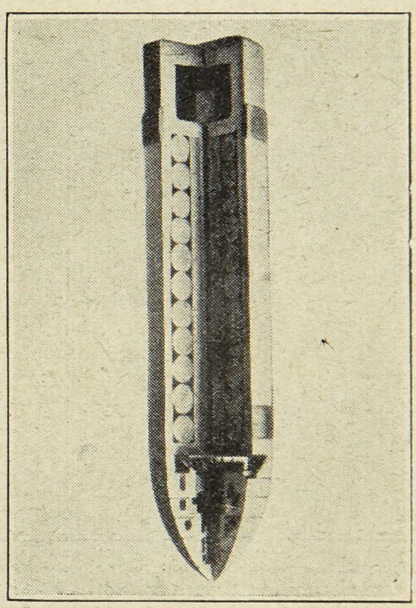
"'Twas a 'famous' victory!" Desolation in King's Lynn, over which the German nation has gone mad with joy.

Futile Zeppelin Savagery on Norfolk Coast

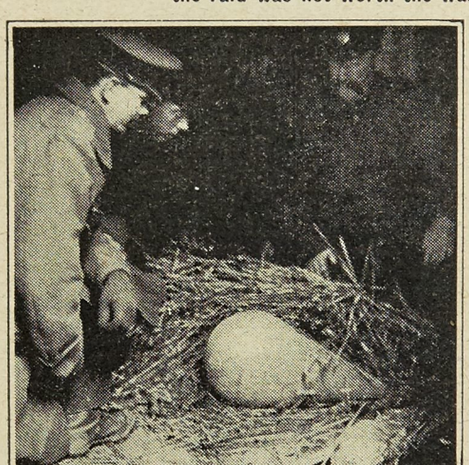


Diagrams showing relative positions of the attacked towns and probable route taken by the Zeppelins across the North Sea. Regarded from a military point of view, the raid was not worth the waste of petrol involved.

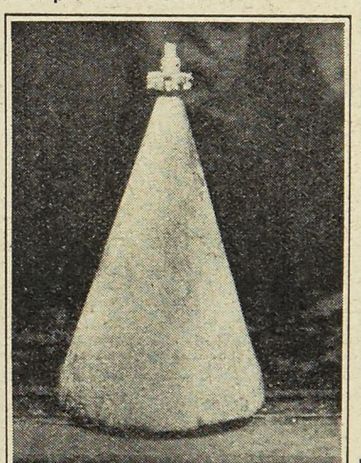




Two photographs illustrating the interior and nose-fuse of a grenade which is thrown or launched by tube from a Zeppelin.

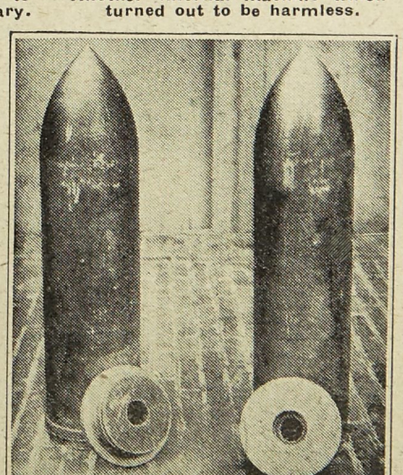


One of the Zeppelin bombs which failed to explode in Yarmouth, in charge of the military.



Another infernal machine which turned out to be harmless.

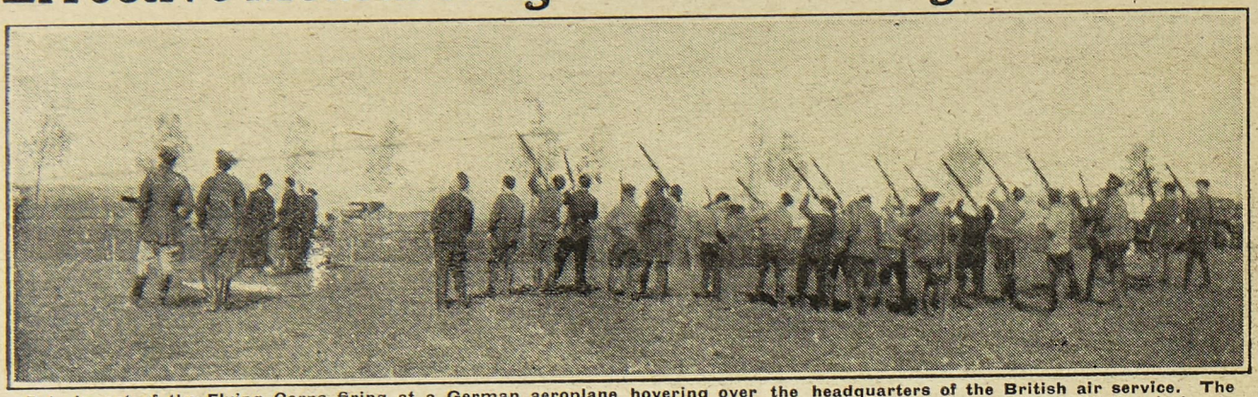
Mrs. Gazeley, killed by a Zeppelin bomb, and husband who died fighting at the front.



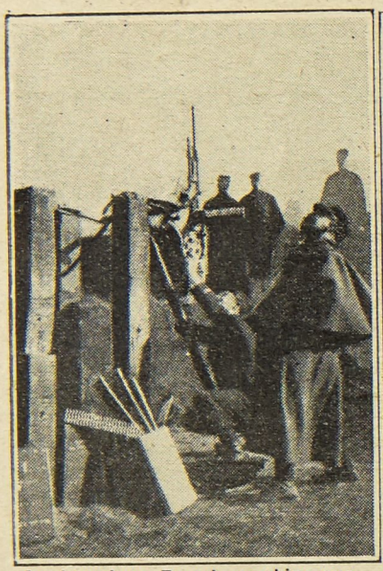
Emblems of Germany's war on non-combatants. Deadly Zeppelin shells.

King's Lynn inhabitant severely injured in the face by bomb fragment.

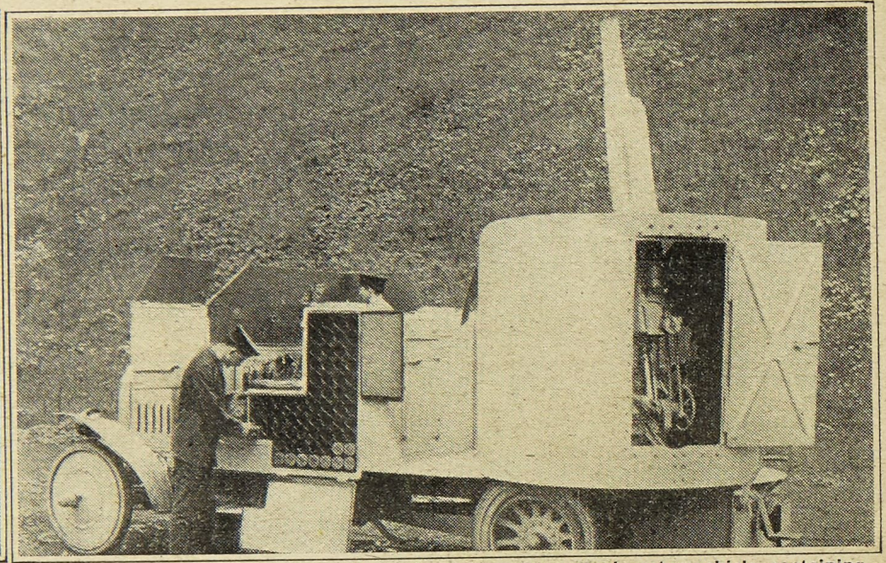
Effective Measures against Marauding Air-Hawks



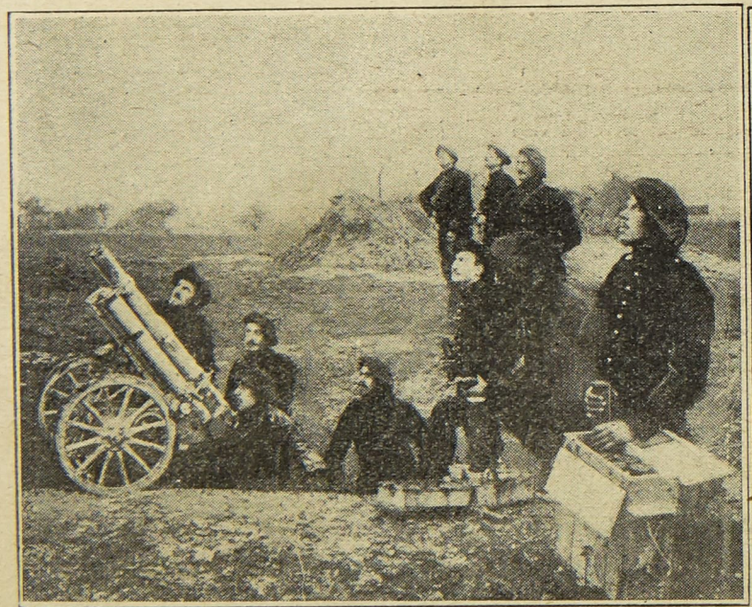
Detachment of the Flying Corps firing at a German aeroplane hovering over the headquarters of the British air service. The hostile scout was forced to retreat. A squad of riflemen is believed to be the most effective means of dealing with the air-hawk.



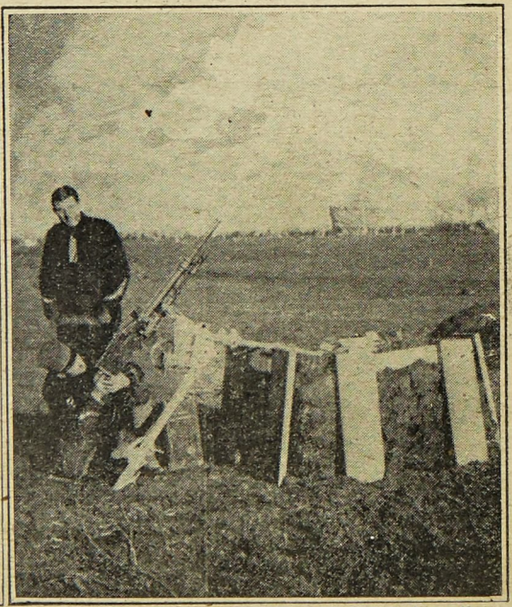
An ingenious French machine-gun which has been used with success against aircraft in Northern France.



One of the latest inventions of the Krupp factory—an armoured motor-vehicle containing ammunition cart and a high-angle gun for shooting explosive shells at aeroplanes and airships. The difficulty is to time the explosion against a swift flying machine.

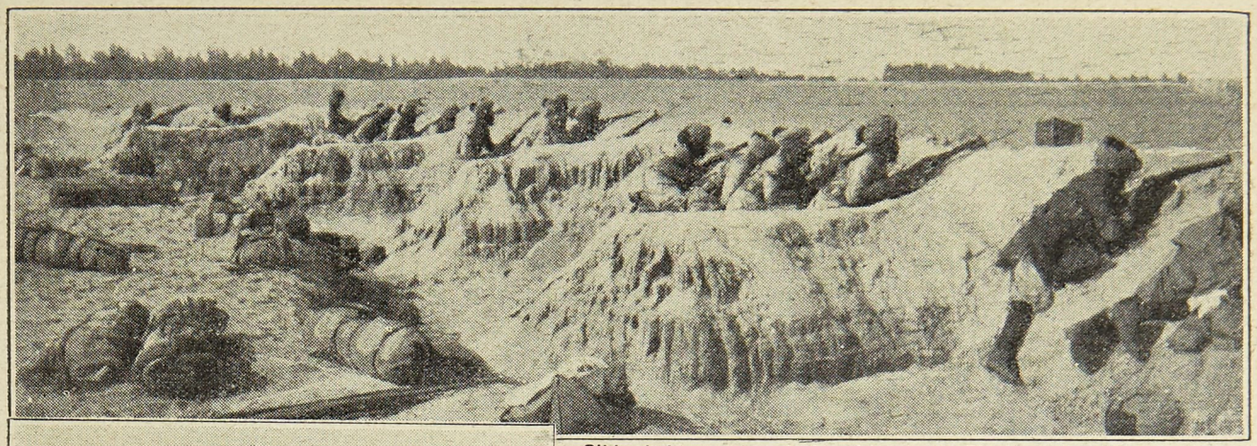


A bull's-eye or not? The "Jack Johnson" of anti-aircraft guns has just been fired by the noted Chasseurs Alpins in the Argonne district. This is a particularly deadly, if generally less mobile weapon.

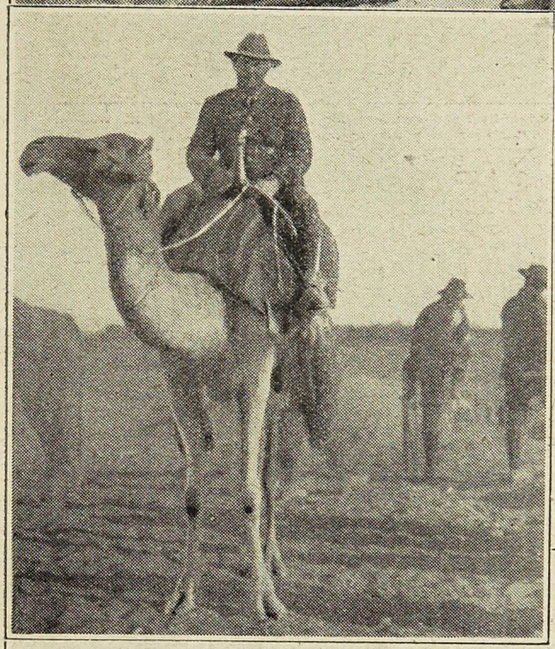


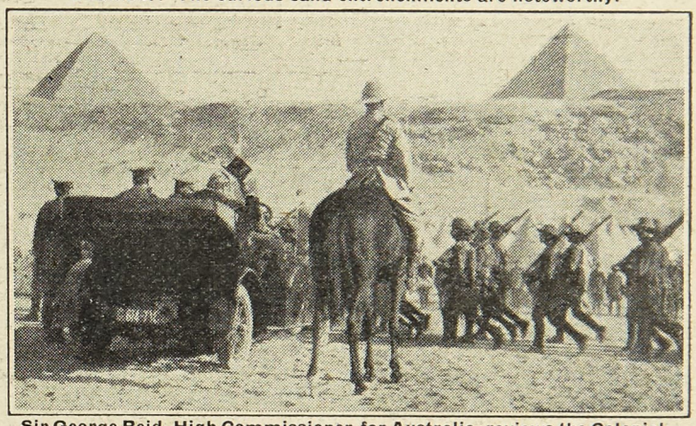
Another type of French anti-aircraft gun in action against a Taube which had been reconnoitring over the Allies' lines.

Egypt's Sphinx-like Calm at Turkish Threats

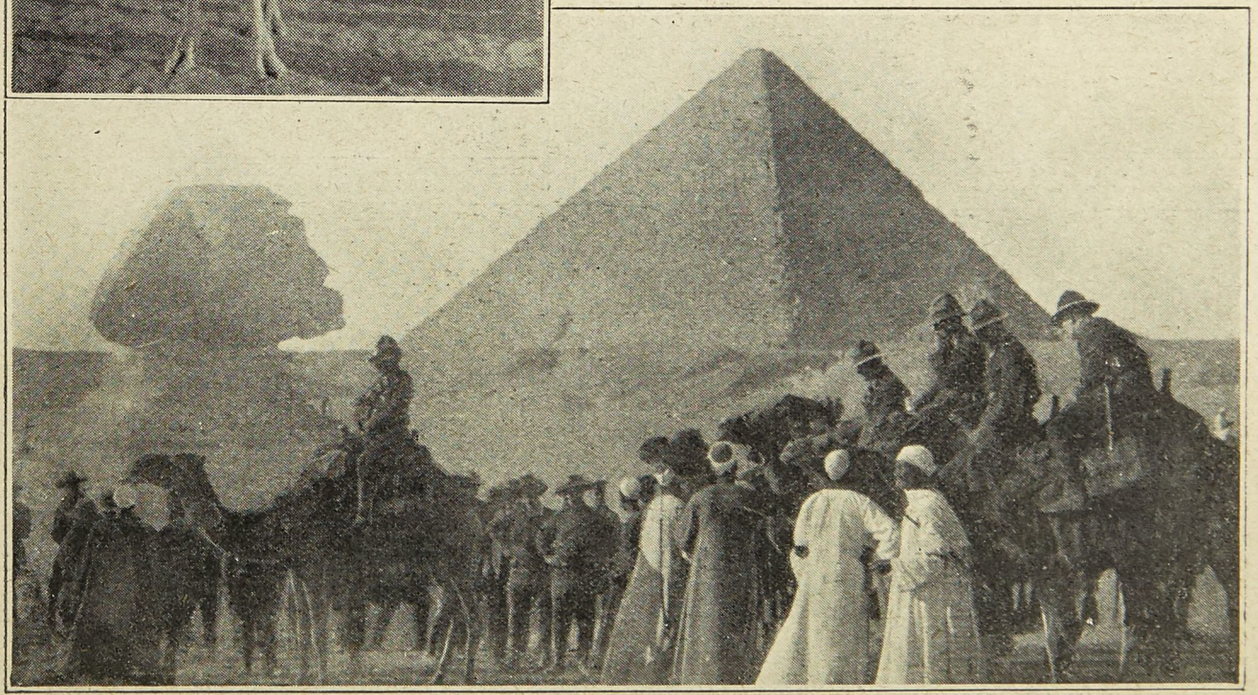


Sikhs hold an entrenched position in the Egyptian desert without any great difficulty, as the Turkish invasion of the Protectorate is still only a rumour. The curious sand entrenchments are noteworthy.



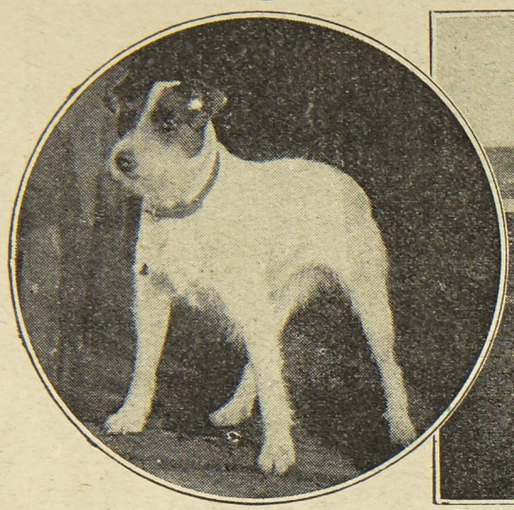


Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for Australia, reviews the Colonial troops near the Pyramids. Inset: Colonial officer finds the leisurely camel a strange contrast to the restive broncho of the ranch.

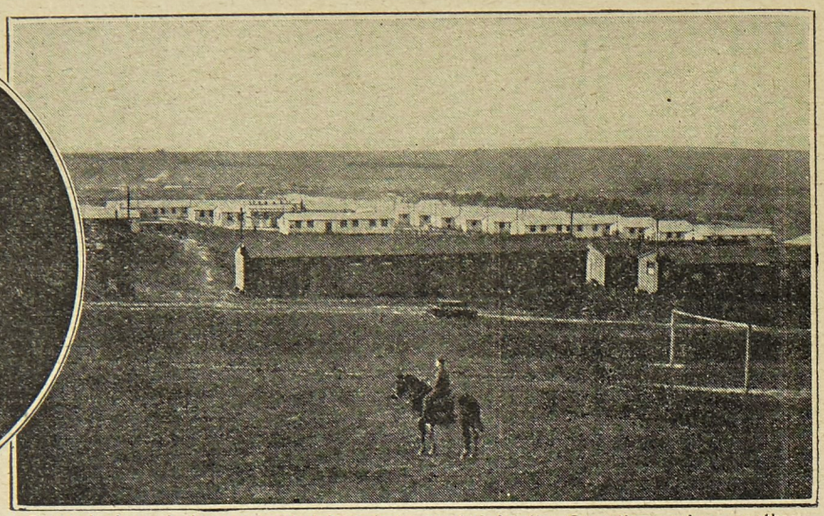


British soldiers from the Antipodes and Egyptian native guides at the Sphinx and Pyramids. Difficulties of transport and general bad organisation of the Turkish Army have made things fairly easy, so far, for our army in the Protectorate. The only invasion that is really imminent is that of some thousands of unfortunate Jewish refugees who are expected in Alexandria from Palestine.

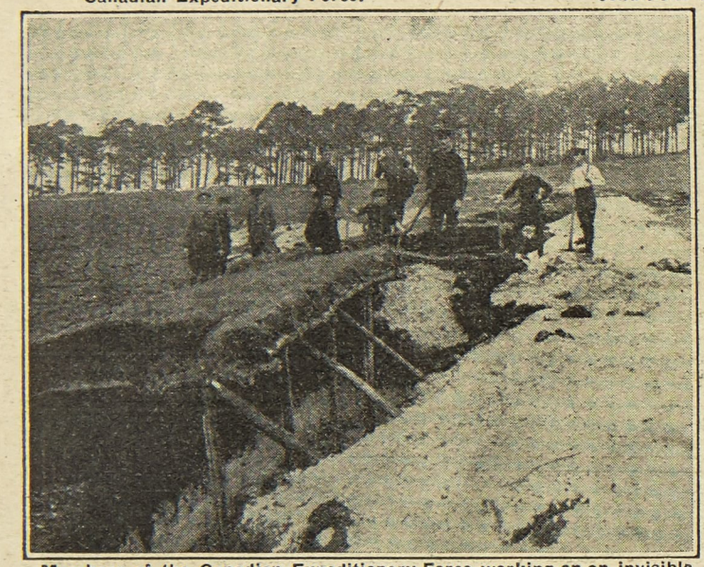
Our Photographer with the Canadians at Salisbury:



"Piccadilly," the terrier mascot of the Canadian Expeditionary Force.



General view of the corrugated-iron huts erected by the Canadians when weather conditions rendered camping under canvas impossible.

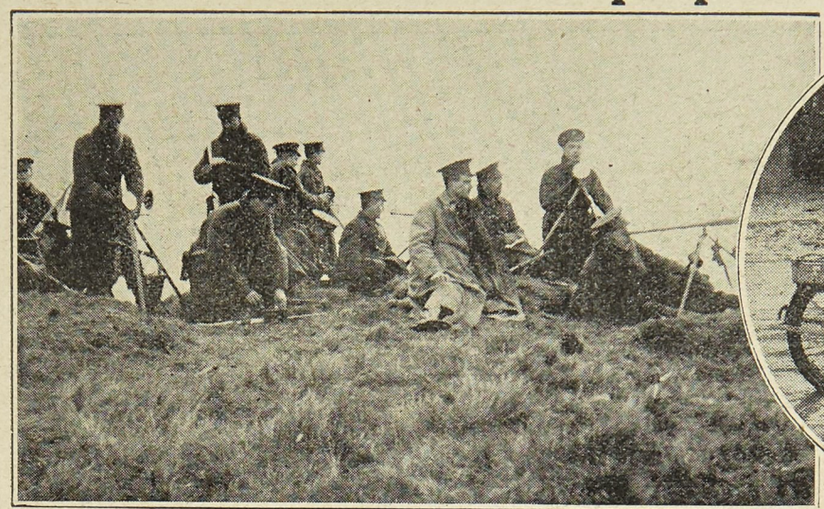


Members of the Canadian Expeditionary Force working on an invisible trench, the roofing of which consists of turf layers supported by logs.

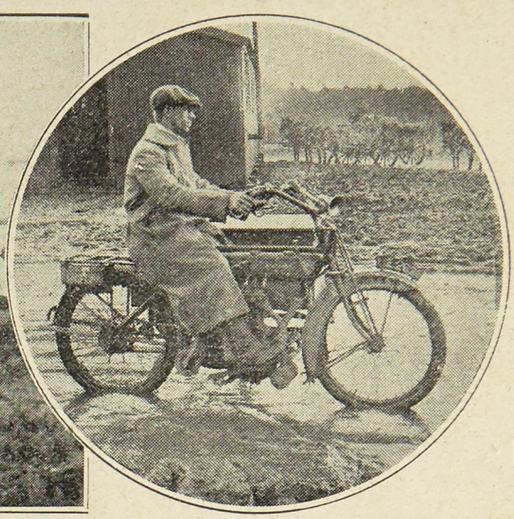
Another view of the same trench occupied, illustrating its depth, and how the grass-plot roof hides it from vision.

Canadians at Bulford standing on a platform put down to facilitate progress over the mud. We published in a recent issue a photograph of Princess Patricia's Regiment, and intimated that it was the only Canadian regiment to receive colours. A [member of the 12th Battalion informs us that his and the 17th Battalion received colours from Lady Hayen and Lady Borden respectively.

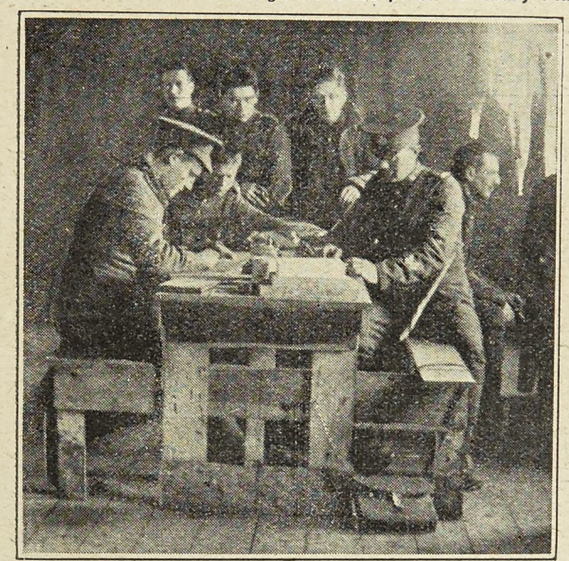
Sons of the Dominion prepare to meet the Foe



Signalling Section of the 12th Battalion 1st Canadian Expeditionary Force. Capt. H. H. Van Wart, signalling officer, is seen on the extreme right, scanning the horizon through the telescope on Salisbury Plain.



How "The War Illustrated" is brought to Bulford Camp. A motor-cyclist with the latest number drives cautiously through the sea of mud.

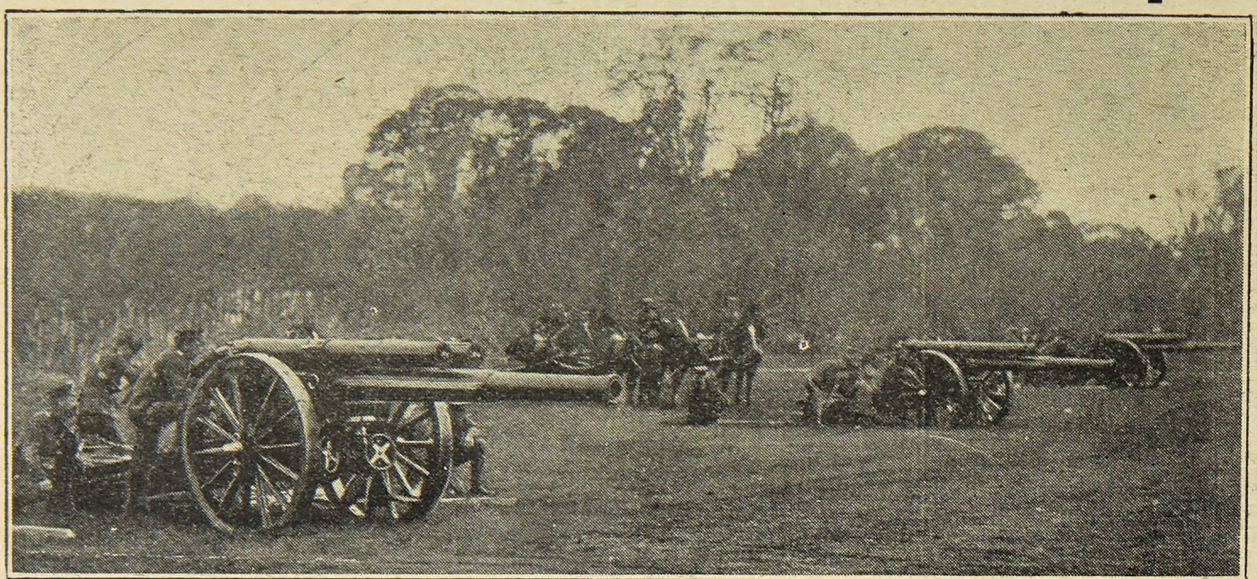


Members of the Canadian Contingent at work in the signallers' hut on Salisbury Plain.

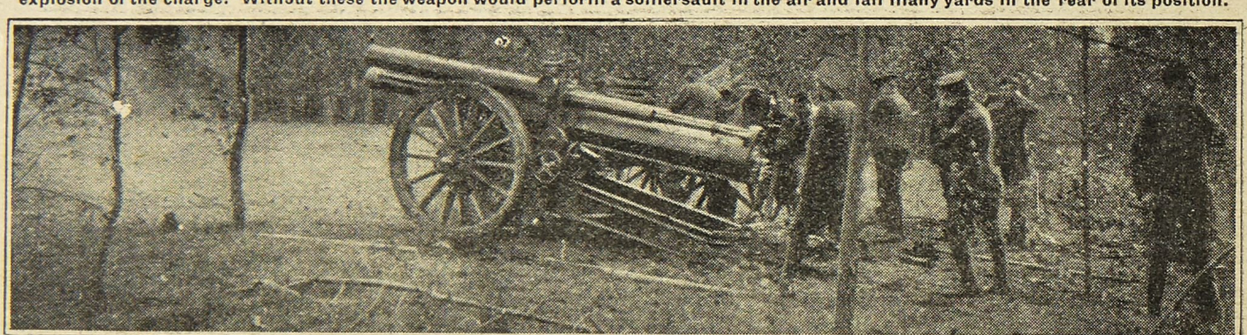
Happy though muddy. Canadians waltzing outside their huts on Salisbury Plain. They are all keenly awaiting the day of departure to the front.

Officers of the 12th Battalion Canadian Expeditionary Force. Reading from left to right: Capt. Ogilvie, Capt. Sutherland, Lieut. Adams, Capt. Fraser, Capt. Van Wart. The day when the bulk of the Canadian troops are drafted to the firing-line will be a great one on the muddy plain. As the boys from the Dominion say, "We've got the goods," and the Huns are going to find them "some quality."

Monster British Guns in Action and Transport



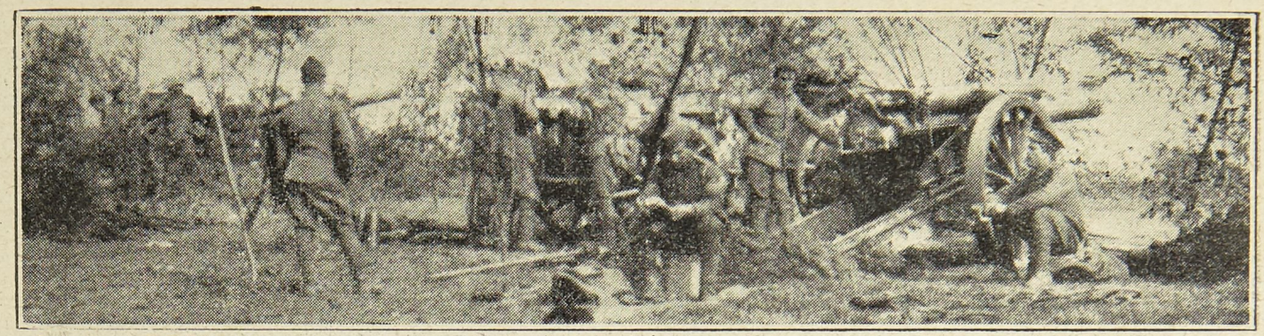
Some 60-pounder guns which have proved of remarkable accuracy of aim and rapidity of fire in recent fighting on the Continent. The two cylinders surmounting the barrel are technically known as "recoil chambers," and sustain the terrific concussion caused by the explosion of the charge. Without these the weapon would perform a somersault in the air and fall many yards in the rear of its position.



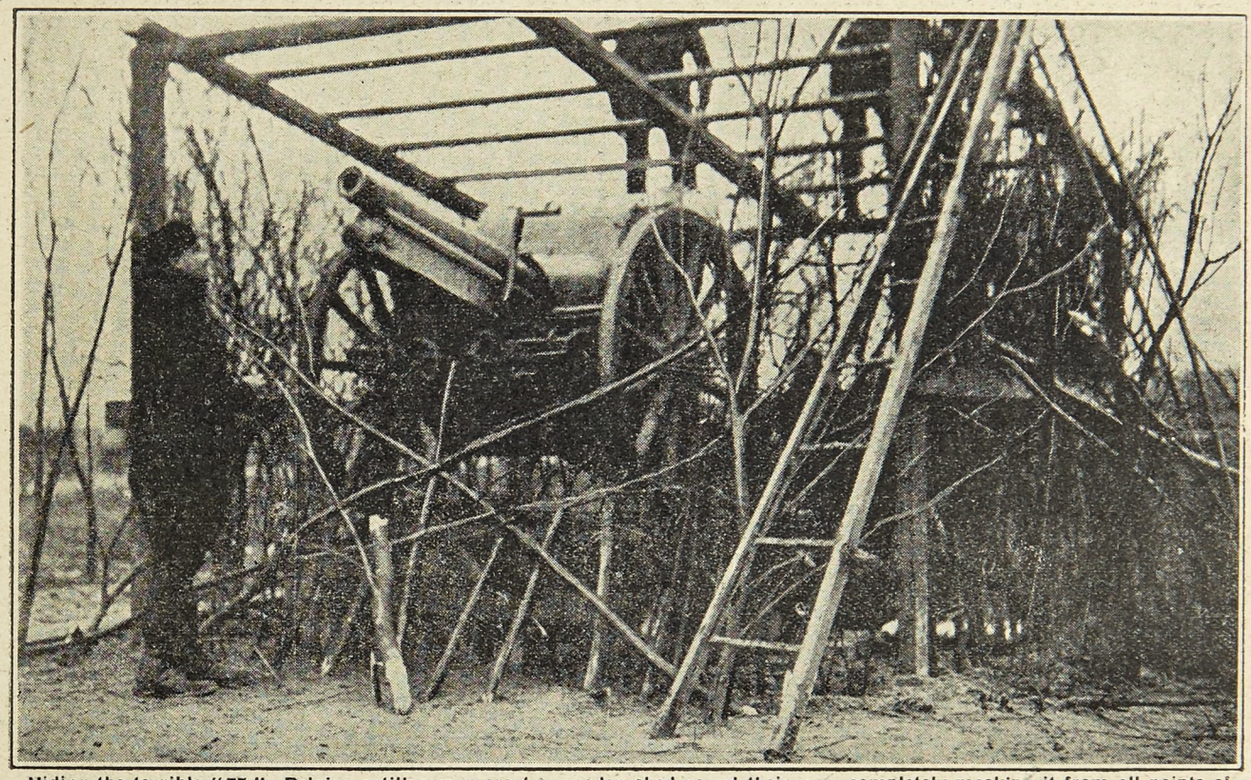
Same type of gun in action during Aisne-Marne fighting. The noise of the explosion is nerve-racking to a degree, and the gunners are seen stopping their ears. This weapon is a challenge to the most deadly machine made by Krupp, and is certainly more mobile under fair conditions. Each gun of a battery fires in turn, and is supposed to be cleaned and loaded by the time its turn comes round.

Constant rains, floods, and the continual passing of heavy vehicles have reduced many of the roads in France and Flanders to a pulp. Transport of heavy guns is, therefore, rendered extremely difficult. In this photograph a big British weapon is seen on its way through a village to take up a position in the firing-line. It will be noted that the barrel has been marked with crosses in order to break up the shining high light which would disclose the whereabouts of the gun to hostile aircraft.

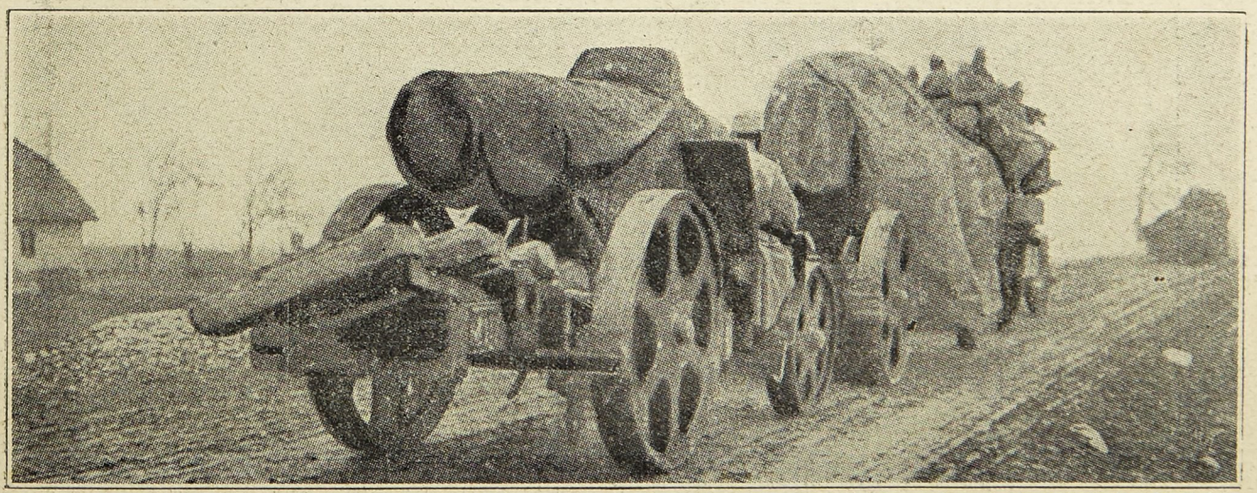
The David and Goliath in Gun Power



A battery of British 60-pounder guns preparing to shell the German lines from a well-screened position in Northern France.



Hiding the terrible "75." Belgian artillerymen erect a wooden shed round their gun, completely masking it from all points of view. Only the extreme stability of the "75" in action makes such complete cover possible.



The supreme effort in heavy armament. Covered Austrian howitzer, drawn by a traction engine, on the way to the front in Galicia. These gigantic weapons are an interesting contrast to the delicate "75." They are less effective, except in siege warfare, by reason of their immobility. Where roads are in disrepair, special rail tracks have to be laid to transport them.

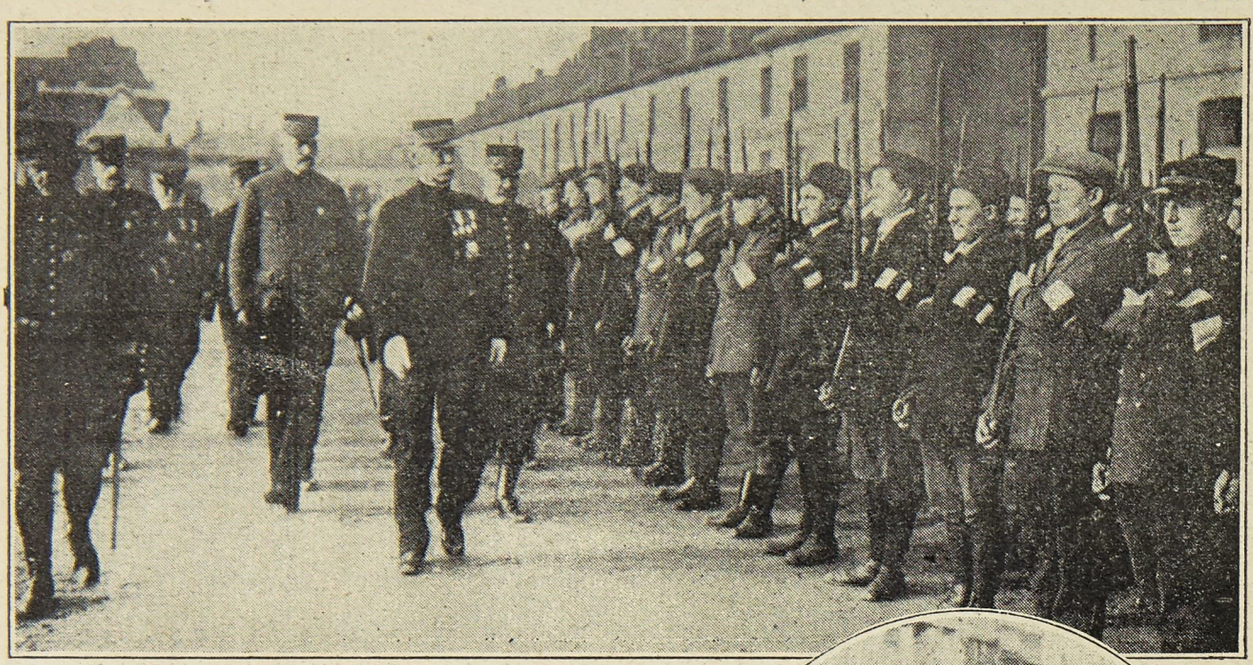
The Epic of Soissons: How our He

For many days General von Kluck, aided by enormous reinforcements and the moral support of the Kaiser's presence, attempted to break through at this important point of the French line. The German offensive was successful to some extent. The capture of Missy and Bucy le Long opened the way to a violent Germa attack on Crouy. By breaking the dam over a tributar of the Aisne, the Germans flooded the French trenche which had to be evacuated, and Crouy was abandoned A stand, however, between a solid factory building an

roic Allies held Firm the Paris Road

the village of St. Paul was determined upon. Machine-guns were placed in position, and the stone building was transformed into a fort. Here a small body of Frenchmen held up vast hordes of Germans for a whole day in order to facilitate the general retreat of thousands of their comrades. An unfailing supply of ammunition was kept up by corporals, who faced certain death in bringing it up. Though the Germans gained some hundreds of yards in this onslaught, the object of their attack—the gateway to Soissons and the road to Paris—is still held resolutely by the French.

With the Valiant Leaders of our French Allies

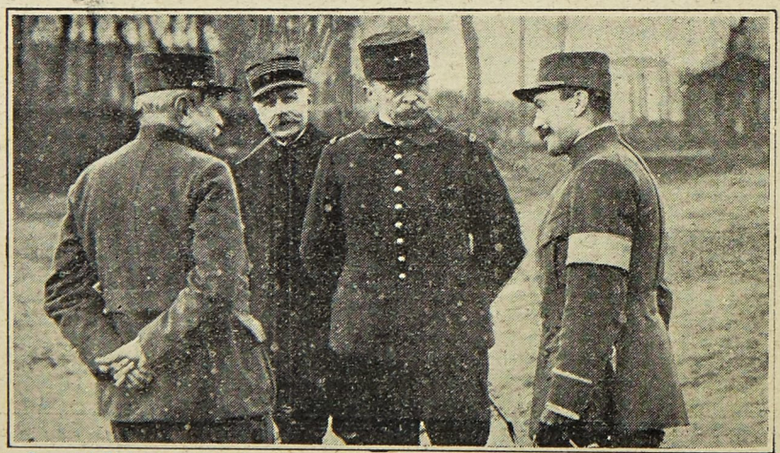


General Gallieni, Governor of Paris, reviews French Scouts and Boys' Brigades. He was entrusted with the defence of Paris after the outbreak of war.

General Arlabosse, a noted French leader, standing in front of a dug-out near the French lines on the eastern frontier.

General Maud'huy (on right) who has been closely collaborating with General French.

General de Langle Cary (left), one of General Joffre's right-hand men, with his Chief of Staff, Col. Paquette, photographed at his headquarters.



General Ditty (centre), Governor of Calais, and some of his staff. According to the Kaiser's latest arrangements, the new date for the fall of Calais was January 27th, but General Ditty knows from experience how unreliable are German plans.

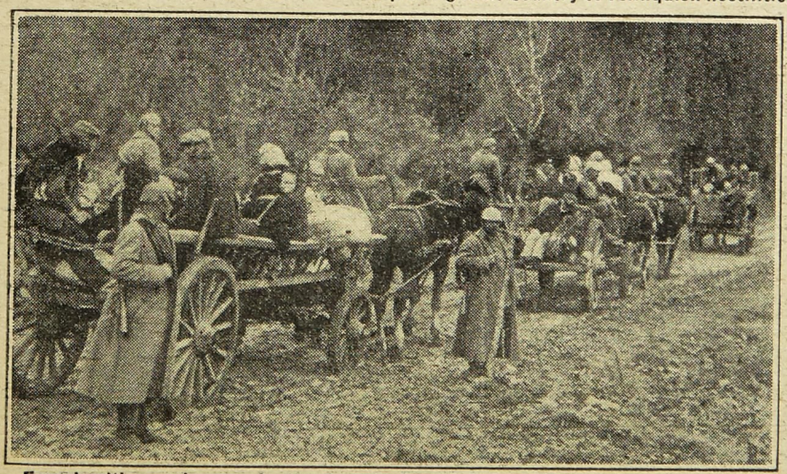
"Blonde Bestiality" and some of its Exponents

Bavarian Infantry undergoing inspection by Prince Leopold in Northern France. According to the French official Black Book of German atrocities, the 2nd and 4th Regiments of Bavarian infantry are those charged with unspeakable villainy at Nomeny.

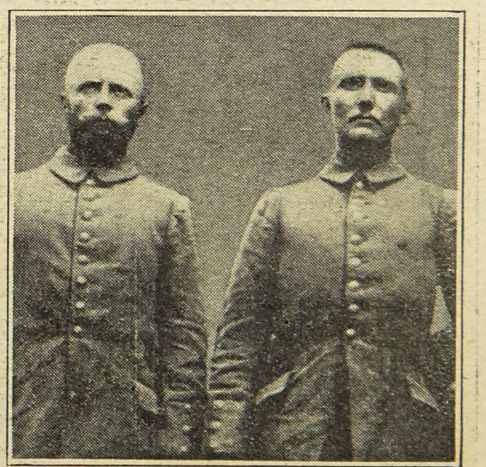
Hun caught committing atrocities. Criminal tendencies are obvious in his features.

German officers pillaging chests in a French chateau. Responsibility for "frightfulness" devolves upon heads of State and German officers in turn, whose theory is that non-combatants must be terrorised into imploring their country to relinquish hostilities at all costs.

German Red Cross doctor court-martialled by the French for "frightfulness."



French citizen prisoners in the hands of the infamous Bavarians. Old men and women, they are dragged from their homeland, from everything they hold dear, to suffer who knows what trials and humiliations.



Two more shining exponents of "Kultur" who have been sentenced by French court-martial in the South of France for barbarous conduct.

Russia's Warm Campaign in Cold Regions

Russian infantry advance through the snow towards Cracow. "General Winter" offers no friendly cover to an attacking force.

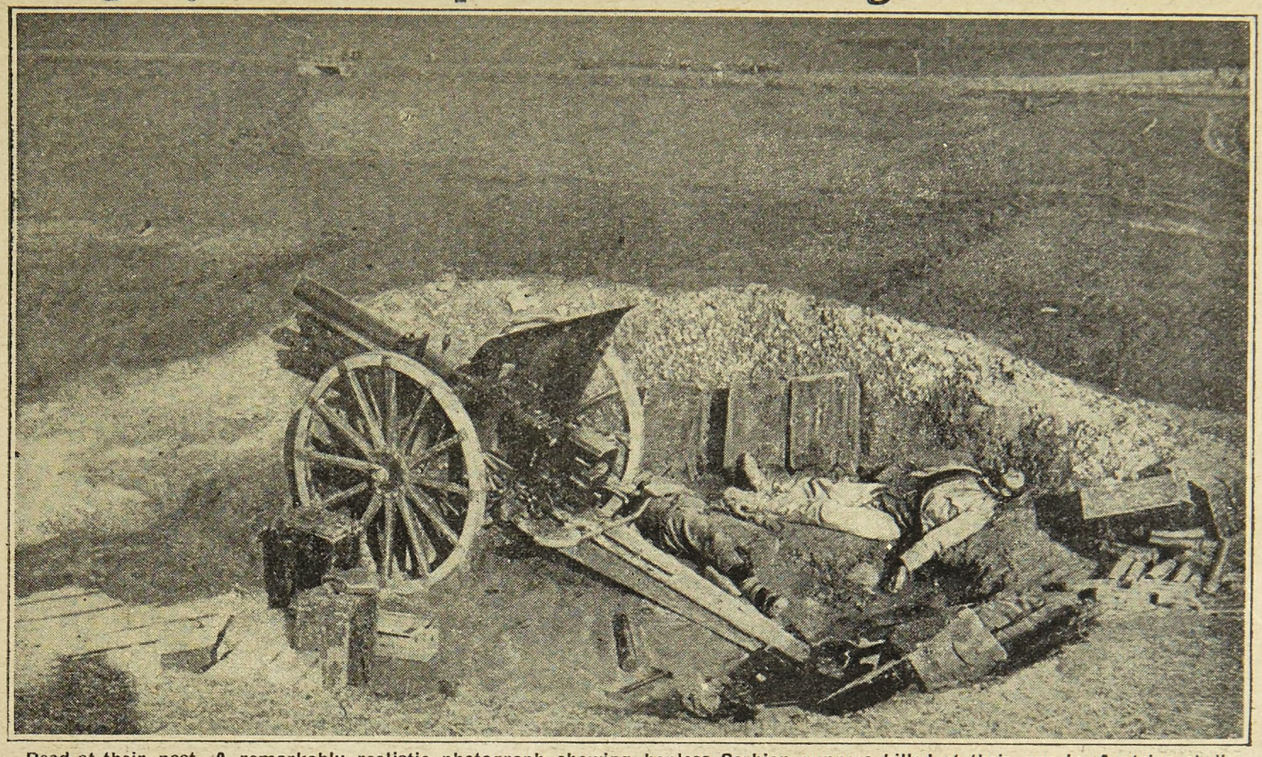
Transports on the march through the snow. The similarity between Russian and British uniforms is distinctly noticeable.

Russian artillery bombarding Cracow. Our allies' field-guns have proved as efficient in the east as the British and French artillery in the west.

In the snowy Carpathians outposts are compelled to use skis as a means of progress.

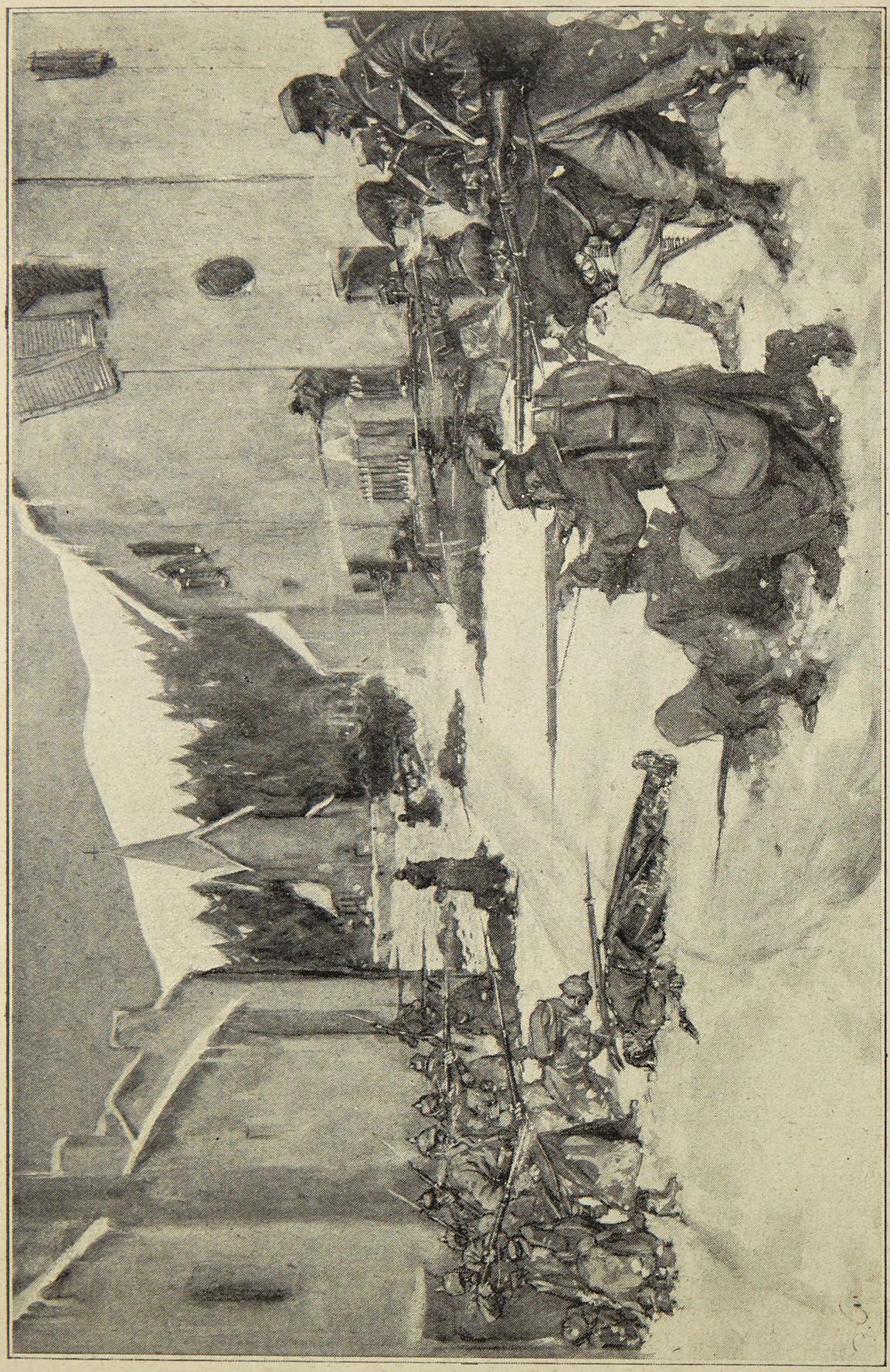
Transport difficulties in East Poland are quite as great as in France and Flanders. In this photograph a waggon has come to grief while passing through a forest near Lodz, and the soldiers await assistance to pull it out of the rut into which it has fallen.

Tragedy & Triumph in Serbia's Fight for Freedom



Dead at their post. A remarkably realistic photograph showing hapless Serbian gunners killed at their gun by Austrian shells prior to the latter's precipitate retreat. In the far backgound an impression of camp followers of the battle may be seen.

The great trek of the lesser Slavs to victory. Heroic Serbians who, of course, are an offshoot of the great Slav race, pass through a village in pursuit of the retreating Austrians. There is no chapter in history more glorious than Serbia's successful campaign against superior odds in defence of her national ideals of liberty and progress.



TERRIBLE HOUSE-TO-HOUSE STRUGGLE FOR STEINBACH, IN UPPER ALSACE.— One of the fiercest of many fights at close quarters which have taken place so far was the contest for Steinbach. After several days' continuous fighting this Alsatian village, which is twelve miles over the German frontier, fell into the hands of our French allies. The Germans had decided to defend the position to the last man, and literally honeycombed the houses and gardens with machine-guns and ambuscades. After the famous French "75's" had bombarded the place with deadly effect, accounting for about 2,000 dead and wounded, the French infantry approached stealthily and attempted to carry the village at close quarters. At this stage the fighting developed into a house-to-house contest, and our illustration shows the French soldiers at the moment of wresting the church quarter and cemetery from the Huns. Other parts of Steinbach were taken and retaken many times before the Germans were eventually compelled to evacuate the position.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

BOTH sides are preparing with almost feverish speed for the opening of the western spring land campaign. On the German side the first moves have been made, and the Kaiser's armies are once more aiming straight for Paris. British troops are now pouring into France at a rate previously unknown. Even the Canadians, after many disappointments, have been informed that they will soon be over the water. I do not anticipate serious fighting in the extreme north for some weeks. It is impossible for either side to advance its heavy guns over the bogs of Northern Flanders. Without heavy guns no real advance can be made. To push the guns forward during a spell of frost would mean to incur very grave risks of their sinking in the mud, becoming useless, and being captured at the first thaw. It is in the more hilly regions out of the great plains that we must look for the renewal of aggressive land war.

The main factor in deciding the result of the new battles will be, apart from the numbers engaged, the weight of artillery, and the effectiveness of the high explosives. Last autumn Germany had heavier guns and better explosives than ourselves. This spring all the evidence indicates that we will have at least as heavy guns and more effective explosives than the Germans. Last autumn the German gunners had unlimited supplies of ammunition, while our artillerymen had to exercise strict economy in shell fire, This spring our supplies will be almost unlimited, but the Germans are already showing signs of shortage.

"Straight for Paris"

I attribute much importance to the German counter-attack upon Soissons. It came as a surprise. The French had no real idea of the strength of the German forces at this point, and, for once, the scouting value of aeroplanes seems to have proved a failure. The Germans struck in at a point where the French had attempted an advance, regained what they had lost, and then continued to attack. The Germans are maintaining their offensive absolutely regardless of cost of life. Should they succeed in forcing a wedge in at this point, Paris may soon again be threatened. Can they ? Is it possible, at any sacrifice of life, to force an advance against a resolutely held, amply entrenched position, well guarded by guns ?

The French commanders are confident that they can hold the Germans here, yet there have been skirmishes with German outposts even in the Forest of Compiègne. The German armies are, at the moment of writing, testing to the utmost every link in this part of the French defences. The attempt to explain the German activity as being merely an answer to the French advance in Upper Alsace is insufficient. The new German campaign to the west may be summed up in a sentence : " Straight for Paris." The fight at Soissons is the preliminary skirmish.

At the Front

I spent the last week-end among the British forces in Northern France, and was enormously heartened and encouraged by what I saw. Our soldiers, one and all, are imbued with the spirit of supreme confidence. They are going through a very trying time. Life in the winter trenches represents the most disagreeable, exacting, and irksome condition of war. Not all armies can stand it. The Indian troops, for example, have been found better fitted to act as reserves during the winter months, and there are many military men who seriously doubt the wisdom of having brought these troops to Europe until the spring. Frost-bite, swollen feet, and rheumatism are taking a heavy toll. But our boys make a joke of even life in the trenches.

I had long talks with many of our own men, wounded Cameronians, chirpy Cockneys, lads from Hampshire, with the soft accent of the south on their lips, and London Scottish, still full of the memories of their great charge. They do not despise the German as a fighter—far from it. They have a sincere admiration for him, but they know themselves to be better men. No one visiting the British lines can fail to be struck with the excellence of the commissariat and hospital arrangements. Our soldiers were never better fed. They were never better clothed. There has never been more care taken of them when sick. I went through hospital after hospital, and was amazed with what I saw. Those who have friends and relatives at the front—and who of us has not ?—can rest assured that everything possible has been done for them.

The East Coast Danger

Recent events have caused some uneasiness among many people about the state of our preparations to resist raids. When the German fleet came before Yarmouth in November, there was no force there to meet it. When the fleets attacked Scarborough, Whitby, and the Hartlepools in December, there was only one small battery of small guns to reply to the fire of the 11 in. and 12 in. monsters of their battle-cruisers. When, a few days ago, the German airships attacked Yarmouth, they returned unscathed. Are we leaving our flank open while we are concentrating our forces for our great blow in Northern France ? Are we depending too much on the Navy to save us from raids ? These are the questions being asked by the man in the street, and no policy of official silence can prevent them from being asked.

The immediate danger before parts of the country is not of serious invasion, but of the landing of desperate parties, a few thousand strong, that will ravage parts of the country before they themselves can be destroyed. It is no use to tell me that such an attempt is hopelessly impossible. A month ago the experts were confident that Zeppelins could not come here, and yet they have come. Three months ago experts laughed at the possibility of unprotected and peaceful seaside pleasure resorts being bombarded. Scarborough and Whitby give the answer to them. When I return from a journey near the fighting-lines I come back with renewed confidence. When I return from a journey to the East Coast my confidence is less marked.

Poisonous German Shells

The statement made by M. Dastre to the French Academy of Sciences—that the Germans are using shells in which a certain amount of red phosphorus is included, which badly poisons wounds—comes as no surprise to those who have studied the medical side of the war. I myself have seen case after case where an apparently slight wound from German high-explosive shells has refused to heal and has ultimately made it necessary to amputate the limb or has killed the victim. The doctors at Hartlepool, for example, found that, in spite of every care, many of the German shell wounds would not heal. They turned the flesh a dark brown, poisoning it in a manner which resisted all treatment. This is atrocious. It is a violation of the law of nations, and adds another clause to the heavy indictment against Germany.

No Over-Confidence

The situation facing us to-day is one that gives reason for hope, but no reason for slackening effort. The experience of the past five months has broken the legend of German military invincibility, but it has shown that we can only hope for complete success by putting forward our utmost efforts. Over-confidence to-day can only lead to disaster to-morrow. Fierce and hard as the fighting has been during the first five months of the war, we are faced with the certainty of a spring campaign which will make anything that has yet happened seem comparatively insignificant.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N.

WHEN isolated attacks of no military value are made by air or sea, they have but one object, and that is to cause dispersion of forces for defensive purposes in the place of concentration of forces for offensive purposes at vital points. The operations of two armoured cruisers and eight small fast cruisers against British commerce were of this character, and did undoubtedly bring about an extraordinary dispersion of force, in marked contrast to the concentration which had been effected in previous years of peace.

We have seen in previous articles that this temporary success was due to want of clear thinking on the part of the Government. They failed to have sufficient forces at the extremities of Empire during peace, such as that the moment the crisis broke out on July 23rd, would have been ready to contain or shadow the prospective enemy, and bring him to action at sea after war was declared.

* * *

Naval Mistake Rectified at Great Cost

We endeavoured to rectify the mistake at great cost by sending out large numbers of cruisers and finally Sturdee's squadron, including two battle-cruisers and several fast small cruisers capable of defeating Emdens. It is a curious coincidence that the Admiralty, in 1909, agreed with the Dominions to place on the Pacific two more Invincibles and several extra fast Glasgows by 1912, and it was precisely concerning these vessels, which won the victory, that the Government are held to have broken faith with the Dominions.

Referring to the two Invincibles, on July 22nd, 1912, Mr. Winston Churchill said they were " retained for service at home," and so " we have, since I have been responsible for the Admiralty, practically added two battle-cruisers to our available resources." They were, in fact, actually taken from the vital point where they were required on August 6th when the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau sailed from Kiao-Chau, and some months elapsed, with disastrous results, before they were sent out to retrieve the situation. They are now, having done their work, really and truly available for home service ; only if they had been sent out in 1912 we should have built two more of them, and been in an even stronger position.

* * *

Purpose of Raids on our Coast

When we consider raids on the coast, such as at Hartlepoo or the recent air raid on the coast of Norfolk, such action again has no military value unless it leads to dispersion of effort from the offensive to the defensive. Take the simplest case of three anti-Zeppelin guns. At the front they would be doing vital work every day by preventing the enemy gathering information. Are we, because of one visit during six months of war, to give the preference to positions of no military importance—such as Sheringham, King's Lynn, and Yarmouth ? To-morrow it may be Hunstanton and Boston, and so on. So long as it is not Harwich, Sheerness, and Chatham, we are not such fools as to be disturbed. At the latter ports, where before the war we organised the things that matter, we have, of course, taken our precautions. The sailor who hears that Zeppelins have been along the East Coast does not ask " What damage did they do ? " in the circumstances of a raid such as that on Norfolk, but " What did they find out ? "

In the earlier days of the war the enemy found out that three old armoured cruisers patrolled up and down a certain route in the North Sea. They were found accordingly by a submarine, unprotected by destroyers, and were lost in circumstances which the Admiralty have themselves dealt with as needing a good deal of explanation.

If, then, what is called a raid is really a reconnaissance, in which the dropping of bombs are merely foolish incidents, then there is every military justification, if information which can be used is obtained.

* * *

German Fleet's Reason for Hiding

But what use can it be put to ? The entire German Fleet, we are told—and it may or may not be true—is at Wilhelmshaven and Cuxhaven. There is nothing to indicate any intention of proceeding to sea, as the losses of the British Fleet from mine and submarine have been more than made up by the additions through ships which were completing on the outbreak of war. By keeping her fleet in existence, Germany counts on covering her North Sea coast, and possibly the coast of Belgium, from oversea invasion. So we are still " up against " the old policy of a sally in force on the part of the fastest ships to cover mining operations, and to tempt an enemy over the danger zone, while the only vessels which regularly put to sea are the submarines.

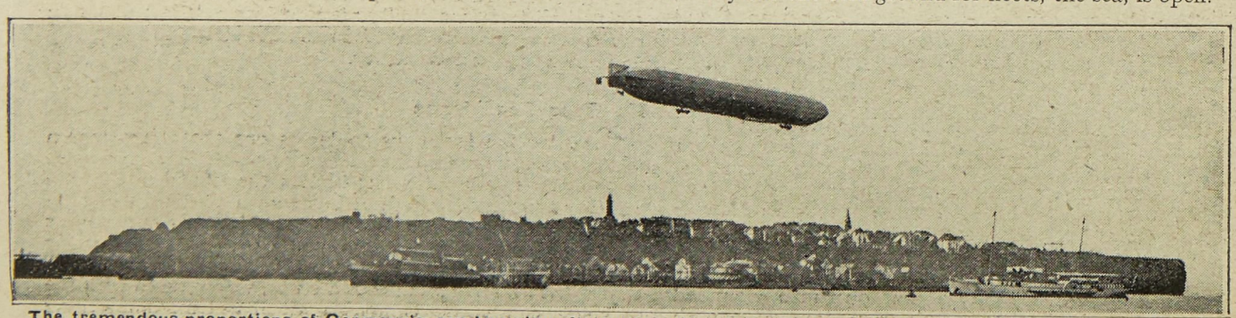
Now, there is one fatal objection to the theory of a reconnaissance for the benefit of the submarine and the mine, and that is the Zeppelins were over here on a moonless night, and worked at a great height. It could therefore only be a reconnaissance in a practice sense for the purpose of familiarising the crews with overseas work on an exceedingly favourable night.

* * *

What the German Navy is Losing

The comparative novelty of the event, just as in the case of the raid on Hartlepool—which terminated so ingloriously in a collision, and the one on Yarmouth in the loss of an armoured cruiser on the German mine defences of Cuxhaven—does but serve to draw attention to one salient fact. The only true training ground for the war on England is denied to both air and sea craft except for about twenty German submarines. Such training as was received during peace time is running to waste.

The Kaiser has often been compared to Napoleon. The comparison in this matter will hold good when he realises in his own person Napoleon's utterance : " Peace is necessary to restore a navy . . . peace, because then only the one drill ground for fleets, the sea, is open."



The tremendous proportions of Germany's gas-bag aircraft may be gathered from this photograph, which shows a Zeppelin's size in relation to the Island of Heligoland, the base from which the stupid raid on Norfolk was probably directed.

Firing-line Fashions for Winter's Cold and Mud

Some members of the Rifle Brigade variously attired against the vagaries of January weather. Sheepskin coats have proved very serviceable at the front. They certainly give our soldiers a comfortable appearance and help to keep up the good spirits of those whom Rudyard Kipling has discovered to be the only humorous soldiers on earth.

Muddied warriors as they appear after leaving the trenches in Flanders. The strange diversity of active-service garb seems directly in contradiction to the rigours of discipline, but the British soldier cannot be particular about appearances in the trenches, however meticulous he is in this respect on returning to the rest camp.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

THE other day the official "Eye-Witness" with General Headquarters referred to one of our aeroplanes being blown backwards at ten miles an hour when out on reconnaissance. This draws attention to a point about aircraft on which a certain amount of confusion of ideas seems to exist. Most people do not even yet quite understand that an aeroplane is kept up in the air by its speed through the air, irrespective of its motion over the ground. A kite is held in one place by a string, and the air blowing past it keeps it up so long as the surface slopes up against the air current at about the right angle. In just the same way an aeroplane is kept in the air, with the difference that the machine's propeller, driven by the engine, draws it along, just as the propeller of a boat pushes it through the water, so that the aeroplane rushes through the air and obtains the pressure under its wings to hold it up. Consequently the speed of the aeroplane over the ground depends on what the air in which it is flying happens to be doing, just as the speed of a boat past the shore of a river depends on the speed of the current in which it is floating.

* * *

Loss of Speed Against Head Winds

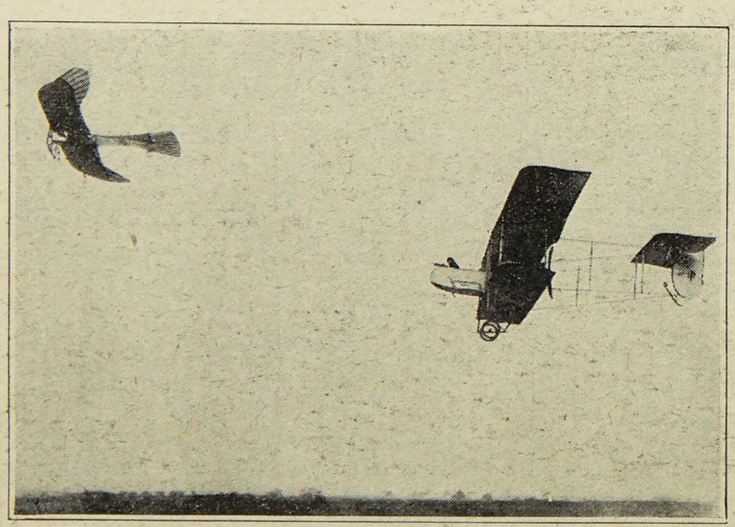
For instance, suppose a boat has a top speed of ten miles an hour, and is heading against a stream running at five miles an hour, it will only make five miles an hour past the shore; but if it turns round and runs with the stream, it will do fifteen miles an hour, or thereabouts, allowing for local variations in the current. In a similar way, if an aeroplane has a top speed of seventy miles an hour—which is a fairly good pace—it will always cover the ground at that speed in calm air; but if it is flying against a breeze of thirty miles an hour, it will only make forty miles an hour over the ground; and if it turns round and flies with the wind it will do one hundred miles an hour over the ground, for the wind will add its own thirty miles to the seventy of the aeroplane.

Now, one can always reckon on the wind blowing harder a few thousand feet above the ground than it does on the surface, for the roughness of the ground—in the way of hills, trees, houses, and so forth—acts as a brake, and causes gusts and swirls as well, whereas high up the air can flow without interruption. Consequently, one often finds a nasty, gusty wind of no great strength low down, and a perfectly steady, but very strong wind aloft.

* * *

Wind Faster Than Fastest Aeroplane

This has very considerable effect on the work of the air scouts, for though their machines may be badly bumped about when near the ground—say, up to even a thousand feet—they may be able to get along fairly fast against it; whereas high up at—say, 3,000 to 6,000 feet—the air may be quite steady, but progress difficult. In the case quoted by the "Eye-Witness" the wind up aloft must have been blowing quite eighty miles an hour, for he specifically mentioned that it was a fast machine, and as that means an aeroplane capable of at least seventy miles an hour, the wind would have to be doing eighty to carry it backwards at ten miles an hour.



A fight between two aeroplanes is undoubtably the most thrilling conflict in modern warfare. This photograph shows how a German Taube is chased by a British aeroplane. The Taube is the most bird-like of all aircraft.

The pilot of that machine must have had a very uncomfortable time, for one of the peculiarities of the atmosphere of Western Europe is that the wind blows from the west or south-west nearly all the year round—at any rate, for nearly one hundred miles inland from the sea—and our air scouts in North-West France have been up against this trouble almost ever since they started work there. It means that they go out merrily over the German lines with the wind behind, the seventy-mile-an-hour machines travelling at perhaps one hundred to one hundred and twenty miles an hour over the ground, and in a few minutes they are fifteen or twenty miles behind the German troops, observing the movements of transport columns or reinforcements.

Then they start to come home, and their one hundred and twenty miles an hour (with a fifty-mile wind behind) drops to twenty miles an hour (the fifty-mile wind having to be deducted from the aeroplane's seventy). At this speed they offer a comparatively stationary mark for the German anti-aircraft guns, always known as "Archibalds," which begin to burst their shells uncomfortably near them.

* * *

High Flying to Escape Attack

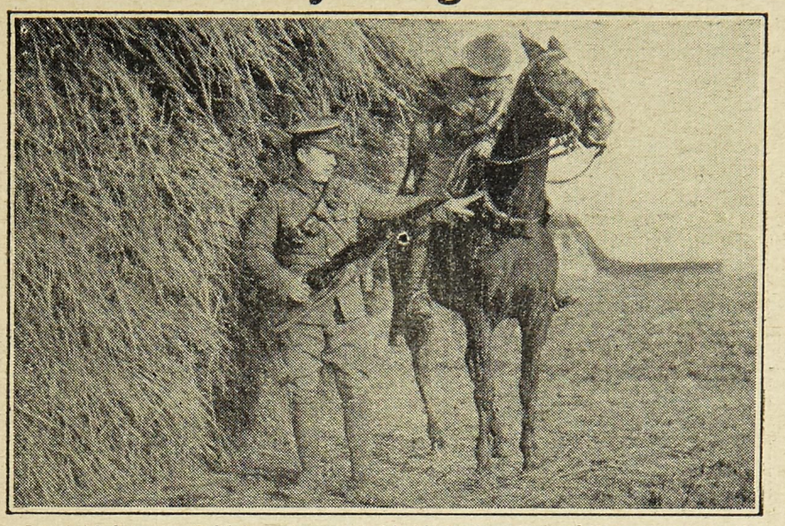
To escape the attention of the guns, the pilot climbs higher still, and as he does so he probably finds the wind increasing, so that at perhaps 7,000 or 8,000 feet, where he is still within range of the guns, he finds himself absolutely standing still now, an absolutely stationary mark, and without any prospect of ever getting home at all, which is not in the least cheering. He has two ways out of his trouble. One is to dive, so that the speed of the dive, added to the natural speed of the aeroplane, may help him to make headway against the wind, so that he can get out of "Archibald's" range before he is hit; the other is to start edging along the line across the wind till he finds a place where "Archibald" is not, and come down lower, where the wind may be more bumpy and less strong. Most pilots prefer the latter method, for they are generally game to risk life and machine-gun bullets, which cannot be seen, and do not worry one nearly so much as do the puffs of smoke from "Archibald's" shells.

* * *

Flying Amid Bursting Bombs

One pilot of my acquaintance told me that on one occasion he counted fourteen puffs, each indicating a burst shell, all round his aeroplane at once. He confessed that he did not know whether to go ahead, hoping that the next burst of a shell would occur behind him, and chance flying into another in front, or to loop the loop, and come back to the place from which he started, and let the Germans loose off the next lot in front of him. Eventually, he flew right ahead, and they missed him altogether. Being a brave man, he said openly and unashamed that he was never so frightened in his life.

The Lonely Vigil of the Courageous Scout

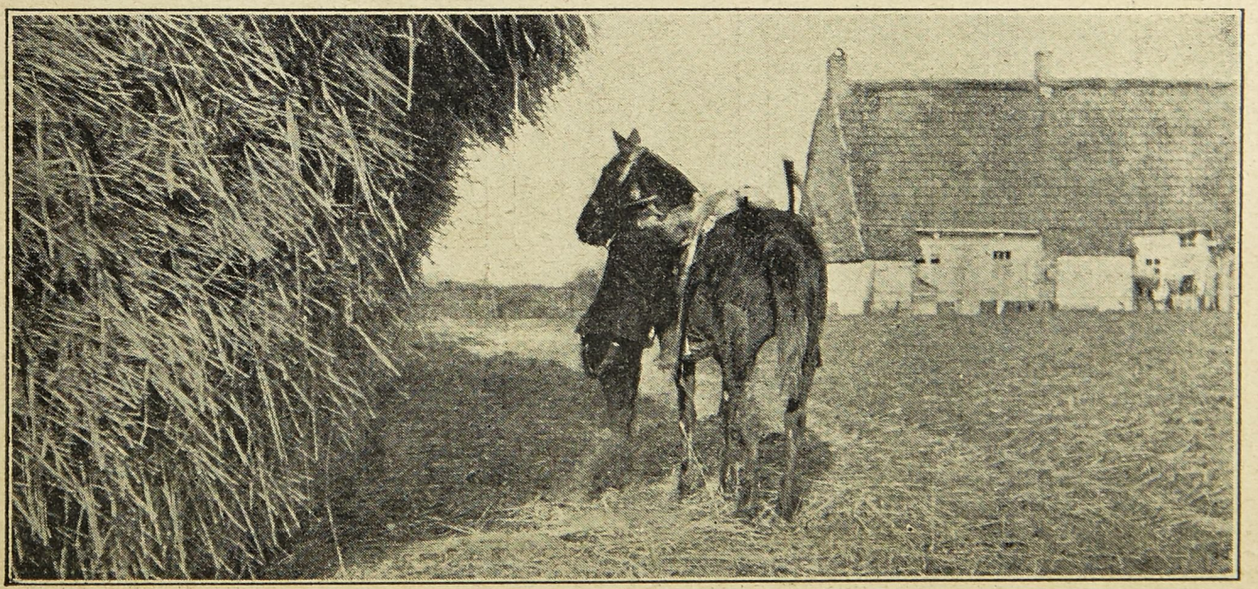


A scout informs a British sentry, posted behind a haystack, of the near approach of an enemy patrol, during recent fighting in Northern France.

British sharpshooter patrol posted to guard a ditch of considerable military importance.

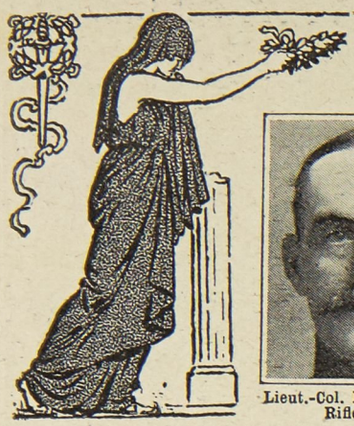
"En garde pour la Patrie." Picturesque French sentinel by the roadside in France holds the way inviolate against the Hun.

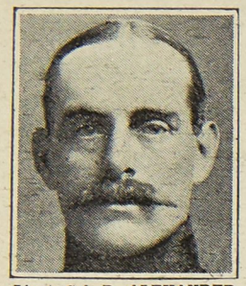
From a ploughed field, sodden by rain and seared by powder, a British scout has discovered a German patrol behind a hedge in the distance. Note the novel way of carrying a bandolier round the horse's neck.



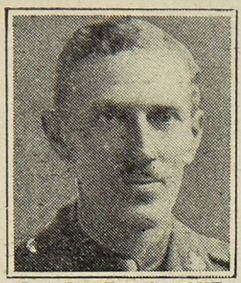
British scout leaves his hiding-place hurriedly to give warning of the approach of the enemy. The work of the sentinel and scout, posted for hours in deserted village and by lonely road, requires infinitely more nerve than fighting in trenches with the cheery companionship of fellow-men. The isolated vigil with its innumerable perils and awful responsibility is surely the severest test of courage.

The Toll of Britain's Bravest

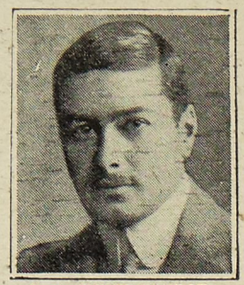




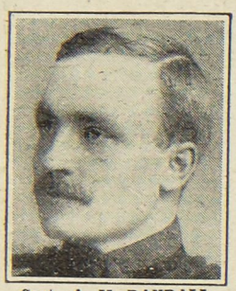
Lieut.-Col. R. ALEXANDER,
Rifle Brigade.



Capt. HUBERT C. ROME,
Indian Army.



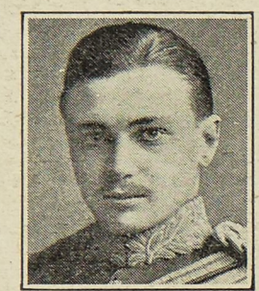
Capt. HUGH TAYLOR,
Scots Guards.



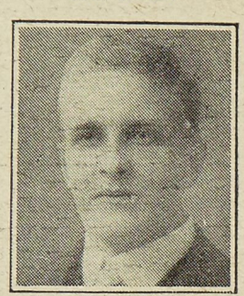
Capt. A. M. RANDALL,
4th Gurkhas.

Capt. COCHRANE NEWTON,
Princess "Pat's."

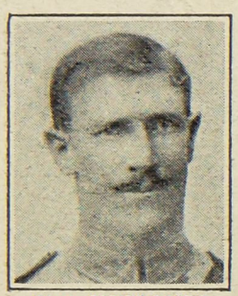
Capt. A. NOEL LOXLEY,
H.M.S. Formidable.



Lieut. Lord WORSLEY,
Royal Horse Guards.



Lieut. W. E. MAITLAND,
Seaforth Highlanders.



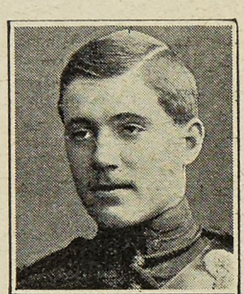
Lieut. JAMES CASEY,
1st Batt. King's Royal Rifles.

Lieutenant-Colonel Reginald Alexander, Rifle Brigade, died of wounds received in a recent action. He had a distinguished career in the South African War, being mentioned twice in despatches.

Lieutenant Lord Worsley, of the Royal Horse Guards, was the eldest son and heir of the Earl and Countess of Yarborough, and was killed in the action at Zandvoorde on October 30th.

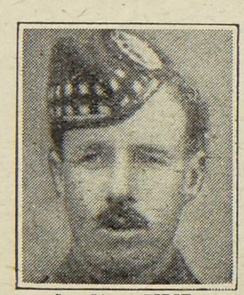
Captain Loxley, R.N., commander of the ill-fated Formidable, entered the Navy in 1888. He served on the punitive naval expedition against the King of Benin, in which action he was awarded the general African medal and the Benin clasp. Captain Loxley was appointed to the Formidable on September 2nd.

Captain D. Onslow Cochrane Newton was the first officer of the Canadian Contingent to die in action. He served with distinction in the Boer War and was afterwards aide-de-camp to the Earl of Dundonald and to Earl Grey. Though retired from the Army at the outbreak of the war, he earnestly desired to serve with the men of the Canadian Contingent, among whom he was very popular.

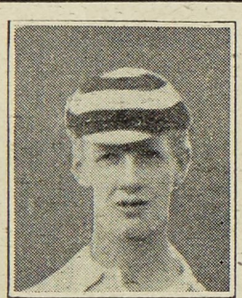


Lt. CHAWORTH-MUSTERS,
King's Royal Rifle Corps.

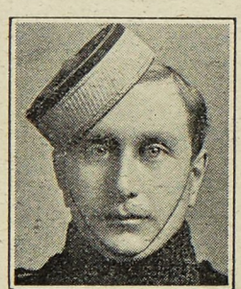
Lieut F. E. OAKLEY,
Royal Navy.



Sec.-Lieut. PIRIE,
1st Gordons.



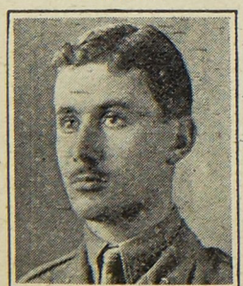
Sec.-Lieut. R. A. PERSSE,
2nd Batt. King's Royal Rifles.



Lieut. L. C. NICHOLSON,
D.S.O., 3rd Batt. Royal Berks.

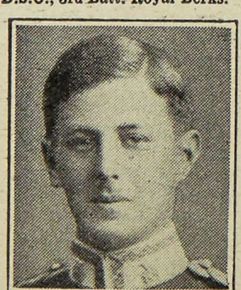
Lieut. P. VAN NECK,
1st Batt. Grenadiers.

Sec.-Lieut. W. G. CRONK,
The Buffs.

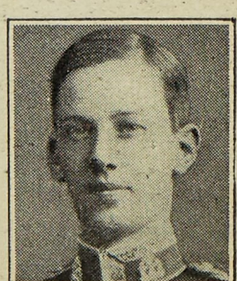


Sec.-Lieut. R. GRAHAM,
Cameronians.

Sec.-Lt. T. W. QUARTLEY,
King's Own Royal Lancs.



Sec.-Lieut. H. C. CHADS,
North Staffordshire Regt.



Lieut. R. E. ORLEBAR,
2nd Batt. Middlesex Regt.

(*Photos by Speaight, Lambert Weston, Barnett, Lafayette, Heath, Russell.*)

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contains nearly 1,000 entries arranged in alphabetical order, affording ready reference to an immense variety of war topics—such as military terms, places, and personalities in the war, details of the British Army and Navy—as well as the armed forces of all the belligerent Powers, and the thousand and one questions which the newspaper reader so frequently finds it difficult to answer.

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It is incomparably the cheapest publication of the kind, and will be treasured by thousands of readers who have relatives at the front, many of whom have no doubt contributed to these pages. It is an ideal gift for sending to one's soldier friends.

BUY THEM BOTH TO-DAY

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR.

(For our Diary of Events in the Great War prior to January 14th, see previous issues of "The War Illustrated.")

JAN. 14.—After stubborn fight French succeed in establishing themselves between Crouy and Missy. Flooded state of River Aisne, which destroyed bridges, rendered this step necessary in view of threatened French communications. German success regarded as "purely local."

JAN. 15.—North of Arras, Zouaves brilliantly carry German position. German bridges across the Meuse at St. Mihiel destroyed by French, and in the Vosges enemy thrown back.

JAN. 16.—Russians reported to be only forty miles from Thorn.

JAN. 17.—Russians complete brilliant victory at Sarykamisch by overwhelming 11th Turkish Army Corps.

French retake foundry at Blangy, near Arras, which had been seized by Germans.

JAN. 18.—Sub-Lieutenant Boot, of Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, reaches home with three brother officers, having escaped from internment camp in Holland.

JAN. 19.—Most important financial step during war announced. No company can invite fresh capital, and no fresh company can be formed unless the State approves. No capital can go abroad except under Government control.

Zeppelin night-raid on Yarmouth, Sheringham, Hunstanton, Kingss Lynn, and Sandringham. Two airships actually made the attacks, arriving abreast on the coast. One went south to Yarmouth, and the other north and north-west to Cromer, Sheringham, and King's Lynn. In every case the bomb-dropping lasted a few minutes. The bombs varied in size, very powerful, and caused considerable destruction of property. Thirteen victims in all, two killed and one injured at Yarmouth, two killed at King's Lynn and eight injured, including three children.

JAN. 20.—French Ministry of Marine makes announcement that French submarine Saphir, engaged in patrol work in Dardanelles, has disappeared.

The Dacia, the German vessel purchased by an American, and laden with cotton for Germany, reported having sailed from America.

Desperate German attack in the Bois de la Grurie, in the Argonne, drives French back for a moment, but by two vigorous counter-attacks whole of position recaptured by French.

JAN. 21.—Reported that Russian right wing rests on railway from Soldau to Warsaw, at a point only fifteen miles from East Prussian frontier.

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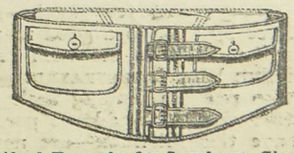

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Unrivalled Picture-record of the War

The War Illustrated 2d weekly

Edited by J. A. Hammerton

EDITORIAL

QUITE a number of my readers have written from time to time regretting the fact that, when they come to bind THE WAR ILLUSTRATED in volume form, they will not be able to preserve the fine, spirited drawings which appear week by week on the outside cover. I am afraid there is no way to remedy this. It is the result of my anxiety to make each succeeding number as attractive as possible, without regard to expense of production.

* * *

OUR COVER PICTURES

THE old-fashioned pictorial publications used to repeat on the outside cover one of the drawings which graced the inner pages. I am surprised that so many of my readers would like me to follow that plan in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED; but I am sure it would be a mistake, for, splendidly drawn and beautifully reproduced as these cover pictures are, their interest—with few exceptions—is general. They do not illustrate specific incidents of historic importance in the war. They are meant to be decorative and attractive, and it is an odd irony that, in making them so attractive, readers are now loth to part with them in binding their numbers into volume form.

I think, however, that the illustrations in the bound volume will be so abundant that the loss of the cover pictures will not be felt. Apart from that, it would be a great mistake to attempt to bind any outside covers which, in the months that have elapsed, must have become soiled, and would thereby disfigure the bound volume. All the same, it is flattering to know that so many of my readers set such store upon these admirable drawings, all of which are the work of Mr. C. M. Sheldon, one of the most brilliant of our war artists.

* * *

GIFTS IN STORE FOR READERS

TALKING of art features, I may whisper that I am at present negotiating for what I believe will prove to be the most successful art supplements given away with any war publication. I cannot at the moment say more than that I hope next week to announce the appearance of two very valuable plates, produced by a most expensive process, each of which will be worth several times the price of the weekly number with which it will be given away; and before many months are past, I am sure that hundreds of thousands of these will be framed and treasured on the walls of patriotic homes throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire.

* * *

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

WITHIN the last few weeks I have replied direct by post to a good many readers who have written to me with reference to this feature of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

Those who purpose binding their weekly parts—and I gather that a very large percentage of subscribers have this intention—are naturally anxious that the completed volume should contain the Diary of the War from the earliest date of the impending hostilities to the latest event covered by the volume. Needless to say, I have anticipated the wishes of my readers in this respect, and I had thought that in various announcements made from time to time my intentions would have been clearly understood by all. These frequent queries, however, indicate that some readers have missed my previous notes on this subject, and I therefore take this opportunity of restating clearly the arrangements I have made.

First of all, I may say that I have examined all the diaries of the war published in the leading newspapers of the country, and can state with confidence that not a single one of these has been compiled with such minute detail as our own Diary. Having appeared on our cover pages from week to week in instalments of varying length, it is difficult for the reader to realise this, but when the whole is re-edited and finally corrected, it will be, without exception, the most complete and valuable chronological record of the war in existence.

As the cover pages of the weekly numbers are not to be bound in volume form, I have arranged that the complete Diary will be given as *an integral part of No. 26*; so that, when the twenty-six parts are bound together, the complete Diary for that part of the War covered by their publication will come at *the end of the volume*. This arrangement, I know, will meet the wishes of my readers, and will add very greatly to the permanent value of the bound volume.

* * *

OUR JELLICOE PLATE

NEXT week I shall publish full particulars of our binding arrangements, but I may mention to-day that the coloured frontispiece to be given away with the binding-case is one of the most beautiful portraits of our famous admiral which have been published. It is really a notable work of art, based upon a special photograph, having been richly coloured with the most accurate detail by a skilled portrait-painter. Printed in full colours on superior paper, it will make a very handsome frontispiece to the bound volume. Together with this valuable plate an artistic title-page and a full index to all the literary and art features of the volume will be included—these being also printed in colour on superior paper.

The frontispiece, etc., will only be given away with the publishers' cases and are included in the price (1s. 6d.), which will be charged for the splendid cloth covers.

The colour chosen for the case is a dark red, and it bears a handsome design in black on the side, and an appropriate decoration in gold and black on the back, so that when the twenty-six weekly numbers are brought together in these cases they will form what will be unquestionably the most remarkable pictorial volume ever published at so low a price. When we remember the tremendous interest of the subjects illustrated so lavishly by our photographers and war artists, and so admirably printed in the pages of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, it is not too much to say that the volumes of this periodical will be treasured for generations as among the most instructive historical documents called into being by the world war.

The Editor

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.
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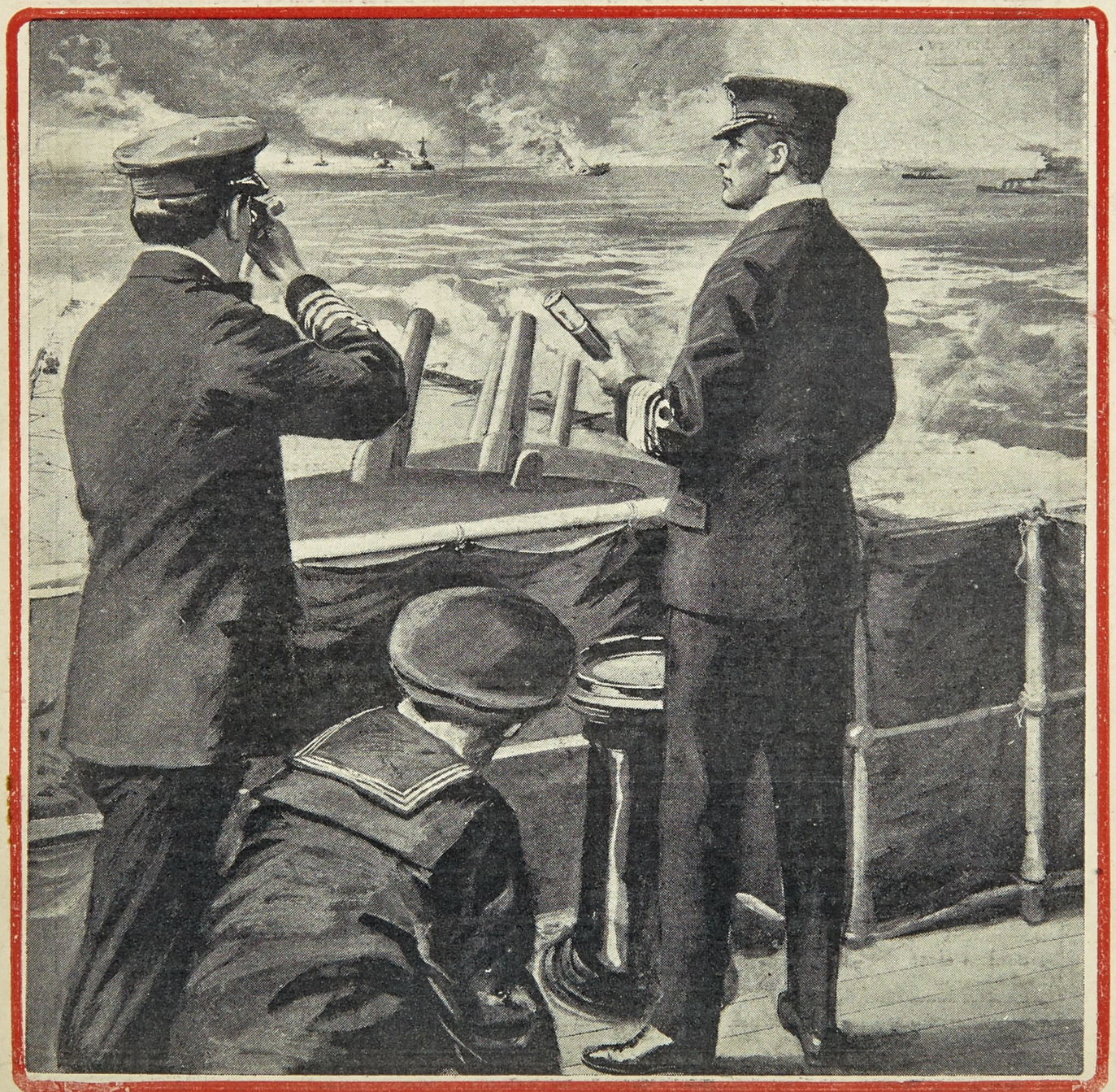
15. Registered as a newspaper, and registered for the Canadian Magazine Post. N

The War Illustrated, 6th February, 1915. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper*

AN IMPROVED "WAR ILLUSTRATED" See Important Announcement on page iv of Cover

The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly



Regd. for Canadian Magazine Post.

"WELL DONE, BEATTY"—The Hero of the North Sea

No. 25

Our "Something-to-Smoke" Fund

Many generous contributions from Overseas Readers

We have recently received a number of letters from our readers expressing great delight at receiving from men at the front acknowledgments of the packets of cigarettes and tobacco sent them through our "Something-to-Smoke" Fund. We have not directly referred to this feature in our system for some time, and it is well worth while emphasising again—that with each packet is sent a return postcard, on which the recipient in the trenches can express his thanks to the individual donor. This is ever so much better than sending one's gifts out into the blank unknown, so to speak. By means of our system the donor in most cases knows that some real man of flesh and blood has received his gift and is very grateful for his kindness.

ALL FOR 6d.
1 Cake Dark Tobacco
1 Cake Bright Tobacco
10 Cigarettes.

Altogether, we believe, we can congratulate ourselves on the efficiency which characterises every element of our scheme. By arranging to have all the packages sent from a duty-free warehouse, we are able to make a sixpence go a very long way indeed. Our readers have the satisfaction of knowing that for every sixpence contributed, the man at the front receives no less than one-and-sixpence worth of tobacco and cigarettes.

How greatly their gifts are appreciated our readers scarcely need to be told. The conditions in France and Belgium have lately been too terrible for words. An officer who wrote us recently said that without exaggeration they had had rain every day for the last six or seven weeks, and we hear of men having to stand for hours at a time in the trenches waist deep in water. When the welcome period of relief from the trenches comes, and the men are able to retire for a rest behind the lines, one can well imagine the enjoyment they will have in smoking their favourite smokes.

It is a curious fact that we have had more in subscriptions from the Colonies lately than we have had from people at home. Our home readers must therefore bestir themselves if they do not wish to be outdone in generosity by people in Canada, South Africa, and Australia.

Send all postal orders and applications for collecting-cards to:

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED
"Something-to-Smoke" Fund,
The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street,
London, E.C.

Amounts Received during the Nineteenth Week of the Fund

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THE WAR Illustrated

No. 25. Vol. I. A WEEKLY PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR For Week ending 6 February, 1915

SAVING THE GUNS AT YPRES.

THE Germans, tremendously reinforced, endeavoured to break through at Ypres last week. Part of the British line was compelled to retire temporarily, leaving six guns in an exposed position. There was not a moment to lose. Who would volunteer to bring in those guns? Artillerymen and infantrymen at once responded to the call, and dashed out on their perilous errand. Two of the weapons were saved under the eyes of the enemy. German shells fell thick and fast round the men, whose very contempt of danger seemed to act as a charm against injury.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

THE great victory in the North Sea is important from a military as well as from a naval point of view. The fastest German battle-cruisers have been seriously-damaged, the battle-cruisers which alone made the landing of German troops on our shores a possibility. The Germans may succeed in bombarding some undefended coast towns again; they will almost certainly repeat their Zeppelin and aeroplane raids; but they can scarcely, until they have repaired their fast ships, venture to attempt the smallest military raid. Even then they would be advancing to almost certain destruction.

The naval victory will enable the authorities to release for active service abroad a number of troops hitherto kept in reserve here. It is to be hoped that it will not, however, cause the problem of coast defence to be altogether shelved. Two dozen 13.5 in. guns placed in concealed positions along the north-east coast would do much to keep back isolated naval attacks or to punish invaders if they came.

The Continental War

The main feature of the Continental war continues to be, not the strenuous fighting which continues at innumerable points along the opposing fronts, but the preparations for the spring campaign. In several parts the armies face each other in comparative peace, the men occupying the front trenches for twenty-four hours without firing a single shot. In others, nothing but an occasional high-explosive shell by day or star shell by night, or the bullet of a sniper, breaks the calm. The troops occupying the lowlands cannot do much on account of the mud, which is too thick to permit of forward movements. The Germans endeavoured on the occasion of the Kaiser's birthday to advance in the difficult hilly districts such as south of Ypres and south of La Bassée. They are continuing to throw themselves against the French positions around Soissons, despite some of the most terrible punishment. The recent fights along the long western fronts have cost the Germans many men, but they have had no real effect on the fortunes of the campaign.

Behind the Scenes

What is happening behind the scenes? What are the supreme commanders on either side preparing for? A marked movement has been observed in the allied armies. The Belgians, greatly strengthened by their rest, are now holding the extreme north in some numbers, with the British ready to support them. Our own line is extending more to the southwards. The French are apparently concentrating their main armies behind Verdun, although they hold the position on the Aisne in great strength. The Germans, on the other hand, are accumulating very heavy forces in the district north of Soissons and Rheims.

Their Grand Headquarters General Staff has established itself outside Sedan. Everything points to the French making their main spring attempt north-eastwards from Verdun, and the Germans making theirs in the direction of Soissons, Rheims, and Paris. The march on Calais is indefinitely postponed. The French forward move will presumably proceed simultaneously with a British advance into Central Belgium. The great advantage for France in striking beyond Verdun is that a few victories will bring her armies into the Luxemburg and German territory. The triangle between Verdun, Rheims, and Sedan is likely to be deluged in blood in the months ahead.

Trench Fighting

The reader who wishes to obtain a clear view of the relative values of events in this war must cease to place much weight on the trench fighting now proceeding. Our own authorities have shown how little they think of such work by the little they do of it. There are certain commanding points in the German front lines that we would give much to capture, notably the strong, hilly position of La Bassée. But, generally speaking, the advances on the western front by either side have been, during the past few weeks, wasted effort. As one soldier just back from the front, and well qualified to speak, put it to me: "We're tired of local advances on the enemy's trenches. You can always drive the Germans back at any particular point if you are willing to pay the cost in lives, but when you have driven them in and occupied their position, you find it is of no use to you because it is commanded by the enemy on either side and in front. You cannot hold on, and so have to go back. It's the same when the Germans take one of our trenches. We can pepper them from three sides, and retire they must." The only real advance that will count for anything is an advance along a long and extensive line, made by enormous armies. That will not take place until the spring campaign begins in earnest.

The Truth about Meningitis

Recently I referred to the uneasiness caused in some quarters by the cases of spinal meningitis that have occurred among some of the troops. Spinal meningitis, as most of us know, is the mysterious spotted fever or black plague which, coming on suddenly and accompanied often by acute mania, kills at least one out of every two attacked by it. This disease has occurred most frequently among the Canadians at Salisbury Plain, where there have been between two and three dozen cases, with fifty per cent. of deaths. I am glad to be able to allay the uneasiness felt in many quarters over this. I had opportunity a few days ago to discuss the matter with Sir William Osler, the Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, whose supreme authority is recognised everywhere. Sir William Osler emphatically negatived the conclusion that these cases indicate the likelihood of any general epidemic.

The Canadians, who have supplied the most victims, brought the disease over with them. They had a few cases in their camp at Valcartier, in Canada, and on shipboard before arriving here. The disease now is well in hand. Sir William Osler pointed out two things concerning this scourge. Meningitis is particularly a soldier's disease, but it is not a war scourge. For example, there were sixty-three outbreaks in France during the last century, and forty-three of these were confined to garrisons. But there has been no outbreak of meningitis in any great war from Napoleon's days onwards, with the exception of the American Civil War.

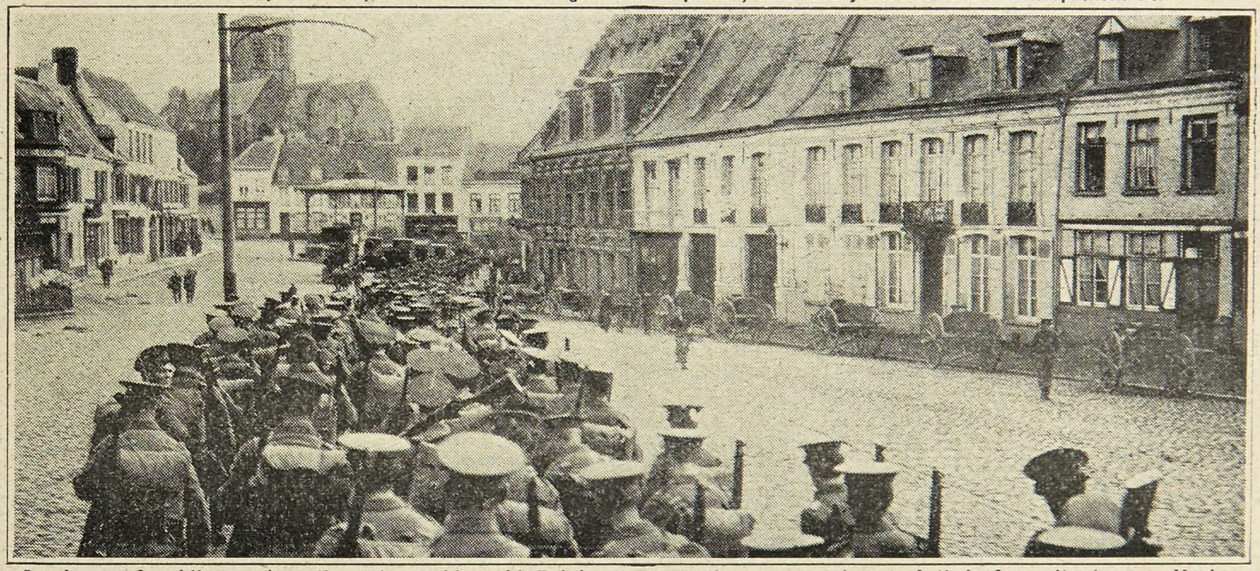
The Equipment of the Army

Our new army which is going to the front to-day is the best equipped the world has ever seen. From boots to the new cap, everything is of the best. Tommy is going to bless the designer of the new cap—soft, comfortable, and warm. It may not be as smart in appearance as the old hard, peaked article, but it is infinitely more useful. The soldier's clothes are all wool; his khaki must pass the highest tests; his very pocket-knife is a masterpiece of good work. It is possible that the buyers for the Regular Army have, as is said in some quarters, paid very high prices for supplies. Of that I cannot speak, but certainly they have secured supreme quality. The same cannot be said, however, of all the supplies for the Territorial regiments, bought by the county associations. In some cases the associations have bought very well; in other cases their purchases have been a scandal.

In one case the soles came from the uppers of the men's boots after a few days' use. I heard of one supply of boots that cost 5s. 11d. a pair. Some of the clothes have been thin and poor, mainly cotton and shoddy mixtures. Some of the huts in which the men are housed have been little more than death traps. No doubt the supreme Army authorities are sifting out these cases of bad supplies and are remedying them before the men go to the front. The whole mistake here lay in allowing the representatives of county associations to purchase as best they could without any recognised standard of quality.

With the Flag in France and Flanders

Men of the Transport Section exercising the powerful British draft horses at a camp in Northern France. These animals are so useful in transport work, where bad roads negative auto-power, that every care is taken to keep them fit.



A column of soldiers swings through an old-world Belgian town to the accompaniment of their favourite tunes. Having detrained at the nearest point to their objective, they are on their way to the battle area in the best of possible spirits.

Daily scene in Northern France where refugees sympathetically regard the never-ending stream of British soldiers who pass by the way to assist in the liberation of France and Belgium. Already the new British armies are being transported to the front.

British Horse and Foot Moving to the Firing Line.

Division of British Lancers, about to take up a position near the firing-line, pass some of their Belgian confreres on the road. In this war cavalrymen have to be versatile, sometimes assisting infantry in the trenches.

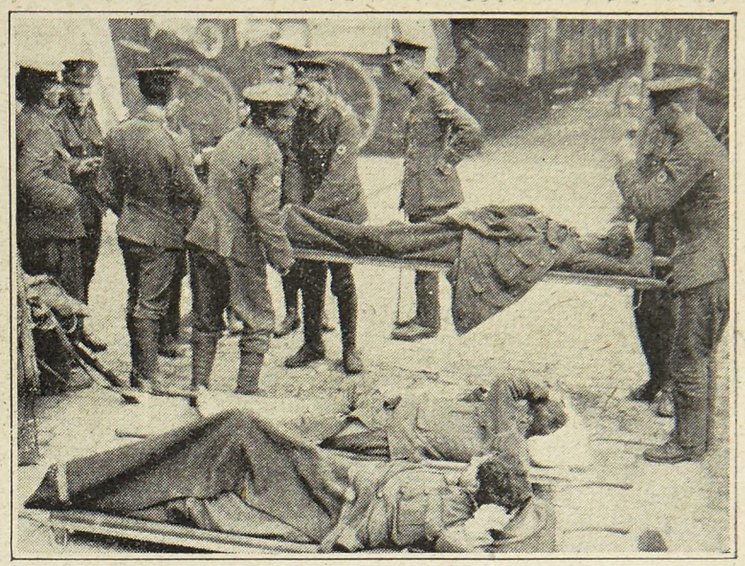
British flanking party snapped marching leisurely through a deserted village in Northern France ahead of their column.

Before entering the trenches British soldiers are subjected to a rigorous kit and rifle inspection.

Every man his furs. The ceremony of fitting out British soldiers with the warm coats, which have been christened "Teddy Bears," in progress at a rest camp. This innovation has proved invaluable during the intensely cold weather prevalent on the Continent.

With the Devoted Workers of the R.A.M.C.

COURAGE is a subtle quality, and its expressions are as varied as human nature itself. There is the bold-reckless heroism of the man who laughs death to scorn in a bayonet charge, the sneaking valour of the spy whose end is swift if caught, and the silent humanitarian courage of the man who offers himself to save a wounded comrade on the field of battle. The latter is nearest to the scriptural ideal of "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for another." The photographs on this page are of the Royal Army Medical Corps, as valiant a body of men as ever existed. The number of casualties in the R.A.M.C. ranks bear adequate testimony to their unflinching devotion to the wounded. No praise can be too great for these unarmed Christian soldiers who go daily to the fighting-line to rescue and allay the suffering of those who have fallen in the cause of liberty. Many of the doctors of this corps have given up valuable practices at home in order to carry out the work of tending the wounded on the battlefield and in the various hospitals behind the fighting-line.



Transferring wounded British soldiers to a Red Cross hospital ship. The R.A.M.C. at work in a French port.

A happy injured warrior is assisted to a Red Cross ship by two members of the heroic corps.

A case for the surgeon. Wounded soldier under chloroform receives treatment in an R.A.M.C. field hospital behind the fighting-line.

Types of the men who daily risk their lives for stricken comrades-in-arms. Members of the British R.A.M.C. on their way to the front from a base in France where they have just arrived by train. The Red Cross on the French rolling-stock will be noted.

Boer and Briton unite against the Teuton:

IN spite of the close proximity of British and German East Africa, the Huns have so far achieved little or nothing in this sphere of action. British and German interests in East Africa have always threatened conflict. On the declaration of war Germany had the opportunity of causing considerable trouble in the Protectorate, where the only troops then available were a little band of the King's African Rifles, East African Police, and volunteers.

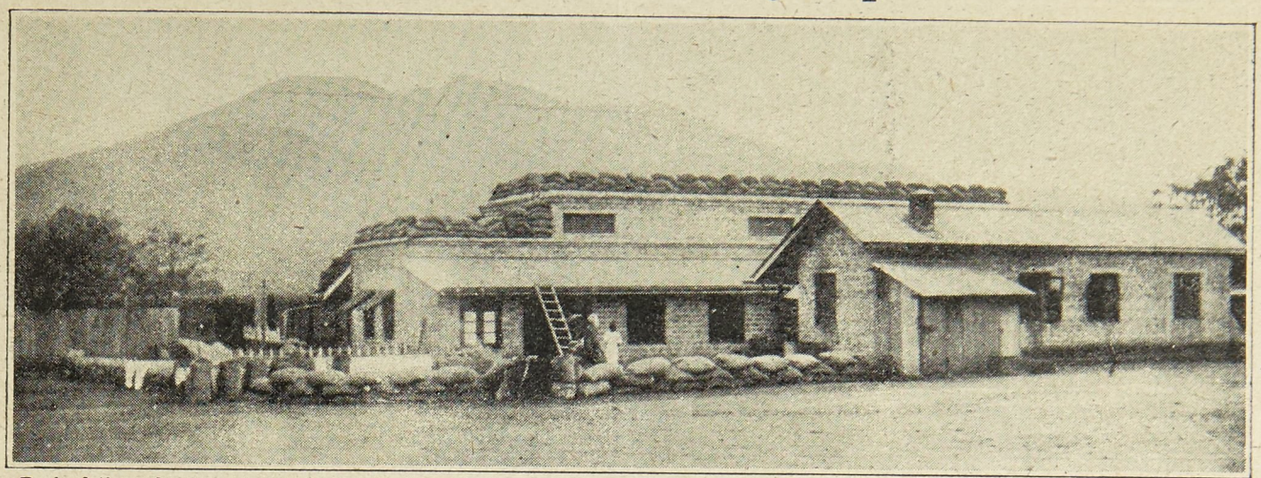
The colony had an anxious time, therefore, until the arrival of Colonel J. M. Stewart from Burma, with a body of 29th Punjabis.

Since that time the number of volunteers has increased with rapidity. Under Captain Wessel, a commando of Boers is serving in the Empire's cause, and an active offensive campaign is in progress, but the wild nature of the country makes operations a matter of great difficulty.

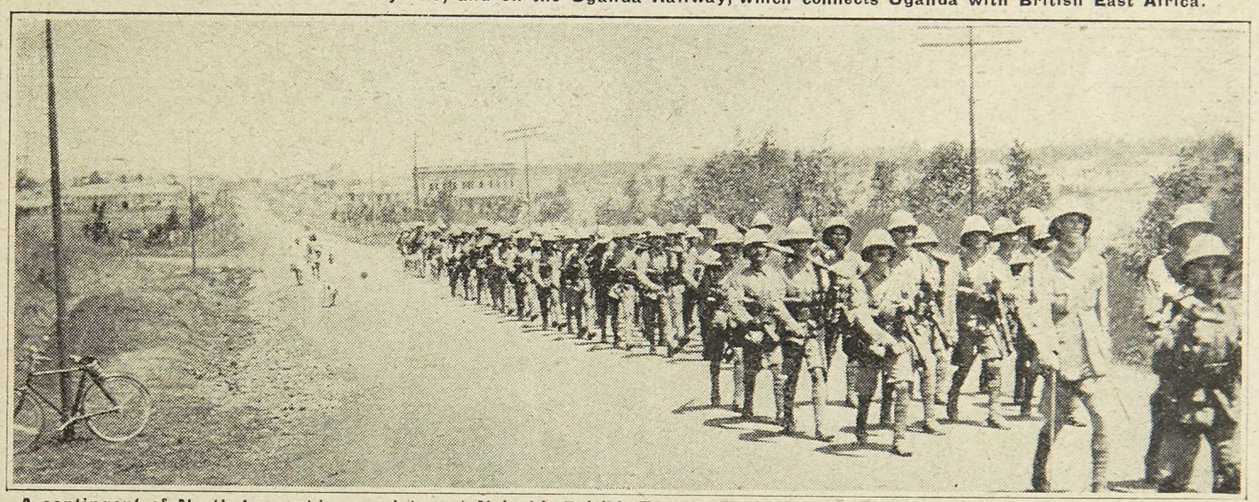
D Squadron of the Dutch Contingent passing along the Goot Road, Nairobi, British East Africa. The Boers have responded to the call to arms with great loyalty against the menace of Kaiserism.

Animated scene outside Nairobi House, Goot Road, showing the headquarters of volunteer recruiting, the trysting-place of Briton, Boer, and native, whose patriotism and devotion have brought them together to defend the colony against German East Africa.

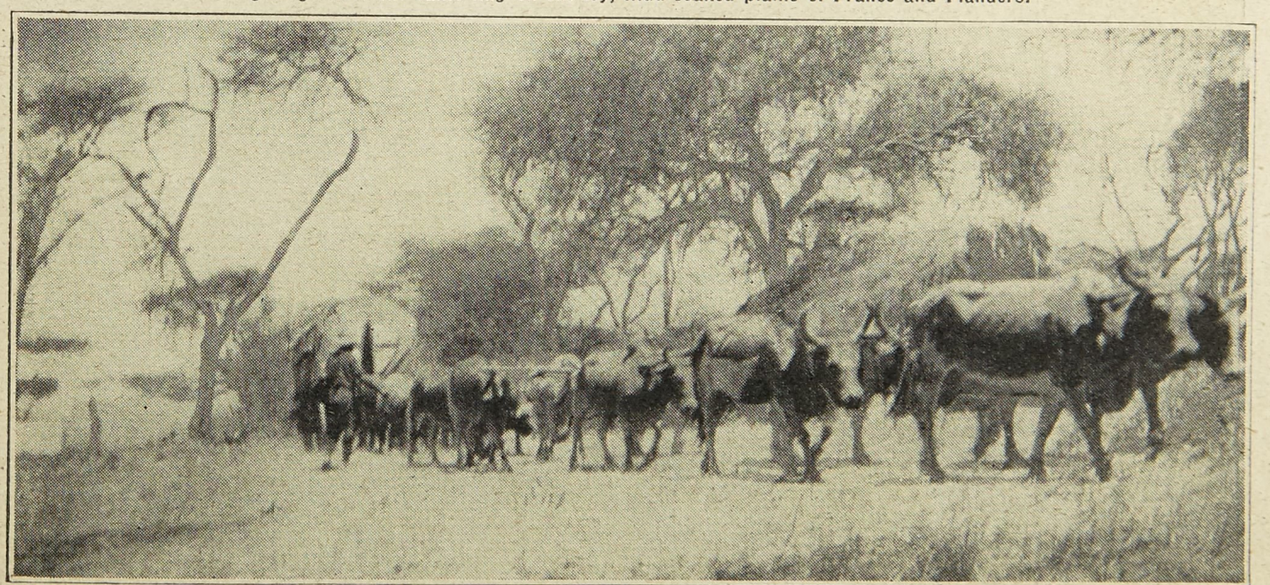
B. E. Africa contests Germany's place in the Sun



Back of the refreshment rooms, Voi Station, showing fortifications, and Saghalla Hill in the background. Voi is situated near the German East African boundary-line, and on the Uganda Railway, which connects Uganda with British East Africa.



A contingent of North Lancashires arriving at Nairobi, British East Africa. This was the first European regiment to arrive in the Protectorate. This tropical, sun-baked sphere of operations makes an interesting contrast to that of their comrades fighting under the same flag on the icy, mud-soaked plains of France and Flanders.

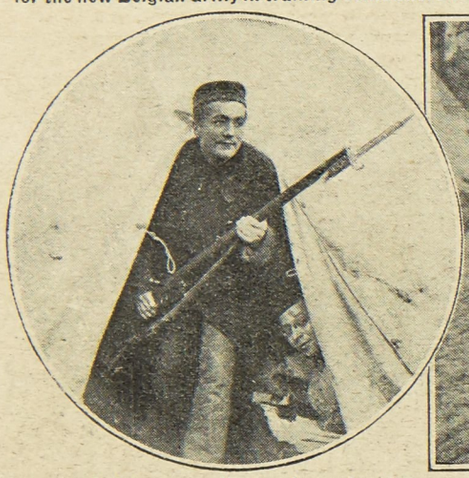


Red Cross waggon coming into camp drawn by a span of sixteen oxen, which are mostly used for draft purposes hereabouts. Since the shelling of Dar-es-Salaam, nothing of importance has taken place in the East African area of hostilities. Though an aggressive campaign is in progress by the British, natural conditions make operations somewhat difficult.

King Albert's New Army in the Making

Interior of the camp kitchen, showing cooks getting dinner ready for the new Belgian army in training somewhere on the Continent.

Belgian soldiers hard at work in the neighbourhood of the camp preparing cabbage and other vegetables for their comrades' dinner.



Young Belgian recruit who is anxious to serve under his heroic king.

New soldiers of the Belgian army in training bringing up rations to the camp. Our brave Allies are determined to fight to a finish.

The call to the colours of all young Belgians of military age has been responded to with enthusiasm. This photograph shows a number of new recruits who are now in training to assist in the emancipation of their country.

Herculean Feat of the Indomitable Slav

Since the beginning of the war the Russians have been a continual source of surprise to the Teuton, by reason of their preparedness, resourcefulness, and enthusiasm. Conditions of weather and topography have no staying effect on the determined Muscovite. In order to dominate the valuable Ducla Pass, our eastern allies performed the almost superhuman feat of dragging their artillery up the sides of the Carpathians. No horse could keep a footing on these precipitous slopes. Russian soldiers, therefore, harnessed themselves to the guns, and achieved what was considered by military experts to be the impossible.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XIV.—The Decisive Cruiser Action in the North Sea

ON the afternoon of Saturday, January 23rd, a German destroyer flotilla rayed out in fan formation in the Bight of Heligoland. As twilight fell a line of long, narrow shapes—six light cruisers—manœuvred out to support the destroyers. They hunted for some sign of a British submarine, but none was visible. So, as the early winter night drew on, the submarine defences of Wilhelmshaven opened, and four vast, grey, fighting ships, with the sharp, graceful bows of ocean racers, put out to sea at a speed of twenty-five knots an hour.

Something more important than baby-killing in English seaside resorts was intended. The German situation was growing intolerable, and the Government had been compelled to commandeer all the most important stores of food, and to prepare to put the people on siege rations. It was urgent to make the British populace suffer. This had to be done quickly and at any cost. So the Teutons practically sacrificed the fighting power of their High Seas Fleet by detaching its swift and powerful battle-cruiser wing for commerce-raiding operations in the Atlantic.

Jellicoe Realises German Intentions

Rear-Admiral Hipper, commanding the German raiding squadron, did not intend to fight an action in the North Sea. At the most, he wanted to create a diversion, during which one or more of his fastest battle-cruisers could slip out northward, and get on the trade routes.

But Sir John Jellicoe was well acquainted with the German scheme. His submarines, with wireless apparatus, were hiding and watching off the German coast; and a few minutes after the German battle squadron put to sea, a more powerful British battle squadron, under Sir David Beatty, the victor of the Battle of Heligoland Bight, steamed forth to meet the enemy.

The Germans were caught by surprise about half-past seven o'clock on Sunday morning, north of the Dogger Bank. Sir John Jellicoe had done everything he could within reason to induce Hipper to put up a brave fight. Instead of massing against him in overwhelming strength, our admiral had given him a fighting chance, by sending only five battle-cruisers against his four.

Gun Power Two to One Against Germany

Immediately the two destroyer flotillas became engaged, the ten light and heavy German cruisers turned and fled. Hipper was taking no risks. Though in numbers the British had only the advantage of five to four, yet in long-range, heavy gun-power the odds were at least two to one against the Germans. The composition of the German battle squadron was as follows:

Derfflinger, 28,000 tons, eight 12 in. guns, and 13 in. armour. Seydlitz, 25,000 tons, ten 11 in. guns, and 11 in. armour. Moltke, 23,000 tons, ten 11 in. guns, and 11 in. armour. Blücher, 15,000 tons, twelve 8¼ in. guns, 6 in. armour.

In everything but armour the British squadron was superior. Sir David Beatty's flagship, the Lion, was a 26,350-ton ship, with eight 13½ in. guns, and 9 in. armour. The Tiger was a little heavier, with the same armament and armour. The Princess Royal was sister ship to the Lion. The New Zealand—a gift from the Colony—was an 18,750-ton ship with eight 12 in. guns, and 8 in. armour. The Indomitable had the same gun-power, with only 7 in. armour. The first three super-Dreadnought cruisers—Lion, Tiger, and Princess Royal—were superior in fighting power to the German squadron. Their guns carried farther, shot straighter, hit with double the force, and the ships that bore them moved quicker.

For this reason Sir David Beatty adopted a daring plan of battle. He fought the four German cruisers with two British ships. The enemy were sighted at a distance of fourteen miles. Sir David ordered his squadron in line, leading it himself in the Lion, with the Tiger following him, and turned south-east with a view to cutting the enemy off from the German coast. Another advantage of this manœuvre was that the wind was blowing towards the south-east, and would clear the smoke from our guns and funnels, while the enemy's smoke would be blown towards his line of fire. Sir David Beatty put his ship to its utmost speed, and apparently only the Tiger, a newer vessel, was able to keep up with him. These two leading cruisers gradually overhauled the German squadron, and when they were a little over ten miles from the Blücher, the terrible 13·5 in. British guns broke the Sabbath stillness of the North Sea, and alarmed the fishermen on the Dogger Bank.

Just a few hundred yards under ten miles the dreadful high-explosive shells, nearly four-fifths of a ton in weight, struck the German ships. There was a blue flame, where they alighted on the hardened steel, then a shattering explosion that nothing made by mortal man could withstand. Besides the explosion, innumerable metal splinters hurtled through the air, rending steel and flesh as they went.

Crippling the Blucher With the 13·5's

It was extraordinary gunnery. The principal German ships were about 600 to 650 feet long, and about 95 feet wide. On the skyline, at a distance of ten miles, they made a mark which could be covered by a large pin's point. Hold a lead pencil one and a half feet from the eye, and the small black centre of it will more than cover the mark presented by the German battle-cruiser squadron. Had the fight taken place in mid-ocean, our navigating commanders would have kept their ships well out of the range of the German 12 in. guns, and the Germans would have been sunk, without a single chance of hitting back. But as the German base was only a hundred and twenty miles away when the action opened, and the Germans were racing for it with the speed of a railway train, Sir David Beatty ordered his flagship and the Tiger to engage as close as possible. His idea was to turn the sixteen big guns of the two leading ships against each German ship in turn, with a view to crippling it in its flight, and then leaving it to be dealt with by the rest of the British squadron.

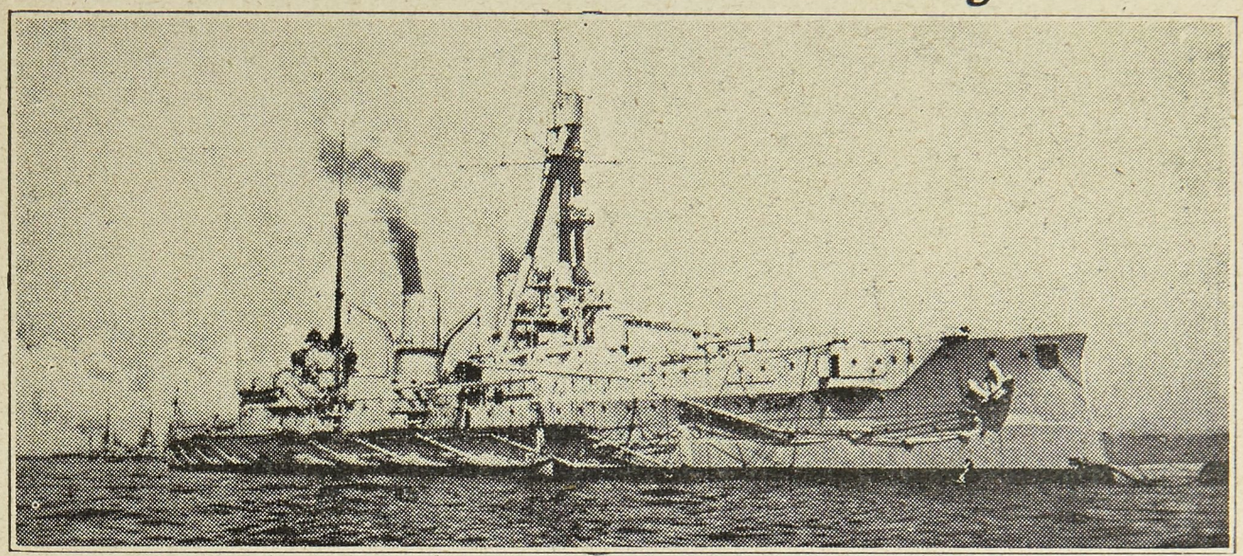
The Blücher was quickly wounded in this manner, and then hammered by the Indomitable and torpedoed. In the meantime the Lion and Tiger were pounding away at the Moltke and the Seydlitz, both of which were set on fire and terribly battered. They would have certainly been sunk if a lucky shot from one of the stern guns of the German ships had not struck the Lion and damaged a feed-tank, thus stopping the port engine.

Callous Intervention of German Aircraft

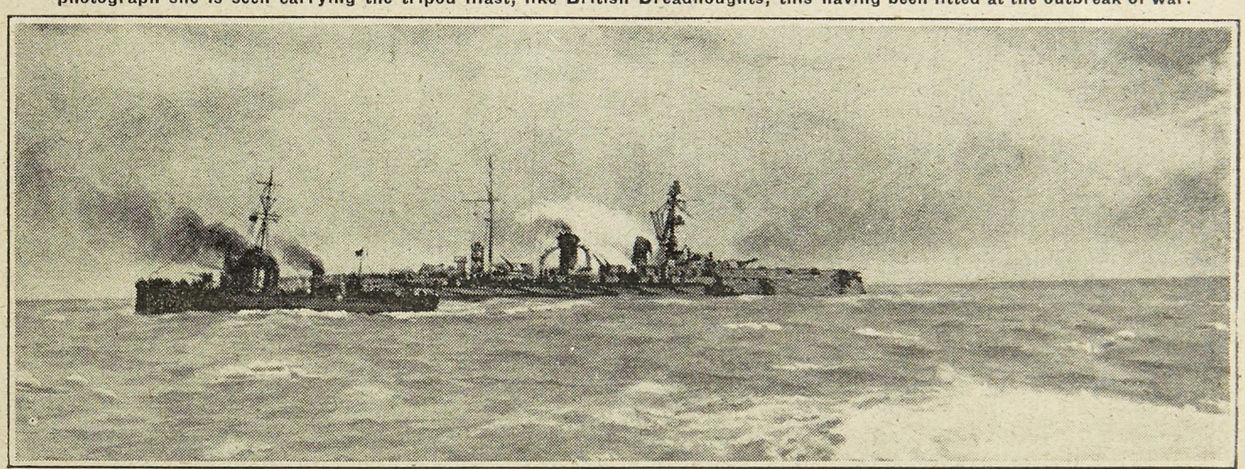
By eleven o'clock in the morning, the fleeing Germans had reached one of their outlying mine-fields, where both their submarines and naval Zeppelins from Heligoland were able to take part in the action. The Zeppelins merely succeeded in killing some of the drowning sailors of the Blücher, whom our destroyers were rescuing. But the menace of the submarine attack on the wounded Lion caused our other battle-cruisers to break off the action.

In all, the enemy had one armoured cruiser and one light cruiser, probably the Kolberg, sunk by the Arethusa, two of her finest battle-cruisers put out of action for months at least, and possibly a submarine and several destroyers sent to the bottom. The damage done to our ships the Lion and the Tiger was so slight that it could be repaired in about a week. The running fight was so decisive that it is very unlikely the German High Seas Fleet will ever engage in a general fleet action. Its swift, strong battle-cruiser wing, on which fleet manœuvring largely depends, has been permanently crippled. It is too early to say definitely if our Atlantic trade routes have been safely kept. There is a mystery about the other available German battle-cruiser, the Von der Tann. Did she slip through by another path, during the action, or was she unavailable because she had already been damaged or sunk by a mine?

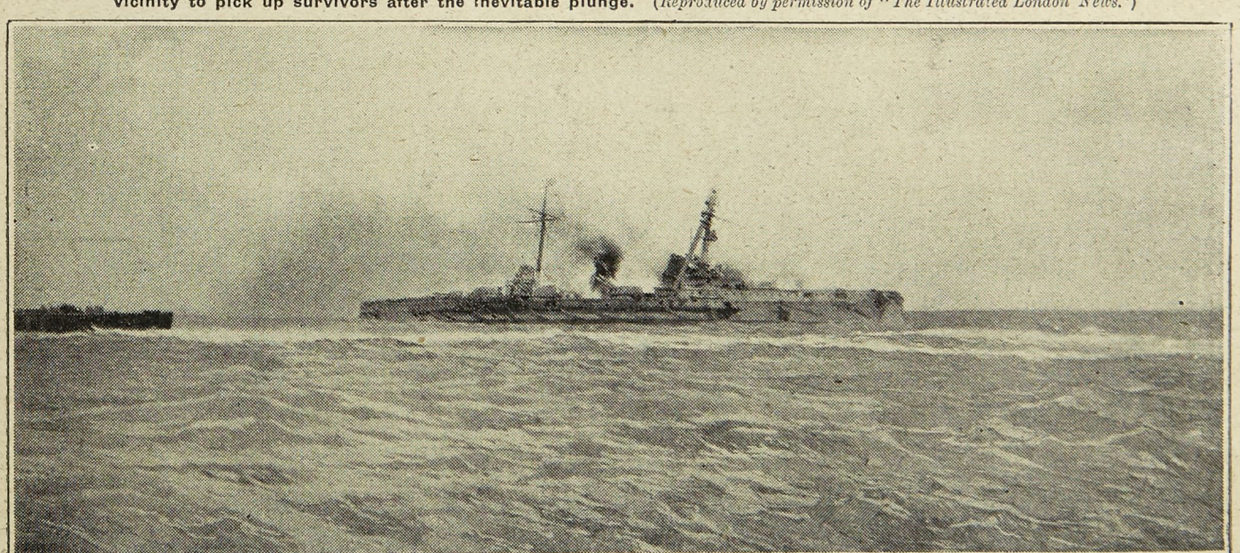
The Blücher before & after meeting the Lion



The powerful German cruiser, the Blucher, before her fight with the victorious British ships in the North Sea battle. In this photograph she is seen carrying the tripod mast, like British Dreadnoughts, this having been fitted at the outbreak of war.



The shell-swept Blucher is in its death grips, but fighting game to the last. A British torpedo-boat destroyer hovers in the vicinity to pick up survivors after the inevitable plunge. (*Reproduced by permission of "The Illustrated London News."*)



Another view of the dying leviathan, which gives an idea of the destructive power of the Lion and Tiger's 13·5 in. guns. The fore-turret has gone by the board, the funnels are battered out of place, and the hull is holed from stem to stern. (*Reproduced by permission of "The Illustrated London News."*)

The Naval Victory in the North Sea—Tri

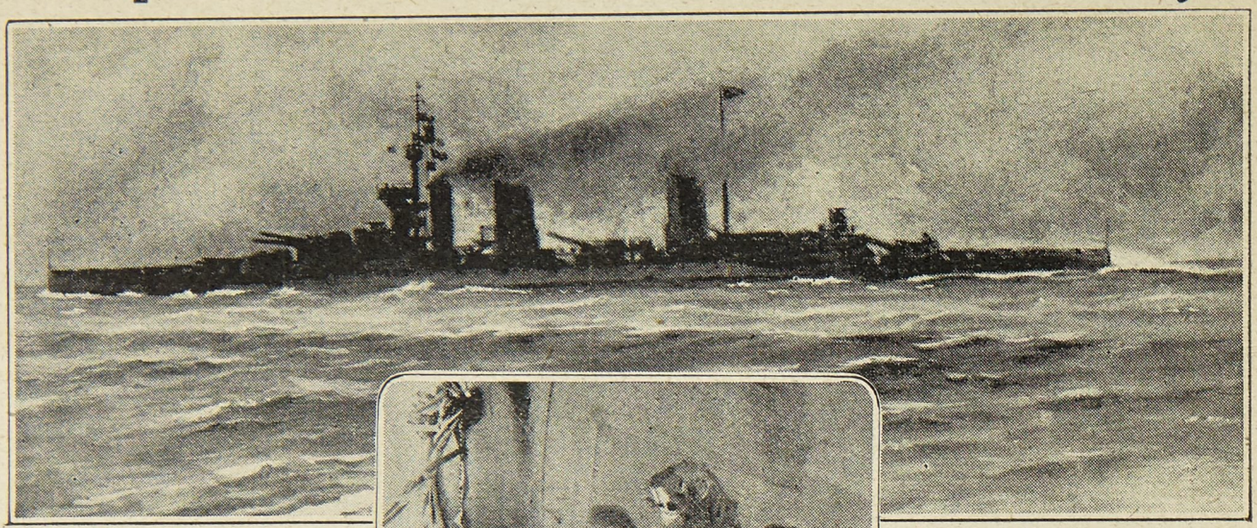
On Sunday, January 24th, the most important naval engagement of the war took place between the latest British Dreadnoughts and contemporary German ships. The latter—consisting of the Blücher, Moltke, Seydlitz, and Derfflinger—were surprised on a raiding expedition by Admiral Beatty's squadron—composed of the Lion, Tiger, Princess Royal, New Zealand, and Indomitable. The German ships immediately turned tail and fled back to port. And then began a memorable and terrible fight. Admiral Beatty's victory is the triumph of speed and guns. The conflict opened at a speed of 29 knots over a distance of 9½ miles. The fact that the Lion and the Tiger were slightly faster than their opponents, enabled them to pull success almost out of the jaws of

umph of British Gunnery and Seamanship

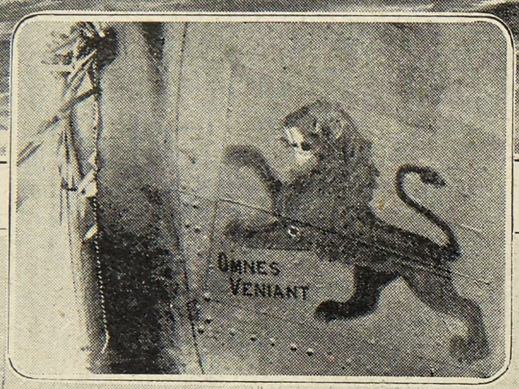
the Heligoland mine-fields, whither the enemy squadron was flying for shelter. A hit at 9½ miles is a wonderful tribute to our gunners and the 13·5 in. weapon that makes such a feat possible. After three and a half hours' fight the end of the Blücher was near, and when the Arethusa, which is seen in the centre of the drawing coming up between the destroyer and Indomitable, had fired a salvo of 6 in. guns and two torpedoes into her—the shell-raked hulk heeled over and disappeared. The Arethusa succeeded in saving 8 officers and 117 men.

At this point the fight was discontinued, partly owing to the menace of enemy submarines and partly because of the proximity of mine-fields and hostile aircraft.

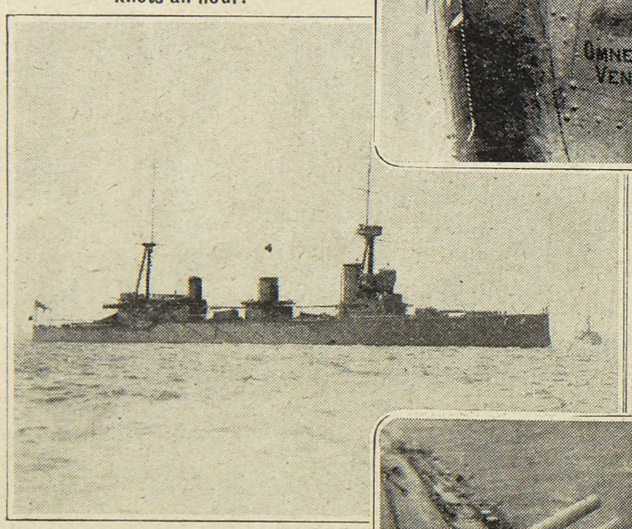
Ships and Guns that made the Germans Fly



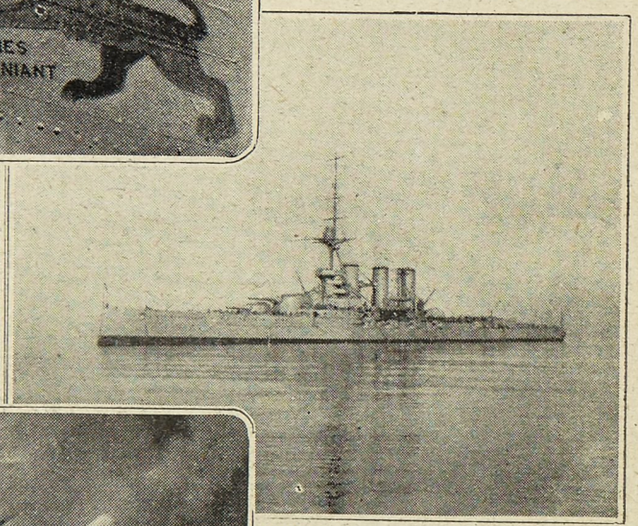
H.M.S. Lion, Admiral Beatty's flagship, going into action at 29 knots an hour.



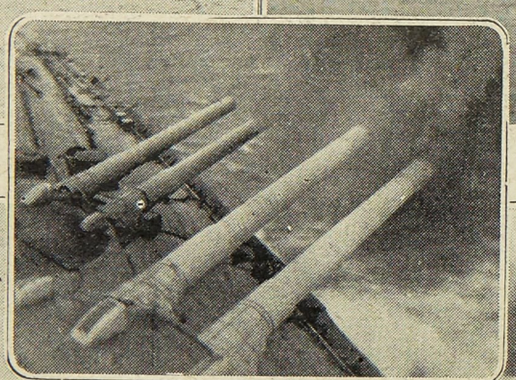
Reproduced by permission of the "Illustrated London News." Inset Lion's motto, "Let 'em all come."

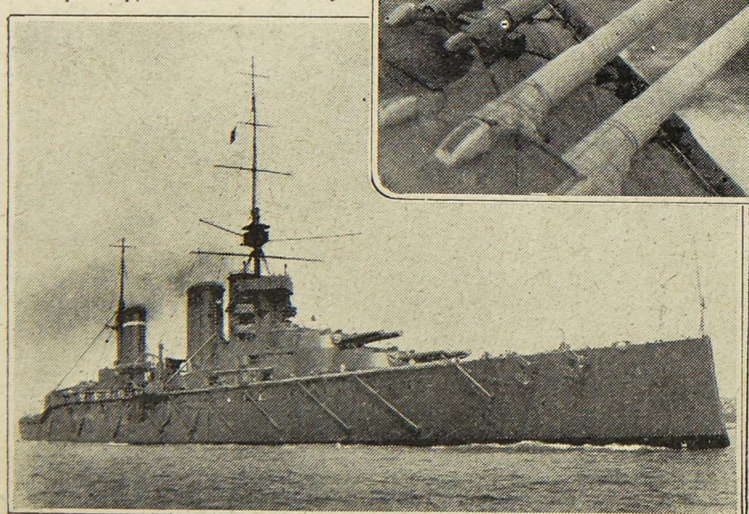


H.M.S. New Zealand, the gift of the Dominion to the Empire, which has twice participated in a naval victory.

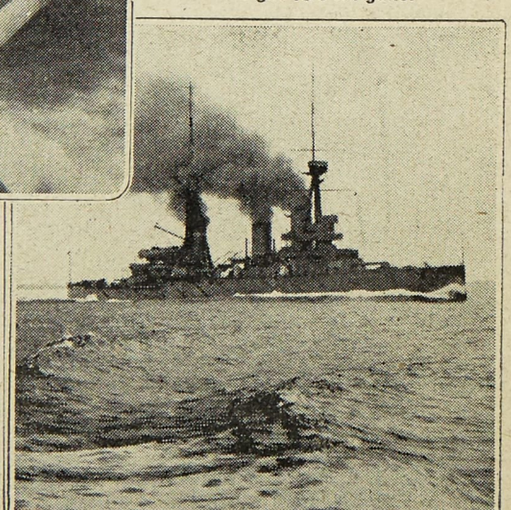


H.M.S. Tiger, one of the most modern battle-cruisers in existence. She carries eight 13·5 in. guns.





H.M.S. Princess Royal, sister ship of the Lion. She has a speed of about 32 knots. Inset: An impression of the giant 13·5 in. weapons in action.



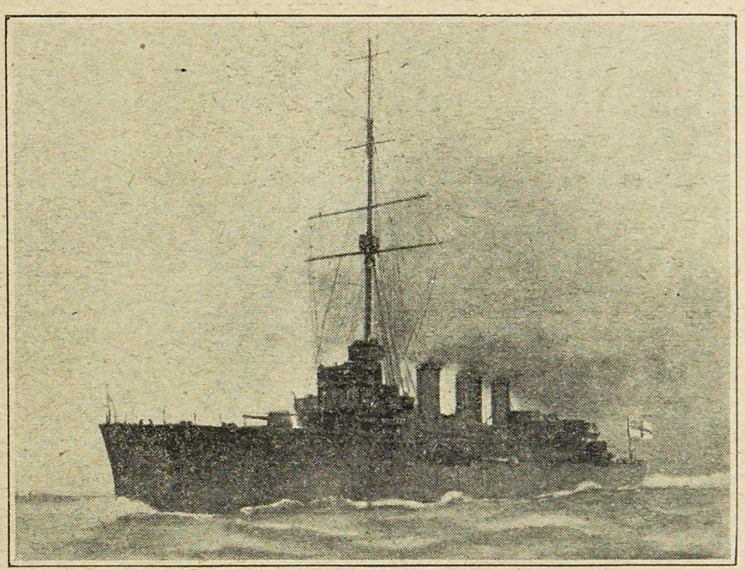
H.M.S. Indomitable at full speed. This was the ship directed, with the Arethusa, to finish off the Blucher.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N.

THE processes of the war of attrition are going on. Last week we read of bombs from aeroplanes on submarines at Zeebrugge, and the small German cruiser Gazelle sunk by a Russian submarine, their best armoured cruiser, the Blücher, and the light cruiser, Kolberg, lost in the recent battle. Only four German armoured cruisers are left, dating from 1900 to 1905, with speeds of only nineteen to twenty-one knots. It should always be remembered that in tabulating losses, if our Navy is twice as strong as the other, and each loses to the extent of, say, one-half the strength of the weaker navy, the result will be that the stronger navy is left with a force *three* times that of the weaker. In other words, Germany can afford losses to a much less degree than we can.

This is even more strikingly true when the situation of Germany, Austria, and Turkey is compared with that of the four great naval allies. Except for two Russian cruisers, Russia, France, and Japan have suffered practically no naval losses. The French Adriatic operations have resulted in a temporarily damaged battleship, which was repaired in six weeks, and the loss of two submarines and two destroyers, whereas Austria has certainly lost the services of a Dreadnought for some time to come, and some cruisers, destroyers, and submarines. Now, the German losses have been greater than our own, and the effect is not only more felt for the reason we have stated, but also because the losses have been in modern vessels of high speed.



The cruiser Arethusa, which gave the final torpedo blow to the Blucher in the naval fight in the North Sea, on January 24th.

Lessons in the North Sea Battle

We have shown in previous articles that while a predominant naval Power can use all its old tonnage behind the protection of its modern fighting ships, a Power situated like Germany can only use her most modern ships. On January 23rd I drew a picture of the German Fleet "under the protection of fortified and mined harbours," from which "the fastest ships venture out like frightened rabbits, to scurry back on the mere threat of a superior force." That is an exact picture of what happened in the North Sea battle a few days later. I have pointed out, both before and during this war, that on no consideration ought we to allow the submarine and the mine to stampede our ships out of the North Sea, for anyone can see who draws a circle on a map to reach the English coast, with the vicinity of Heligoland as a centre, that it is impossible for ships outside the North Sea to intercept raiders. As Germany only works with her fastest ships as raiders, all that was necessary was for us to occupy what may be called an interior position in the North Sea with a squadron of our fastest ships, superior to anything Germany could bring. This is exactly what was done with our five powerful battle-cruisers, accompanied by a suitable proportion of small, fast cruisers as scouts and destroyers to look after submarines.

Why the Blucher took Part

Let us examine the strategical and tactical reasoning for the preparation of the Kaiser's birthday present. The Von der Tann was disabled by her collision a few weeks before, and hence Germany had only three battle-cruisers available, carrying sixteen 12 in. and ten 11 in. guns in all. A squadron carrying twenty-four 13½ in. guns and sixteen 12 in. guns was clearly enough to annihilate them if their speed did not enable them to escape. It would represent a weight of broadside of very nearly two to one.

The only point that could not be anticipated was that the Germans would hamper these very fast ships by a slower vessel, armed with guns similar to the Scharnhorst's, and which had, therefore, already been shown to be useless when pitted against ships fitted with 12 in. guns. The only solution of the mystery is that the Germans imagined that we were wedded to the policy of keeping our valuable battleships and battle-cruisers outside the North Sea, and that therefore there was no great risk if they made up to their favourite four-ship formation by replacing the Von der Tann with the Blücher. They have paid the penalty.

It is certain also that though their three battle-cruisers escaped, they were very severely punished, and we are not likely to hear from two of them for some time to come. On the other hand, our own flagship Lion was damaged, but we are assured by the Admiralty that she will soon be repaired. It appears that the enemy concentrated their fire on Beatty's flagship, on the old tactical principle mentioned in the Bible: "Fight neither with great nor with small, save only with the King of Israel."

Had Time Permitted!

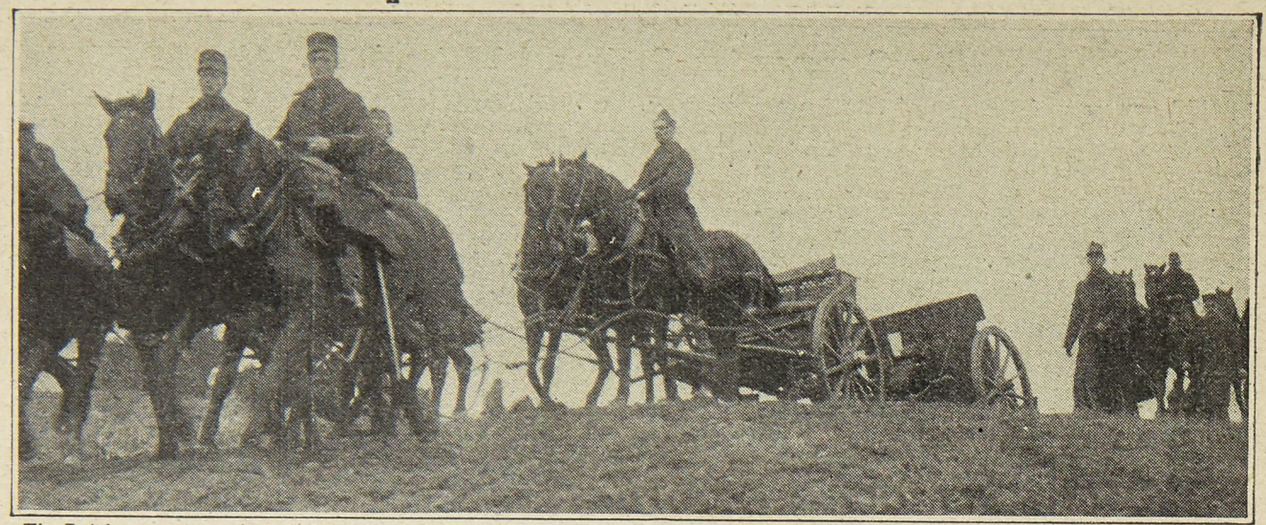
If more time had been available before the enemy reached their defended area it is certain that the three battle-cruisers would have shared the fate of the Blücher. The three ships are well-armoured, and would take a great deal of hammering, and therefore time was the essence of the matter.

Our Battle Cruiser Squadron is decidedly on velvet, for it can act without compromising our safety by running necessary risks. If in war your country's safety depends on the existence of your ships, and these are barely equal to your enemy, then your admiral's anxieties are multiplied, for he must keep his fleet "in being," and wait until every chance is in his favour. But with our fast battle-cruisers things are very different. The elimination of the two Scharnhorsts freed the Australia—if the Commonwealth is willing—and two Invincibles.

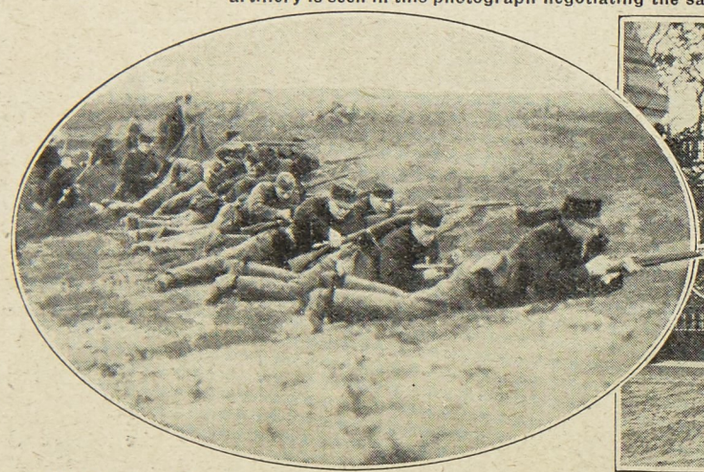
Besides these we had seven more in home waters. Already due for completion are five battleships, the Queen Elizabeths with 15 in. guns, the speed of battle-cruisers, and when I add driven by oil fuel, everyone will know what that means in a chase. The German battleships, if they come out, must fight, for twenty-knot vessels cannot run away from faster ships.

What is left to raid and carry out mining operations similar to those of previous raids? Only the four damaged battle-cruisers—the Derfflinger, Seydlitz, Moltke, and Von der Tann, and later on will be added the new Lützow. Compare the guns, weigh the situation, and the conclusion is that Germany will not worry us for some time to come except with her submarines. If she does, so much the better for us and the worse for her.

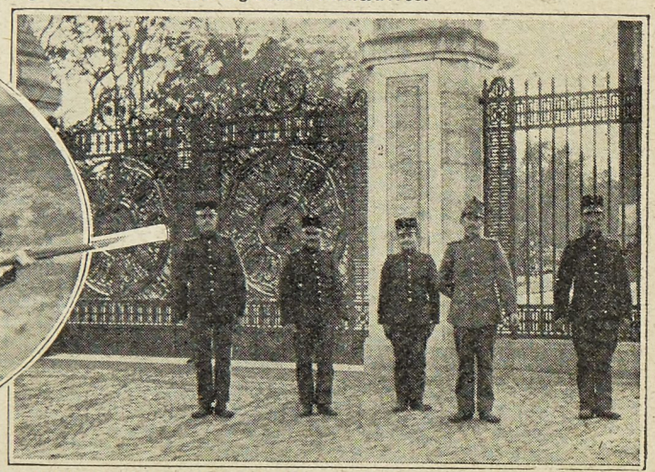
Warlike Preparations in Peaceful Holland



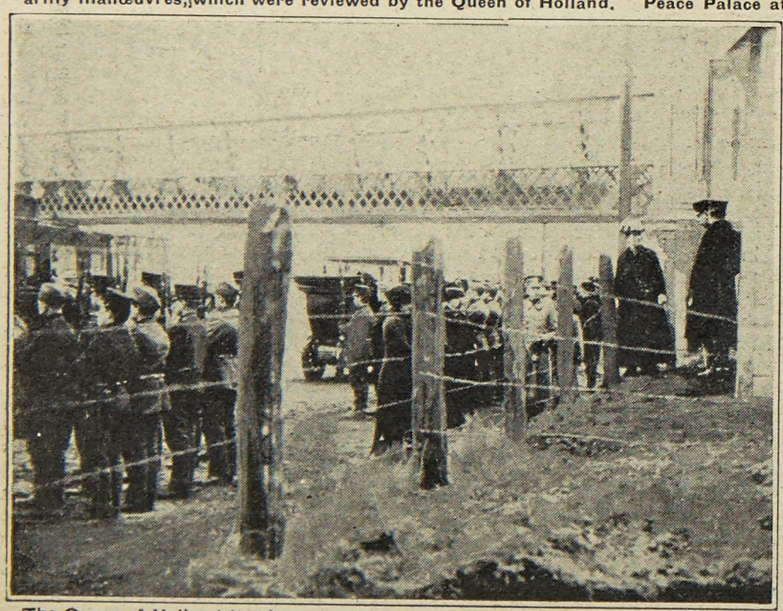
The Dutch are not unmindful of Belgium's fate, and are accordingly preparing against the possibility of territorial violation. Dutch artillery is seen in this photograph negotiating the sand-dunes during recent manœuvres.



Dutch infantry defending their territory on the occasion of the army manœuvres, which were reviewed by the Queen of Holland.



Locked and barred against the Angel of Peace. The gates of the Peace Palace at The Hague, presented by the War Lord himself.



The Queen of Holland has been making sure that her country is ready to defend its independence. Her Majesty is seen arriving at Maestricht to review the troops. A rupture between Germany and Holland may take place any day.

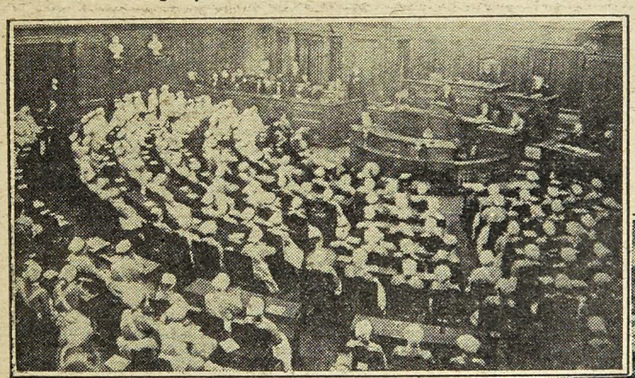
Dutch officers at manœuvres. It will be remarked that their uniforms closely resemble those of the Germans.

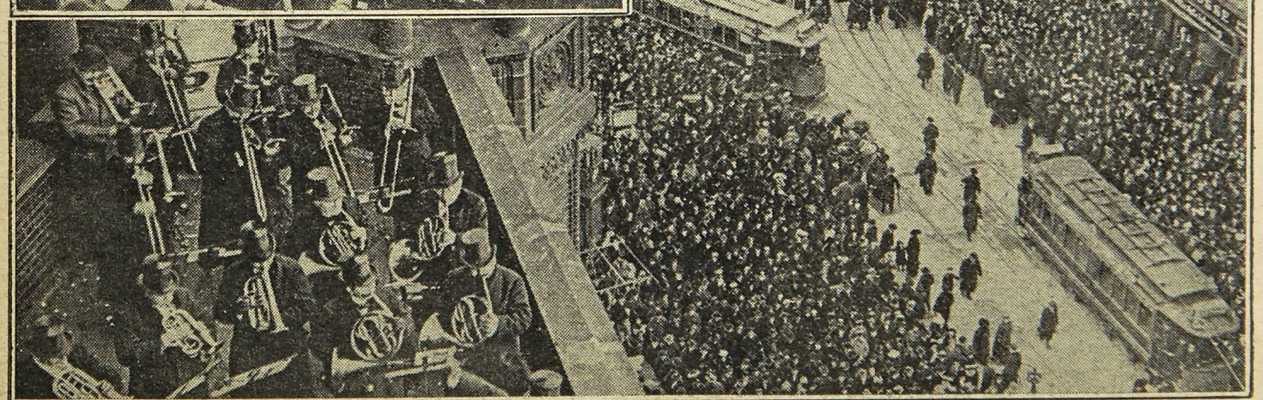
Discreet Peeps at Berlin in War Time

Daily scene outside any hospital in Berlin, showing German nurses and soldiers enjoying a constitutional.

Now the most popular German royalty. Prince Henry of Prussia acknowledges plaudits of a Berlin crowd from his motor.

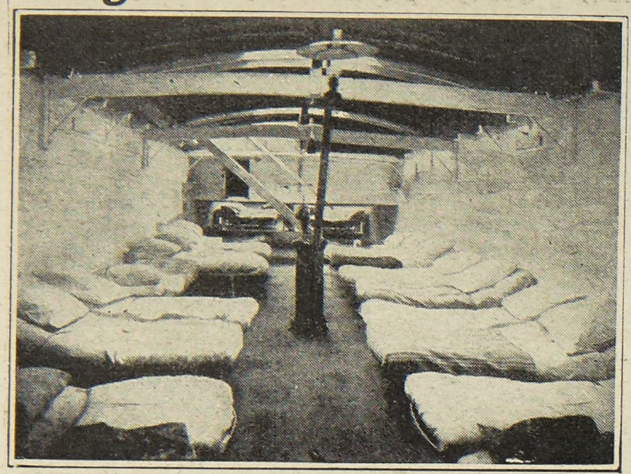
More "cannon-fodder" for the War Lord. German non-com. training Berlin's new recruits in the use of the rifle.



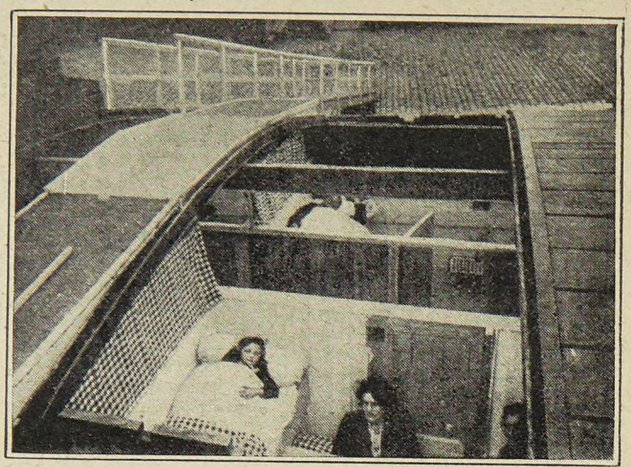


A highly respectable German band performs on the balcony of Berlin's town-hall by way of celebration of Germany's mythical victories over the Russians. The triumphal blasts are echoed in the pages of the "Berliner Tageblatt," whose office is seen on the right of the photograph. Inset: Some 500 nurses in the German parliament house—the Reichstag—not legislating however, but merely listening to a lecture. The Suffragette movement never caught on in "Kulturland."

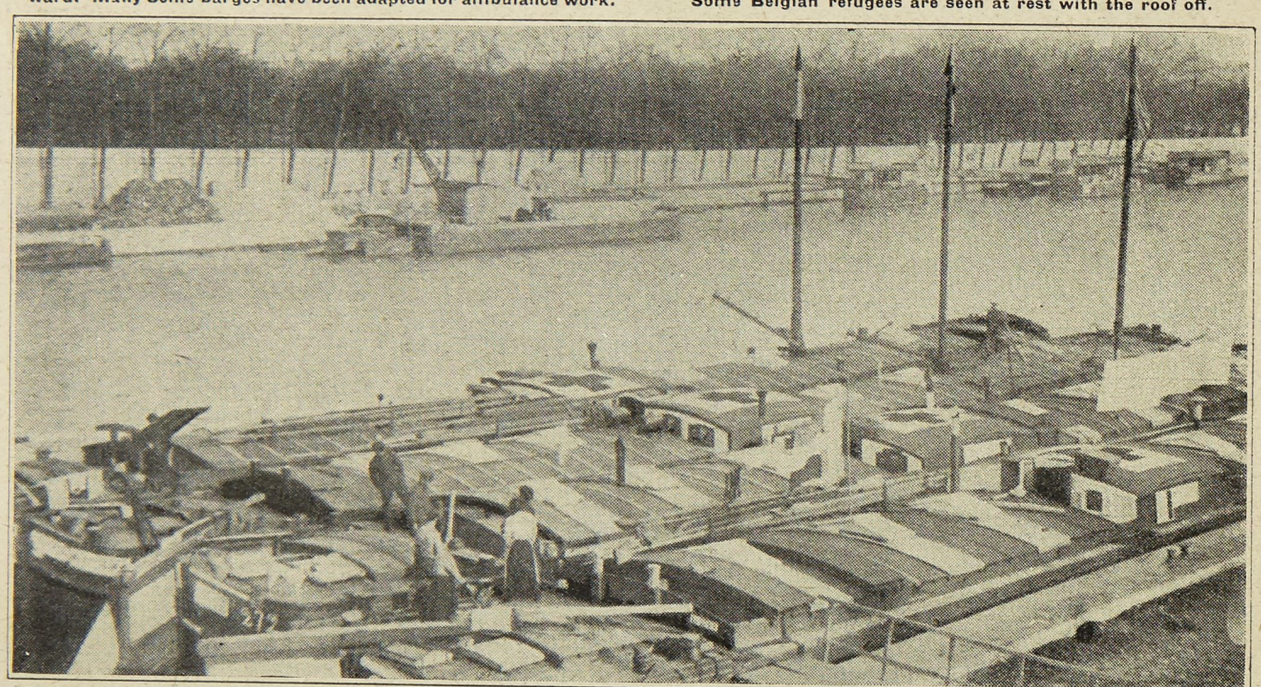
Bargetown-on-Seine: New Refuge for War's Victims



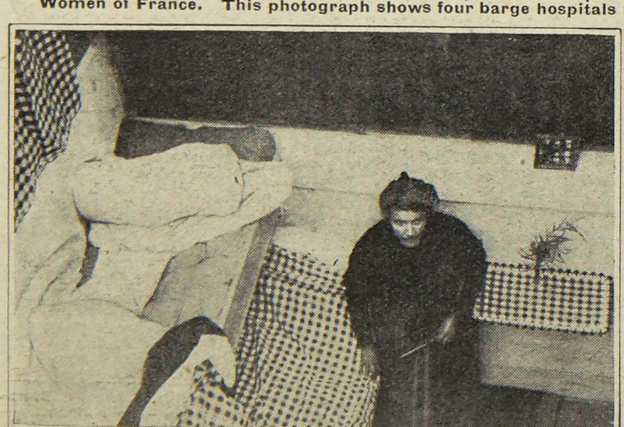
After the Paris motor 'bus operating room, the barge hospital ward. Many Seine barges have been adapted for ambulance work.



Plenty of fresh air is a feature of life in the Paris Seine barges. Some Belgian refugees are seen at rest with the roof off.



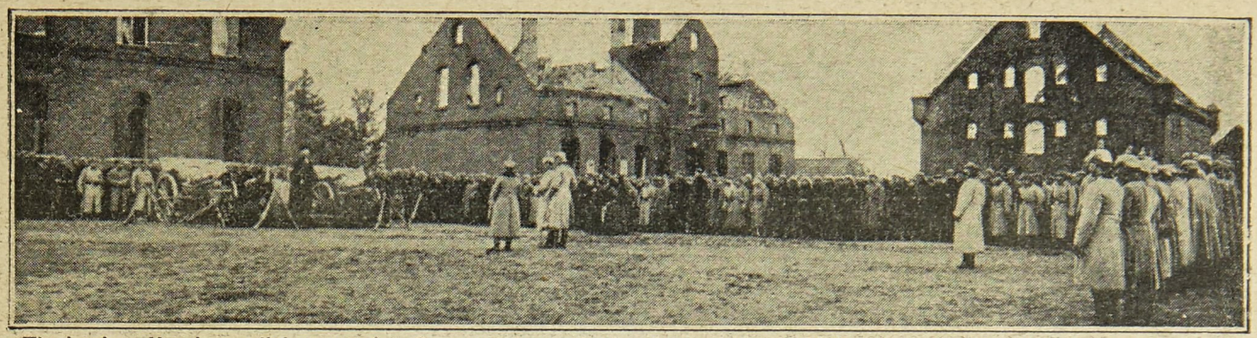
Wounded are finding the Seine barges distinctly comfortable. Little noise penetrates their cabins, and the motion of the water is imperceptible. The idea of turning these picturesque French "peniches" into hospitals and temporary homes is that of the Union of Women of France. This photograph shows four barge hospitals moored alongside the Seine bank near the Alexander III. Bridge.



Safe from the fury of the Huns. A Belgian refugee in her temporary home, a little cabin at Bargetown-on-Seine.

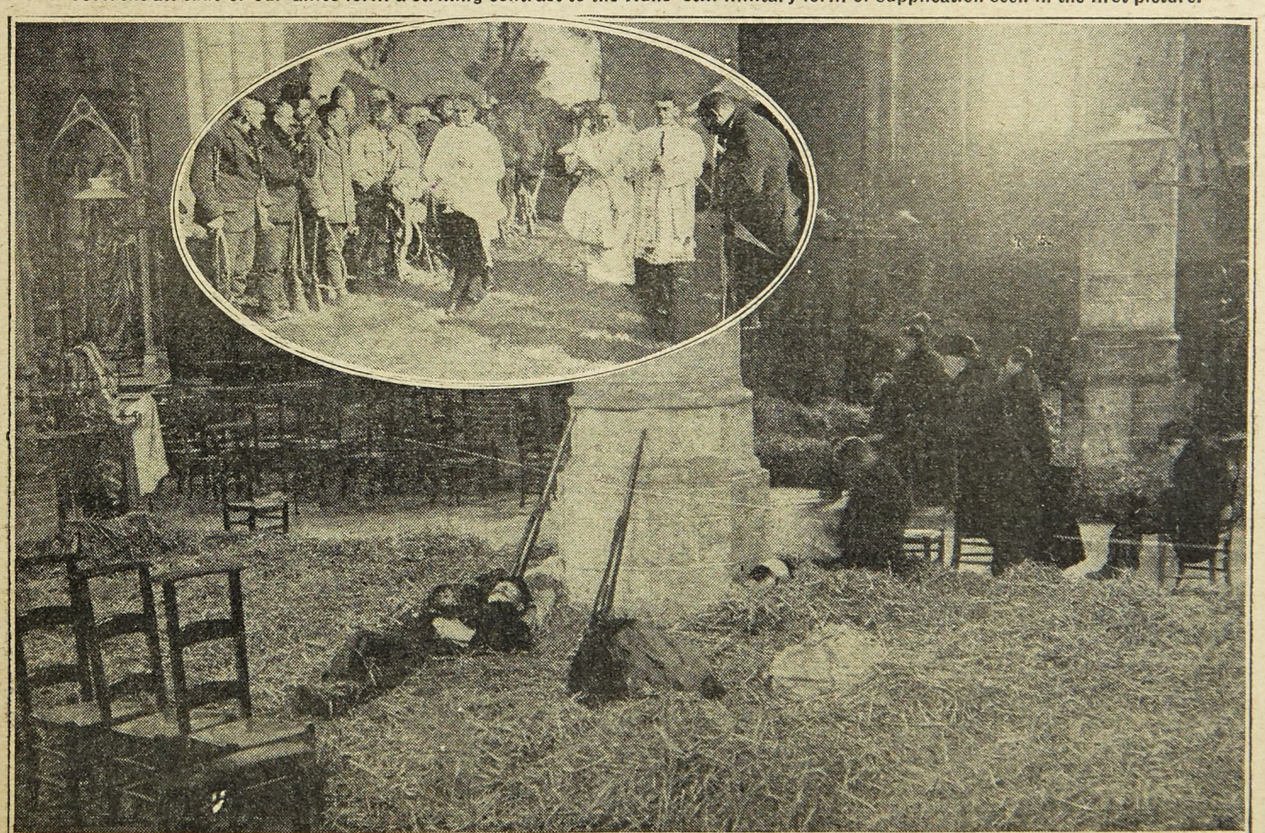
How the wounded are admitted to Bargetown. A patient being lowered on a stretcher through the roof for treatment.

Religious Duties amid the Din of War



The impious Hun in a religious mood. German troops attend a short service amid the ruins caused by their guns in the central square of a Polish town. The priest is seen standing in an improvised pulpit between two guns.

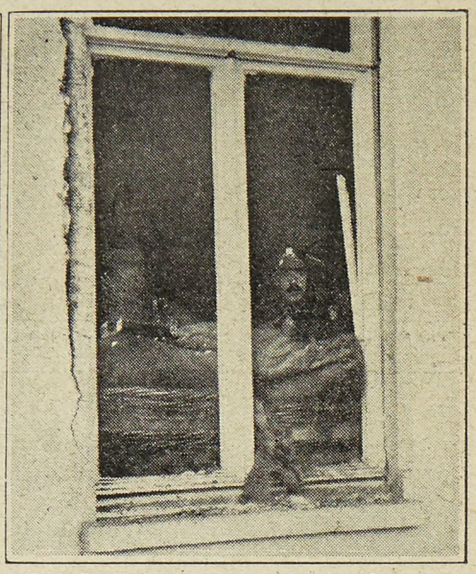
A Mass celebration in the open air. Impressive French service in the beautiful Argonne Forest. The bared heads and general reverent attitude of our allies form a striking contrast to the Huns' stiff military form of supplication seen in the first picture.



The soldier sleeps at peace while the civilians watch and pray in God's House. A moving scene at an early Mass in a Belgian church. Inset: The Austrian Bishop Bielik conducts a Sunday service for soldiers on the battlefield. Note the absence of military uniforms, which demonstrates how hard pressed Austria is to replenish her ranks shattered in the Kaiser's cause.

Elusive Snipers Snapped by the Camera

How the sniper works. A French soldier well concealed behind he remains of a wall is able to do the enemy much damage at a minimum of risk.



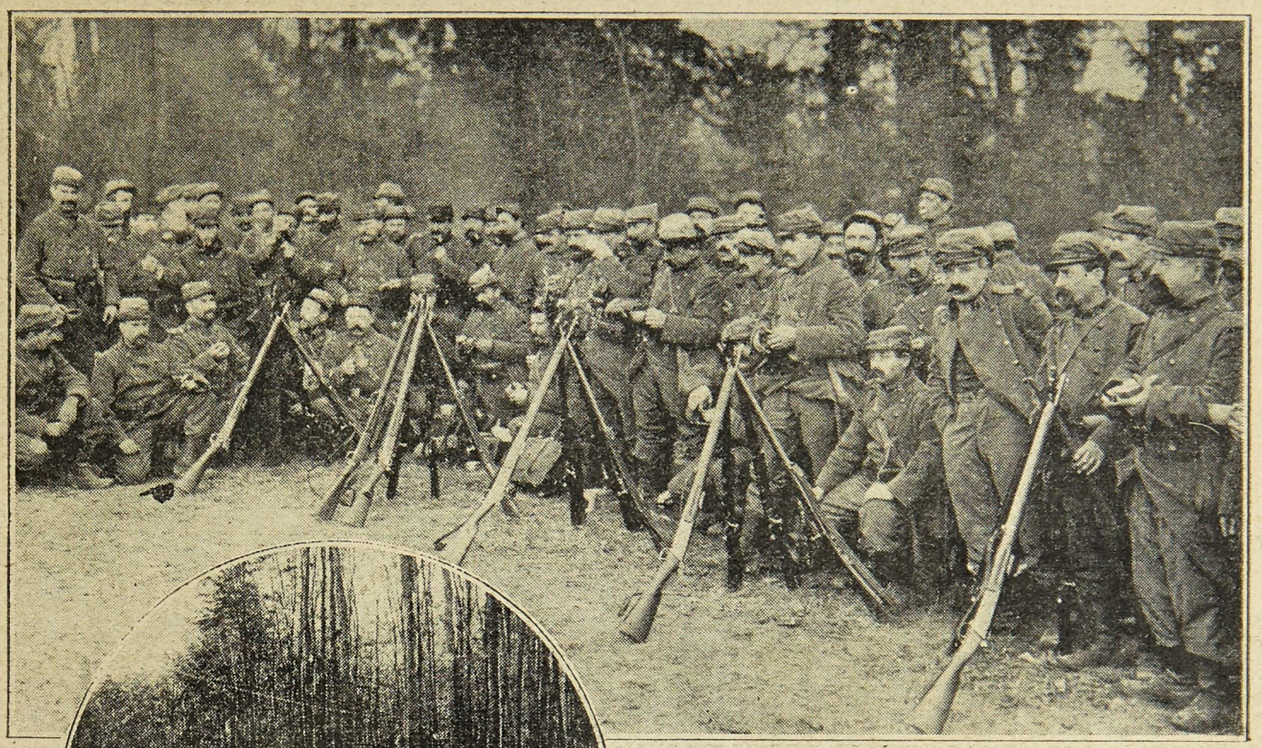
British marine gunners snipe the Germans from a window in a Belgian town.

German lieutenant who, having persistently sniped at allied officers, was killed by a fragment of shell.

Ingenious hiding-place of a French sniper in Northern France, consisting of the hollow of a shell-ruined oak-tree.

German officer hidden by a haystack trying to pick off any British soldiers indiscreet enough to show themselves for a second above the trenches.

War Scenes in the Forest of Argonne



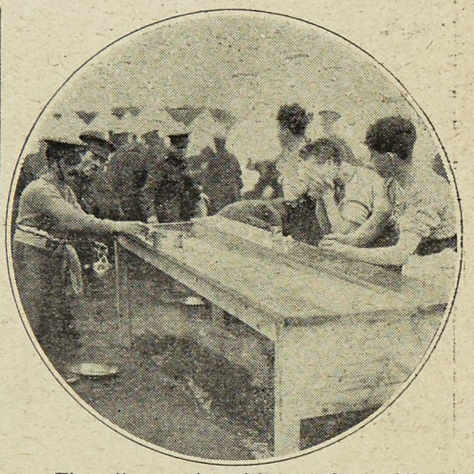
Detachment of French infantry call a welcome halt for rest and refreshment in the Argonne. Continuous fighting has been going on in this forest district, with generally indecisive results.

Digging a three-decker entrenchment, typical of many in the Argonne, where undulating ground lends itself particularly to this form of trench construction, which is considered to be impregnable. Inset: French engineers at work by the wayside in the beautiful forest.

Domesticities Near the Battle Line

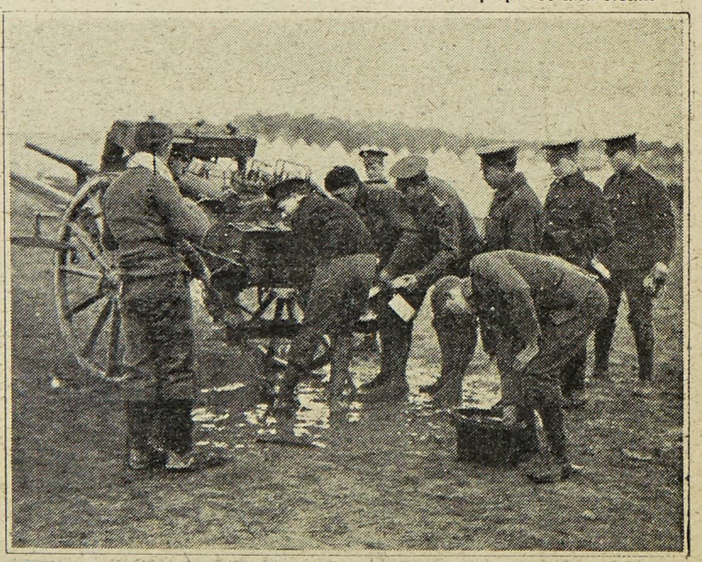
Tent orderlies bring up a tasty stew to tickle the palates of their comrades in an encampment in Northern France. In the matter of food the British Army fares better than any other.

Mess-tins as saucepans in which soup is being heated on an improvised brazier.



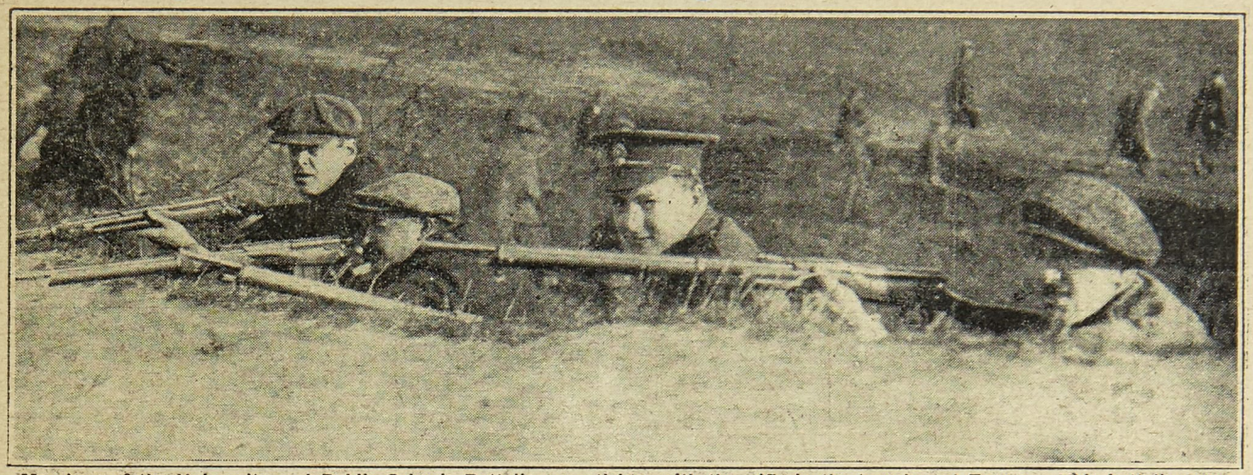
The ruling passion with most of our soldiers at the front is to keep spruce and clean.

To keep up camp fires, wood is requisitioned from trees in the country surrounding the encampments.



Precautions against enteric. The latest innovation of our perfectly equipped Army. A travelling filter to ensure purity of drinking-water.

Old Boys who will soon Fight with New Armies



Members of the University and Public Schools Battalion practising with the rifle in the trenches at Epsom. This battalion now comprises a large force of men, and is expected to go to the front in the course of a few weeks.

Fun with the water-cart. Soldier members of our great Public Schools in a merry mood dragging in a water supply.

Types of University and Public School men who will soon be fighting in France and Flanders.

Preliminary efforts against "General Winter." University and Public School men bringing in large bales of blankets.

Erecting sleeping huts. New recruits to the Public Schools Battalion picking a foundation for their sleeping apartments at Epsom.

New Names on Britain's Roll of Heroism

SERGEANT ROWLAND SHUBOTHAM, of the Cheshire Regiment, was awarded the V.C. for conspicuous bravery in rescuing a wounded officer from the firing-line.

Captain C. V. Beresford was mentioned in Sir John French's despatches. He was wounded at Mons, and is now a prisoner at Mainz, Germany.

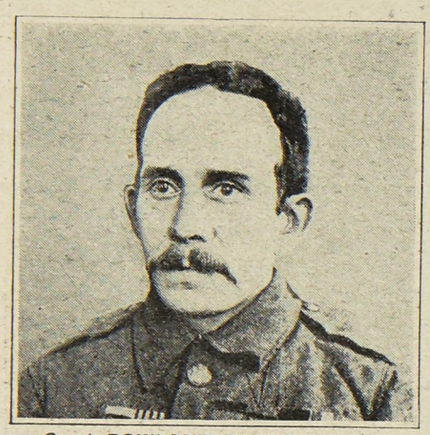
Bandsman Thomas Edward Rendle, of the 1st Batt. Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, received the Victoria Cross for courageously tending wounded under heavy fire.

Able-Seamen H. D. Lowe, G. Ripley, and T. Machen were decorated by the King with the Distinguished Conduct Medal for gallantry at Antwerp. They are members of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

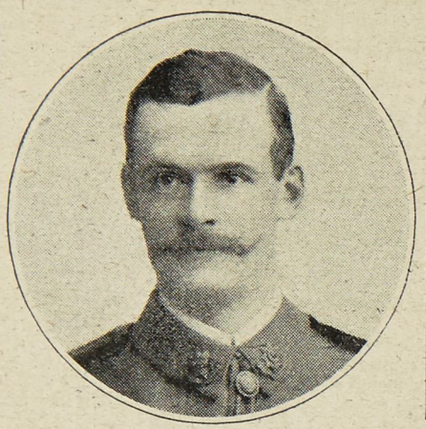
Corporal J. Smith, B Company, 2nd Batt. South Staffs Regiment, was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal in recognition of his devotion to duty and gallantry.

Corporal H. E. Hodder, Royal Engineers, was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for gallantry on the field. Prior to the outbreak of war he was a Cambridge undergrad, but volunteered as a despatch-rider.

Corporal E. Dickinson, 1st Royal Dragoons, received the Distinguished Conduct Medal for consistent gallantry in carrying messages under very heavy fire from German guns and snipers. He says with characteristic modesty: "It wasn't much—merely my duty, and I didn't fancy the job at the time, but someone had to do it."



Sergt. ROWLAND SHUBOTHAM, Cheshire Regiment.



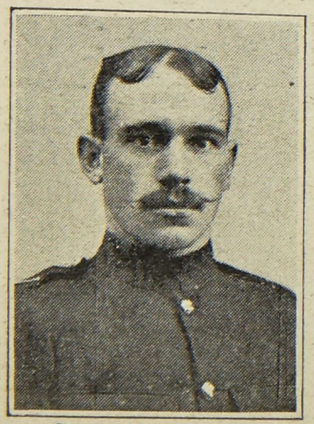
Capt. C. V. BERESFORD, 3rd Batt. Worcestershire Regiment.

Sergt. H. DUNGAY, 1st Norfolks.

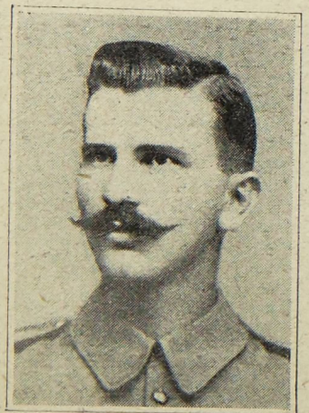
Seaman CREMER, Submarine hero.

Seamen H. D. LOWE, G. RIPLEY, and T. MACHEN, Naval Brigade.

Bandsman T. E. RENDLE, Duke of Cornwall's L.I.

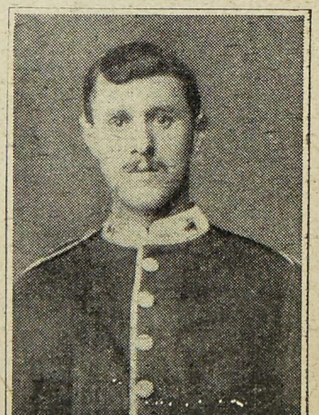


Corporal J. SMITH, South Staffs Regiment.



Corporal E. DICKINSON, 1st Royal Dragoons.

Corporal H. E. HODDER, Royal Engineers.



Private E. HAMMOND, 2nd West Riding Regiment.

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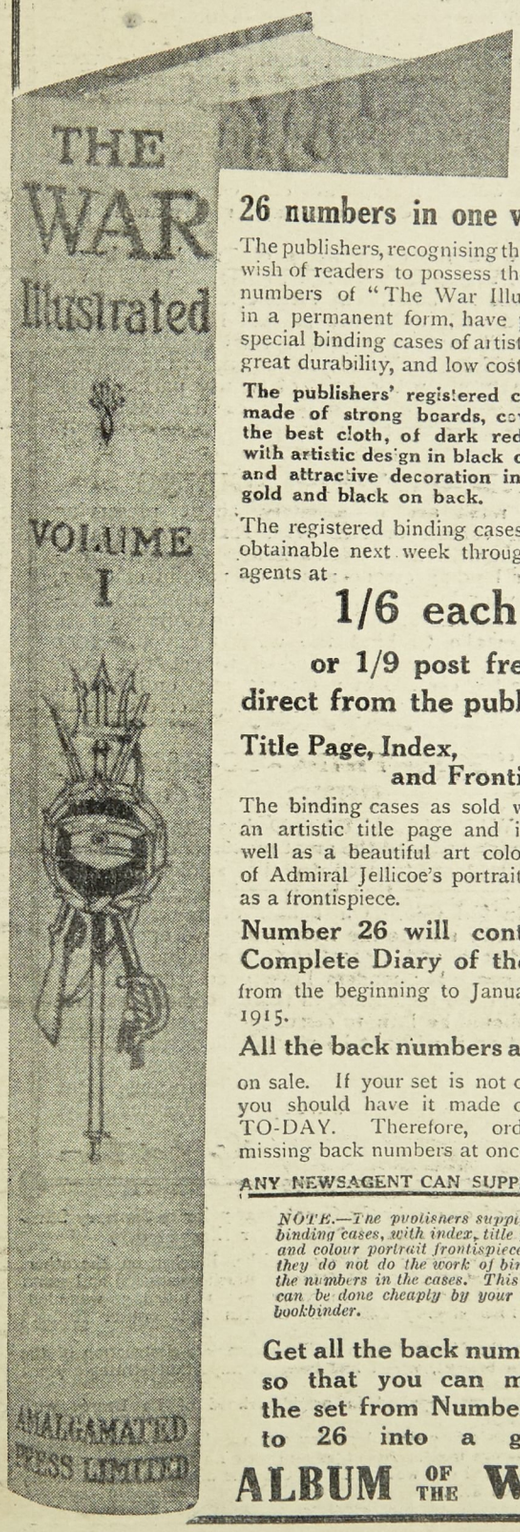

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EDITORIAL

MANY years of experience have proved to me over and over again that the editor who ignores the opinions of his readers is not wise. It is true that he is still less wise who tries to please everyone—how many proverbs, well learned in youth, have we not to guide us there? Myself, I have always sought to steer a discreet middle course between these two extremes of editorship. I have hearkened to all sorts of counsel, promptly dismissed the obviously impracticable, and carefully weighed suggestions which seemed to be capable of translation into practice. Along this line of friendly co-operation between reader and editor some of the great success of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED has undoubtedly been secured.

* * *

IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT TO BEGIN WITH No. 27

JUST as I have no respect for the man who makes a virtue of never changing his opinions, so I do not hesitate to announce that I have changed my mind on a very important matter since I wrote last week. Numerous readers have sighed for some means of preserving our cover-pictures. I saw no way to facilitate that last week. But to-day I have decided on a change which will greatly enhance the value of each individual copy of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, starting from No. 27 (No. 1 of Vol. II.). **I have instructed the publishers to accept no more advertisements of any kind!** Some weeks we have given a considerable portion of our cover space to advertisers, and to shut the door on the advertisers means deliberately to bar out an important source of revenue. But when I think that the four cover pages are printed on superior paper, and might, if kept free of extraneous matter, and treated pictorially, be bound up in volume form with the rest of the book, I believe I am justified in incurring the loss in order that my readers may benefit.

There is the germ of the important improvement which will come into effect in the first number of our new volume.

* * *

NEW ART FEATURES

THE extra pages thus commandeered from the advertising manager, so to say, and turned over to the enrichment of the pictorial value of each new part of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, will enable me to give my readers several most desirable new features every week. Most noteworthy of these will be

"The War Illustrated" Gallery of Leaders

which will consist of a full-page portrait each week of one of the great personalities in the war. From time to time it may be possible, I hope, to print these in photo-tone inks, adding greatly to their artistic effect.

The improvement being equivalent to adding 15 per cent. to my editorial space means a very considerable enhancement in the value of the publication to its readers, and will also enable me to print weekly instalments of "Our Diary of the War" in a more detailed form, for permanent preservation.

In a word the outer pages of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, beginning with No. 27 (No. 1, Vol. II) will be suitable for binding in volume form, and will be numbered with the other pages. In view of this, readers will have to exercise special care in keeping each part clean for binding at the end of the volume, which in future will consist of twenty parts, giving approximately the same bulk as the twenty-six that go to make the first volume.

* * *

ABOUT YOUR BINDING

YOU must act immediately about preserving the volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED that ends with next week's issue. (See announcement for binding arrangements on page iii of cover, and get your loose parts ready for the binder.) Remember that the publishers, under no circumstances, can undertake to bind the work for you. Your local newsagent will be pleased to get the work done at a low cost. But you must insist on having it bound in none but the publishers' registered cases.

* * *

OUR "SOMETHING-TO-SMOKE" FUND

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED has the honour of having initiated the great movement on behalf of sending tobacco to the soldiers at the front—a movement that has spread enormously. It is now in full tide. On behalf of my readers, I have directly sent to the front, since we opened our fund, tobacco and cigarettes to the value of more than £3,000. My readers have good reason to feel they have done their share in this excellent work, and while I should be loth to dissuade them from further effort, I fear it will not be possible in future to give so much of my editorial space to the advocacy of the fund or the acknowledgment of subscriptions. But brief reports of work done will be published periodically.

The Editor

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR.

(For our Diary of events in the Great War prior to January 22nd see previous issues of "The War Illustrated.")

JAN. 22.—British cargo boat Durward was sunk by German submarine.

In Alsace a fierce engagement in the Hartmannsweilerkopt district resulted in complete failure of Germans.

British air-raid on submarine station at Zeebrugge.

JAN. 23.—Infantry fighting in district of Hartmannsweilerkopt, Alsace, continues, the engagement being fought out at close quarters.

JAN. 24.—British naval victory in North Sea. Patrolling squadron of battle-cruisers and light cruisers, under Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, with destroyer flotilla, under Commodore Tyrwhitt, sighted four German battle-cruisers, several light cruisers, and destroyers, steering westward, making for English coast.

Enemy pursued, and action joined between battle-cruisers Lion, Tiger, Princess Royal, New Zealand, Indomitable on one hand, and Derfflinger, Seydlitz, Moltke, Blücher on the other. Well-contested, running fight ensued. Blücher capsized and sunk, 123 survivors rescued. British casualties: 14 killed, 30 wounded. H.M.S. Lion slightly damaged. German light cruiser Kolberg sunk.

JAN. 25.—On the Meuse French artillery complete destruction of the St. Mihiel bridges, which had been an important strategic point for Germans.

JAN. 26.—Germans repulsed in neighbourhood of La Bassée with severe losses.

JAN. 27.—Kaiser's fifty-sixth birthday celebrated by fierce fighting all along western front. At Ypres and near La Bassée thousands of Germans killed and wounded. In Craonne district 1,000 of enemy left dead on field.

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The War Illustrated, 13th February, 1915.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

ENLARGED No. · WITH FULL DIARY · BIND VOL. NOW

The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly

Regd. for Canadian Magazine Post.

THE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING AT GIVENCHY

No. 26

THE PAPER THAT HAS GROWN INTO A BOOK

THOUGH issued primarily as an illustrated periodical, it soon became evident not only to the publishers, but also to the readers of "The War Illustrated" that this journal was too good to be regarded as an ephemeral publication. A journal in whose pages were to be found a profusion of drawings by the leading war artists of the day, and hundreds of photographs which gave a living record of some of the most stirring and momentous incidents of the war, could not be treated in the same way as a journal whose functions were finished within a few hours of issue.

Binding Cases for "The War Illustrated"

Handsome, Durable, Economical ——— Price, 1/6

At a very early period, therefore, in the history of "The War Illustrated" we began to receive requests from readers to arrange for a supply of binding cases. As a matter of fact we had already anticipated these requests, and were then in touch with one of the largest firms of binders in the kingdom. In due course the right binding case was evolved—handsome, durable, economical—and the time has now come when these cases should be ordered by those of our readers who desire to give "The War Illustrated" the permanency it undoubtedly deserves.

The publishers' registered cases are made of strong boards, covered with the best cloth, of dark red colour, with artistic design in black on the front, and attractive decoration in English gold on the back, An illustration appears on the back page of this issue.

NOW is the time

These cases are designed to contain the first 26 issues, and as this issue is No. 26, now is the time to make binding arrangements, before the copies are irremediably soiled. It may be mentioned that any readers who are prevented from binding by the absence of any particular issue or issues from their collection can always procure back numbers through any newsagents.

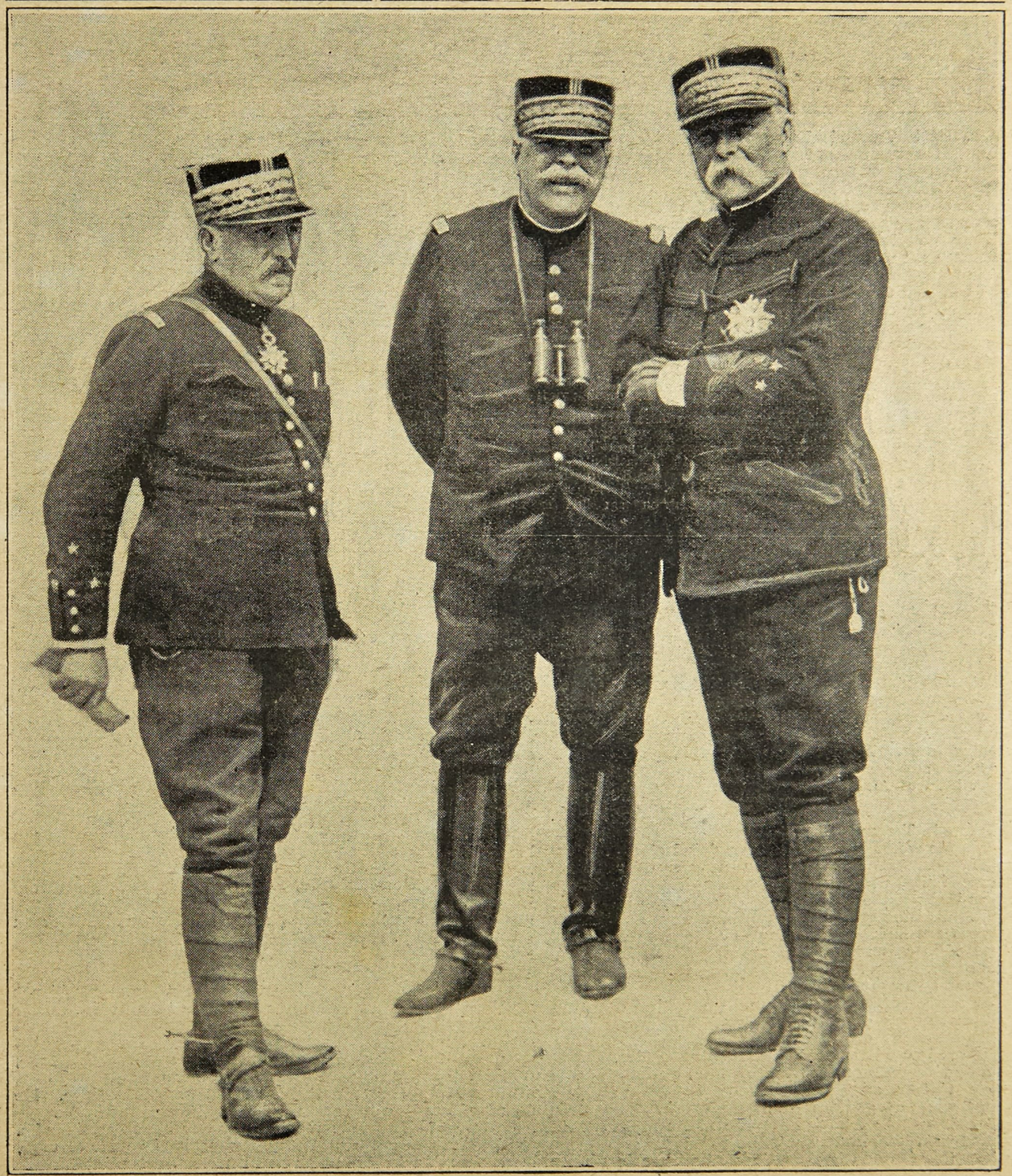
The binding cases as sold will have an artistic title page and index, as well as a beautiful art colour plate of Admiral Jellicoe's portrait for use as a frontispiece.

The cases are obtainable from all newsagents, price 1/6 each, or direct from The Publisher, The Fleetway House, London, E.C., 1/9. We do not, however, undertake to do the actual binding. This can be arranged locally through a newsagent.

Part 26 contains a complete diary of the first six months of the War, and makes a fitting ending to the handsome volume, which our readers are strongly urged to add to their bookshelves at once.

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 26. Vol. 1. A WEEKLY PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR For Week ending 13 February, 1915



MEN OF DESTINY IN MODERN FRANCE. Three famous French leaders—General de Castelnau, General Joffre, and General Pau—"snapped" in cheery counsel at headquarters. The Commander-in-Chief is apparently contemplating the time when he can "nibble" a big slice out of MM. les Bosches with his vast reserves and the new British armies now on the way over.

MARCHING!

by Bart Kennedy

TRAMP! Tramp! Tramp!

Through the roar of London you hear the rhythmic tramping of men. You hear it as you pass. It is everywhere. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Sometimes it goes to the sound of music and song. The voices of the men rise up as they go along, marching.

They are soldiers for the war. They are marching forth to change the world. They are the men of destiny.

Through the whole of the day you will hear them going. You will hear them even through the darkness of the long night. Many of them are going forth never to return.

See their faces as they pass you with their swinging, rhythmical steps. They are singing, but in their singing is a curious quality, as if behind it were Fate. It is not as the singing of soldiers on an ordinary march. Beneath it is an undernote, deep and grave. It is not to say that these men are conscious of it. Indeed, there is joy in their hearts. But it is a joy serious and stern. The joy of men whose longing to go forth to the battle is being fulfilled.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! They march along as marched the soldiers of hundreds and thousands of years ago. They march as marched the soldiers of civilisations now forgotten and buried under the dust. Not for them is the thought of the coming back from the battle. Heedless are they of the face of death.

II.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

The soldiers of the world are marching. From over the waters, and over the lands, there comes to the inner ear the sound of their distant steps. It is plain to you as the sound that you now hear through the roar of London. Soldiers are marching over the wide plains of Russia. They are marching through Germany, through France—through Europe. Soldiers are marching through far, burning India. They are marching through the lands of the north, south, east, and west.

For the world is at war.

III.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

Aye, the world is at war. The dread steel is dimmed with blood. Sullen guns are thundering, shells are bursting, the air is filled with the leaden rain of death. Destruction reigns through the hours of the day and the hours of the night. Burning are homesteads, burning are towns. The heavens are filled with a redness as of blood. Yea, the blood of men is reflected in the dreadful burnings. The cries of women and children go up to God.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

Go forth, soldiers of Britain. Go forth to join your brothers-in-arms of France, of Belgium, of Russia. For Attila has again come into the world. He wears an Imperial crown. He is enthroned high in Berlin. He wars on man; he wars on woman; he wars on the child. He spares neither age, nor sex, nor defencelessness. He spares not the glorious monuments of Art. He slays and destroys all. And as he slays and destroys his mouth is filled with blasphemous words.

Aye, this German is Attila, girded with a hundredfold the might of the Attila of old. From his long sleep through the centuries he has risen. He towers, a gigantic figure of evil. He has loosed his millions of ravaging Huns. He has laid Belgium bare and desolate. The wail of the child and the cry of the woman have been as music to his ears. He has broken his plighted word. He has robbed and slaughtered and blasphemed. He has committed acts unnamable. His god is Odin. The god of blood.

IV.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

Glorious is the sound of the marching. It echoes from city to city. It echoes from land to land. It echoes over the seas, over the wide oceans. It fills the world. As if a myriad tocsins were blending into one vast, spreading, enveloping sound. Liberty lives in it. Humanity lives in it. These marching soldiers are going forth to fight so that the light of freedom may not be quenched for us and for the generations to come. They are going forth to fight for the sanctity of the home.

For the sword is the only logic to which the millions of the Huns of Wilhelm will give heed. They recognise but the force of one argument—Death.

And so it is that these men are marching.

So it is that they are going forth to battle. They are going so that the glorious light of liberty shall shine.

They are marching to meet the hosts of darkness.

V.

And be not afraid.

These Huns will be conquered. The new Attila will be overthrown and broken. His hordes will be silenced with the invincible logic of the sword.

Already the signs of their doom are glowing upon the wall of Fate. Their destruction is coming. They have broken the laws of God and the laws of man. The strands of a dread destiny are for them being woven. These hosts of darkness are to be hurled into darkness. Perished will be their gigantic might. The world will be freed from their evil power. They will be broken and scattered and lost, even as the old Huns of the centuries gone.

Be not afraid.

For the black thunder-clouds that now obscure the sun will be riven and resolved into nothing. The world will be cleared of this frightful menace. These Huns will be rolled back and crushed, and crushed again into the very dust.

And they will live in the annals of the world but as an evil memory.

VI.

Power of the sword!

It may be that the time will come when man will not have to invoke it. It may be that there will come into the world an era of peace.

But man lives not in the future. He lives in the present—now. Double-edged though the power of the sword be, he must invoke it. There is no other course.

Should he not do this, he must become a slave. He must become a thing whose life is not worth the living.

So let him grasp it joyously, whatever the cost may be. And let him not forget that, though it is double of edge, it has still won for him all that is worth having.

Power of the sword!

Let us boldly face the fact. It is the present arbiter of human destiny.

The Tramp of Armed Men in Sunshine and in Snow

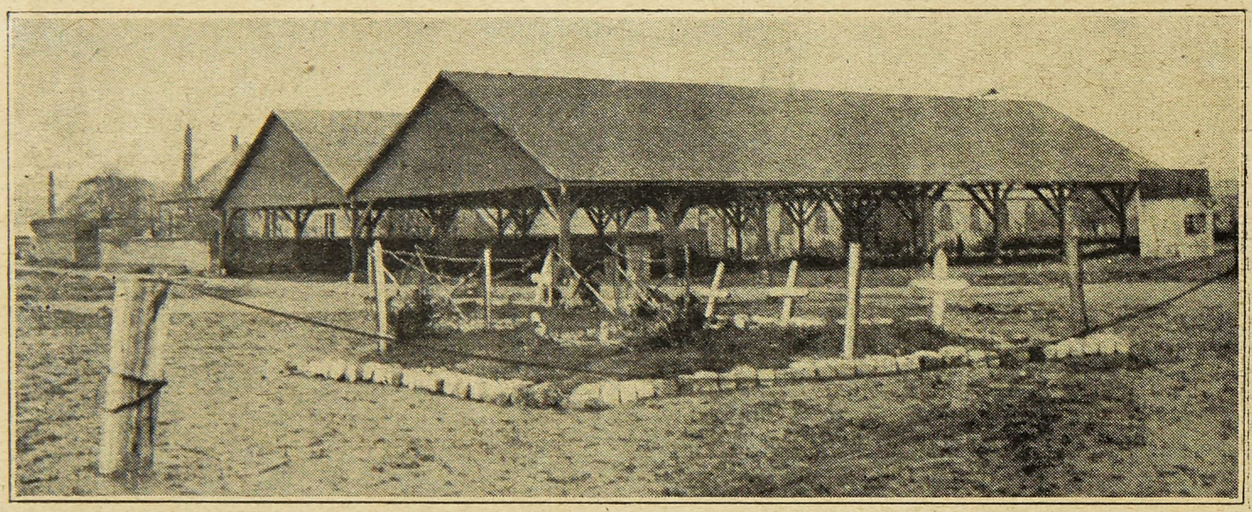
New Zealanders marching in the hot sands of Egypt. The legend goes that one can hear the tramp and drums of phantom armies in the desert. Now the far-away music is reality. Men of the old country, men of the new world, men of India and Egypt, are arrayed against the decadent Ottoman, led by the "kultured" 20th century Hun.

The long line of British infantry stretches through France and Flanders. Regiment after regiment passes the ancient hamlets by. Small French boys on the way to school try to keep pace with the martial step, regarding with admiration and affection the allies who are helping their own brothers-in-arms in the sacred cause of liberty.

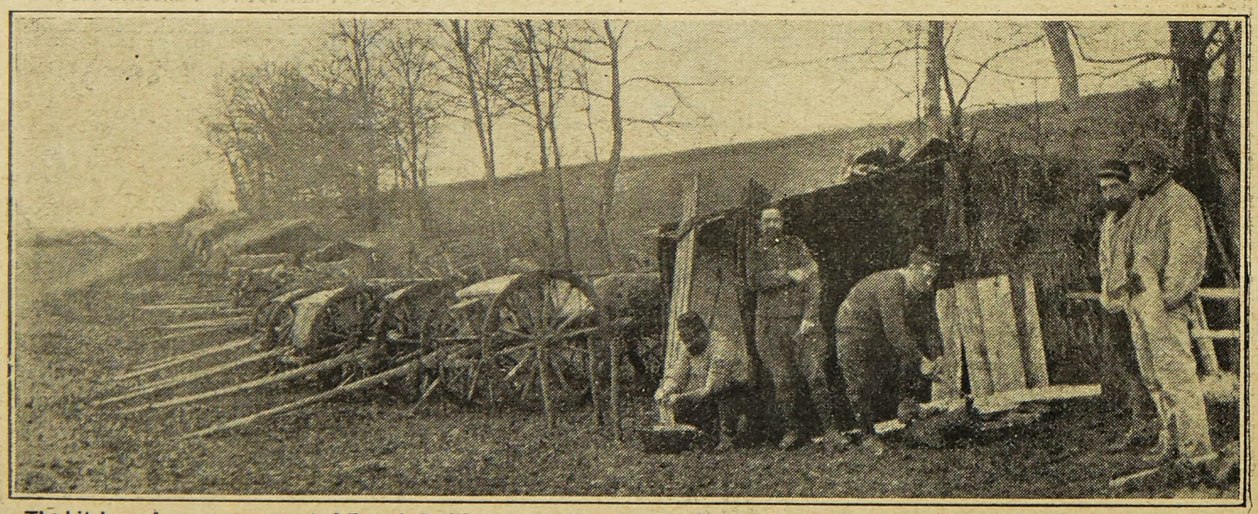
And yet again the distant tramp of armed men is audible, this time in the snowy Vosges. Chasseurs Alpins, holding the passes at the southern end of the Allies' line, are moving to take up a position in the mountains.

With One of Our Special Photographers—

Group of French artillerymen about to load an ammunition waggon with some of the 95 mm. shells, which have caused such consternation among the War Lord's "cannon fodder" in the Aisne fighting.

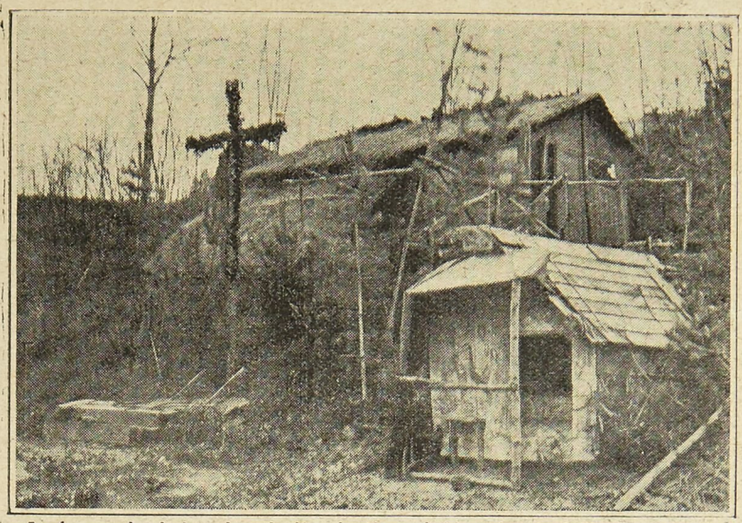


Lonely English cemetery on the banks of the Aisne, roughly marked out by stones, with here and there the crude wooden symbol of Christianity. In the background is seen a deserted factory. Our French friends are very reverent in their attitude towards the departed, and where possible the graves of British soldiers are tended regularly by the peasants.



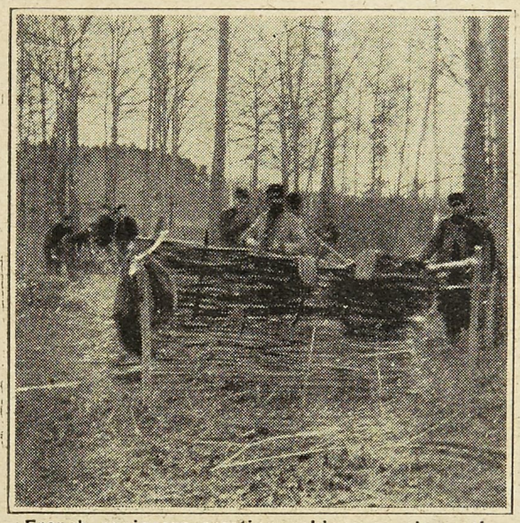
The kitchen of an encampment of French Artillery on the Aisne. Two Frenchmen are hard at work washing linen and chopping wood, while a third, evidently concerned as to how "he will come out," is assiduously brushing the mud from his uniform.

—On the Battlefields of the Aisne and Marne

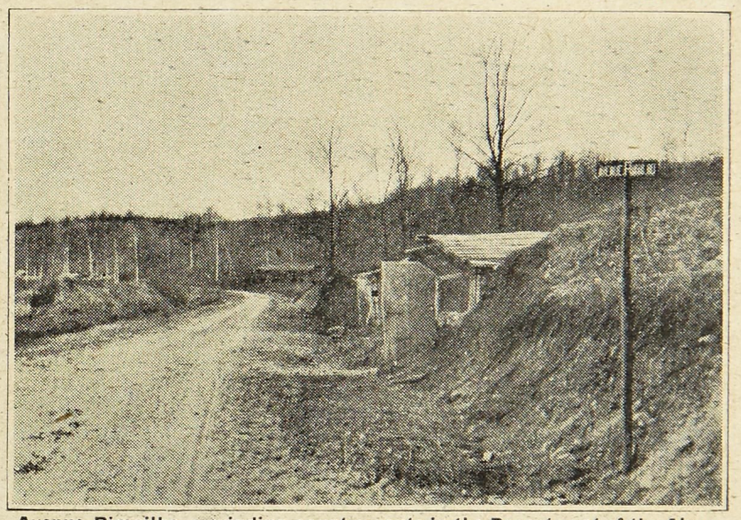


An improvised chapel and altar in the neighbourhood of Fismes (Marne), where service is held every Sunday by a soldier priest.

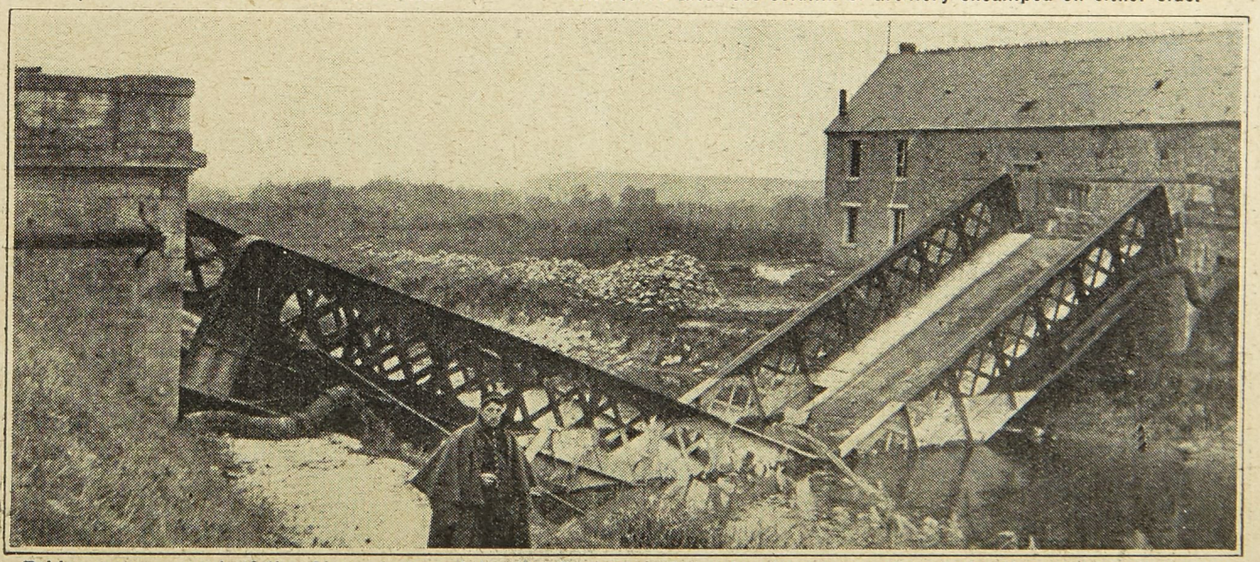
When Cruesot has silenced Krupp. French artillerymen playing cards during a lull in the fighting.



French engineers erecting gabions or shrapnel-proof hurdles in a wood near the Aisne.

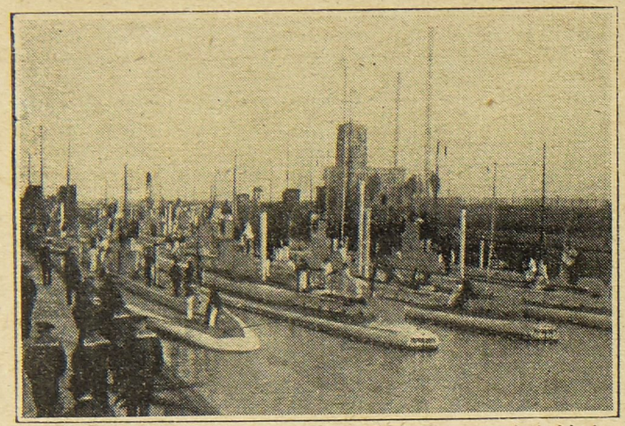


Avenue Rimailho, a winding country route in the Department of the Aisne, christened after the column of artillery encamped on either side.



Bridge over a canal of the Aisne destroyed by the Germans, obviously without any other desire than to commit wanton damage, as they have not troubled to render it altogether impassable for strategic reasons.

The Submarine Savagery of the Sea Huns

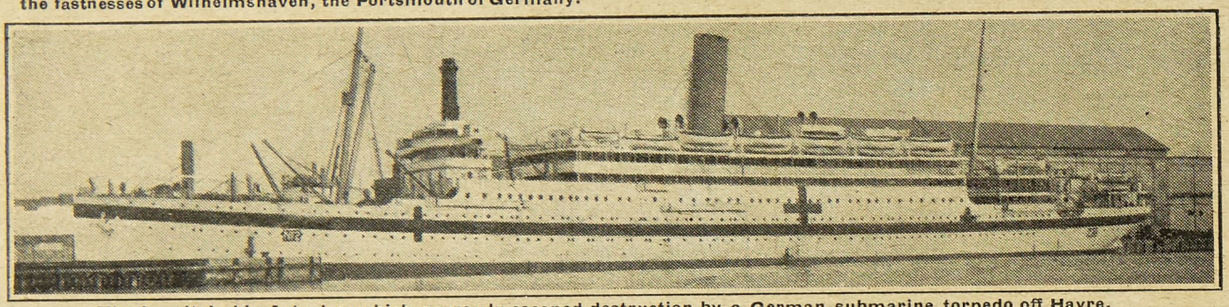


A flotilla of powerful enemy submarines lying snugly behind the fastnesses of Wilhelmshaven, the Portsmouth of Germany.

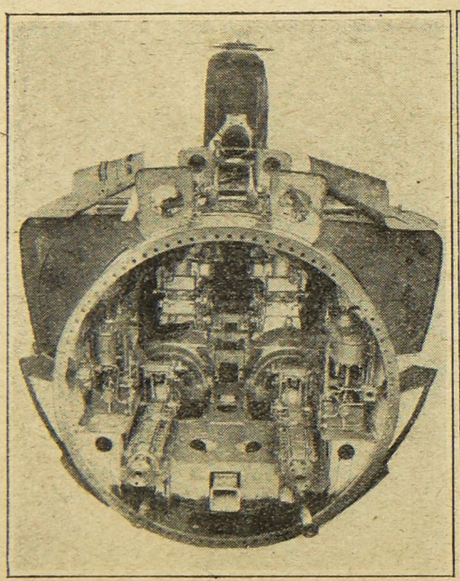
THE success of the German submarine is unquestionably one of the features of the war by water. We Britons need not shut our eyes to the fact, nor be unduly uneasy. There are no finer submarines in existence than the latest type which the German Navy is using so effectively as commerce destroyers. They are worthy of sterner work, and it is a pity that the bravery of their crews should have so poor an issue.

To attempt to torpedo a hospital vessel plumbs the depths of "frightfulness," and the German submarine attack on the Red Cross ship Asturias when on its way from France to England is merely a shameful addition to "Kultur's" crown of infamy.

It has to be born in mind that while the German submarines have proved their destructive power, British submarines are, in a way, still an unknown quantity, lacking, as they do, targets to put them to the proof. The seas around the British Isles teem with shipping for German attack, but no German vessels sail within reach of British submarines, and the wonder is, perhaps, not that the enemy have accomplished so much, but that with so many opportunities they have achieved so little. The limits of the submarine are also well illustrated in the fact that the deliberate effort to torpedo the Asturias failed.

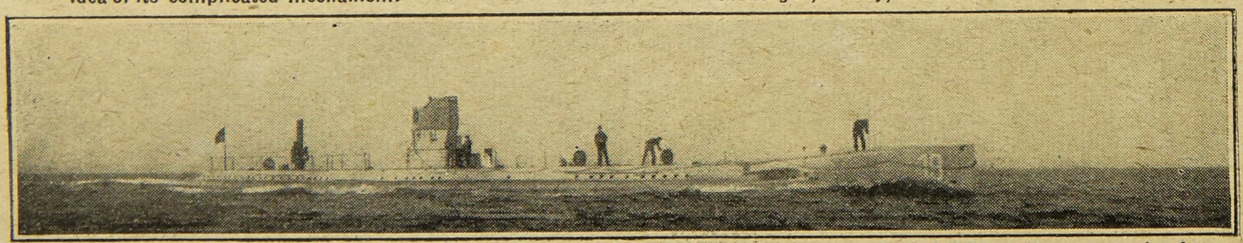


The hospital ship Asturias, which narrowly escaped destruction by a German submarine torpedo off Havre.



Section of a modern submarine, giving some idea of its complicated mechanism.

Every man his Cross of Iron. Personnel of the notorious U9, which sunk the Hogue, Cressy, and Aboukir.

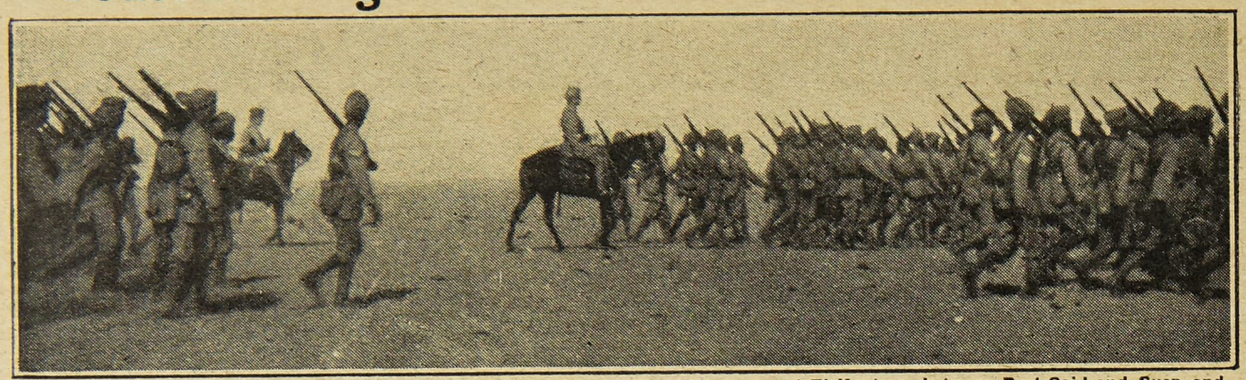


U19, one of Germany's latest submarines, similar to the U21. This type has a radius of about 3,000 miles, can cruise for a fortnight, and carries several torpedoes. Cuxhaven and other North Sea engagements, as well as the escape of the steamer Graphic, have much discredited the "deadliness" of underseas craft in relation to swift-moving surface ships.

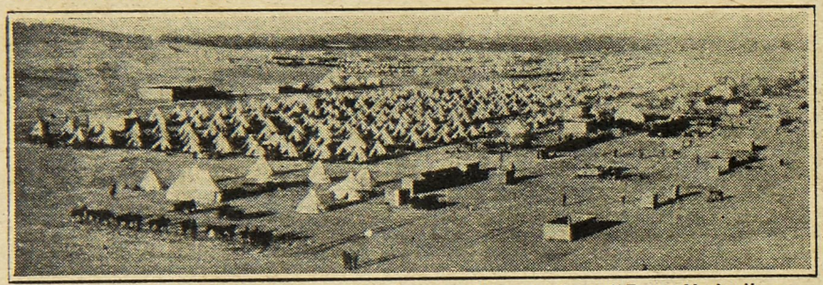
British and Prussian "Eagles" fight over Dunkirk

One of the most spectacular contests of the war was the recent aerial fight between British and German aeroplanes above Dunkirk. About a dozen German machines, flying very high, approached the town. A single-seater British machine on patrol duty immediately ascended and opened fire on the vanguard of the German fleet. Two other British aeroplanes then rose to the assistance of the single-seater, and then ensued a thrilling, if unevenly matched air-fight, in the course of which one of the German machines was brought down by a bullet through its cylinders. The others flew back to the German lines. Little damage was done by the raiders.

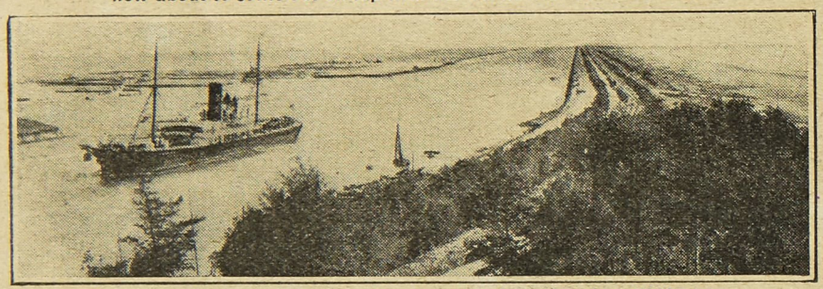
Teutons Urge Turks to Suez and Suicide



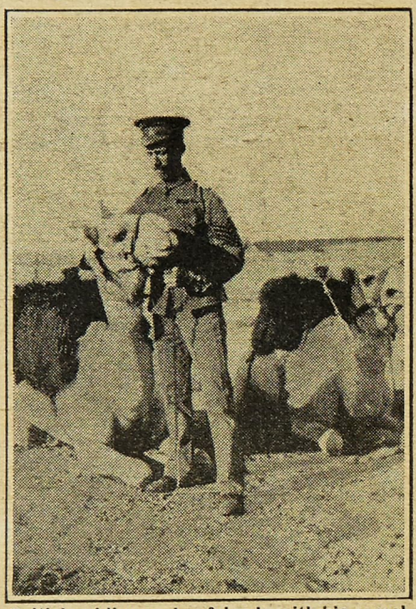
The German-driven Turks have had their first encounter with the Empire's troops at El Kantara, between Port Said and Suez, and are believed to have lost several thousand men. This photograph shows Indian troops marching out to meet the Turks in the desert.



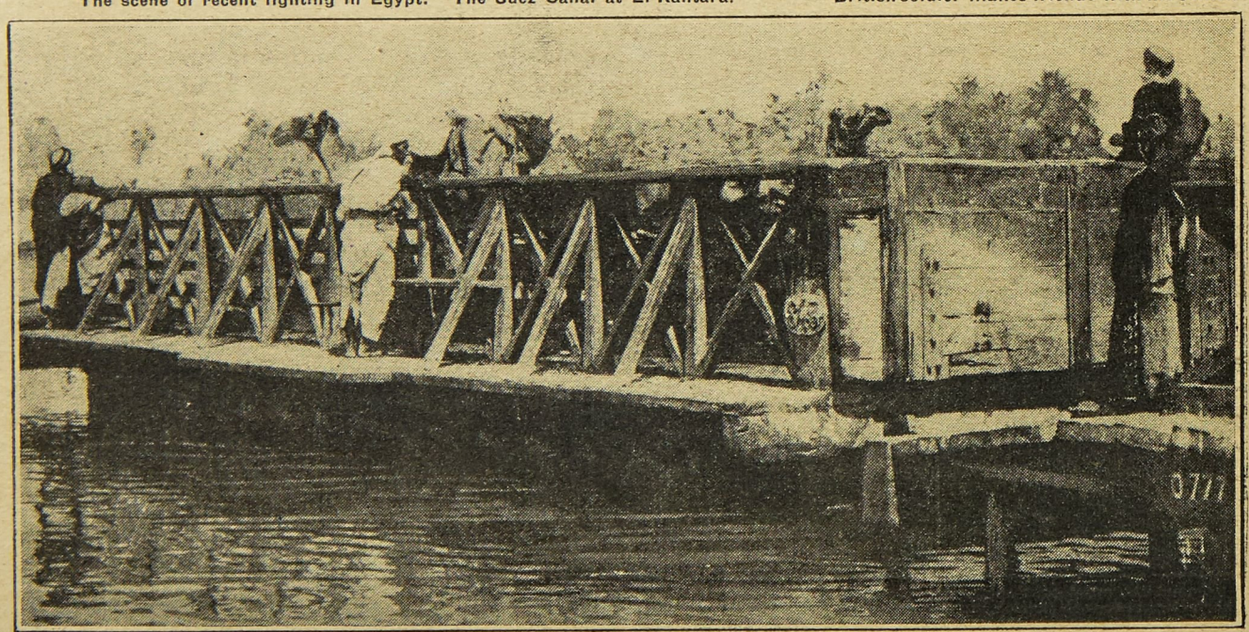
Impression of the Australian camp in Egypt. The men from "Down Under" are now about to come out on top with the Turks near the Suez Canal.



The scene of recent fighting in Egypt. The Suez Canal at El Kantara.



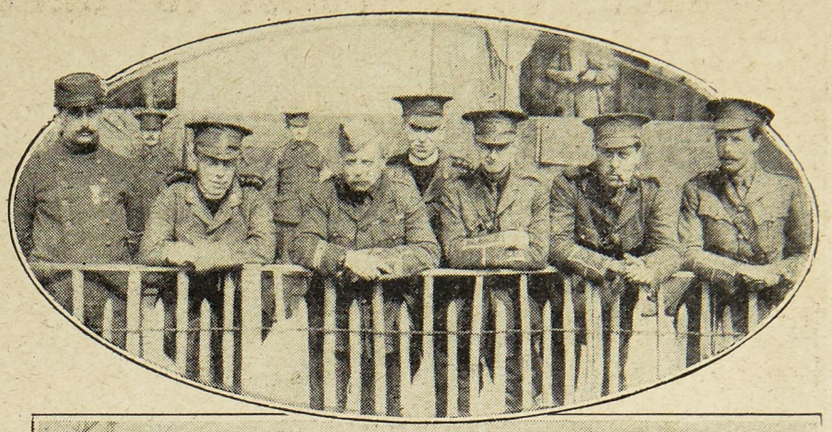
British soldier makes friends with his camel.



The camel ferry at El Kantara. Egyptian natives conveying the "ship of the desert" from one side of the Suez Canal to the other preparatory to the encounter with the Turks. The camel to a great extent forms the cavalry of the East.

"Entente Cordialities" somewhere in France

IN spite of Germany's childish attempts to cause dissension among the Allies by representing Great Britain as the cause of the war, and as the Fatherland's only enemy, our entente, or, rather, alliance with France, grows stronger as each day of the war passes. King Edward, who laid the foundations of Franco-British friendship, was well aware long ago of the essential value to civilisation of an alliance with La Patrie when the European war-cloud was but the size of a man's hand on the horizon. Since then the alliance has grown into a tower of strength, against which both the mental and physical efforts of Kaiserism are fruitless. M. Millerand, the French War Minister, has just visited England to see the new British armies in training, and he has gone back to Paris to reassure his compatriots that France, with Britain's help, must ultimately drive the Hun over the French frontiers and beyond the Rhine.

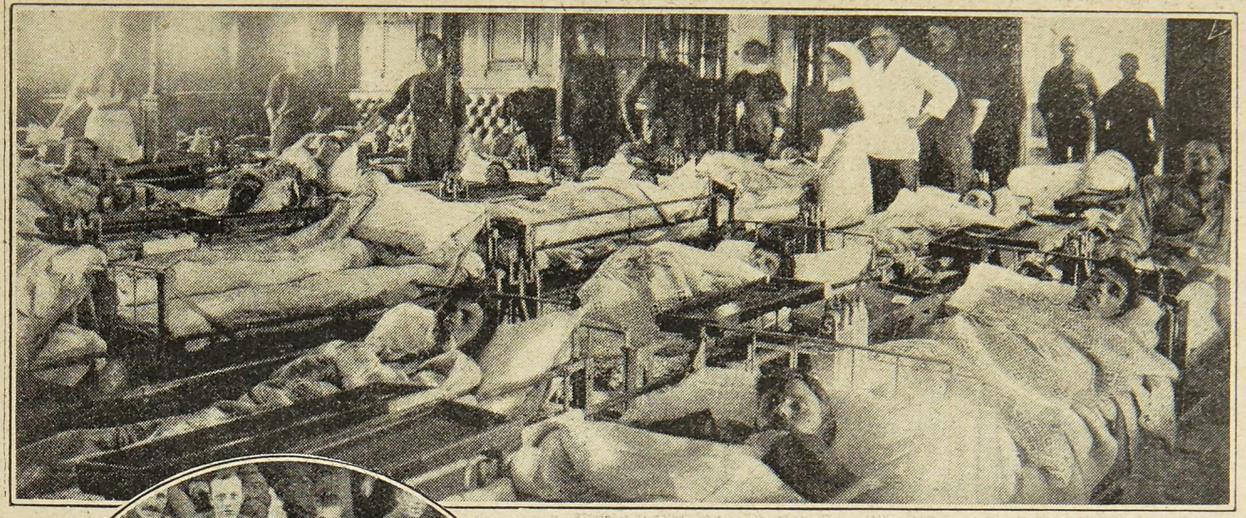


The entente on the quayside. British and French sentinels alternately arrayed on the landing-stage of a French port. In the background a troopship is moored alongside. Inset: British officers, including chaplains, with a French companion.

British and French soldiers cheerfully fraternise before going into the firing-line. The Allies mutual regard, and their intense desire to speak each other's tongue, is sometimes embarrassing, especially to the often self-conscious British temperament.

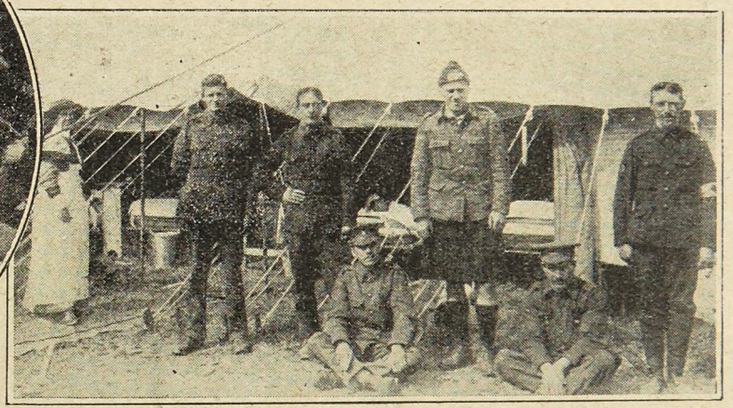
FRENCH PEASANTS JOIN IN HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING AGAINST THE INVADERS.—The frightful tragedy of invasion suffered by Belgium and Eastern France is brought home to us again by the above graphic illustration. Many of the outlying hamlets in the Aisne district have been caught between the French and German lines. French peasants have remained hidden for days in cellars, not moving, either from a fatalistic indifference or from fear of being struck by shells. When the Germans have entered some of these villages—when they have maltreated the children and insulted the women—the blood of these poor honest tillers of the soil surges up, and a ferocious hate impels them to come out to assist their French comrades-in-arms to defeat the barbarian. Has he not also laid waste the fair meadows of the Aisne—shattered the homesteads, and torn up their happy civilisation by the roots? Can it be wondered that these simple patriots should retaliate with axe, pitchfork, cudgel, or any available weapon against such enemies?

Fresh Air & Sea Breezes for Wounded Warriors

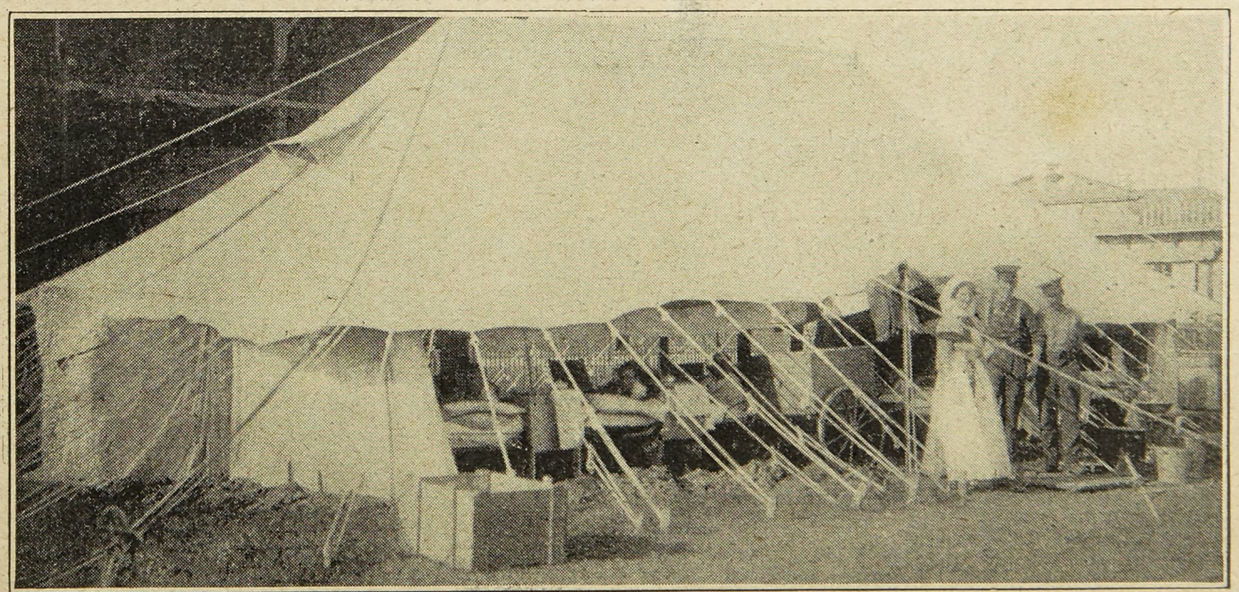


Interior of a well-ventilated cabin on a hospital ship, showing how British wounded are transported from France to England. Conceive the infamy of torpedoing a ship laden with wounded! Yet that is what the loathsome Germans attempted last week on the Red Cross vessel Asturias.

Some convalescents taking the air and sun somewhere behind the fighting-line in France.



Wounded British soldiers standing with Red Cross doctors outside one of the special tent infirmaries in France.

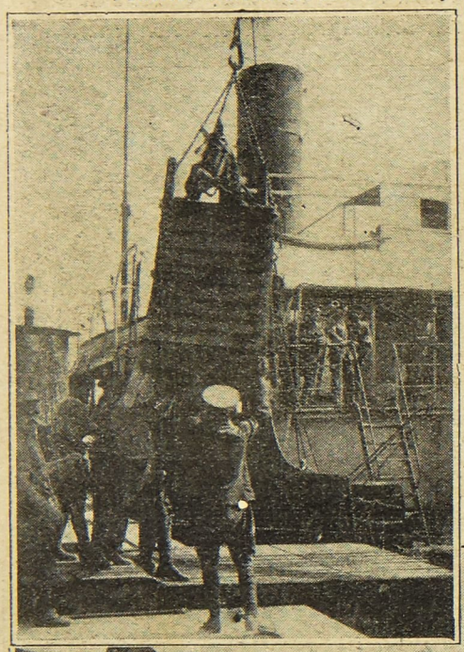


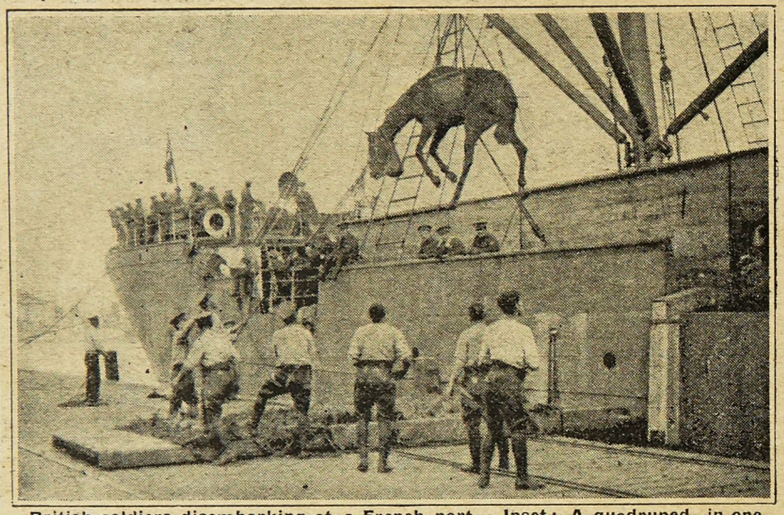
One of the special military tents where British soldiers are treated. Light and air are, of course, essential factors in the successful doctoring of a patient, and this photograph shows the advantages such an infirmary possesses in this respect.

How the War Horse Travels to "Do His Bit"

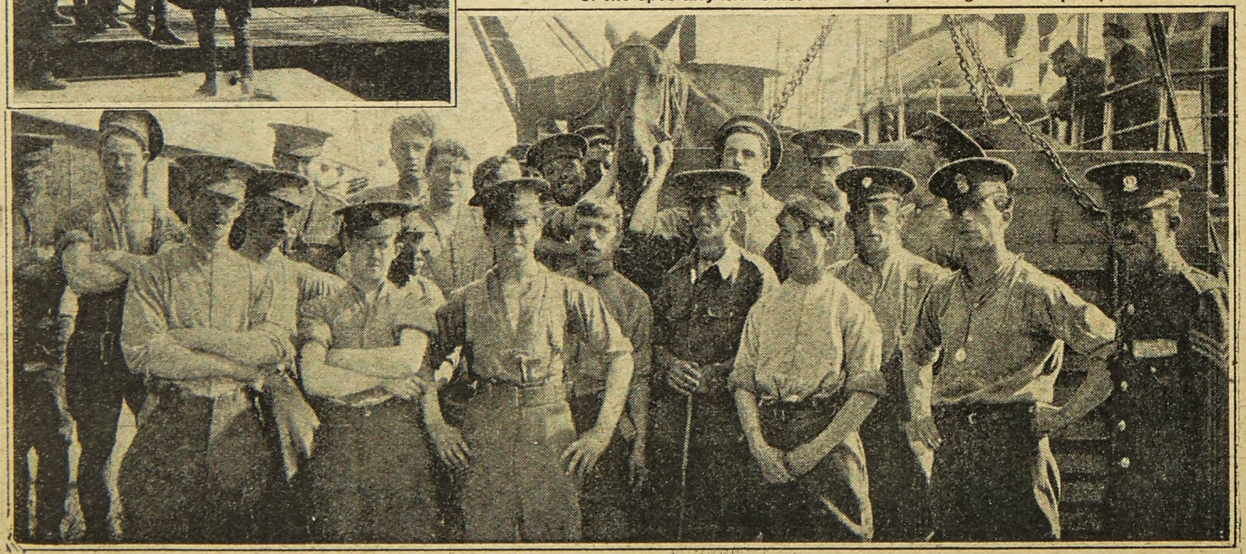
Powerful draft horses used for heavy transport work on the Continent.

THERE is one thing that has excited the admiration of our allies over and above even the excellence of our fighting men, and that is the wonderful quality of British horseflesh. Man's faithful friend is "doing his bit" silently for the Empire, and deserves his share of the glory thereby. The embarkment and disembarkment of horses is carried on with skill, and the journey across the water is made as comfortable as possible. In the field our soldiers take infinite care of their mounts, and with the aid of those admirable societies—the Blue Cross and Our Dumb Friends' League—who have veterinary headquarters in France for the surgical treatment of wounded horses, only 13 per cent. of valuable horseflesh is lost in this war, as compared with 50 per cent. in the South African campaign.



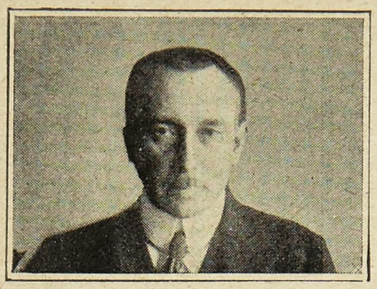


British soldiers disembarking at a French port. Inset: A quadruped, in one of the specially made horse-boxes, is swung off a troopship.



Men of the Transport Section of the British Army who have charge of horses shipped to the Continent. This special branch of work is carried out with skill and consideration for man's dumb servitor. In fact he is so well looked after in all phases of the war that only 13 per cent. of horseflesh is lost, compared with 50 per cent. lost during the Boer War.

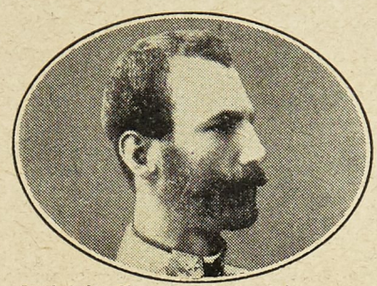
Among Our Foes—Some Unfriendly Faces



Is he saving up a nice indemnity for the Allies? Professor Helferrich, Germany's new Minister of Finance.

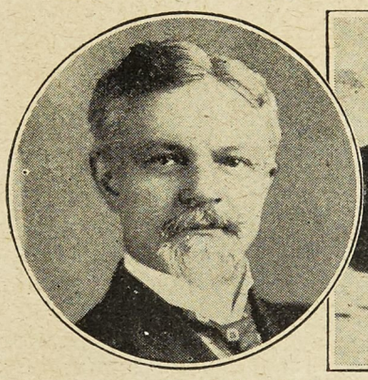
Count Tiza, the strong man of Hungary, who, it is understood, will shortly supersede Baron Stephan Burian, Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister.

Prince of submarine darkness—Commander of the U15, Prince Christian of Hesse-Philippstahl.

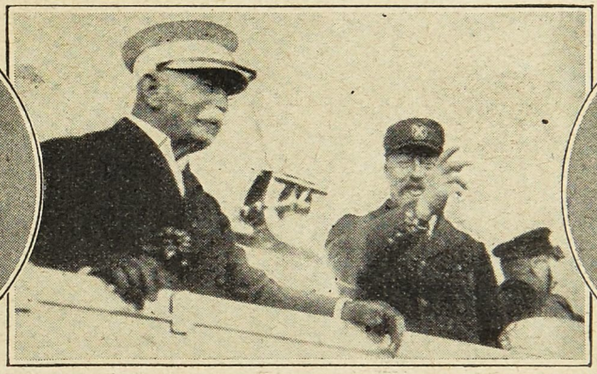


Archduke Eugene of Austria, commanding Austrian army attacking Russian forces in Hungary.

Sir Rudolf von Slatin, late British Inspector-General of Anglo-Egyptian Soudan, now fighting for Austria.



Congressman Bartholdt, head of new German organisation to propagate anti-British feeling in the States.



Inventor of the eternal gas-bag, Count Zeppelin, and Engineer Eschener, who installed machine-guns in Zeppelin airships, leaving Hamburg.

Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, Germany's armament king, has been "Iron-Crossed" by the Kaiser.

Baron Burian (left), temporary Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs, who succeeded Count Berchtold recently.

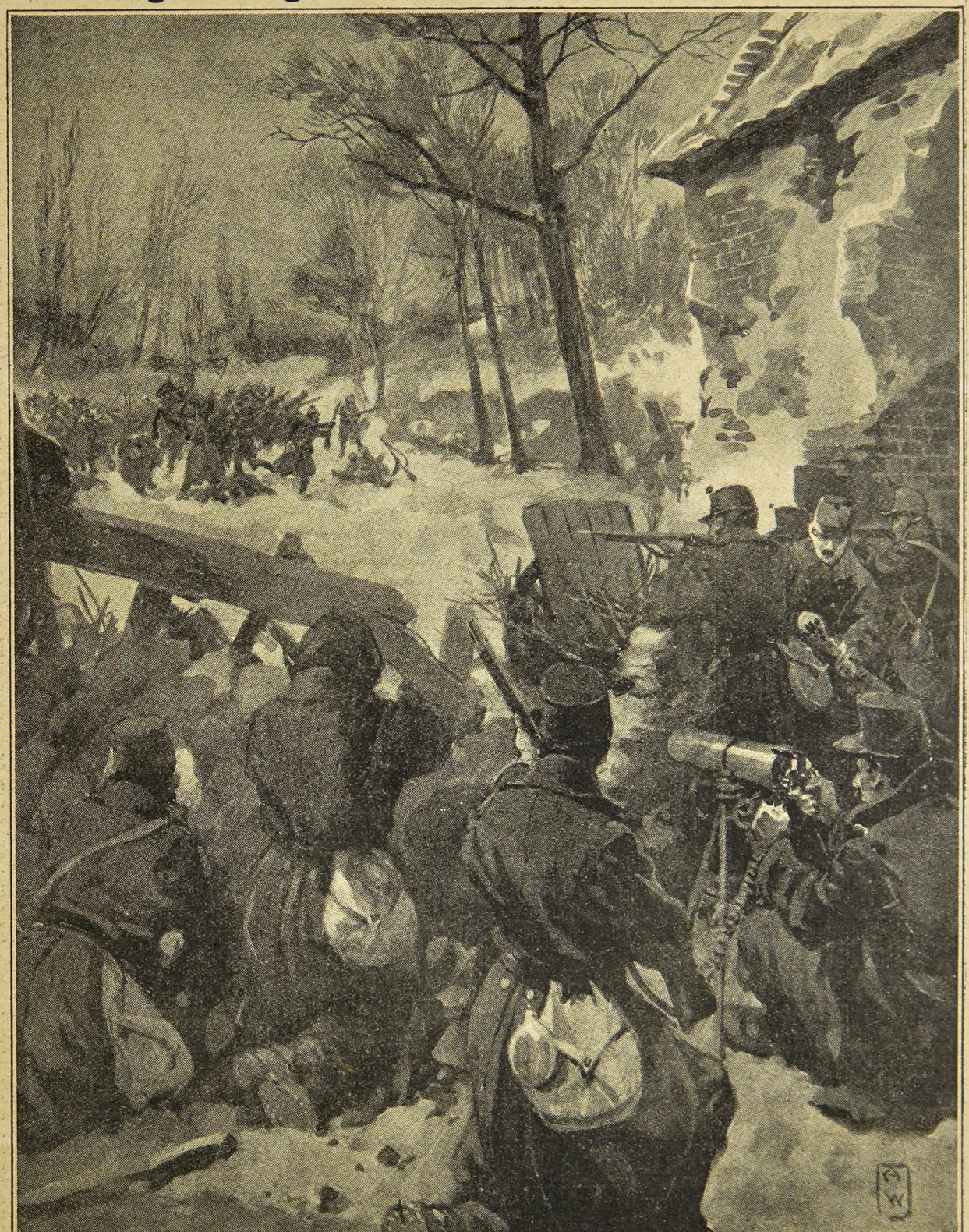
Royal commander of German cavalry regiment in France, Prince Adolph Schaumburg-Lippe.

Smiling heritor of a crumbling Empire. Archduke Karl Franz Joseph, heir to the Austrian throne, walks in Berlin.

Son of Ind wins Britain's most Coveted Honour

The second Indian soldier to gain the V.C. was Naik Darwan Sing Negi, of the First Battalion 39th Garhwalis. Part of the British trenches had been taken by the enemy, and violent attacks to recover it were made. The final assault was delivered by the First 39th Garhwalis. A murderous fire was poured on the Indians by the Germans, but Darwan Sing, bayonet in hand, led the attack again and again. Half-a-dozen trench sections were soon cleared of the enemy, and there remained but three traverses to take when the heroic Indian was wounded by a bomb. He continued fighting until the last position fell.

How Eight Belgian Heroes Preserved Allies' Line



Germans prepared to attack in force at a weak point in the Belgian line. A party of outposts discovered the manœuvre and hastily barricading themselves in the shelter of a farmhouse decided to keep the unsuspecting enemy at bay with the aid of a machine-gun. When the Huns were within two hundred yards the deadly machine-gun spluttered death and destruction in their closely-formed ranks. After two hours' fighting the farmhouse fort was reduced by German shells, but Belgian reinforcements came up in time to turn the tables. Three of the eight Belgians were killed and all the others wounded.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

WHAT are the Russians doing? No question is put to me more often than this. Let me answer in a sentence. Russia is doing very well. A great deal of nonsense was talked at the start about the Russians. The numbers of their armies were absurdly overestimated, and their early victories were exaggerated. We were told in September that the Russian armies had crossed the Carpathians to the south, and were marching on Budapest. Panic-stricken crowds from East Prussia flocking into Berlin even led men to talk of a possible Russian occupation of the German capital. Having credited Russia with the impossible, there is now a tendency to deny her the credit really due to her. Let us come down to actual facts.

The Russian armies available against Germany and Austria after mobilisation had been completed—say a month after the outbreak of the war—numbered about 3,000,000 men. It was hopeless for the Russians to expect at the beginning to defend the whole line of their western frontier. When the Germans pressed their armies forward the Russians could at first do nothing but retreat. The war, in the beginning, centred around four main points—the German city of Königsberg to the north; Warsaw, the capital of Russian Poland, in the centre; Lemberg in Galicia to the south-east; and Cracow, the old capital of the kingdom of Poland, to the south-west. The object of the Russians was, first, to capture Königsberg, and to advance from there through Eastern Prussia into the heart of Germany; next, to defend Warsaw from German attacks; and thirdly, to capture Lemberg, to overrun the Austrian province of Galicia, and to advance on Cracow, and through it on to Vienna. The main German object was to capture Warsaw.

* * *

How Russia Smashed Austria

How far have these objects been carried out? Russia has had her greatest success to the south. In September, after three weeks' continuous fighting, the Austrian armies, aided by several German army corps, numbering altogether 1,000,000 men, were completely smashed, Lemberg was occupied, and Galicia was overrun to the very edge of the Carpathian Mountains. It was thought at the time that this defeat meant the rapid conquest of Austria-Hungary itself. But the Russians could only throw themselves in any great force into the Austrian Empire by one road—through Cracow westwards. To the south, the great line of the Carpathian Mountains presented a solid winter barrier. The Germans and Austrians quickly concentrated immense forces around Cracow, and constant fighting has been going on to the east of there since. The Russian armies have been held, and the capture of Cracow is not yet in sight.

Austria has been raising fresh legions, and to-day, aided by Germany, she is preparing for a new offensive against the Russians and against Serbia, and, if necessary against Rumania. She has to-day five armies ready—one for Serbia and four for Russia. The fighting around the Carpathians is not over; one might almost say that it has barely begun. But the Russians, in the spring campaign in this district, start with the advantage of occupying a vast area of the enemy's country. They will probably be aided by Rumania, and the invasion of Hungary in earnest will then proceed.

The Fight for Warsaw

Warsaw was the natural point for the German advance towards Central Russia. The capture of Warsaw would be an almost crushing blow, for Warsaw is the railway centre of Poland, and its occupation by the enemy would at once destroy the connection between various great Russian armies. The Germans at the beginning struck straight and struck hard for this point. There were not sufficient Russian armies against them, and they came within sight of victory. They occupied Lodz, the Oldham of Russia, the heart of the Russian cotton trade. They moved on till they were actually within fifteen miles of Warsaw itself. By this time the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Russian commander, had been able to accumulate his forces, and a terrific battle took place. There was a week of day and night fighting, and in the end the Russian front, two hundred and sixty miles long, swept the Germans back. But here, as in other parts of this war, the task of the victorious army became more difficult with each league it moved forward, while the defeated Germans, helped by fresh troops, were able gradually in time to check the Russians in turn. To-day the Russian and German armies face each other half-way between Lodz and Warsaw, and stretch downwards from there to the east of Cracow and to the Carpathian Mountains.

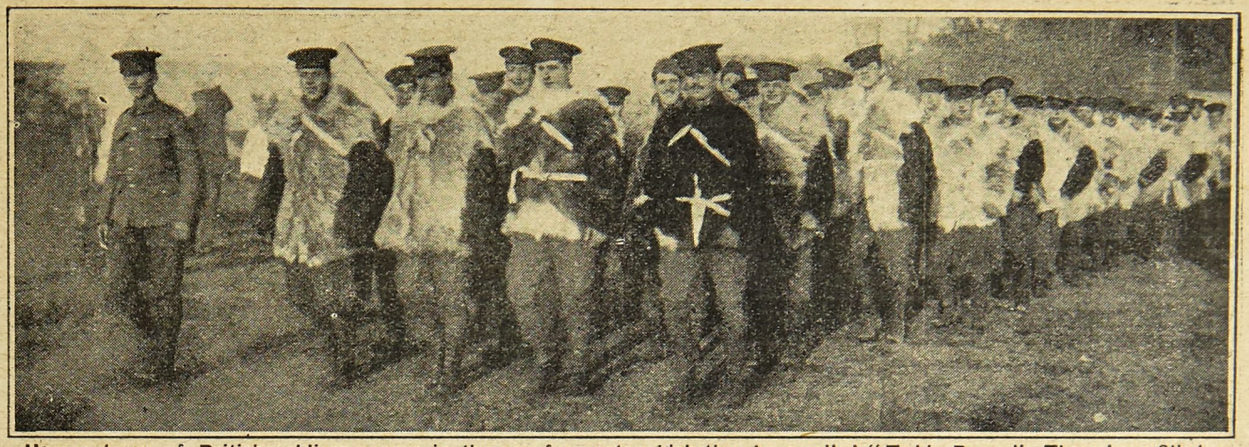
The Invasion of Prussia

Russian expectations of early success were mainly based on the hope of capturing Königsberg, and advancing through Eastern Prussia. It seemed in the beginning that these hopes were likely to be realised. Two Russian armies, one under General Rennenkampf, who won so much glory in the Japanese War, and the other under General Schilinski, swept over the borders. Rennenkampf's army was almost at the gates of Königsberg when a disaster, the greatest the Russians have so far experienced, compelled a Russian retreat. The Schilinski army moved into the swampy and difficult country fronting Osterode, and the German General von Hindenburg saw his opportunity. German troops were flung up in overwhelming numbers. The Russians were caught. They could not retreat, they could not advance, they could not use their own strength. They were hemmed in. Merciless artillery fire drove the army back into the swamps. Guns sank in the mud, regiments became lost in the bogs. It was sheer slaughter. The Germans claim to have taken in that fighting 80,000 prisoners, and scores of thousands were slain. Only a remnant escaped. Rennenkampf withdrew his army with great difficulty. A defeat such as this would have been an almost overwhelming disaster for any other nation. For Russia it was an "unfortunate incident." Fresh forces were brought up. The Russian armies again flung themselves into Prussian territory, and to-day, after a temporary pause, they are once more advancing.

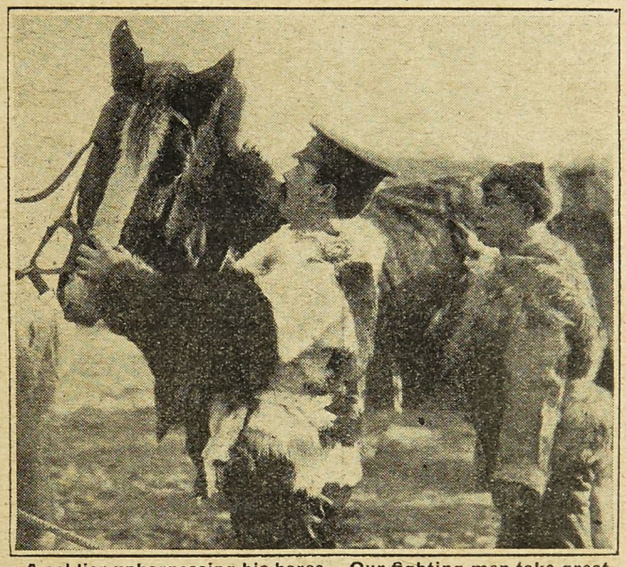
What Russia Has Done

Russia shattered in the beginning the cream of the Austrian armies. She held up Germany before Warsaw at the moment when Germany seemed certain of victory. She has recovered from her defeat in the north. Her armies have proved, at every point, their efficiency. Her generals show that they have learned to good effect the lessons of the Japanese War. Her people have displayed a united devotion and self-sacrifice equal to any of the allies. They have even revolutionised their national habits. Russia, the land of heavy drinkers, has abandoned vodka and spirits throughout her territories. The Russian Army is to-day a teetotal army, a thing incredible to any man who knew the Russia of ten years ago. On the splendid Russian victories over Turkey it is unnecessary to dwell here. Russia has done magnificently, and is to-day only beginning to show her full strength, and to reap the fruits of her great sacrifices.

"Teddy Bear" Soldiers defy Huns & Weather



How a troop of British soldiers appear in the new fur coats which they have called "Teddy Bears." These have filled a long-felt want at the front. It is quite cold enough there to wear them with comfort over the military greatcoat.



A soldier unharnessing his horse. Our fighting men take great care of their faithful dumb friends both in action and behind the line of fire. The percentage of horses lost is very small.

British pickets working through a wood. Their fur coats have the effect of making them appear rather conspicuous against the dark background of trees.

Soldiers, happy in their new warm raiment and a welcome holiday from the muddy trenches, indulge in a game of cards outside their tents, the weather for once being fine and sunny.

Making sure of his bacon. Fur-coated warrior procures half a side from the store, where there is always plenty more when wanted.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N.

WHEN the special correspondent of the "New York Tribune" visited the ships at Kiel, he stated that the Germans were placing great reliance on a new type of submarine, one of which, U32, he visited. This was on November 24th last year, and points to the fact that the batch of six—U31 to U36, are completed and in service by now. The captain of U32 said to the special correspondent that he hoped shortly to send several British super-Dreadnoughts to the bottom. "I have some friends in the Ajax—that is, I had some—and I shall be delighted to meet her, though the Lion or Tiger, or even King George V. will do if we do not see the Ajax."

German Submarine Commander's Empty Boast

Very likely U32, if she was not after poor, miserable little tramps, had her opportunity near Emden of seeing both the Lion and the Tiger chasing the German battle-cruisers, but her captain's other hopes failed to materialise except in the documents which live up to the saying "to lie like a bulletin." To this he can fairly retort that the evidence of Beatty's despatch shows that the submarines made the British squadron discontinue the chase.

It is uncertain whether it was a sister vessel, U31, which sank three merchant ships within fifty miles of Liverpool, as some of the accounts say U21. The probability is in favour of the vessel with the larger fuel supply; though, in any case, a vessel operating so far away, playing hide-and-seek for the whole journey, would surely rely on a source of supply of petrol somewhere nearer her farthest point of operations than the German port from which she set out.

This being so, and considering what hampered our battle-cruiser squadron, we arrive at the natural anxiety of all men to deal with the German submarines as faithfully as we did with the Emdens. We also arrive at two partial solutions of our difficulties which were efficacious in the case of the Emdens:

(1) The extermination of bases and sources of supply.

(2) A vigorous hunt which will make the seas too hot to hold them.

How to Tackle the Enemy's Submarines

Now all this is easier said than done. Oiling a submarine is a small operation compared to coaling a cruiser, so the opportunities for evasion must be much greater. I am not now relying on the allegation made in Lord Charles Beresford's question concerning two submarines having been seen taking in oil from a steamer from Manchester in the Irish Sea. At the time this goes to press that question has not been answered. I simply state that our hunt must be ruthless, and account for every drop of oil capable of being used in submarines, both at our ports and in the shipping coming to Europe. In this connection the coast base of supply is also the place of rest for a submarine. Some of these bases, like Zeebrugge, we know. The British airman's feat in dropping bombs on a submarine "resting" behind Zeebrugge breakwater is one way of hunting them. If hydroplanes accompanied a squadron in such a chase as occurred the other day, with a moderately calm surface, they could precede the squadron, and, from their height, see the submarines under the water, and drop bombs on them.

This much is certain in regard to circumscribing the action of German submarines. Nothing is gained by hysterical invocations of international law. The British lion's opinions are no use against the German eagle's pinions, but his bite is another matter. The moment is not propitious for a second Palmerston to tell us opinions are stronger than armies. Still less ought we to ask how far the law allows us to lift our hands against a pirate. The objection to the "Syren and Shipping" offer of £500 is that it is not enough. A Government offer of £10,000, from the Prize Fund, for each German submarine captured or destroyed would meet the case.

THE SMILING VICTOR
Vice-Admiral Sturdee, hero of the Falkland Islands battle, leaving the Admiralty last week.

What Merchant Ships Might Do

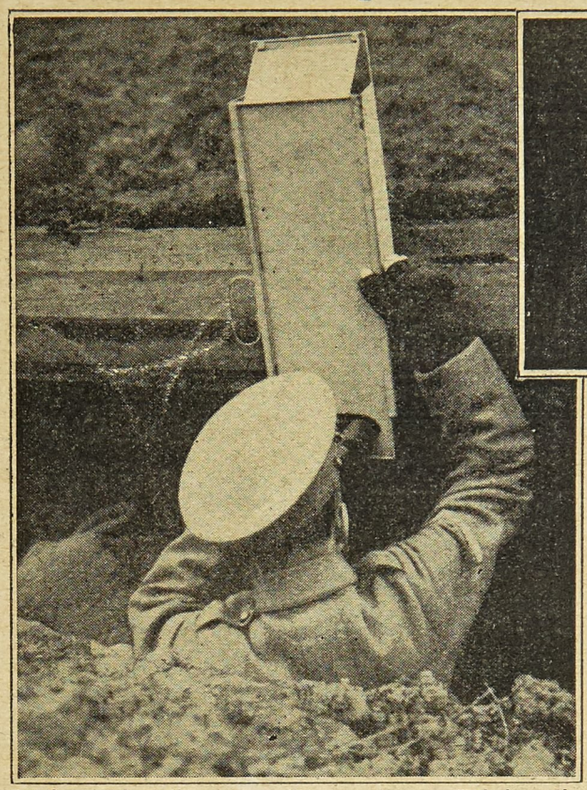
A merchant ship by herself would have a difficulty in ramming a submarine, because the latter would come to the surface abeam, but if two or three set out in company a submarine would be in great difficulties. Her periscope, if that is used, only covers one-seventh of the horizon. She cannot take in the situation in regard to several ships which do not follow in line. If she comes up to view she exposes herself to ramming.

One thing is very satisfactory in regard to this appearance of a submarine in the Irish Sea. Coming on top of the German mine-field to the north of Ireland, it has finally scotched the doctrine that there is a strategical virtue in allowing the North Sea to become a no-ship sea blockaded from either end. We go back to old-fashioned principles such as Farragut's "the more you hunt the enemy the less he can hunt you."

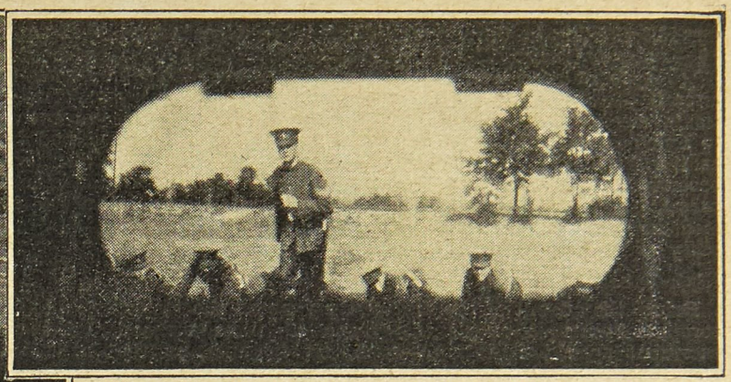
We hear a good deal of patrols in the Press, but I should like to think that the patrols are not mere watchers by the coast, but that they, too, were hunting for the enemy and not waiting for him.

With the vanishing of Germany's fast battle-cruiser squadron under the punishment Beatty inflicted, the German submarines are the only enemy vessels to put to sea. Let the hunt then be in Lord Fisher's words on warfare, "Ruthless, relentless, and remorseless."

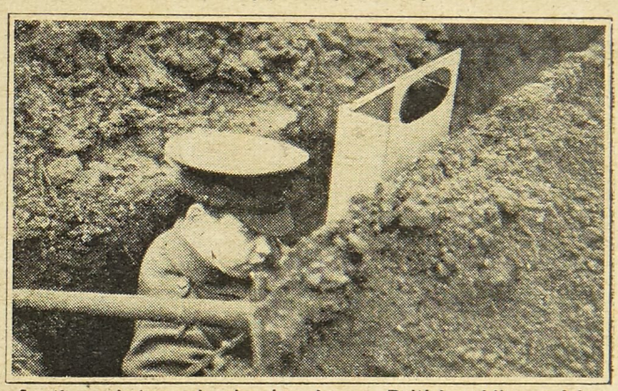
A Periscope for Subterranean Warfare



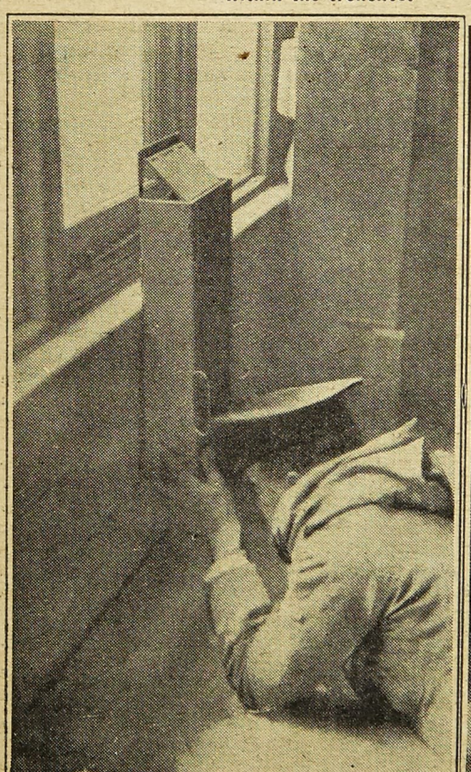
Soldier manipulating a new military periscope. This invention is being used extensively at the front, and has proved very serviceable as a means of watching enemy's positions from within the trenches.



View reflected in the military periscope used by unseen observer.

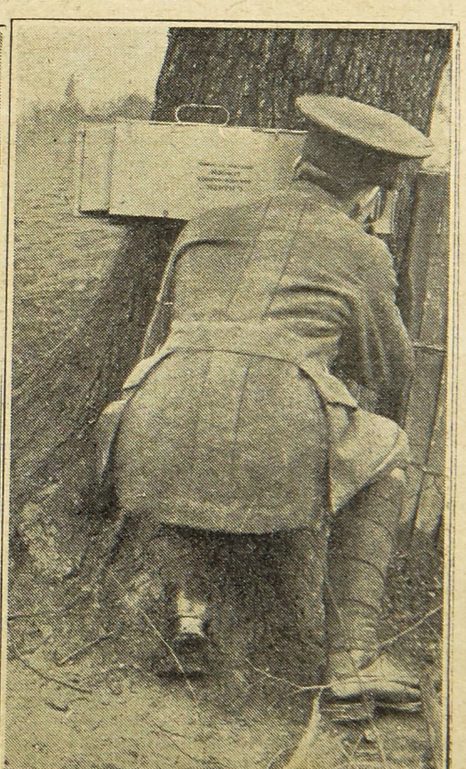


Another photograph showing how a British soldier, safely hidden in the trenches, is able to observe the movements of an enemy, which are reflected by means of glasses in the periscope.



Novel way of looking through a window. The periscope resembles a metal box, and can be folded and carried flat on the back.

Peeping Tom looks over the wall. Another demonstration of the value of the new periscope.



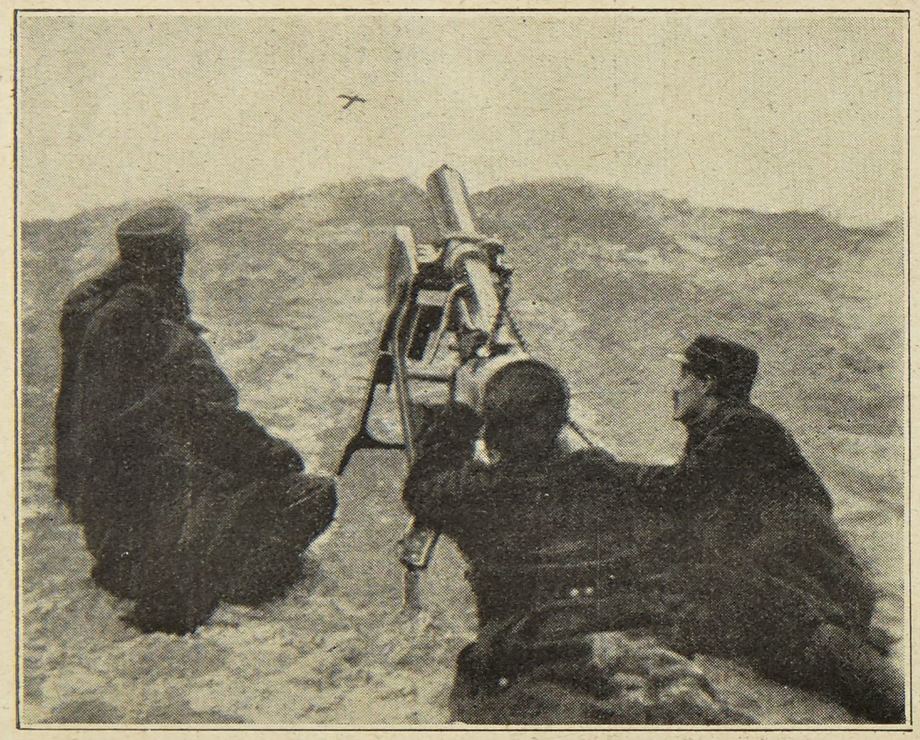
The periscope can be used horizontally. How an enemy is observed by an operator in hiding behind a tree.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

THE fighting in the air which has taken place round about Dunkirk lately emphasises the value of a type of aeroplane which is a speciality of British aircraft designers and constructers. This is the very small, single-seater biplane of the kind which is known to flying people, and even in official military documents, as the "tabloid." The name was originally given to it because it was an example of "good goods in a small parcel," and also because it was a concentrated dose of medicine for people who at first disbelieved in the possibility of making really fast biplanes.

High-Speed Flying in War

Before the advent of the first of the type all the fastest aeroplanes were monoplanes. Some of them reached enormous speeds, it is true—such, for instance, as the Deperdussin, which won the Gordon-Bennett race in 1913, doing over 120 miles an hour for a few minutes over the hour; but this machine had an engine of 160 h.-p., and it landed at a speed of well over 90 miles an hour, running along for nearly a mile after touching the ground before it pulled up, so that only a very high-class pilot dared to fly it.



Actual photograph, exclusive to "The War Illustrated," showing a hostile aeroplane being fired at by anti-aircraft machine in charge of French gunners.

The first "tabloid" biplane was produced by the Sopwith firm, and, with only an 80 h.-p. engine, it reached a highest speed of 94 miles an hour; but it was especially notable for being able to fly as slowly as 37 miles an hour, so that a skilful pilot could slow it down to land at only a little over 20 miles an hour. Soon afterwards the Bristol Company produced a slightly different "tabloid" type biplane, which, with a similar engine, flew at 96 miles an hour, but it did not land quite so slowly. Then the Sopwith Company produced, in the middle of last summer, a special racing "tabloid" which did about 105 miles an hour, with an 80 h.-p. engine; and then another, with a 100 h.-p. engine, which does about 115 miles an hour. Of course these last are built specially light, and can only be trusted to the hands of a very fine pilot; but their terrific speed makes them, and their like, very valuable for anti-aircraft defence work in this country.

Soon after war broke out, the Martin-Handasyde firm, who had previously only built very big monoplanes, also began to build "tabloids." Their machines were built specially strong, to stand the knocking about and exposure of active service, and their landing gear was designed to stand bumping on the ground by clumsy fliers. Consequently, their speed was less than the others, the different machines varying from 85 to 87 miles an hour at their top speed, and landing at about 30 miles, if decently handled.

Perfecting the "Tabloid" Machine

It is biplanes of these three types which have done so well on the Continent in chasing German aeroplanes. The "tabloids" are not used for ordinary reconnaissance, unless special information is desired in a hurry about doings at some distant point, and then an officer is sent off to get it, for most of the reconnaissance is done on slower machines which carry a pilot and an observer, so that the latter can give his whole attention to noting in detail what is going on below. The "tabloids" act, in fact, the part of fast cruisers to the Royal Flying Corps.

The naval pilots who made the raids across the Rhine to Düsseldorf and Cologne were mounted on Sopwith "tabloids" when they destroyed the Zeppelin in its shed, and damaged the railway at Cologne. The Bristols have been largely used by the Army for chasing the German aeroplanes, and the most notable achievement of the "Martinsydes'"—as they are called—came off the other day, when an officer of the R.F.C., who happened to be in the air when a big German raid started, coolly tackled twelve Germans at once.

Where the "Tabloids" Score

He went for the leading machine and had a shot at it with his pistol, missed it, went on at the next, and missed that; then, when he came to the third, by which time he had risen well above it, he circled round, and got in several shots in succession, wounding the German pilot and damaging the engine, thus forcing the Boche to come down and be captured. By this time two other R.F.C. officers had come up, and they took on the rest of the crowd, who quickly turned tail and made off home. Altogether, a fine piece of work.

Where the little "tabloids" score over the Germans is, of course, in their speed and climbing power. In the early part of the war the Germans were largely using the "Taube" type monoplane—machines with back-swept wings shaped like those of a pigeon (hence the name). These seldom exceeded 60 miles an hour, and climbed slowly, so that our ordinary reconnaissance machines, doing 65 to 70 miles an hour, were good enough to catch them; but of late the Germans have been using big, powerful biplanes which do about 70 miles an hour, and climb magnificently. The only things which can catch them are the "tabloids."

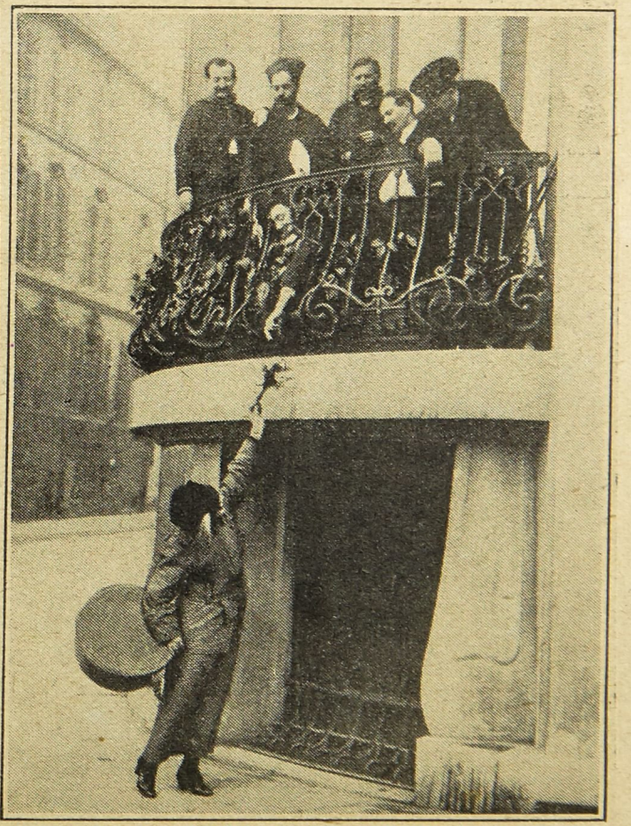
When I mention that the best "tabloids" can climb 1,000 feet a minute, which is equal to getting nearly four times as high as the towers of the Crystal Palace, it is perhaps easier to realise what quick climbing means. Once above the enemy on a fast machine, a pilot has little chance of being hit himself, and can manœuvre for a favourable position from which to get a clear shot.

Peaceful Glimpses of War-time Paris

Paul Poiret, the celebrated Paris dressmaker, as a simple soldier, shows his sympathy for the entente by indulging the English habit of smoking a pipe in the Champ Elysees.

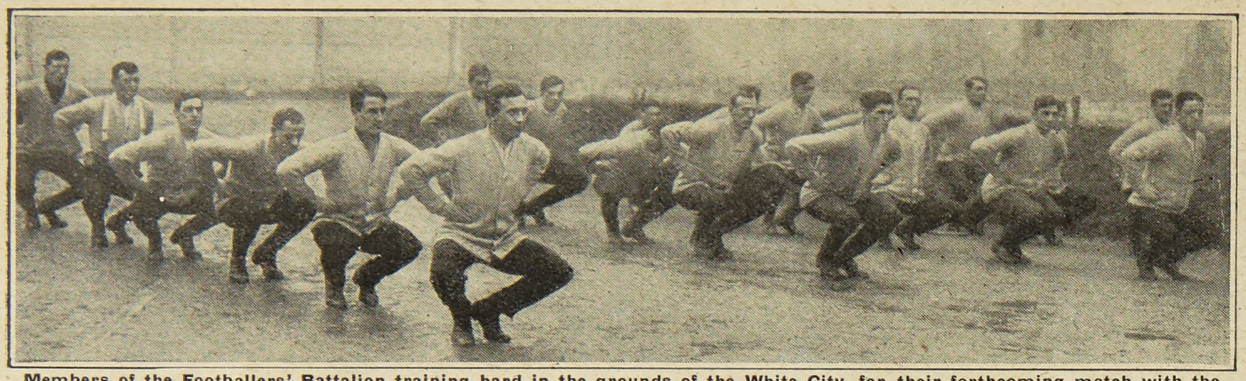
Countess Oncieu de la Batie, who was refused a passport by the Germans in Brussels and escaped to Holland in a peasant's cart. She is now working for the Belgian refugees in Paris.

Paper-seller near the Opera tries to interest a French soldier in "La Liberte." Parisians are supplied with their papers by the fair sex, most of the newsboys having been called to the colours.

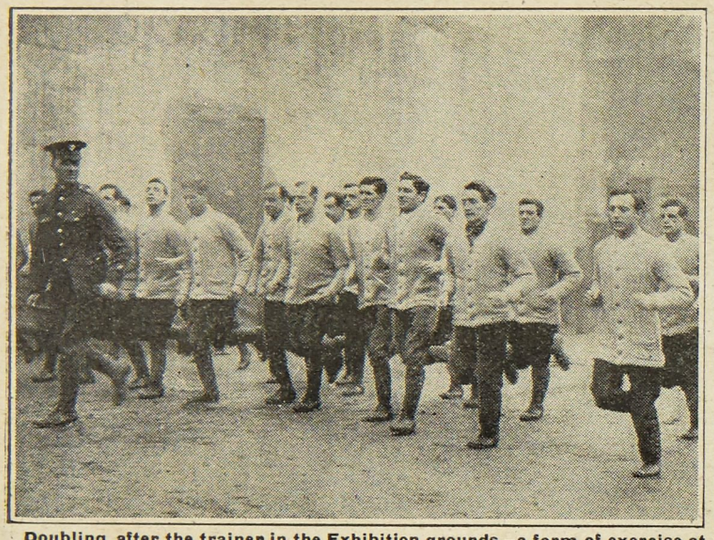


"Voila, Messieurs!" A fascinating midinette, in passing the Elysee Palace Hotel, Paris, hands a bouquet with charming grace to some wounded soldiers taking the air on the balcony.

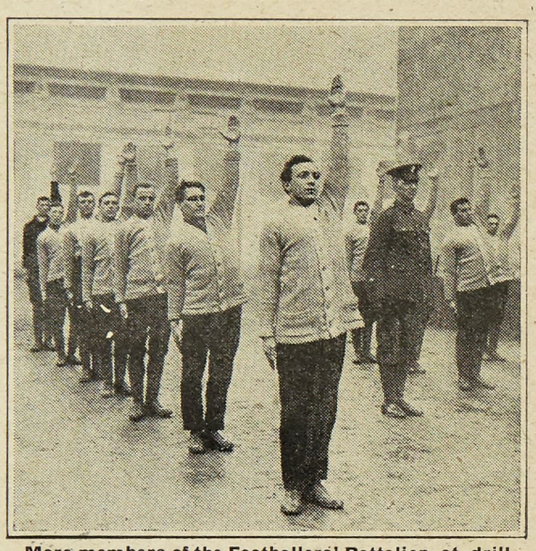
Footballers to Play the Greater Game



Members of the Footballers' Battalion training hard in the grounds of the White City for their forthcoming match with the Huns. On account of their sport, they are already men of the finest physique.



Doubling after the trainer in the Exhibition grounds—a form of exercise at which the footballers should be fairly adept.



More members of the Footballers' Battalion at drill at the erstwhile pleasure resort, Shepherd's Bush.

Footballers as professional soldiers. Prominent players attend at the headquarters of their battalion to receive Army pay. By the table on the right are Mr. F. J. Wall, Secretary of the Football Association, Colonel Grantham, and Captain Elphinstone.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Being a Complete Record of Events from the Eve of Hostilities to January 31st, 1915

JUNE 28.—Assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife at Serajevo.

JULY 23.—Austro-Hungarian 48-hours' ultimatum to Serbia.

JULY 24.—The Russian Cabinet considers Austrian action a challenge to Russia.

JULY 27.—Sir E. Grey proposes conference, to which France and Italy agree.

JULY 28.—Austria-Hungary declares war against Serbia.

JULY 29.—Austrians bombard Belgrade. Tsar appeals to Kaiser to restrain Austria.

JULY 30.—Russia mobilises sixteen army corps. Bombardment of Belgrade.

JULY 31.—State of war declared in Germany. General mobilisation ordered in Russia. London Stock Exchange closed. M. Jaurés assassinated.

AUG. 1.—Germany sends 12-hours' ultimatum to Russia to stop mobilising, and declares war. Mobilisation in Austria, France, Belgium, and Holland. Italy declares neutrality. Sir John French appointed Inspector-General of the Forces. British Naval Reserves called up. Bank rate 10 per cent. M. Delcassé French War Minister. Montenegro identifies herself with Serbia.

AUG. 2.—British ships seized at Kiel. German troops invade Luxemburg and enter Ciréy. Russian forces cross German frontier at Schwidden. Rumania declares neutrality.

AUG. 3.—Germany declares war against France. German cruiser bombards Libau. In reply to a 12-hours' ultimatum from Germany (expiring at 7 a.m.), Belgium refuses to allow passage of German troops through her territory, and King Albert sends "supreme appeal" to King George. German troops envelop Visé (which was afterwards burnt). General Joffre, French Commander-in-Chief, leaves Paris for the French frontier. Grand Duke Nicholas appointed Generalissimo of Russian Army. Australia offers 20,000 men. Sir E. Grey's speech in the Commons. British naval mobilisation completed. Moratorium Bill passed. Bank Holiday extended to Aug. 7.

AUG. 4.—Germany declares war on Belgium, and her troops, under General von Emmich, attack Liège. Belgian defence conducted by General Leman. German cruiser Breslau bombards French port of Bona (Algeria). German Reichstag authorises an extraordinary expenditure of £265,000,000. British ultimatum to Germany demanding that Belgian neutrality shall be respected. Ultimatum expires at 11 p.m., when state of war exists. British Army mobilisation begins, and Reserves and Territorials are called up. Mr. Asquith's speech in the Commons. Admiral Sir John Jellicoe appointed to supreme command of the Home Fleets. The British Government takes control of the railways.

AUG. 5.—Lord Kitchener appointed War Minister. Königen Luise, German mine-layer, sunk off Harwich by H.M.S. Lance. British White Paper issued. Resignation of Viscount Morley, Mr. John Burns, and Mr. Trevelyan. President Wilson offers his services for mediation.

AUG. 6.—H.M.S. Amphion sunk in North Sea by floating mine; 131 lives lost. Lord Kitchener asks for 500,000 recruits, 100,000 to be raised forthwith. Vote of credit for £100,000,000 agreed to by the Commons without dissent.

AUG. 7.—Prince of Wales's National Relief Fund opened. New £1 and 10s. banknotes issued, and postal-orders made legal tender. Port of Lome (German Togoland) taken, and South Togoland surrenders.

AUG. 8.—French troops occupy Altkirch and Mulhouse. French and Belgian troops co-operating in Belgian territory. Legion of Honour conferred on Liège. Bank rate 5 per cent.

AUG. 9.—German troops in Liège town. Austria sends troops to help Germans. German submarine U15 sunk by H.M.S. Birmingham.

AUG. 10.—Diplomatic relations between France and Austria broken off. German cavalry checked at Hasselt. French fall back from Mulhouse but take up passes in the Vosges. Enrolment of first batch of 30,000 special constables for London area. Canada offers 20,000 men (afterwards increased to 200,000), and 98,000,000 lb. of flour. Official Press Bureau opened in London.

AUG. 12.—Great Britain and Austria at war. German cruisers Goeben and Breslau (having escaped from Messina) enter Dardanelles, and are purchased by Turkey.

AUG. 13.—Battle of Haelen (Aug. 12-13) ends, according to the Belgian War Office, "all to the advantage of the Belgian forces." German "official" news first sent out by wireless. German steamer captured on Lake Nyasa. Earl Roberts appointed Colonel-in-Chief of Oversea Dominions Volunteers.

AUG. 14.—French war credit of £40,000,000 authorised. H.M.S. Pegasus destroys German wireless station at Dar-es-Salaam.

AUG. 15.—The Prince of Wales's National Relief Fund reaches £1,000,000. British Press Bureau issues warning against alarmist rumours. Taveta (British East Africa) occupied by Germans. French drive Germans back at Dinant.

AUG. 16.—Tsar promises Home Rule to a re-united Poland. Death of Von Emmich confirmed. Austrian cruiser Zenta sunk at Antivari in the Adriatic, and Austrian torpedo-boat No. 19 sunk by mine at Pola.

AUG. 17.—It is reported officially that the British Expeditionary Force has landed safely in France. Belgian Government removes from Brussels to Antwerp. Japan asks Germany to remove her warships from Japanese and Chinese waters, and to evacuate Kiao-chau; reply to be received by Aug. 23. Death of General Sir James Grierson.

AUG. 17-21.—Serbian victory over Austrians at Shabatz.

AUG. 18.—German success at Diest and Tirlemont.

AUG. 19.—Germans occupy Aerschot and Louvain, and Gen. von Kotowe appointed Governor of Liège. Russian forces defeat First German Army Corps near Eydtkuhnen. General Smith-Dorrien appointed to command an army corps in France in succession to the late General Grierson.

AUG. 20.—Abandoned for strategical reasons, Brussels is formally entered by the Germans under Gen. Sixtus von Arnim. The French retake Mulhouse. General Leman found wounded and unconscious under last of Liège forts and made a prisoner by the Germans. Death of Pope Pius X.

AUG. 21.—British forces occupy line between Condé and Mons, the French main army being along the line of the Sambre, on the British right. German war levies of £8,000,000 on Brussels (£11 per head of the inhabitants), and £2,400,000 on Province of Liège. Battle of Charleroi begins. Franco-British Loan of £20,000,000 to Belgium announced. Partial investment of Namur. Russians (under Rennenkampf) rout three German army corps (under Von Hindenburg) at Gumbinnen, in East Prussia, after two days' battle.

AUG. 22.—British troops extended from Condé through Mons and Binche. Battle of Charleroi ends; French compelled to withdraw.

AUG. 23.—Japan declares war on Germany. British Army engaged at Mons against greatly superior forces; battle lasted four days. Three of Namur forts fall; town evacuated by the Allies, who begin retreat to the Marne, pursued by the Germans under General von Kluck. French withdraw from Lorraine upon Nancy and Belfort, and Germans occupy Lunéville. Russians occupy Soldau.

AUG. 24.—Fall of Namur. Allies abandon line of the Sambre. Germans try to drive British into Maubeuge; but British hold their own. Antwerp garrison drives Germans out of Malines. Japanese Fleet begins bombardment of Tsing-tau.

AUG. 25.—Louvain destroyed by Germans. Issue of the first of a series of official Belgian reports on outrages by Germans in Belgium. Allies retire, fighting rearguard actions, towards the Cambrai - Le Cateau line. Lord Kitchener, in House of Lords, pays high tribute to gallantry of British troops. Mr. Asquith, in the Commons, says "We want all the troops we can get." Zeppelin drops bombs on Antwerp.

AUG. 26.—British forces engaged at Tournai and Guignies, and hold line Cambrai - Le Cateau - Landrecies. Field-Marshal von der Goltz appointed Military Governor of Brussels. Austria declares war on Japan.

AUG. 27.—Allies retire to line of the Somme. German bombardment of Malines, shells falling on the cathedral. British Marines occupy Ostend. German cruiser Magdeburg blown up off the coast of Finland. German armed liner Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse sunk by H.M.S. Highflyer.

AUG. 28.—Surrender of Longwy, after 24 days' resistance. Three German cruisers and two German destroyers sunk off Heligoland. British casualties, 81. Enlistment of second 100,000 New British Army begins.

AUG. 29.—French Army drives back the enemy near Guise. German aeroplane drops bombs over Paris.

AUG. 29-31.—Battle of Osterode (or Tannenberg) ends in heavy defeat of Russians under Rennenkampf. Surrender of Apia (German Samoa) to New Zealand force.

AUG. 31.—Allies have retired to line between Amiens and Verdun. German troops occupy Amiens. British casualties, Aug. 23-26: Killed, 163; wounded, 686; missing, 4,278.

SEPT. 1.—1st British Cavalry Brigade and 4th Guards Brigade sharply engaged with enemy near Compiègne. 9th Lancers capture ten German guns near Compiègne. Russians (under Gen. Russky) after seven days' fighting rout five Austrian army corps (over 250,000 men), under Gen. Auffenberg, at Lemberg, in Galicia, take 70,000 prisoners, and capture 200 guns. More bombs dropped on Paris.

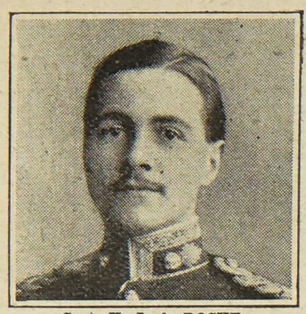
SEPT. 2.—Allies hold line of the Seine, the Marne, and the Meuse above Verdun. Fresh bomb attack on Antwerp. Name of Russian capital altered from St. Petersburg to Petrograd. National Relief Fund, £2,000,000.

SEPT. 3—British forces south of the Marne, between Lagny and Signy-Signets. Germans at Suippes, Ville-sur-Tourbe, and Chateau Thierry, and preparing to cross the Marne at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre. French Government withdraw from Paris to Bordeaux; General Gallieni appointed Military Governor of Paris. Further list of British casualties in France issued: Killed, 70; wounded, 390; missing, 4,758. H.M.S. Speedy, gunboat, mined. Trade Union Congress issues a manifesto calling on trade unionists to join the British Army. Cardinal Giacomo della Chiesa elected Pope (as Benedict XV.). Moratorium extended to Oct. 4.

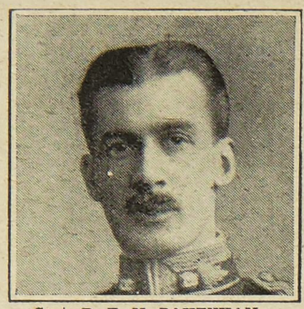
SEPT. 4.—Belgians open dykes near Antwerp. Termonde attacked by Germans. Mr. Asquith, at the Guildhall, says that since the opening of the war, between 250,000 and 300,000 men have answered Lord Kitchener's appeal. Two German airmen captured in damaged aeroplane in North Sea. Seven German destroyers and torpedo-boats reported to have reached

Brave Britons Lost by Land and Sea

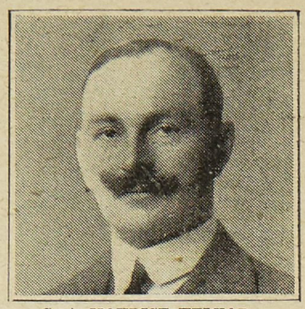
Major G. HEBDEN RALEIGH,
Royal Flying Corps.



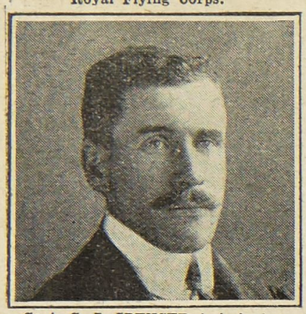
Capt. H. J. A. ROCHE,
Royal Munster Fusiliers.



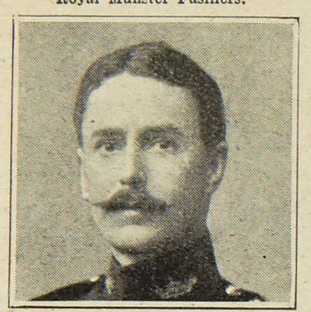
Capt. R. E. M. PAKENHAM,
Royal Munster Fusiliers.



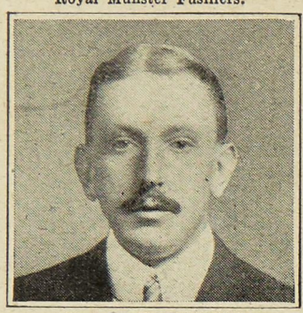
Capt. MAURICE HELYAR,
Rifle Brigade.



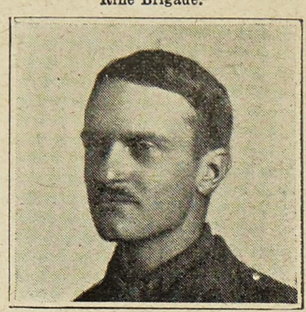
Capt. C. J. SPENCER (missing),
Devonshire Regt.



Capt. H. C. RICHMOND,
Gloucester Regt.



Capt. C. H. WICKHAM,
Royal Fusiliers.



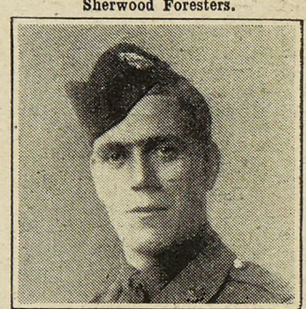
Sec.-Lieut. G. E. BURDEKIN,
Sherwood Foresters.

Lieut. R. H. WILLIAMSON,
R.G.A.

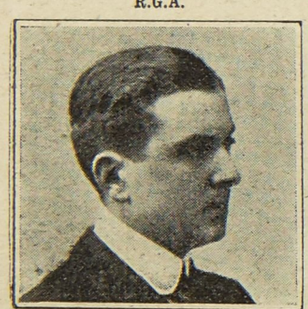
Major George Hebden Raleigh, Essex Regiment and Royal Flying Corps, received his commmission in 1899, and was gazetted captain in 1908. He saw much service in South Africa, being dangerously wounded at Dreifontein. Major Raleigh met his death through a fall with his aeroplane in France.

Captain Hyacinth Joseph Albert Roche, Royal Munster Fusiliers and Royal Flying Corps (killed in action) entered the Munsters in 1908, and was promoted lieutenant in 1910, when he joined the Royal Flying Corps. He was made a flight officer in April last.

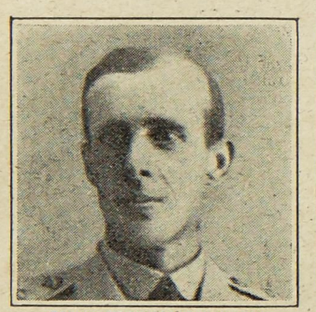
Captain Robert Edward Michael Pakenham entered the Royal Munster Fusiliers in 1897, and saw active service in South Africa. He retired from the Army in 1912, but rejoined his regiment on the outbreak of the war.



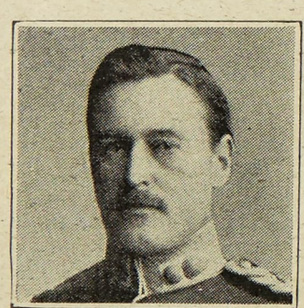
Lieut. J. R. MYLLES,
Highland Light Infantry.



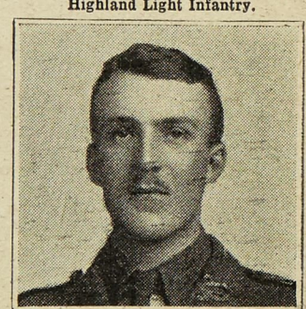
Lieut. L. C. MOOR-RADFORD,
1st South Staffs Regt.



Lieut. CUTHBERT BOWEN,
East African Police.

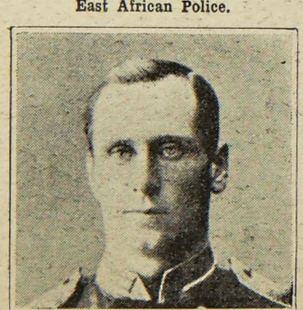


Lieut. C. PATTERSON,
Lancashire Fusiliers.

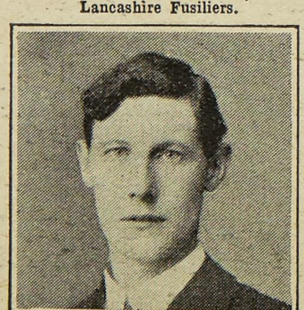


Sec.-Lieut. E. W. WILSON,
1st West Yorks.

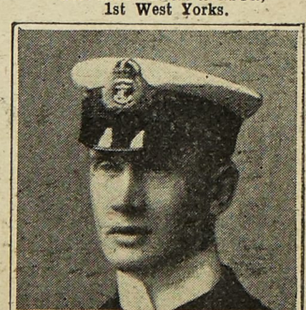
Commander E. O. BALLANTYNE,
H.M.S. Viknor.



Capt. C. G. TAYLOR, M.V.O.,
H.M.S. Tiger.



Warrant-Officer R. J. PAGE,
H.M.S. Good Hope.



Lieut.-Com. H. L. SHEPHARD,
H.M.S. Viknor.

(Photos by Central Press, Lafayette, Swaine, Speaight, Heath, Bonns, Russell.)

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR—continued

Kiel in damaged condition. (It transpired later that they had been engaged with the Russian Baltic Fleet.)

SEPT. 5.—German occupation of Rheims. General Joffre decides to take the offensive. British Admiralty announces formation of Naval Brigades (15,000 men) for service on sea or land. British, French, and Russian Governments mutually engage not to conclude peace separately. H.M.S. Pathfinder sunk in North Sea by submarine U21.

SEPT. 6.—General action begins along a line between Senlis and Verdun. Battle of the Marne, Sept. 6-10. Sack of Dinant-sur-Meuse. Wilson liner Runo sunk by mines in North Sea. German warships destroy fifteen British trawlers in the North Sea and take their crews prisoners.

SEPT. 7.—Fighting at Nanteuil-le-Hadouin, Meaux, Sézanne, Vitry-le-François, and Verdun. The Germans, who had advanced as far as the Coulommiers and La Ferté Gaucher district, obliged to fall back. Fall of Maubeuge (invested since Aug. 25). Attack on Nancy by the army of German Crown Prince; attack repulsed after ten days' fighting. German war levies on Brussels, Liège Province, Liège City, Louvain, Brabant Province, Lille, Armentières, Amiens, Lens, Roubaix, and Turcoing total £28,812,000, and 100,000 cigars. Burgomaster tries to save Ghent from occupation by engaging to furnish provisions for German troops.

SEPT. 8.—Fighting along the line Montmirail-Le Pepit Sompuis; enemy driven back ten miles. Heavy fighting at Ravaruska; Russians capture Mikolaijov. Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech on "silver bullets." Serbians invade Bosnia. Termonde sacked by Germans.

SEPT. 9.—White Star liner Oceanic wrecked off North Coast of Scotland; no lives lost. Prime Minister announces a vote for a further 500,000 men for the British Army, bringing up its strength to 1,186,400, exclusive of Territorials. General French reports the enemy has been driven back all along the line; our troops having crossed the Marne, and captured twelve Maxim guns, a battery, and 350 prisoners. The King's Message to Oversea Dominions, and to the Princes and Peoples of India issued. Home Secretary takes over responsibility for the Press Bureau. Offers of service from Indian rulers read in the Commons. Announcement that 70,000 Indian troops are to be employed in Europe; six maharajahs with cadets of other noble families to go on active service. Capture of German mines on disguised trawlers in North Sea.

SEPT. 10.—Germans driven back to line Soissons-Rheims. General French's first despatch—Aug. 23-Sept. 7—published in "London Gazette." British Naval airships to make short cruises over London. Russians take Tomaszov. Japan identifies herself with Russia, France, and Great Britain in deciding not to make peace independently. Governor of Nyasaland announces repulse of German invasion. Cattaro bombarded.

SEPT. 10-14.—German cruiser Emden captures six British ships in Bay of Bengal, sinks five, and releases the other with the crews of all six on board.

SEPT. 11.—British force crosses the Ourcq.

SEPT. 12.—Allies capture 6,000 prisoners and 160 guns. French retake Lunéville. Commencement of Battle of the Aisne, on the north bank of which the Germans strongly entrenched themselves. Hamburg-Amerika liner Spreewald captured by H.M.S. Berwick. German wireless station at Herbertshöhe (Pacific) taken by Australian Navy. Russian victory near Krasnik, Galicia.

SEPT. 13.—German cruiser Hela sunk by British submarine E9.

SEPT. 14.—British troops cross the Aisne near Soissons. German Crown Prince's headquarters removed from St. Ménéhould to Montfaucon. British auxiliary cruiser Carmania sinks the Cap Trafalgar off East Coast of South America. H.M. gunboat Dwarf attacked by German steamer on Cameroon River; steamer captured. Resignation of General Beyers, Commandant-General of South African Defence Force.

SEPT. 15.—China allows Japanese to land near Kiao-chau. Russians capture Sandomir.

SEPT. 16.—General Delarey shot by accident whilst motoring at Johannesburg. Bombs from Japanese aeroplanes dropped on German ships in Kiao-chau Bay. H.M. gunboat Dwarf rammed by German merchant-ship Nachtigall, which was wrecked. Commander Samson, with force attached to Naval Flying Corps, scatters a Uhlan patrol near Doullens. Russian retirement from East Prussia.

SEPT. 17.—Lord Kitchener announces that rather more than six regular divisions (each 18,600 strong) and two cavalry divisions (each 10,000 strong) of British troops are in the fighting-line; and expresses the hope that the new army of 500,000 men will be ready to take the field in the spring of 1915. Germans again bombard Termonde, and are repulsed by Belgians. Grand Duke Nicholas, in a Proclamation to the peoples of Austria-Hungary, declares Russia seeks nothing except establishment of truth and justice. In Tavorovo district Russians capture transport columns of two army corps, 30 guns, 5,000 prisoners, and enormous quantities of war material. German force attacks Nakob (South Africa). H.M.S. Fisgard II. founders during gale in Channel.

SEPT. 18.—General Joffre decides to attempt envelopment of German right flank on the Aisne. Parliament prorogued. National Anthem sung in the House of Commons.

SEPT. 19.—Rheims Cathedral shelled by German artillery. German vessels reported sunk in Victoria Nyanza. Lissa occupied.

SEPT. 20.—Loss of Submarine AE1 reported from Melbourne. H.M.S. Pegasus attacked and disabled by the German cruiser Königsberg whilst refitting in Zanzibar Harbour.

SEPT. 21.—Russians carry Jaroslav by assault.

SEPT. 22.—British cruisers Aboukir, Hogue, and Cressy torpedoed by submarine U9 in North Sea. Loss of 62 officers and 1,400 men. German cruiser Emden shells oil-tanks at Madras. General Botha takes the field as Commander-in-Chief. Flight-Lieut. Collet drops bombs on Zeppelin sheds at Düsseldorf.

SEPT. 23.—British force landed near Laoshan Bay.

SEPT. 24.—Allies occupy Peronne. German aircraft drop bombs on Boulogne and Ostend. Attempt to wreck Dover express at Hither Green. Australian forces announce their occupation of seat of government of Kaiser Wilhelm's Land (German New Guinea).

SEPT. 25.—Battle of Augustovo begins.

SEPT. 26.—Russians establish their position on the railway to Cracow. German raid on Walfish Bay. Indian troops at Marseilles.

SEPT. 27.—South African troops occupy Lüderitzbucht. Surrender of Duala and capture of eight Woermann ships and German gunboat Soden by H.M.S. Cumberland. German aeroplane drops bombs on Paris. Germans occupy Malines.

SEPT. 28.—Admiralty statement of losses in shipping since outbreak of war: German, 1,140,000 tons (387 ships); British, 229,000 tons (86 ships).

SEPT. 29.—Germans bombard Antwerp's first line of defence. Serbians recapture Semlin, first taken by them on Sept. 11. Emden reported to have sunk four more British steamships and captured a collier in the Indian Ocean.

OCT. 1.—Bombardment of Antwerp forts resumed; Waelhem, Wavre, St. Catherine, Puers, and Lierre being hotly engaged.

OCT. 2.—Mr. Asquith, at Cardiff, discloses how Germany tried in 1912 to get "a free hand to dominate Europe." British Admiralty announce counter measures to German mine-laying in lower area of North Sea. German sortie from Tsing-tau repulsed.

OCT. 3.—Battle of Augustovo ends in defeat of Germans by Russians.

OCT. 3-19.—British force withdrawn from the Aisne to St. Omer.

OCT. 5 and 6.—President Poincaré visits the headquarters of the allied armies.

OCT. 5.—General von Moltke replaced by General von Falkenhayn as Chief of the German General Staff. 8,000 British Naval and Marine forces in Antwerp. National Relief Fund, £3,000,000. Publication of Belgian Grey Book and Russian Orange Book.

OCT. 6.—Police notice published regarding the more effective masking of the lights of London. Canadian Government announce decision to raise a second overseas contingent of 22,000 men.

OCT. 7.—Publication of Cape Town message describing how British and Boers were trapped by Germans in Namaqualand. Japanese occupy the island of Jahuit, in the Marshall Islands, and seize Shantung Railway as far as Tsi-nan-fu. Submarine E9 returns safely after sinking German torpedo-boat destroyer S126 off Ems River. Belgian Government leave Antwerp for Ostend. Houlder liner La Correntina sunk by German cruiser Kronprinz Wilhelm in voyage from Buenos Aires to Liverpool.

OCT. 8.—Between Sept. 12 and this date, when Sir John French's third despatch was written, the British losses included 561 officers and 12,980 men. Commonwealth of Australia announce a gift of £100,000 to Belgium. Squadron-Commander Spenser D. A. Grey, R.N., and Lieuts. R. L. G. Marix and S. V. Sippe destroy a Zeppelin at Düsseldorf. Mutiny of Lieut.-Col. S. G. Maritz in South Africa. Home Office issues statement on espionage.

OCT. 9.—Fall and occupation of Antwerp by Germans under General von Bäseler; Belgian army and British troops retire; about 2,000 of the British cross the Dutch border, and are interned. German levy of £20,000,000 on Antwerp. Heavy fighting at Arras. French and British cavalry capture German convoy with 850 men and mitrailleuses in Roye region.

OCT. 10.—British Red Cross nurses expelled from Brussels. Russian cruiser Pallada torpedoed by German submarines in the Baltic; two of the submarines sunk. Death of King Carlo I. of Rumania, who is succeeded by his nephew Ferdinand I.

OCT. 11.—Great battle for the coast begins between Aire, Bethune, and La Bassée. Germans occupy Ghent. Twenty bombs from German aircraft dropped on Paris; Notre Dame damaged, four people killed and fourteen wounded.

OCT. 12.—More bombs on Paris; Gare du Nord struck. Bombs on Ostend. 3rd Cavalry Division and 7th Division, under Sir Henry Rawlinson, operating near Ghent and Antwerp, ordered to co-operate as soon as possible with main British forces in Flanders. Martial law in South Africa.

OCT. 13.—Germans occupy Lille. Belgian Government at Havre. Allies advance between Arras and Albert and towards Craonne.

OCT. 14.—Germans occupy Bruges. Franco British forces occupy Bailleul and Ypres. Fighting along the Vistula and the San to Przemysl, and south to the Dniester. Monfalcone dockyard, near Trieste, destroyed by fire. Mr. Noel Buxton and his brother shot at and wounded at Bucharest by a Young Turk.

OCT. 15.—Germans at Blankenberghe. The Admiralty announces sinking of Hamburg-Amerika liner Markomannia and capture of Greek steamer Pontoporos (the Emden's colliers), near Sumatra, by H.M.S. Yarmouth. First Canadian Expeditionary Force of 33,800 officers and men arrives at Plymouth. H.M.S. Hawke sunk by submarine U9 in North Sea.

OCT. 16.—Death of the Marquis di San Giuliano, Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs. He is succeeded by Signor Salandra.

OCT. 17.—H.M.S. Undaunted, accompanied by the destroyers Lance, Lennox, Legion, and Loyal, sinks four German destroyers (S115, S117, S118, and S119) off the Dutch coast. French cruiser Waldeck Rousseau

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR—continued

sinks Austrian submarine. Distinguished Conduct Medal for Navy instituted. British-Japanese bombardment of Tsing-tau. Japanese cruiser Takachico sunk in Kiao-chau Bay.

Oct 17 and 18.—Anti-German riots at Deptford.

Oct. 18.—Armed liner Caronia brings oil-tank steamer Brendilla into Halifax, N.S. Loss of submarine E3.

Oct. 19.—Two long despatches from Sir John French published describing the fighting on the Marne and Aisne between Aug. 28 and Sept. 28. British casualties, Sept. 12-28: Officers, 561; men, 12,980. Enemy in greatly superior strength on the Lys. The monitors Severn, Humber, and Mersey commence heavy bombardment of Belgian coast, repulsing German attacks on Nieuport. Machinery of American Red Cross ship Hamburg reported to have been damaged by this vessel's former German crew. Heavy fighting between Nieuport and Dixmude. Absinthe prohibited by Paris police. Cholera in Galicia.

Oct. 20.—German submarine U17 sinks British steamer Glitra, off Karmoe. Three officers and 70 men of rebel Lieut.-Col. Maritz's commando captured; 40 others surrender. Admiralty provision of "swimming collars" for men of the Fleet. Tsar prohibits Government sale of vodka.

Oct. 21.—It is announced that the expenditure on the war, which in the first ten weeks averaged about 5½ millions per week, has risen to about 8¼ millions. Admiralty issues despatches on the Battle of Heligoland Bight.

Oct. 22.—Emden reported to have sunk the British steamers Chilkana, Troilus, Ben Mohr, and Clan Grant, and captured the collier Exford and the St. Egbert 150 miles S.W. of Cochin. Wholesale arrests of unnaturalised aliens in the United Kingdom. Egyptian Government announces that enemy ships are to be removed from Suez Canal ports.

Oct. 23.—Belgians co-operating with Franco-British troops against the Germans between Ostend and Nieuport; British and French warships co-operating. Dykes cut along the line of the Yser.

Oct. 24.—Lahore division of Indian Army corps at Lacon. German submarine rammed off Dutch coast by H.M. destroyer Badger. Fierce fighting in Galicia, from Sandomir to Przemysl. Lord Kitchener appeals to public to refrain from treating soldiers to drink.

Oct. 25.—Allies occupy Melzicourt. Death of Sir Charles Douglas, Chief of Imperial General Staff, who is succeeded by Sir James Wolfe Murray.

Oct. 26.—Russian victory on the Pilitza. Russian cavalry occupy Lodz, 70 miles from Warsaw. Admiralty announces that 70 ships of the Allies are in pursuit of the eight or nine enemy raiders in the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans, including the Karlsruhe, a German cruiser in the Atlantic, which has sunk 13 ships, valued at £1,011,000, sending the crews into Teneriffe. French steamer Amiral Ganteaume, with Belgian refugees on board, damaged by torpedo between Boulogne and Folkestone. British merchantman Manchester Commerce sunk by mine off northern coast of Ireland; captain and 13 men perishing; 30 saved. German troops cross the Yser between Nieuport and Dixmude. Lieut. Prince Maurice of Battenberg, K.R.R., reported killed in action. Edea occupied.

Oct. 27—French report the destruction of several German batteries by their artillery fire between Soissons and Berry-au-Bac on the Aisne. Germans thrust back between Ypres and Roulers, and driven out of French Lorraine. Colonel Maritz and his forces routed by Col. Britz; Maritz wounded, having fled to German S.W. Africa. Lord Buxton reports revolt of Generals Beyers and Christian De Wet. General Botha routs General Beyers's commando. German mine-field notified 20 miles north of Tory Island.

Oct. 28.—Belgian troops reported to have defeated Germans at Ki Senie, on Lake Tanganyika. Lord Kitchener announces that a further 100,000 men are urgently needed to complete the requirements of the Army. Breslau and Hamidieh bombard Theodosia and Novorossisk in Black Sea.

Oct. 29.—Resignation of Prince Louis of Battenberg, First Sea Lord. Lord Fisher appointed to succeed him.

Oct. 30.—Publication by the "Morning Post" of the Kaiser's letter to Lord Tweedmouth in 1908, in which it was emphatically denied that the German Navy Bill was aimed at Great Britain. Königsberg held up by H.M.S. Chatham in Rufigi River, German East Africa.

Oct. 31.—H.M.S. Hermes torpedoed in Dover Strait. Wreck of hospital ship Rohilla off Whitby in a gale. Great attack on British First Corps by Prussian Guard near Ypres. Gheluvelt retaken by British. London Scottish in the fighting near Ypres. Emden sinks Russian cruiser Zhemchug and French destroyer Mousquet off Penang. Italy occupies Saseno. Resignation of Signor Rubini, and fall of Italian Cabinet.

Nov. 1.—Foreign Office statement on British-Turkish relations. Monmouth and Good Hope sunk by German squadron (Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Nürnberg, Leipzig, and Dresden) off Chili.

Nov. 2.—Martial law in Egypt. Passengers and crews of Vandyck, Hurstdale, and Glanton landed at Sara; the vessels named having been sunk by the Karlsruhe.

Nov. 3.—British cruiser Minerva shells fortress and barracks at Akabah, in the Red Sea; and a combined British and French force bombards the Dardanelles forts. Enemy squadron fires on coastguard patrol Halcyon, off Yarmouth (one man wounded); submarine D5 sunk by mine during pursuit of the German vessels. Admiral Sir Percy Scott appointed to the President, additional, for special service. Russians occupy Kielce.

Nov. 4.—King and Queen visit Canadian troops on Salisbury Plain. German cruiser Yorck sunk (by mine or submarine) near Wilhelmshaven. Rebel General Müller defeated by Colonel-Commandant Mentz in South Africa.

Nov. 5.—"London Gazette" announces that, owing to hostile acts committed by Turkish forces under German officers, a state of war exists from to-day between Great Britain and Turkey, and that Cyprus has been annexed. Turkish Ambassador and his Staff leave London. Kaiser and Prince Henry of Prussia removed from Navy List. German officer in Alexandria Police Force sentenced to penal servitude for fomenting rebellion in Egypt. Baron Sidney Sonnino becomes Foreign Minister in the new Italian Cabinet. From this date the whole of the North Sea declared "a military area." Earl Annesley and Lieut. C. F. Beevor lost in seaplane.

Nov. 6.—British male subjects between the ages of 17 and 55 arrested in Germany and sent to concentration camps. Belgium declares war on Turkey. Russian troops capture Turkish position at Kuprukeni, on the road to Erzrum. German spy Karl Lody shot at the Tower of London.

Nov. 7.—Four Turkish transports sunk by Russian fleet. Surrender of Tsing-tau; 2,300 prisoners taken. Formation of Army Cyclist Corps authorised.

Nov. 8.—British Indian force occupies Fao, in Persian Gulf. German cruiser Geier interned at Honolulu by U.S.A. Flushing burgomaster proclaims that all vessels, except mail-boats, entering the Scheldt at night will run risk of being fired upon. German aeroplane drops two bombs on Dunkirk. De Wet's son Daniel killed in engagement with Cronje.

Nov. 9.—German cruiser Emden driven ashore at Keeling (Cocos) Island and burnt by H.M.A.S., Sydney. Captain von Müller and Prince Francis Joseph of Hohenzollern prisoners; unwounded. Estimated value of ships and cargoes destroyed by the Emden: £2,211,000. Reciprocal arrangement for exchange of non-military subjects between Austria and Great Britain announced. Pension Scale increased. Nigerian Emirs place £38,000 at disposal of Governor-General.

Nov. 10.—D.S.O. awarded to sixteen British officers. Germans take Dixmude.

Nov. 11.—King opens Parliament. Parliamentary Recruiting Committee scheme announced. H.M.S. Niger torpedoed by a submarine off Deal. Repulse with enormous loss of the Prussian Guard near Ypres (Nov. 11 and 12).

Nov. 12.—Spy peril debate in Commons. Defeat of De Wet by Botha.

Nov. 13.—Prime Minister states British casualties up to October 31st to be 57,000, all ranks. Supplementary Estimate for additional 1,000,000 men for British Army. Karl Ernst sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for espionage.

Nov. 14.—Lord Roberts dies of pneumonia in France. Italian Cabinet agrees to military grant of £16,000,000.

Nov. 16.—Five officers and four N.C.O.'s awarded the Victoria Cross. Vote of Credit for £225,000,000 for war purposes passed by House of Commons nem. con. Fourteen thousand five hundred alien enemies now in concentration camps in this country, twenty-nine thousand still at large. Capture of Turkish forts at Sheik Seyd by H.M.S. Edinburgh and Indian troops. Use of carrier pigeons by the British Government announced.

Nov. 17.—War Budget introduced. Chancellor of Exchequer announces War Loan of £350,000,000. Extra duties on tea and beer, and increase of income-tax. Prince of Wales appointed aide-de-camp to Sir John French. Bombardment of Rheims continued. British-Indian success against the Turks on the Shatt-el-Arab River, in the Persian Gulf.

Nov. 18.—Glasgow captain's account of naval battle off Chili published. Russian Black Sea Fleet engages Goeben and Breslau. German squadron shells Libau. British naval losses to date in killed, wounded, and missing: 3,884 (exclusive of R.N. Division and crew of Good Hope).

Nov. 19.—Funeral of Lord Roberts at St. Paul's Cathedral. Admiralty reports escape of Ortega in Strait of Magellan. Riot in the Aliens' Detention Camp in the Isle of Man; five aliens killed and fifteen wounded.

Nov. 20.—British casualty list during the defence of Antwerp published. Defeat of Turks 30 miles from Port Said by Bikaner Camel Corps.

Nov. 21.—British Admiralty announces an extension of mine defences in North Sea. British-Indian force occupies Basra, in Persian Gulf. British air-raid on the Zeppelin workshops at Friedrichshafen; Commander Briggs captured.

Nov. 23.—Ypres in flames; cathedral and belfry damaged. British bombardment of Zeebrugge. German submarine U18 rammed by British patrolling vessel off the coast of Scotland. Press Bureau debate in the Commons. British steamer Malachite sunk near Havre by U21.

Nov. 24.—Portuguese Parliament authorises Government to support Great Britain in the war as and when it may deem expedient. Royal warrant increasing Army officers' pay.

Nov. 25.—Allies reported to have retaken Dixmude. German request for armistice near Verdun refused by the French. Press Bureau issues special note on gallantry of Indian troops in Flanders. The names of four British officers and six men recommended for the Victoria Cross published. M. Radoslavoff, the Bulgarian Premier, re-affirms Bulgaria's neutrality. Lord Mayor of London presides at Guildhall meeting to promote Volunteer Training Corps. American "Santa Claus" ship, the Jason, arrives at Plymouth with gifts for European children made orphans through the war.

Nov. 26.—H.M.S. Bulwark blown up in Sheerness Harbour; of the officers and crew, only 12 men saved. A message from the King read in the House of Commons announces that the proposal for a national

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR—*continued*

memorial to Lord Roberts will be carried out. Arras bombarded. Lord Kitchener reports progress in the House of Lords. French steamer Primo sunk near Havre by U21.

Nov. 27.—Rheims Cathedral again shelled. War Loan over subscribed. Turks said to be marching towards Suez Canal. House of Commons adjourns till Feb. 2.

Nov. 28.—Kaiser makes General von Hindenburg a Field-Marshal.

Nov. 29.—King George leaves London for France.

Nov. 30.—Sir John French's Fourth Despatch (Ypres—Armentières) issued. French carry Chateau and Park of Vermelles. Publication of French Yellow Book.

Dec. 1.—King George visits base hospitals containing British, Indian, and German wounded, invests General Joffre with Grand Cross of the Bath. Allies advance between Bethune and Lens and on the Argonne. Fifty-eight British officers awarded the D.S.O. King George visits the British Field Headquarters and the fighting-line. Death of Rear-Admiral Mahan, U.S.N., the writer on Sea Power.

Dec. 2.—Belgrade occupied by the Austrians. The German Chancellor in Reichstag charges Great Britain with responsibility for the war.

Dec. 3.—King invests Sir John French with the Order of Merit. National Relief Fund £4,000,000. Signor Salandra, the Italian Premier, announces the adhesion of his Government to the policy of neutrality. Expeditionary Forces from Australia and New Zealand announced as having landed in Egypt to complete training, and to assist in defence of Egypt if necessary.

Dec. 4.—Capture of Ferryman's House by the French. Publication of General French's despatch, covering a despatch from Major-General A. Paris, in command of the British Marine and Naval Brigades that assisted the defence of Antwerp. King George confers the Order of the Garter upon King Albert.

Dec. 5.—King George inspects Royal Flying Corps and returns to London. Portuguese Cabinet resigns. British Government prohibits exports of tinned meats and tinplates to Sweden, Denmark, and Holland; of tea to all European ports, except those of France, Russia, Belgium, Spain, and Portugal; and of tanning extracts to all destinations.

Dec. 5-9.—British expeditionary force in the Persian Gulf gains complete control of the country from the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris to the sea.

Dec. 6.—Kaiser suffering from bronchial catarrh. French airmen raid aeroplane sheds of Freiburg, in Alsace. British Foreign Office publishes answer to Germany's allegation that Great Britain intended to violate Belgian neutrality.

Dec. 7.—Publication of "Eye-Witness's" account of the King's visit to France. General Beyers shot whilst trying to cross the Vaal River.

Dec. 8.—Official Petrograd statement admits the loss of Lodz, which was evacuated without the loss of a man. Furnes shelled by the Germans. British naval squadron under Sir Frederick Sturdee (Invincible, Inflexible, Cornwall, Carnarvon, Kent, Glasgow, Bristol, Canopus, and Macedonia) attack a German squadron under Admiral Graf von Spee, near the Falkland Islands, and sinks the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Leipzig, and Nürnberg, and captures two colliers. President Wilson's message to United States Congress foreshadows a scheme of military and naval defence. Publication by the Press Bureau of the various proclamations issued by the German military authorities in Belgium. After defeating three Austrian army corps and taking 10,000 prisoners and many guns and stores, the Serbians retake Valievo. Collapse of South African rebellion. Five additional awards of V.C. (two to Indian soldiers) and twenty fresh awards of D.S.O. Lord Moulton announces Government scheme for creation of British aniline dye industry.

Dec. 9.—Reported that German airmen dropped bombs on Warsaw and damaged the American Consulate. M. Poincaré returns from Bordeaux to Paris.

Dec. 10.—Progress of Allies near Quesnoy in the Argonne and in the Bois de Pretre in the extreme north-east. Report of Secretary of State for India, that on the capture of Kurna, 1,100 prisoners, exclusive of wounded, and nine guns were taken by the Indian troops. Publication of despatches from Sir Louis Mallet, late British Ambassador at Constantinople.

Dec. 11.—French capture railway-station of Aspach, south of Thann in Alsace. Publication of Vice-Admiral Sturdee's report that British casualties in the Battle of the Falkland Islands were only seven killed and four wounded. Turkish gendarmes force their way into Italian Consulate and seize the British Consul. Italian Government demands reparation. Russians in the Caucasus drive Turks beyond the Euphrates.

Dec. 12.—West bank of Yser Canal, north of Ferryman's House, evacuated by Germans.

Dec. 13.—Montenegrins capture Vishnigrad and throw the Austrians beyond the Drina.

Dec. 14.—Submarine B11, under Lieut.-Commander Norman D. Holbrook, enters Dardanelles and torpedoes Turkish battleship Messudiyeh.

Dec. 15.—Report of Court of Inquiry into the loss of H.M.S. Bulwark states that explosion was due to accidental ignition of ammunition. Serbians re-enter Belgrade.

Dec. 16.—Bombardment of Hartlepool, Scarborough, and Whitby by German warships; 671 killed and wounded.

Dec. 17.—British fleet, from a position off Nieuport, subject German positions to a severe bombardment. German first-class cruiser Friedrich Karl sunk by Russians during sortie in Baltic. Distinguished Conduct Medals awarded to 187 N.C.O.'s and men. M. Giuseppe Motte elected President of Swiss Confederation. Egypt becomes a British Protectorate, and suzerainty of Turkey terminated. Lieut.-Col. Sir A. H. McMahon, G.C.V.O., appointed High Commissioner.

Dec. 18.—Prince Hussein Kamel Pasha declared Sultan of Egypt. Conference of Kings of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark at Malmö.

Dec. 19.—Announced that vigorous offensive in the Arras district make Allies masters of several trenches in front of Auchy-les-La Bassée, Loos, St. Laurent, and Blangy. Bombs from Allies' aircraft dropped on airship sheds in Brussels.

Dec. 20.—Lieut. Holbrook awarded the V.C.

Dec. 21.—Petrograd official statement says Russians, who are holding line of the Bzura and Rawka Rivers, thirty to forty miles west and south-west of Warsaw, cut up German forces which had crossed Bzura at Dachowa. King George sends message to new Sultan of Egypt conveying expression of his Majesty's most sincere friendship, and assurance of his unfailing support in safeguarding integrity of Egypt. Announced from South Africa that Captain Fourie, one of the ringleaders of S.A. rebels, has been shot after court-martial.

Dec. 22.—Officially reported that in Galicia an Austrian advance had been finally stopped by Russian troops. Germans, driven back from Mlawa, retire behind East Prussian frontier. British destroyers keeping constant watch on Zeebrugge for submarines, observe suspicious movements, and bombard Belgian coast between Zeebrugge and Heyst. Germans manned guns on the dunes, but British squadron sailed out of range. Sir G. A. Callaghan appointed Commander-in-Chief at the Nore.

Dec. 23.—M. Viviani, French Premier, declares that the only policy for the Allies is merciless war until Europe is liberated. Revolutionary movement against German influence reported from Constantinople.

Dec. 24.—Bomb thrown on Dover by German aviator, without effecting damage. Commander R. R. Davies drops bombs on Brussels air-shed. Petrograd announces that in fighting in Western Galicia the 26th Division of the Austrian Landwehr was ambushed when advancing to south of Tonkhovo. Austrians decimated, 1,500 dead. Admiral von Tirpitz, in interview, threatens to torpedo British and allied shipping.

Dec. 25.—Allies seize part of village of Boisselle, north-east of Albert; also make progress north of Roye, at Libu, near Lihons. Futile German air-raid over Sheerness. Seven British naval airmen, assisted by the Arethusa and Undaunted and submarines, attack enemy warships off Cuxhaven; no British casualties. Zeppelin over Nancy.

Dec. 26.—French airmen drop bombs on Frascati, near Metz. Portuguese Government confirms reports of attack by Germans on Naulila (Angola). Report of Sir E. Hatch's committee states that about one million refugees have abandoned Belgian soil, of whom about 110,000 are in England, 500,000 or more in Holland, and the rest in France.

Dec. 27.—National Theatre Company, under direction of Mr. Seymour Hicks, and including Miss Ellaline Terriss, Miss Gladys Cooper, Mr. Ben Davies, and others, give entertainment to troops in field and wounded in hospitals.

Dec. 29.—U.S. Note to Great Britain on treatment of American commerce.

Dec. 30.—Allies take village of St. Georges, near Nieuport. Russia takes offensive in Western Galicia, having successfully dealt with German efforts to divert advance on Cracow. German air-raid on Dunkirk; 15 killed, 32 wounded. War Office scheme for six new armies.

Dec. 31.—German vantage point on road from Becelaere to Passchendaele seized. Announced that Princess Patricia's Light Infantry from Canada now at the front. Bougainville (Solomon Islands) taken by Australian forces. New decoration (the Military Cross) instituted. German consent to exchange incapacitated prisoners of war.

Jan. 1, 1915.—H.M.S. Formidable torpedoed in Channel; loss of nearly 600 lives; 2 officers and 68 men rescued by the Brixham fishing smack Providence. New Year Honours List contains many rewards to naval and military heroes of war; C.B. for captain and commander of Carmania, and captain of Sydney. D.S.O. for Flight-Lieutenant Sippe, Squadron-Commander Briggs, Flight-Commander Babington.

Jan. 2.—King George's New Year message to President Poincaré published, in which his Majesty says he is certain the New Year will see great strengthening of Franco-British friendship and alliance. Cheery reply sent by President. Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, made a prisoner in his palace by the Germans for issuing a pastoral on "Patriotism and Endurance." Successful operations at Dar-es-Salaam by H.M.S. Fox and Goliath reported from Nairobi.

Jan. 3.—French bombard German train in railway-station at Altkirch. This Sunday observed as Day of Intercession in all the churches, and Red Cross collections taken.

Jan. 4.—New German move in Poland reported. Every endeavour to cross to north of the Vistula, there to join hands with forces from East Prussia, and descend upon Warsaw from the north. Bavarian regiments hurried to support of Austrians round Cracow. Reopening of Stock Exchange.

Jan. 5.—Steinbach, in Alsace, reported in French possession, after violent fighting for many days. Russians reported to be holding the strategic railway connecting the Bukovina with Western Galicia and Hungary. Signor Giolitti's disclosures in Italian Chamber regarding Austrian policy.

Jan. 6.—Russian Foreign Office announces complete victory over Turks in the Caucasus. At Sarykamyseh, near Kars, two Turkish army corps (80,000 to 90,000 men) enveloped and annihilated. Russians reported to be in Transylvania, where several towns occupied. Albania in revolt against Essad Pasha. On reassembly of House of Lords, Viscount Kitchener states that over 218,000

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR—continued

names have been registered under the household canvass of those willing to serve. German supply ship sunk by H.M.A.S. Australia in Pacific.

JAN. 8.—Lord Haldane states that in national emergency this country might find it necessary to resort to compulsory service. Lords adjourn till Feb. 2. French report on German atrocities in Northern France published in "Journal Officiel."

JAN. 9.—Lord Methuen appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta, in succession to General Sir Leslie Rundle. Reported that large Turkish transport was sank on Jan. 2 by mine at entrance to Bosphorus, and on Jan. 5 second transport sunk in Black Sea.

JAN. 10.—Sixteen aeroplanes attempt to cross English Channel, but return without reaching England. Later they drop bombs on Dunkirk.

JAN. 11.—French successes won near Soissons and Perthes maintained. Burnhaupt-le-Haut reoccupied by enemy. In Caucasus Turks assuming vigorous offensive in neighbourhood of Karaugan to cover retreat of Tenth Army Corps.

JAN. 12.—Sir E. Grey's reply to United States Note on subject of contraband favourably received in America. Meeting of French Parliament.

JAN. 13.—Indian Viceroy, at Delhi, states that India has despatched, or is despatching, nearly 200,000 men to fight overseas. Redoubt north of Beauséjour Farm the scene of a desperate struggle. Great earthquake in Italy; death roll of 30,000.

JAN. 14.—Tabriz, capital of Persian province of Azerbaijan, occupied by a Turkish force. Resignation of Count Berchtold, Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs. Succeeded by Baron Stephan Burian. French report loss of eastern side of spur of Hill 132, north-east of Soissons. After stubborn fight French succeed in establishing themselves between Crouy and Missy. Flooded state of River Aisne, which destroyed bridges, rendered this step necessary in view of threatened French communications. South African force occupies Swakopmund (German South-West Africa).

JAN. 15.—North of Arras, Zouaves brilliantly carry German position. German bridges across the Meuse at St. Mihiel destroyed by French, and in the Vosges enemy thrown back.

JAN. 17.—French retake foundry at Blangy, near Arras, which had been seized by Germans.

JAN 18.—Sub-Lieutenant Boot, of Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, reaches home with three brother officers, having escaped from internment camp in Holland. German losses to date estimated at 2½ millions. Baron Burian accepts Kaiser's invitation to an interview.

JAN. 19.—Important financial step announced. No company can invite fresh capital, and no fresh company can be formed unless the State approves. No capital can go abroad except under Government control. Zeppelin night-raid on Yarmouth, Sheringham, Hunstanton, King's Lynn, and Sandringham. Thirteen victims in all, two killed and one injured at Yarmouth, two killed at King's Lynn and eight injured, including three children.

JAN. 19-20.—Twenty-six Turkish supply ships sunk by Russian torpedo-boats between Batum and Trebizond.

JAN. 20.—Loss announced of French submarine Saphir, engaged in patrol work in Dardanelles.

JAN. 21.—British steamer Durward sunk by U18 in North Sea.

JAN. 22.—British airmen drop 27 bombs on German submarine base at Zeebrugge. German airmen drop 66 bombs on Dunkirk; one of the aeroplanes brought down by British. Russians reported to have occupied Skempe, 34 miles from Thorn.

JAN. 22-23.—M. Millerand, French Minister of War, visits London and Aldershot.

JAN. 23.—Native outbreak in Nyasaland.

JAN. 24.—Blücher sunk and other German warships seriously damaged by squadron under Vice-Admiral Beatty in North Sea. British casualties: 14 killed, 29 wounded. H.M.S. Lion and Meteor slightly damaged. Prince Yussupoff, A.D.C. to Tsar, in London on mission to the King. New Portuguese Cabinet under General Pimenta de Castro. British outposts in Egypt in touch with Turks at El Kantara.

JAN. 25.—German cruiser Gazelle damaged by Russian submarine in the Baltic. Zeppelin brought down at Libau. German Chancellor, in interview published in New York, essays explanation of his "scrap of paper" allusion. (Sir E. Grey promptly replied.)

JAN. 25-27.—In fighting at La Bassée, Craonne, the Argonne, the Woevre, and the Vosges, the Germans lost 20,000 men.

JAN. 26-27.—M. Augagneur, French Minister of Marine, visits London and Portsmouth.

JAN. 27.—British loan of £5,000,000 to Rumania. Kaiser 56 to-day; Berlin beflagged.

JAN. 29.—Loss of H.M.S. Viknor reported.

JAN. 30.—German submarine U21 sinks Ben Cruachan, Linda Blanche, and Kilcoan, off Fleetwood. Takomaru (with New Zealand supplies for suffering Belgians) and Ikaria torpedoed in English Channel, and towed into port by French torpedo-boats. Slight French reverse in Argonne.

JAN. 31.—Dacia leaves Galveston for Rotterdam. National Relief Fund, £4,500,000. "Times" Sick and Wounded Fund, £931,000.

SPOILS OF WAR IN THE GAY CITY.—Some of the many captured German guns are now exhibited at the Invalides, Paris, and are causing a great deal of interest to the public.

End of First Volume

From the Editor to His Readers

WITH the number now in the hands of the reader THE WAR ILLUSTRATED completes its first volume. As already explained, I have made the volume run to twenty-six parts in order that the cost of preserving the publication in permanent form should bear as lightly as possible on the subscribers. A glance at the back page of the present issue will show you how handsome a volume it makes when bound in the publishers' registered binding cases, and full particulars of these are given on page ii of cover.

Here I need only add a further word to urge upon the reader the desirability of losing no time in placing the twenty-six parts in the hands of his local bookseller with instructions to get them bound in the publishers' registered cases.

The Editor is naturally prone to look with partiality on his own work, but almost by every post I receive letters from satisfied readers, expressing their delight with THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, and their surprise that so high-class a publication can be produced and sold at the low price of 2d. So that when I say the bound volume of our popular little journal will be treasured in scores of thousands of homes throughout the British-speaking world as one of the most remarkable memorials of the Great War, I am sure that I do no more than express an opinion general among my readers, and their undiminished support which they give, week by week, to their favourite journal is the best proof of that.

Our Diary of the War

WHEN it is borne in mind that in order to add four pages to an issue of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED the publishers have to face a very heavy extra expense, owing to the immense number of copies that go out to the public each week, my readers will realise how sincere is the desire of the publishers to meet the wishes of their subscribers by giving the Complete Diary of the first six months of the War in the form of an extra free supplement with the present issue.

This diary, which has been compiled with the greatest care especially for this number, is not a reprint of the instalments which have appeared from week to week, but has been entirely re-edited, and may be relied upon as an authoritative record of all the important events from the eve of hostilities up to January 31st, 1915. I had originally intended to include it in the ordinary pages of the part, but found that in order to do justice to the diary the only alternative was to incur the heavy cost of giving an enlarged number, and this my publishers promptly agreed to, with the result that every single purchaser of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED this week will, I am sure, feel more than satisfied.

The Improved "War Illustrated"

MY readers can show their appreciation of my efforts to please them by taking the opportunity to introduce THE WAR ILLUSTRATED to friends who may not yet have become subscribers. Next week's issue is the first of our second volume,—of course, as every number is complete in itself, subscribers can begin at any time,—and the improvements which I foreshadowed in my notes last week will come into effect. In future it will be possible to preserve the whole publication, including the outer pages, if the reader so wishes, as these are to be devoted entirely to literary and artistic features, and no advertisements will appear on them.

Among the new features, I mentioned that a large portrait of a war celebrity will be given away each week, and I also intend running a beautiful series of naval pictures, in which I hope to illustrate all the more famous warships that are now protecting our shores from the envious Hun. This series will be entitled "Britain's Watchdogs of the Deep," and will include both reproductions of paintings and of direct photography.

Our Diary of the War will in future register all the events of importance during the week preceding publication, and in this form will be a permanent feature of the work.

Photogravure Plates

I HOPE next week to be able to announce the date when the first of the promised photogravure plates will be given away with THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. These plates are not to be portraits or battle pictures, but are altogether a novelty, and I am sure there will be an immense demand for them, as they will enable every family in the country to preserve a most valuable record of the share it has taken in "keeping the flag flying." More than this I need not say at present, but I shall publish in advance a small reproduction, with clear explanation of these unique photogravures, so that every reader will be able to secure his copy.

Mr. H. G. Wells and Others

JUST as the celebrated writer, Mr. H. G. Wells, was associated with THE WAR ILLUSTRATED at the very outset of its career, I am happy to say that he will again be identified with the opening numbers of our new volume. Some time back I was able to arrange with him to write an important article for our readers on "Will the War Change England?" By a stroke of luck, I have just received the manuscript of this article in time for use in No. 1 of Volume II. It is a long and thoughtful contribution which, I am sure, will be read widely and with profound interest, as it represents Mr. Wells at his best. The article will appear in two parts—in Nos. 27 and 28.

Arrangements have also been made with various other writers of note to contribute to my pages during the publication of the next volume, and among numerous articles already on my desk there is a very amusing contribution by Walter Emanuel, of "Punch," on "The Humour of Mr. Thomas Atkins."

J. A. H.

Our "Something-to-Smoke" Fund

Amounts Received during the Twentieth Week of the Fund

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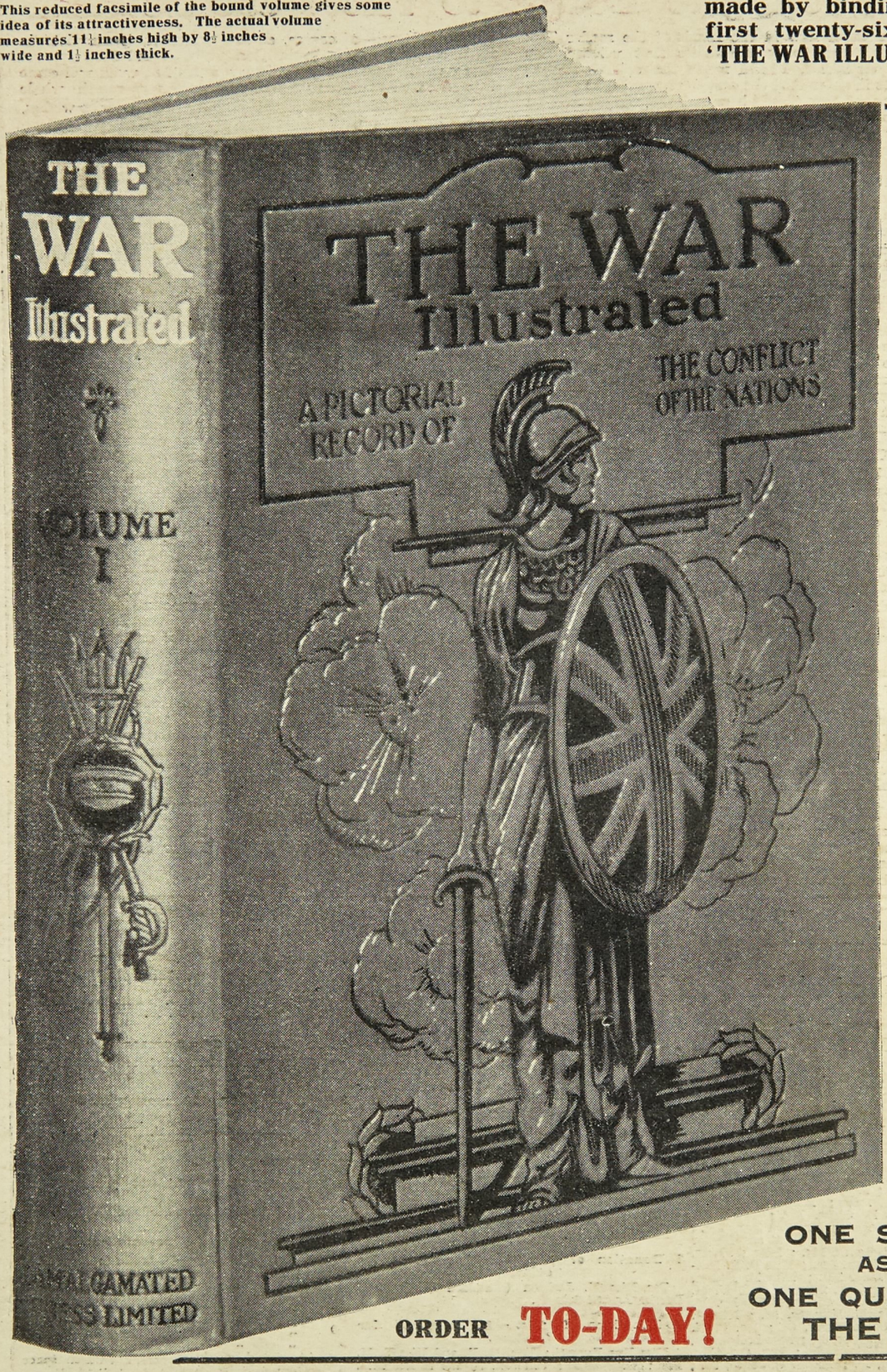

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The War Illustrated, 20th February, 1915.

Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

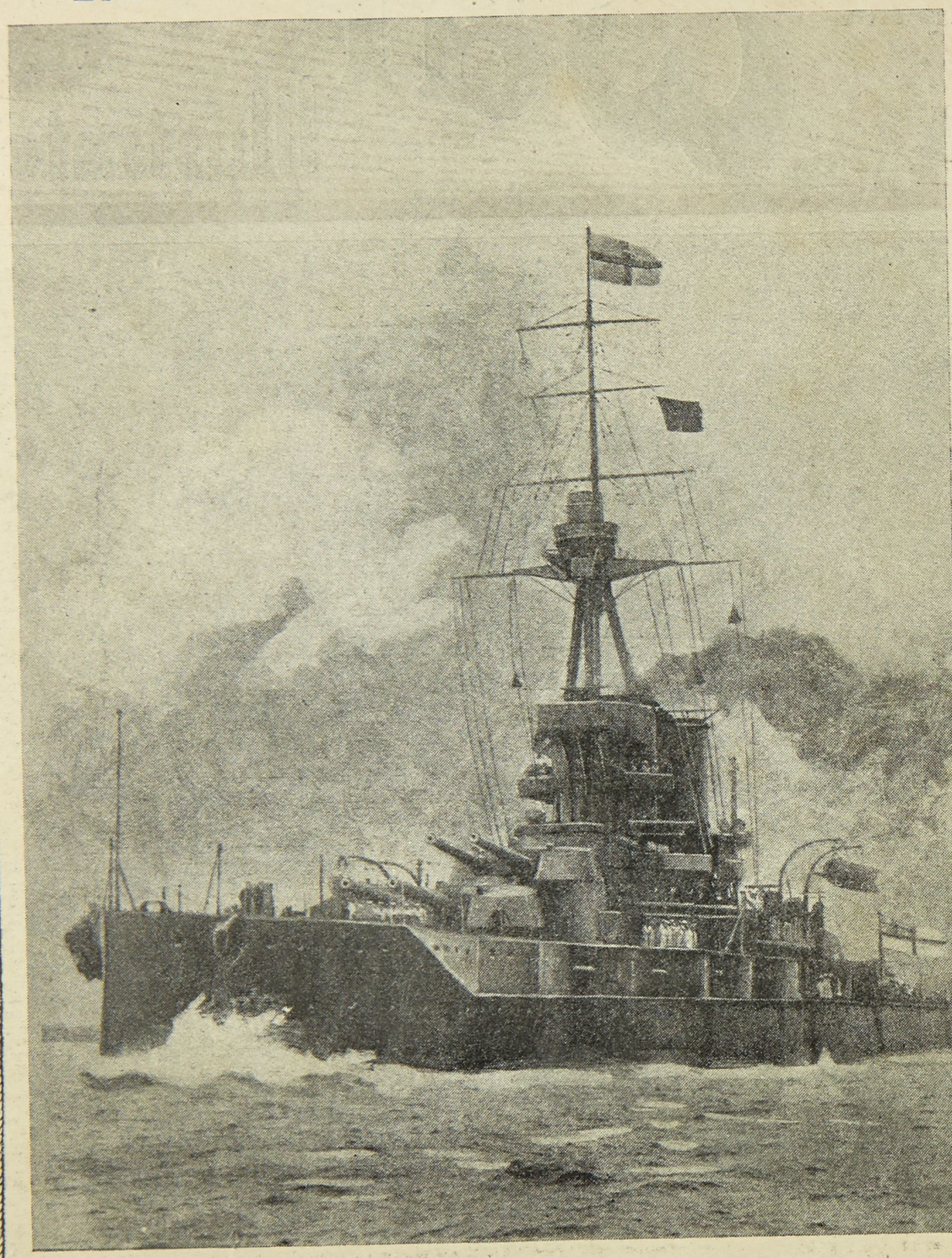
"Will the War Change England?" By H. G. Wells

The War Illustrated

2d Weekly

Vol. 2. "Bayonet Fighting without precedent"—Scene from the Terrible Struggle on the Eastern Front **No. 27**

BRITAIN'S WATCH-DOGS OF THE DEEP



1.—H.M.S. IRON DUKE

One of the most powerful of British Dreadnoughts. Built in 1912, she has a length of 620 feet over all, displacement with full load, 26,400 tons, and is armed with ten 13·5 in. guns in addition to sixteen smaller guns and four torpedo-tubes.

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 27. Vol. 2.
20 February, 1915.

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton.

The efforts of the Kaiser's only friends, the Turks, have proved to be a complete fiasco. After traversing the desert from Beersheba in ten days, some thousands gained the left bank of the Suez Canal near Toussoum on February 2nd. An attempt was made to cross the waterway by means of a pontoon bridge. The attack, however, was fully anticipated, and British and Indian troops gathered in force on the other side of the canal. The Turks were allowed to come well within range, when a deadly fire, supplemented by guns of adjacent ships, drove them back into the desert. Many hundreds were killed and wounded.

Article copyrighted in U.S.A. by H. G. Wells. *Photo: Elliott & Fry.*

WILL THE WAR CHANGE ENGLAND?

By H. G. Wells

No English writer of our times has achieved such universal fame as Mr. H. G. Wells by his bold forecasts of the future. Both in the realms of philosophic speculation and imaginative fiction he stands foremost as a modern prophet. His large vision and clear reading of national tendencies make his opinions as to the future peculiarly valuable. The Editor is happy in being able to present his readers with the first part of an important contribution specially written for "The War Illustrated," in which Mr. Wells applies his well-known method of critical analysis to answering the above question. Of course, "The War Illustrated" accepts no responsibility for Mr. Wells's opinions.

SO far as superficialities go there is no answer to this question but Yes. There will be the widest modification of fashions and appearance all over the world as the outcome of this world convulsion. There will be, moreover, at least a temporary and conceivably even a permanent impoverishment that will leave its mark upon the arts, upon the way of living, upon the social progress of several generations. All sorts of little things that were already on the wane will vanish for ever, and their disappearance will give a character to books and pictures and photographs. If presently one sees a picture with men in silk hats or British soldiers in busbies and red-coats or servants in livery, or if one comes upon a spiked helmet, or a piece of Morris furniture, or a cricket-bat, or a coachman with a cockade, one will be reminded pleasantly of the good old times. And we shall develop a superstition that all men wore silk hats in town, or carried cricket-bats in the country before 1914. But these are the mere outward shows of life. What we would speculate upon now is the probability of deeper changes in the national attitude and the general way of taking life in Britain, and more especially in England, which is—so to speak—the writer's field of observation.

The Briton as a "Quadruple Abstraction"

In such changes what is called national character necessarily plays a large part, and what may happen to the English soul may differ in several respects from the reaction of the Irish, who are so much more closely akin to the Russians; of the Welsh, who have touches that make them resemble the Indian and the Ruthenian; or of the Scotch, who are so peculiarly northern and Protestant, to the same influences.

No doubt all over our islands there will be much of our experiences in common, but it is quite impossible to generalise accurately of so quadruple an abstraction as a Briton. So let an Englishman deal with the English, with the confession that the East Anglian and the Kentish and Wessex men and Cockney are chiefly in his thoughts. Such an England has a very definite character of its own, and is likely to react as a whole to the tremendous impact of this war.

Now, first, it has to be remarked that our English mind and soul has not been hit hard by any general human fact since the late cholera epidemics, which won it over to sanitation. It has not been pressed upon the keen edge of urgency since that time. Before that little crisis there was nothing after the economic stresses that followed the Napoleonic wars, and ended in the adjustments of the Reform Bill and Free Trade. The rest of British experience was an experience of irresponsible immunity. And neither of these realities I have cited, neither the pestilence nor the economic stress, can be described as supreme human stresses. One must go much further back than these things to find England profoundly stirred—stirred, that is, to the extent of regeneration.

It was really not so deeply stirred by the Napoleonic wars as many people imagine. Read for that the tranquillities of Jane Austen, and remember that these were tales of the days of Trafalgar and Waterloo. The Napoleonic wars simply continued the older French wars "away there," that had become almost a habit with the English. Taxes were rather heavy. Occasional young men went off soldiering, and came back or did not come back. Sometimes the church bells rang. That was the sum of it in the national consciousness. The Jacobite revolt, that made a great epoch for Scotland, was a mere little raid in English experience.

Indeed, the last fundamental system of convulsions in English life was the system of disturbances that began with the Reformation, and ended with the establishment of aristocratic parliamentarianism, and the rule of our influential families under our present German monarchy. Then it was that the England of to-day—or rather, let us say the England of 1914—was made and settled. Since then there has been nothing fundamental. People talk and write about an Industrial Revolution, meaning the coming of coal, factories, railways and the great towns, but these changes were not a revolution; they were a growth.

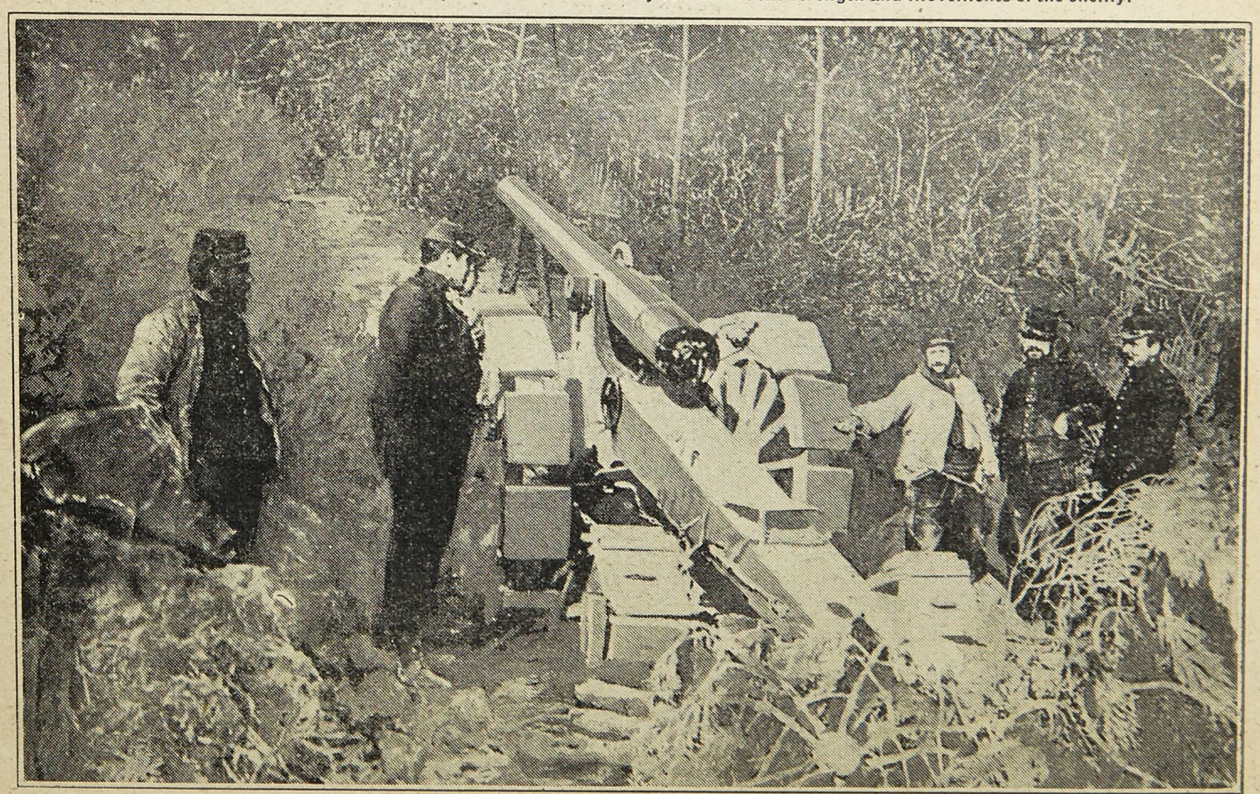
The War as a Welding Force on Social England

They changed England only as fatness, or cancer, or, if you will, the enlargement of a limb, might change the character of a man. They added something perhaps, but they reconstructed nothing. The monarchy, the aristocracy, the Church, the universities and education, the well-adapted literature, the ruling conceptions of social relationship went on essentially unchanged. They have an air of going on now—as a house seems still to stand when it is brightly afire. Because now less swiftly than in France or Belgium, but as steadily, as thoroughly, as profoundly, this war burns its way through all the substance of England. It is touching everything, it is seizing upon everything. It is our fact. All our talk, all our living, all our judgments, though they may resist for a time, swing round at last and orient themselves to it. And

(*Continued on page* 4.)

Bugle Call and Roar of Guns in the Argonne

An incident in the recent fighting in the Argonne. A French bugler is seen calling together advanced scouting parties distributed throughout the Forest of Argonne, who are sent out daily to find out the strength and movements of the enemy.



French gunners about to fire one of our allies' large cannons in the Forest of Argonne. Like the great German siege-mortars, this weapon is fitted with wheel-pads to assist in its transport, the eternal problem with heavy machines.

WILL THE WAR CHANGE ENGLAND? (Continued from page 2)

we are still far from the climax of the war. The Empire is only at the beginning of its effort; the greater burthen and heat of this tremendous task is still to be felt. The bulk of our Army, for example, is still training at home.

Now the psychology of England is not to be understood until this great period of unstimulating security of which this war is the end, has been apprehended. We have been going by inertia for two centuries. Generation after generation of English people have been born with the persuasion that, whatever realities tore the rest of the world, Britain was safe and established for ever, and that here at least things would go on as they were going—interminably. War, famine, earthquake were the exciting but dubious privileges of foreigners. So it has been for two hundred years in England and Wales, for a century and a half in Scotland, for half a century in Ireland—as it is and has been now for fifty years in the United States of America—and necessarily this has involved a spectacular attitude towards life, a certain unreality, a levity, and a detachment.

The Attitude of the Onlooker

We were the happy people in the boxes; if we went down into the arena we did it for fun and some added advantage, not of necessity, and always with the possibility of coming back to our box when we had had enough of it. And it is still true, after six months of world-wide and fundamental warfare, that the English are mentally still half spectators. Every third man is in khaki, London is in darkness of a night, and the papers are filled with inconceivable photographs of smashed houses and bodies in Scarborough—Scarborough of all places—and Yarmouth, English homes and people blown to pieces by German shells and air bombs; and yet we are still far short of realising that *this is ourselves.*

When people talk of the apathy of the English they must grasp this peculiar aloofness and unreality of English life for the last ten generations or so. For all that time England has been to the English like home to a child—a place from which one went out upon adventures; a place in which one sat in absolute security, reading of romance, tragedies, martyrdoms, wild beasts, and stellar distances. The Channel, and the wasting of the strength and honour of France by the two Napoleons, gave us through all that time a detachment from the struggle for life such as no other people but the Chinese before the Manchurian conquest, and the citizens of the United States of America since their Civil War, have ever enjoyed. Now, upon this long-secure people comes beating a gigantic hate and the call for our help of those who have trusted us. "Fight!" cries destiny. "Use your utmost effort. Vae victis! Save your friends who have trusted you, and yourselves, or such ignominy, such hardship, such shame shall fall upon you as will make the lot of an Englishman too bitter for life." Englishmen and Englishwomen and children are killed by the shot and shell of their enemies in the streets of quiet English towns. What will be the effect upon our nation? Will it be found that two hundred years of safety have been two hundred years of wasted opportunity, degeneration, or have we, beneath much superficial ineffectiveness, reserved and even gathered force? Has peace husbanded or destroyed us? Are we a people softened, or only a people unprepared?

England's Real Triumph in the Boer War

Now, there was some ground for doubting whether England was capable of rising to any supreme call such as this German challenge. The Germans certainly did not believe she could. Very many considerable observers in Britain and America were troubled by these doubts. There were many signs that her two hundred years of security had made her indolent; it was a question whether she had not also softened and decayed morally and intellectually. The Boer War displayed her at the outset slovenly, ill-prepared, ignorant, wanting in foresight, but she roused herself to an effort; she displayed a toughness, an obstinacy that in that issue at least atoned for her general shortcomings. The ending of the Boer War was a creditable effort, and she emerged not merely triumphant in a military sense but successful politically. She did not merely conquer; she did what is more difficult—she won back. And then—then she lapsed again. It seemed at first as though a national renascence might follow the searchings of heart that followed the strains and shames of the South African struggle. But for the most part the "Wake up, England!" movement seemed to fade out again. National vanity had been chastened; the loud, aggressive and threatening "Anglo-Saxonism" that was so closely akin to "Pan-Germanism," the "professor's Imperialism" of Froude and Freeman, became sensibly less offensive, and has never recovered such ascendency as it formerly had over the British imagination. That much was to the good.

Renascence and Wrangling in England

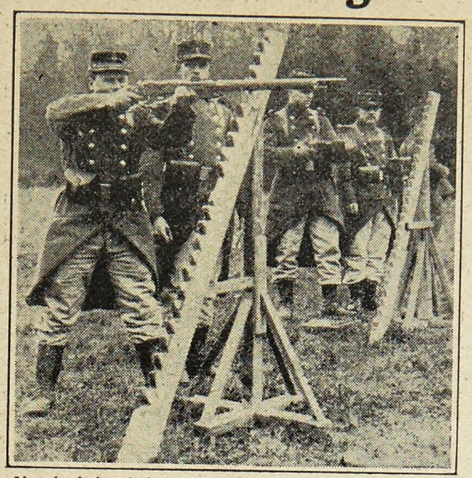
There was a real modernisation of the Army, a new determination of officers and gentlemen to be good professional soldiers; there was an increase in the seriousness of popular literature, and a greater keenness in the younger generation. But there was no vigorous fresh development of educational organisation such as many had hoped to see, and the tone of political life mended not at all. Reconstruction decayed into wrangling. The forces making for renascence seemed to be unable to take hold at any point of the social and legislative organisation. The Court remained a damp discouragement to reconstructive initiative, as indeed since the coming of the alien Hanoverians, with the exception of the brief phase of the Prince Consort's influence, it has always been. The schools and universities compromised by accepting cadet corps and resisting science and modern thought. The mercantile class continued to fall behind the advances in technical and industrial science and organisation made by the Germans and Americans. After a spurt of social constructiveness, the great political parties settled down to their old discreditable exploitation of the two aspects of Irish disloyalty, and the ignorance and prejudice of Larkinism on the one hand and Ulsterism on the other were stirred up and pitted against each other until Ireland was within a measurable distance of civil war. The shameless sale of peerages and honours by the Party machines continued—a rottenness only equalled in all history by the sale by the venial Polish nobility of their national crown and honour.

How the Great War found England

It seemed as manifest in 1914 as it was in 1899 that to do anything well, to serve one's country faithfully, to give one's life to art or literature or research, was the way to live in Great Britain without respect or influence, while to the toady, the self-advertising impostor, the Party hack and the financial adventurer, whether alien or British, were given honour, influence, and the control of the Empire. True there were some strident voices in protest, but they seemed of small effect. Whatever new vigour had come from the Boer War into British life was certainly no longer upon the surface of things in the spring of 1914. A new generation was growing up which had been too young to be chastened by the long-drawn humiliations of South Africa. It danced an indecent dance called the Tango to express itself. "Tangoism" was not a chance phenomenon in British life; it was allied to a movement of irrational extravagance in art, to such phenomena as the diseased growth of night clubs in London, and to the violent last hysteria of the feminist movement. The secure young people had rebelled against a movement towards gravity and discipline that had neither power nor authority. What was the good of it? What did it matter? England in the beginning of 1914 was like Russia after 1906. It had an extraordinary appearance of spent forces and intellectual despair; its life seemed to be divided between dense stupidity on the side of authority, venal muddleheadedness in politics, and an almost insane personal irresponsibility. Every idiot in the country was professing to be a "Rebel," and trying to do something more conspicuously mischievous and silly than the others. And then with the suddenness of a summer thunderstorm came the war.

(To be concluded.)

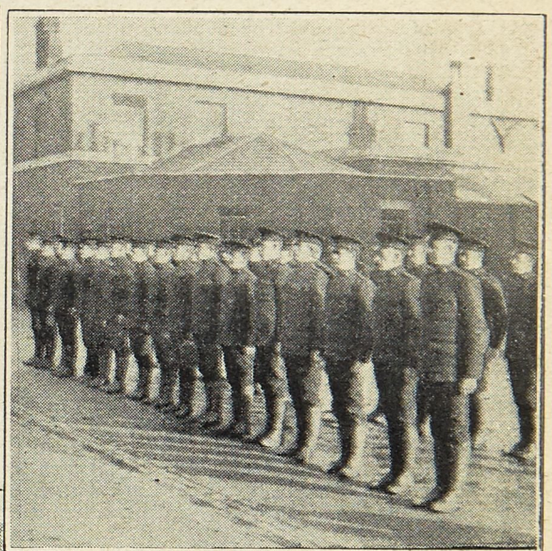
Fresh Fighters for the War of Nations

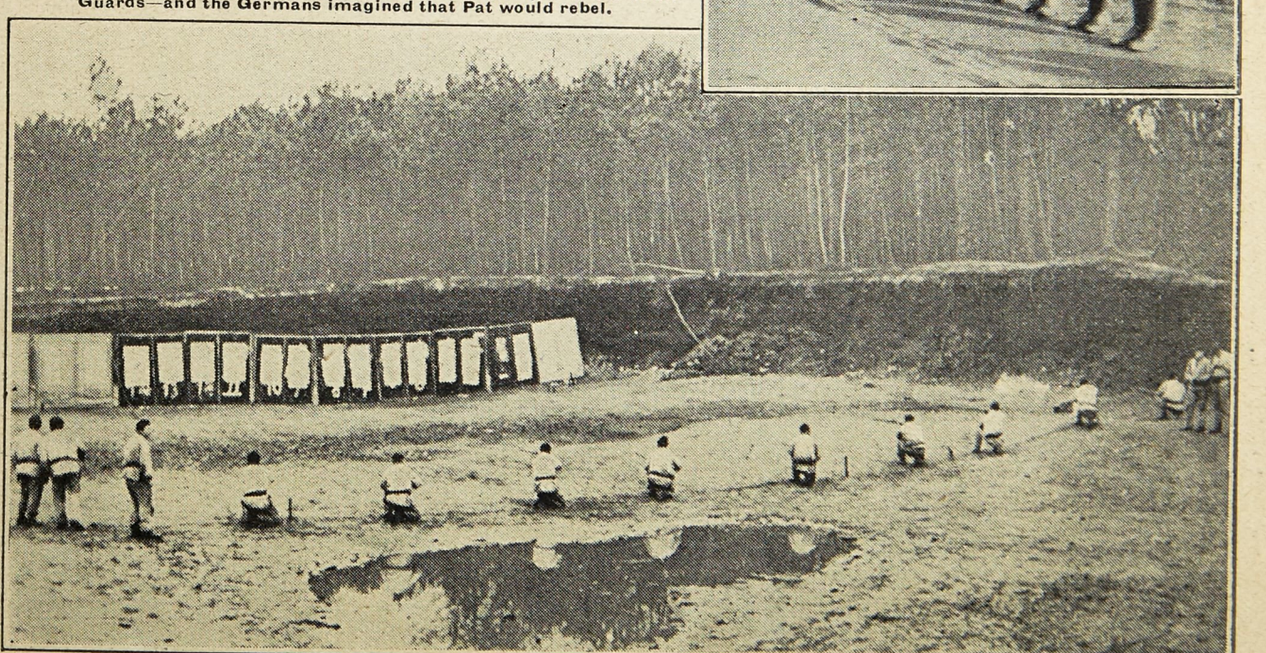


Newly-joined French reservists learning to use the rifle at one of the ranges of a training camp in France.

French naval men being drilled in the use of the bayonet, with a view to making themselves handy on land. Already French sailors, like our own Royal Naval Reserve, have taken part in land operations.

One or two members of alleged new German two-million army going through a course of musketry in the Fatherland. Inset: Royal Irish Constabulary, still in their police uniforms, who have joined the Irish Guards—and the Germans imagined that Pat would rebel.





All Belgian subjects from 16 to 24 to the rescue of their Fatherland. Part of King Albert's new forces which have been raised during the past few weeks at rifle practice on the Continent.

With a W.I. Photographer on the Belgian Coast :

Three prominent Belgian Red Cross workers : Mlle. Simonis, L'Abbe Jules, and Sister Allen, an English nurse.

Some eminent Belgian doctors at a base hospital : MM. Le Roi, Dennis, Dupuis, Duroye, with Mme. Dennis and Mme. Dupuis.

M. L'Abbe attached to the Belgian ambulance, with "The War Illustrated's" special photographer—a famous scout.

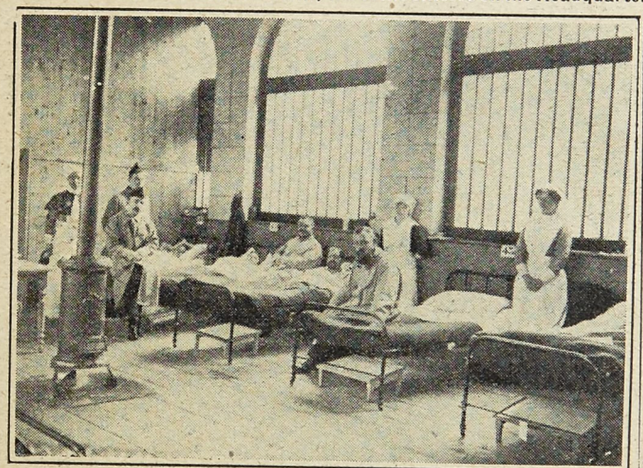
Max Olieslaegers, with his brother Jan, the intrepid Belgian aviator, now recovering from a fall, and a prominent Belgian, Dr. Cassmann.

Belgium's celebrated physician, Lt.-Col. Dr. Depaye, President of the International Surgeons Society, with the Countess de Spoelbergh, Lady of Honour to Queen Elisabeth, and Capt. Dr. Newmann, all working for the Red Cross at La Panne.

A camera impression of Belgian Lancers on the seashore at La Panne, moving to take up a position in the firing-line. This regiment was amongst those which suffered most severely in the fighting at Liege during the first few weeks of the war.

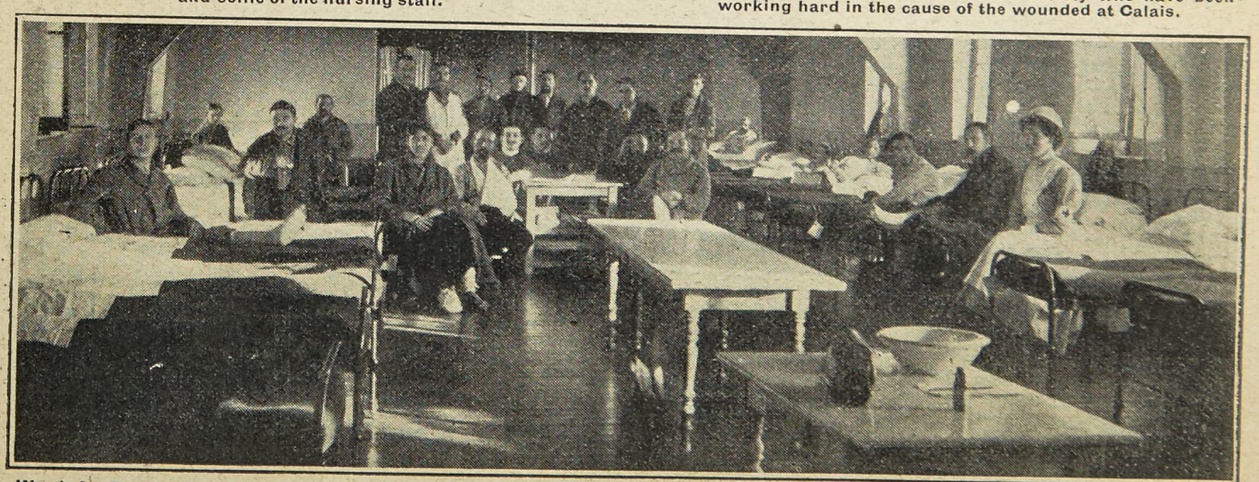
Pathos and Devotion in the Wake of War

Funeral of Commandant de Braun, one of the officers on the Headquarters Staff of the Belgian Army, who died recently from shrapnel wounds.

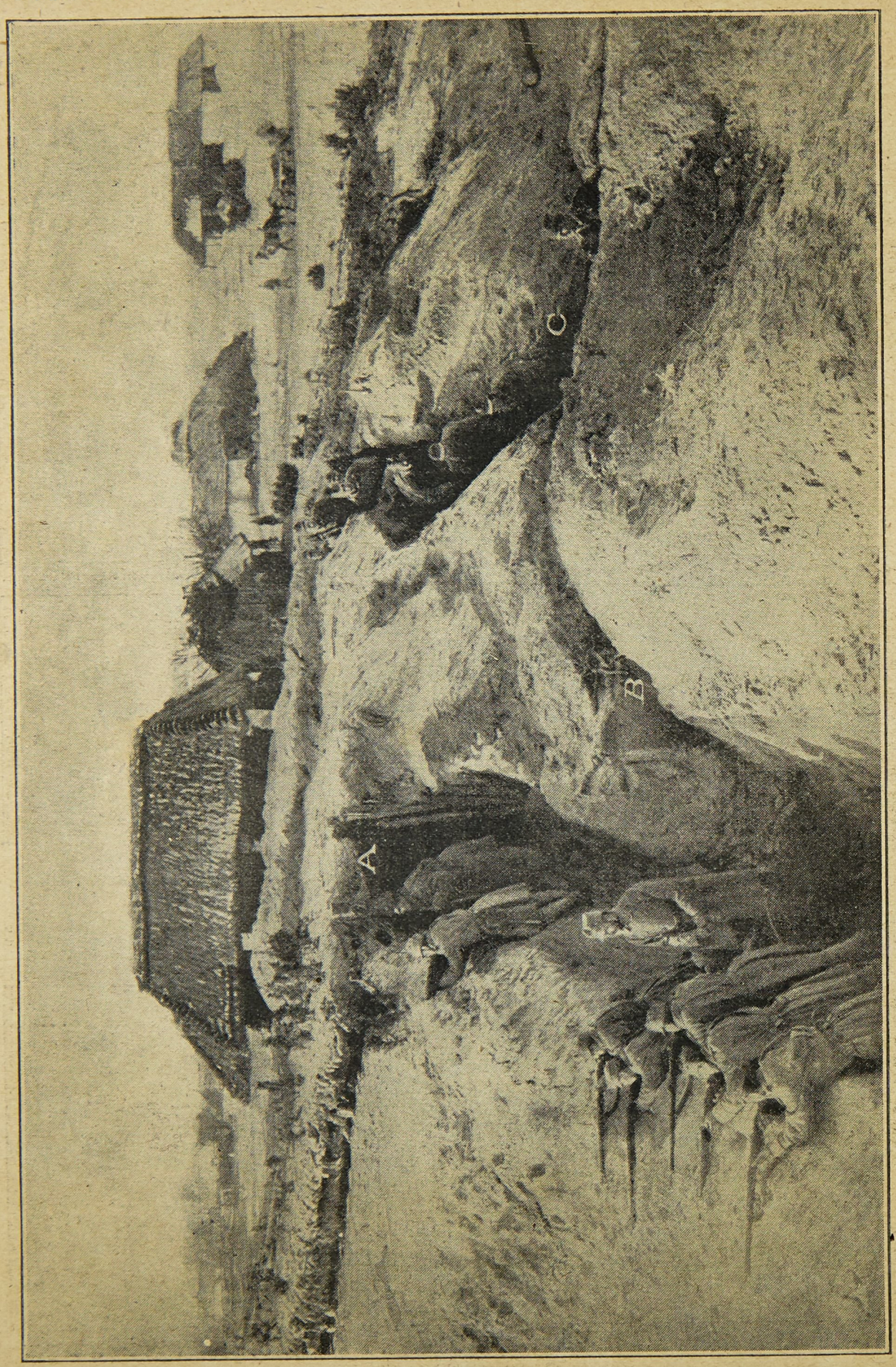


The interior of a Belgian Red Cross hospital, showing wounded and some of the nursing staff.

Two sisters of the British Red Cross Society who have been working hard in the cause of the wounded at Calais.



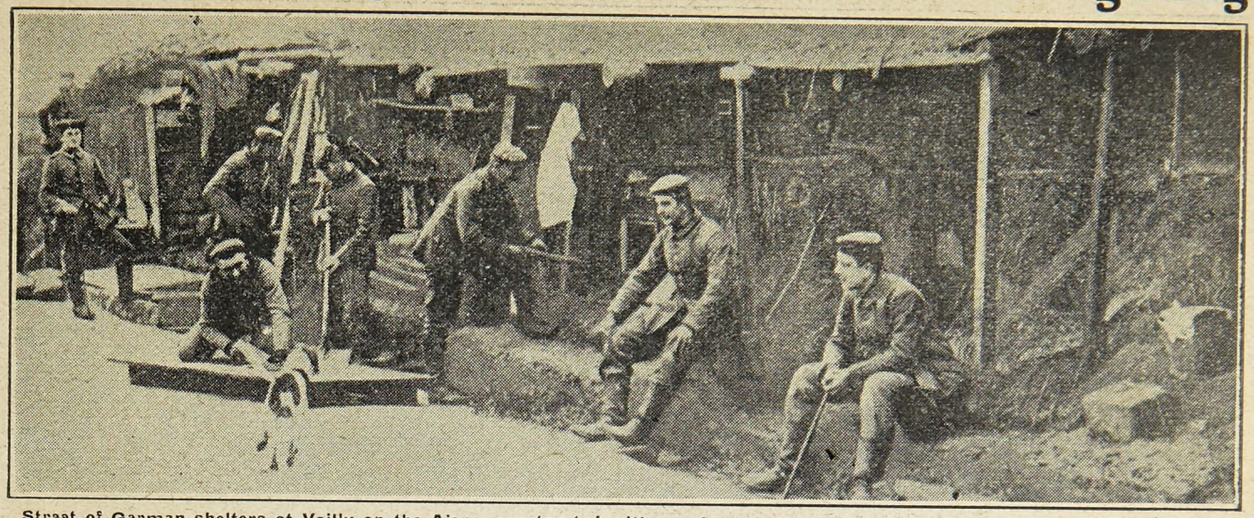
Ward of a Belgian Red Cross hospital and some of the convalescent patients. These are waiting to be transported to England in order to make room for more, and still more, wounded men who are brought in continually from the battlefields of Flanders.



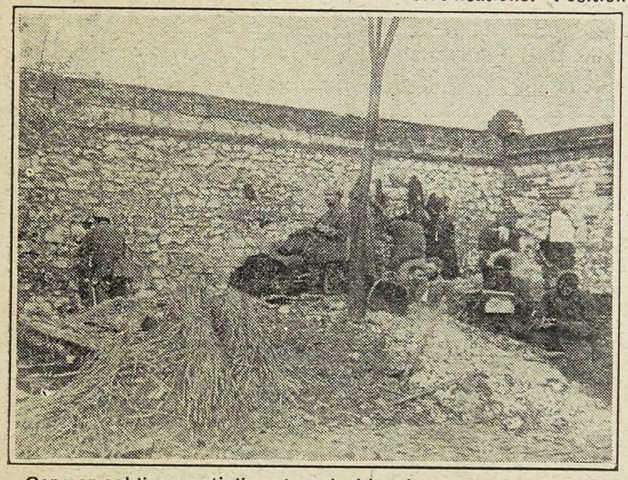
THE MOST REMARKABLE CAMERA-PICTURE OF THE TRENCH WARFARE YET RECEIVED FROM THE FRONT.

Unique photograph of an Austro-German trench near Jasionna, which gives, better than any other illustration yet published, an idea of the conditions under which "mole" warfare is waged. The spot marked A is the entrance to the refuge from bombs and shells. B—C is the passage of communication between one trench and another. A file of soldiers is seen about to take up position in the second trench. The enemy's front in the eastern area is literally a maze of similar strong, complete trenches.

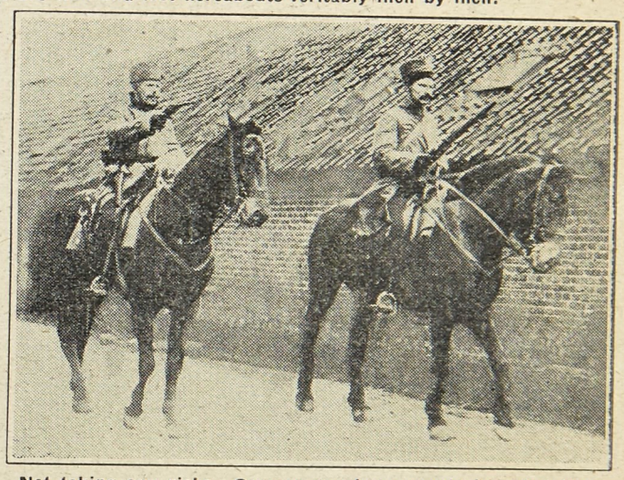
War at Close Quarters · House-to-House Fighting



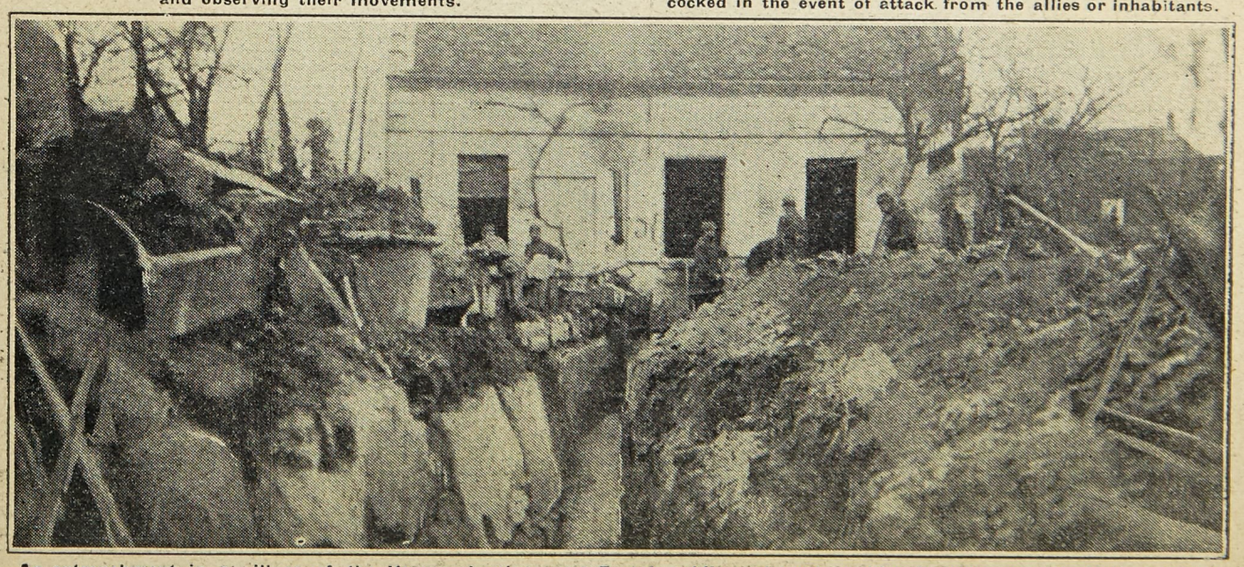
Street of German shelters at Vailly on the Aisne, constructed with wood taken from the debris of the recently bombarded town. It has been christened Barrack Street. Some of the Aisne villages have been taken and retaken several times, and the streets therefore bristle with ambuscades and fortifications. Positions are won and lost hereabouts veritably inch by inch.



German soldiers partially entrenched in a house garden sheltered by a wall in which loopholes are made for sniping the allies and observing their movements.



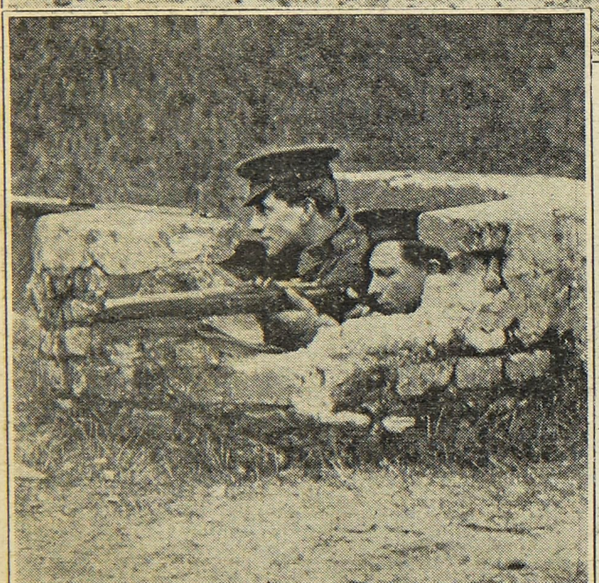
Not taking any risks. German cavalrymen entering what they believe to be a deserted French village with rifle and pistol cocked in the event of attack from the allies or inhabitants.



An entrenchment in a village of the Vosges showing some French soldiers at work making it secure near the cottage in the background. Some of the most stubborn fighting of the war has been going on in this district. The district of the Vosges is adjacent to the lost French provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, which our ally has made great progress towards recovering.

Our New Troops and Veterans in France:

Some idea of the state of highways in France and Flanders can be gathered from the fact that, in many places, our soldiers have to put down cartloads of bricks before a road is passable.



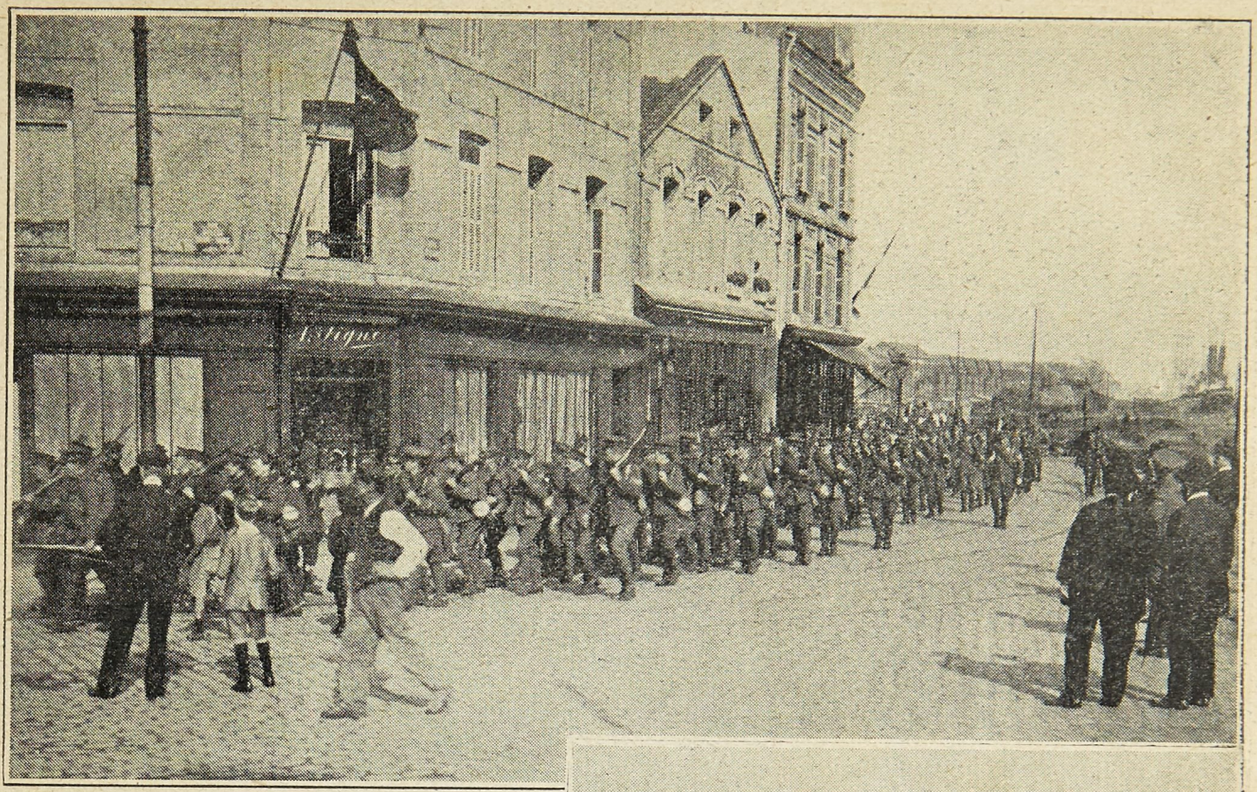
A strong, ready-made dug-out. Two British soldiers take cover in a well in Northern France.

One of the special filter water-carts which supplies pure unadulterated drinking water to the army if wanted at any time.

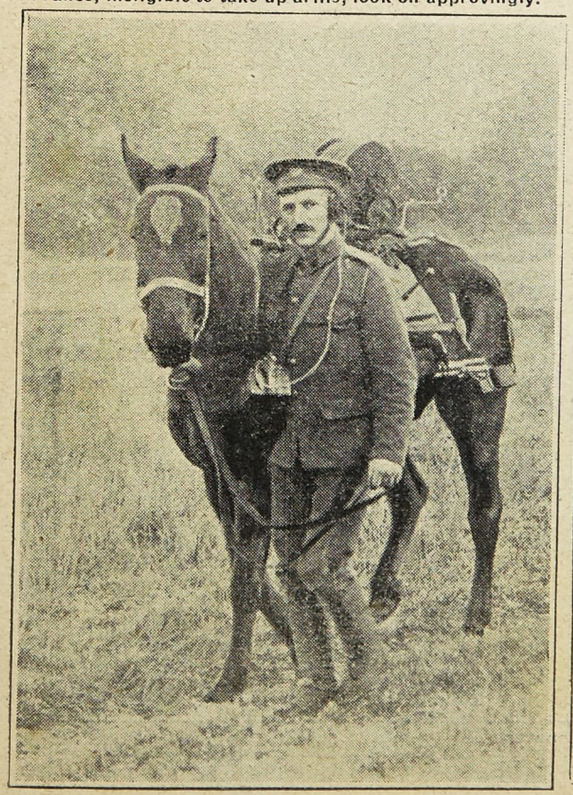
After a reconnaissance over the enemy's lines a British aeroplane has come down at the base, and the pilot is hurrying off to report the result of his expedition.

British trooper inquires his way of the lost and youthful fugitive from a French village.

British Activities near the Allied Front



British troops are now on the way over to France in their thousands. The measured tread on the cobble stones of the French base towns is incessant. Very young and old France, ineligible to take up arms, look on approvingly.



The ears of the army. British soldier laying the line of communications in Northern France.

Busy scene in the market square of a French town as the general staff of a division sets out on the work of the day.

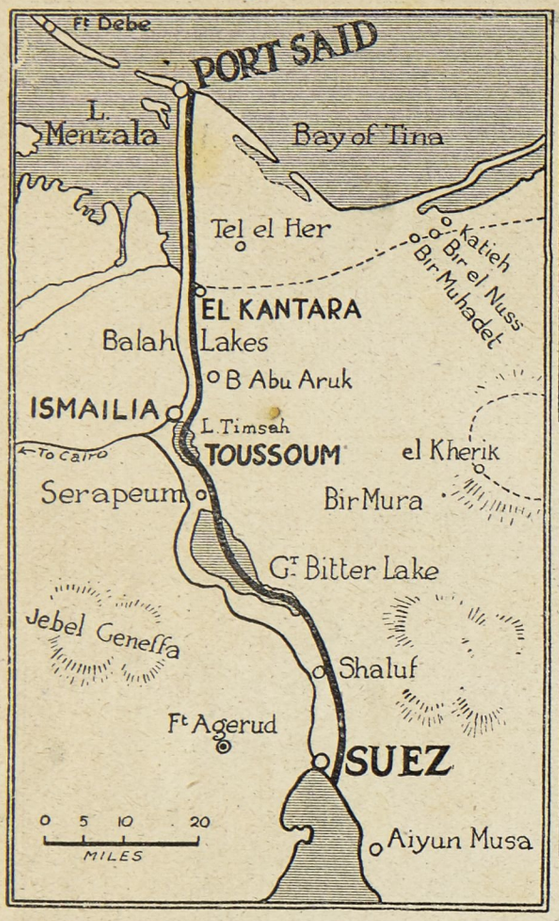
Barbarians Burn French Composer in His Home

In despair because he had been rejected from the Army on grounds of health, Alberic Magnard, the French composer, remarked to a friend : "I have five bullets—four for the Germans ; then one for me." True to his words, when the Germans approached his home at Baron he fired on them, killing one. In accordance with German traditions, it was not long before the mansion was a blazing inferno. M. Robert, the deputy-mayor of the village, was arrested, and interrogated, and a M. Creton, who had assumed the disguise of a gardener, was lashed to a tree. When the flames had reached the first floor a shot rang out. Some time afterwards the charred remains of M. Magnard and his revolver were recovered. MM. Creton and Robert were liberated.

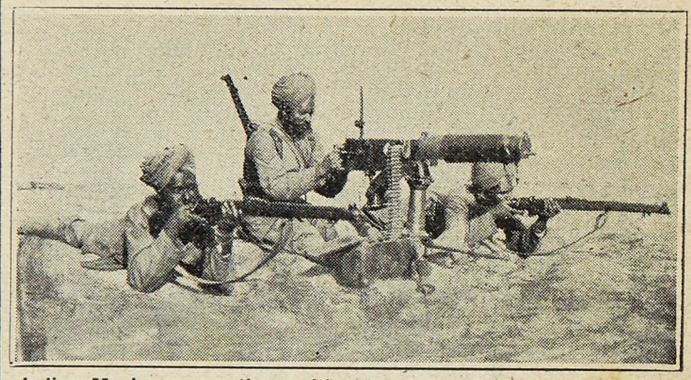
French carry Meuse town at Bayonet's point

One of the most violent of many recent bayonet battles was the capture by our French allies of Vassincourt, on the Heights of the Meuse, which fell after two preliminary actions and four successive cold-steel charges. The Germans met the French onslaught in heavy force, and their ten machine-guns raked our allies' lines with deadly effect. But to the music of the "Marseillaise" and cries of "Vive La France!" they re-formed and charged again. Part of the enemy were posted on the roofs with quick-firing guns, and kept up a fire, not only of lead but bricks and chimneys. Another French charge took place at one in the morning. No troops could resist this final onslaught, and the inevitable German retreat degenerated into a rout.

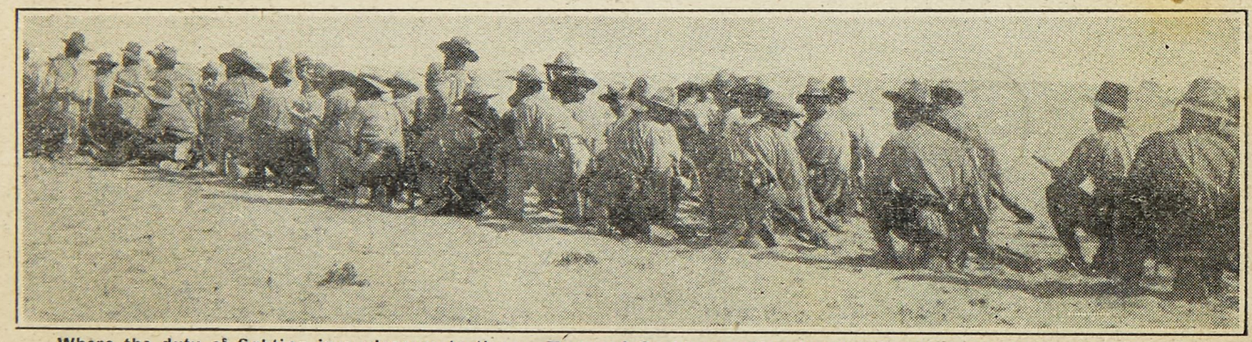
Defending the Great Waterway to the East



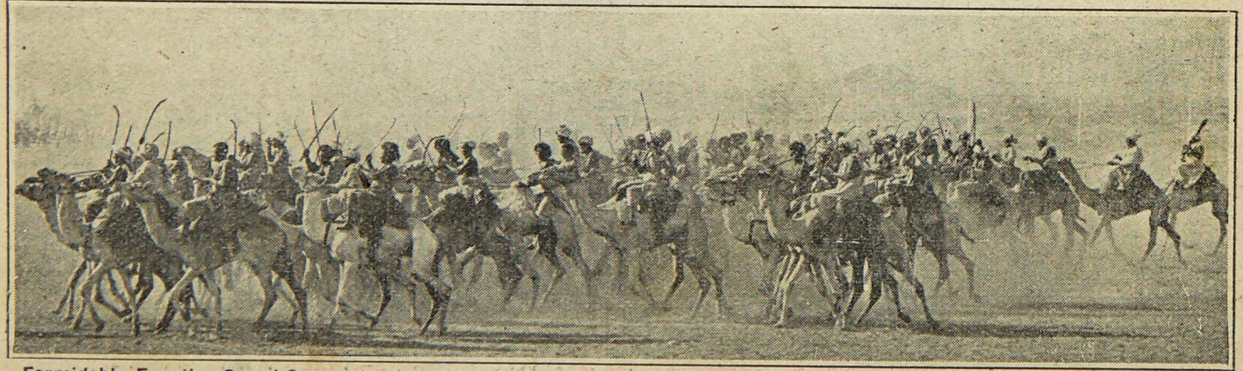
Germanised Turkish soldiers in Arabia. The curious blending of the East and West is noticeable in their equipment. The band instruments are distinctly of the variety made in Germany.



Indian Maxim-gun section waiting to engage Turks in the desert near Suez Canal. Inset on left: Map illustrating area of hostilities.



Where the duty of fighting is a pleasure to them. Troop of Gurkhas resting in the Egyptian sands after a forced march.



Formidable Egyptian Camel Corps at a gallop in the desert. The misguided Turks are finding these native warriors a tough proposition, but it is not expected that many will cross the canal except perhaps to get away from their Teuton tyrants.

With Friend and Foe on the Eastern Front

Hard labour for Landsturm men, whole regiments of whom have been requisitioned to dig trenches in the iron-bound plains of East Prussia, in view of the possibility of a German retreat. The construction of earthworks in this district is a herculean task on account of the frozen condition of the ground which prevails in East Prussia at this time of year.

Russian soldiers bringing in colours under an armed escort to the Army headquarters.

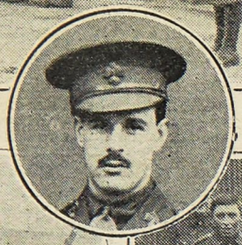
The Slav is a friendly antagonist. Here he is providing a German prisoner with smokes, much to the interest of onlookers.

German infantry searching a village in Poland, which for once does not show signs of that "Kultur" synonymous with devastation.

War a serious business? Not at all! Two happy Russian artillerymen in a dug-out.

Our Own Photographer among the Sportsmen :

The guard of the Sportsmen's Battalion at the entrance to the camp at Hornchurch. It is changed every twenty-four hours, and members retire into the hut in the background for meals in turn.

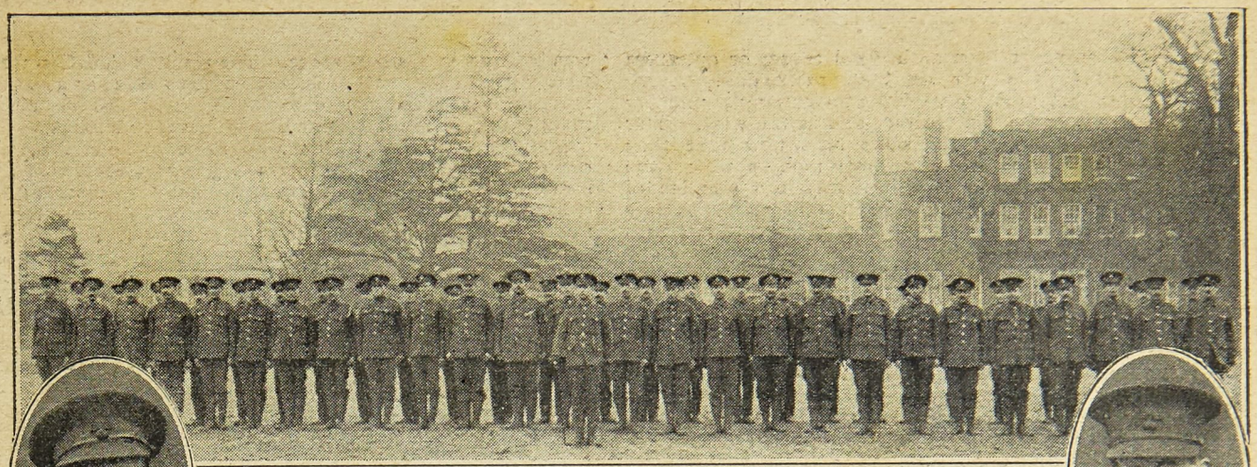


Pioneers of the engineering section at work. Inset above: Adjutant Lieut. Inglis.

Orderlies in the vicinity of the cookhouse, about to convey "tucker" to their comrades.

Thursday at Hornchurch is looked forward to as keenly as Friday (pay day), for it is the day when the ever-popular "War Illustrated" arrives. Inset in the above photograph are Major Richey, D.S.O. (left), and Lieut.-Col. Gibbons (right), of the Sportsmen's Battalion.

Some Scenes at Hornchurch Training Camp

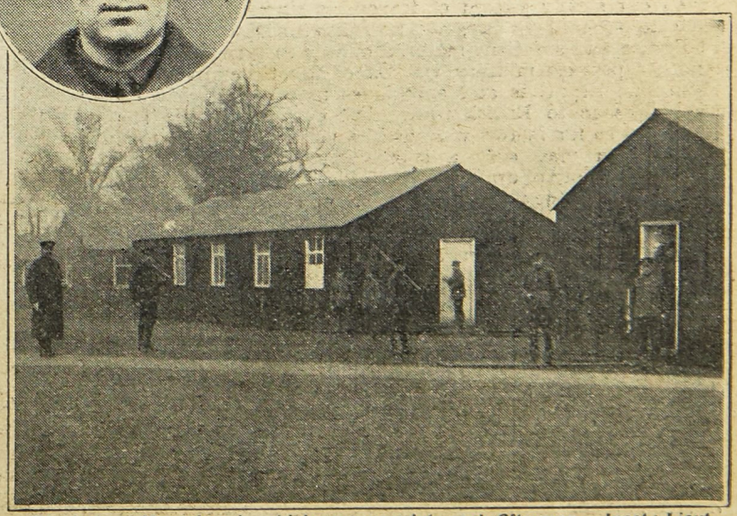


Instructor-Sergeant Cummings, holder of the world's one mile walk championship (seen in centre), with squad of recruits that he maintains is the finest he has ever trained. Inset on left and right: 2nd Lieut. H. A. Taylor and 2nd Lieut. V. Hayes.

Preliminary hostilities at Hornchurch. Sportsmen pose for their photograph after snowball bombardment of one of the huts.

Lieut. Dr. Walter Hill, chief medical officer to the Sportsmen's Battalion, with "Taxi," the Cruft's winner mascot of the regiment.

Sportsmen seated on a tree that fell, smashing a hut but, fortunately, without injuring any occupants.



The huts at Hornchurch, which accommodate each fifty men. Inset: Lieut. Philip Suckling, first recruit to the battalion, who has served in Zululand.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

THERE has never been such good cause for optimism concerning the war on land as to-day. Every known fact goes to show that Germany's military plans have failed, alike in the east and in the west. Her armies occupy virtually the same lines now that they held early in November. For three months they have tried at point after point, with tremendous sacrifice of life, to break through, and have tried in vain. In late October and November they delivered their tremendous attack on the Belgian lines near the coast, and on our army at Ypres. From then until their attack on the Russian lines a few days ago advance after advance has been attempted.

"The Waiting that Kills"

The German generals have acted as they did, not because they did not realise the military perils of their policy, but because Germany must advance or perish. The Allies can afford to wait—the Germans cannot. Every week of deadlock means that our armies are stronger, our supplies of ammunition and of foodstuffs more abundant, and our defensive works more complete. Every week of waiting means for the Germans that their national reserves of money, material, and foodstuffs grow scantier, and the burdens brought on them by the arrest of their commerce grow heavier. Britain, France, and Russia are essentially stronger to-day than they were in November—stronger in men, in munitions, and in all that makes for a successful war. Germany and Austria are essentially weaker. It is safe to say that unless Germany has some surprise to spring upon us her military fate is sealed.

Advance or Perish

Has Germany any surprise in store? In the language of the man in the street, "Has she a card up her sleeve?" So far as strictly military forces are concerned, she has obviously shown her whole hand. She put forward all her strength at first. She played her best men, her finest weapons, and her picked forces in the opening round. Her new armies may be good, but with their large proportions of very young men and middle-aged volunteers they cannot equal the splendid corps at the beginning. Germany has lost her initial advantages. So far as armies in the field are concerned, her cards have been played.

She hopes to strike a vital blow at us by submarining our transports and so cutting off our fresh supplies of troops and material of war. If she could have done this at all she would have done it long ago. It is impossible to believe that the German Navy left the transports carrying our first army across the Channel alone because of any feeling of humanitarianism. They have been unable to touch our steady stream of transports since. Even were they to succeed to-day, we now have sufficient troops in France and sufficient material of war to turn the scale. Another possible military weapon of the Germans is the Zeppelin. Zeppelins and aeroplanes may conceivably do some damage to British towns, but everything that has happened so far in this war justifies us in concluding that aircraft can play only a comparatively minor part in deciding the fate of armies in the field. They are invaluable for reconnaissance; they are feeble for attack.

The Great Factor of German Railways

The renewed German and Austrian attacks on the Russians in the Carpathians and towards Warsaw well illustrate the present German impotence. The German armies have possessed from the first one great advantage. They easily surpass the Allies in their use of the railway as a weapon of war. The railway department has been for many years one very important section of the German Grand General Staff. The entire railway system of the Fatherland was reconstructed and extended for purposes of military strategy. The very rolling-stock was made in such a way as to be able to accommodate a maximum number of troops and a maximum amount of supplies. A vast organisation of a military railway transport service was built up in times of peace. The result is that Germany to-day can move her forces from point to point as a player moves his men on the chessboard. This has been the main cause of more than one of the German victories.

Marshal von Hindenburg, who more and more stands out as the greatest of the German generals, employed the same weapon recently in Poland. Armies in seemingly overwhelming numbers were concentrated with the utmost rapidity on one point of the long Russian line. They were hurled forward regardless of cost in the hope of breaking through. At the moment of writing their attempt has failed. They have compelled the Russians to readjust their position, but the essential Russian line of defence remains as strong as ever. Farther south, in the Carpathians, the new Austrian armies have sought to prove their mettle, equally in vain. In East Prussia the Germans, faced by a consistent Russian forward movement, find themselves hard pressed. In East Prussia and in the Carpathians the Russians are moving forward against desperate opposition. In Poland even Von Hindenburg has found his task too great.

Severest Fighting is Still Ahead of Us

The fighting ahead of us in the spring must of necessity be of the severest possible nature. The casualties of the different armies up to now are a foretaste of the casualties that are coming. We must be ready at every stage to pour in more men and more material of war, and the more successful we are the greater the necessity for ever-growing armies. This was realised by Lord Kitchener when he, somewhat unwillingly, assumed his present office.

The pause continues in the western field as was generally anticipated. Both sides continue their preparations for the coming campaign. Along the British front affairs have reached a stage of completeness which is in the highest degree hopeful. A very encouraging sign with the French armies is the vast reserves of men ready to be brought into action later on. One of the perplexing features of the first weeks of the war was the inferiority in numbers of the French to the Germans. The much-talked-of millions in the French Army failed to materialise, and at point after point the French were beaten by superior strength. The reason, as all the world now knows, is that the French authorities could not at the time handle the number of men they expected. Their preparations were inadequate. Every day now these preparations grow more complete, and the vast material of French manhood becomes more and more available. Every day, too, shows the stubbornness, the élan, and the supreme fighting qualities of the French forces.

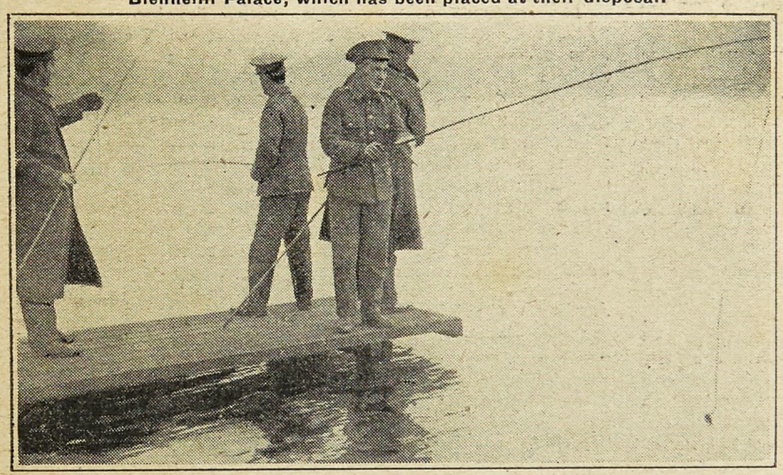
The Wastage of the War

Mr. Asquith's statement in the House of Commons that the casualties to the British forces in the western area up to February 4th amounted to approximately 104,000 of all ranks in disappointingly vague. The figures themselves, great as they are, are certainly not higher than was anticipated, for everyone realises that the campaign has been one fearfully costly of life. But how does the Premier reckon casualties? Does he include in them the large number of men slightly wounded who have since recovered and returned to the front, or who are likely to recover in the immediate future? If so, we can subtract at least one-third from the given figure. Does he include the missing, the prisoners, or the sick? Our figures look small compared with those of the Germans.

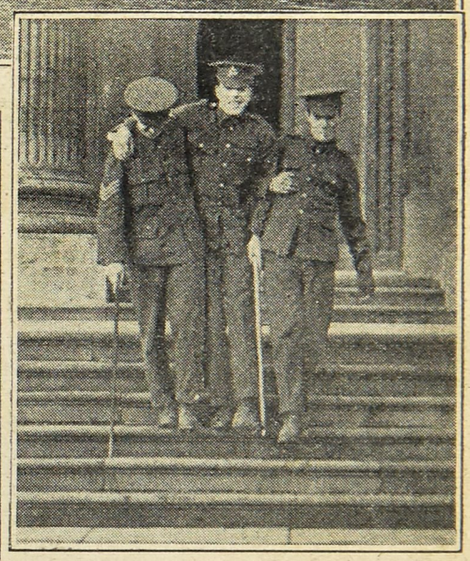
A French report of the German casualties during the first six months of the war just to hand gives 600,000 killed, 700,000 seriously wounded, 700,000 slightly wounded and capable of returning to the front, and 250,000 prisoners or missing, making a total of 2,250,000 men. The lists of the Prussian army alone of killed, wounded, or missing now amount to close on a million men, and the lists of the Bavarians, the Saxons, and the Würtembergers make the grand total.

Famous Soldier's Palace for Wounded Patriots

Wounded soldiers in the grounds of the Duke of Marlborough's historic seat, Blenheim Palace, which has been placed at their disposal.



Some of the convalescent soldier-guests of the Duke of Marlborough amusing themselves by fishing in the lake of the Blenheim grounds.



Wounded soldier being assisted down the steps of the famous general's palace.

On the left: A cheerful scene in one of the rooms of Blenheim, converted into a hospital. It seems fitting that these soldiers, lately returned from Flanders, should be entertained in the palace of the Duke of Marlborough, whose military genius in Flanders during the 17th and 18th centuries helped to make Great Britain the first Power in Europe. On the right: Some injured patriots playing the national game on the lawn in front of the palace in spite of their honourable scars.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N.

PROMINENT men in the 1906-9 Parliament tried to bring about the exemption of private property from capture at sea. They were unsuccessful, and over 2,000 German steamers have been either captured, interned, or restricted to a very narrow and precarious trade in the Baltic, because these patriotic but misguided traders failed. I remember the fallacious argument well: "We have five times as many ships, and therefore we have five times as great an interest as Germany to exempt private property." The answer "Not if we know our business" is obvious if we reflect that the British ships would not be exposed to much danger of attack, while German ships would be exposed to the gravest risks if they put to sea.

Another danger was the Declaration of London. If it had not been rejected by the House of Lords, we should have bound ourselves to bring all our captures and contraband questions before an International Prize Court at The Hague. Selfish neutral interests seeking high profits in copper, oil, and rubber would have allied with German officialdom in bringing pressure and inducements to bear on such a body.

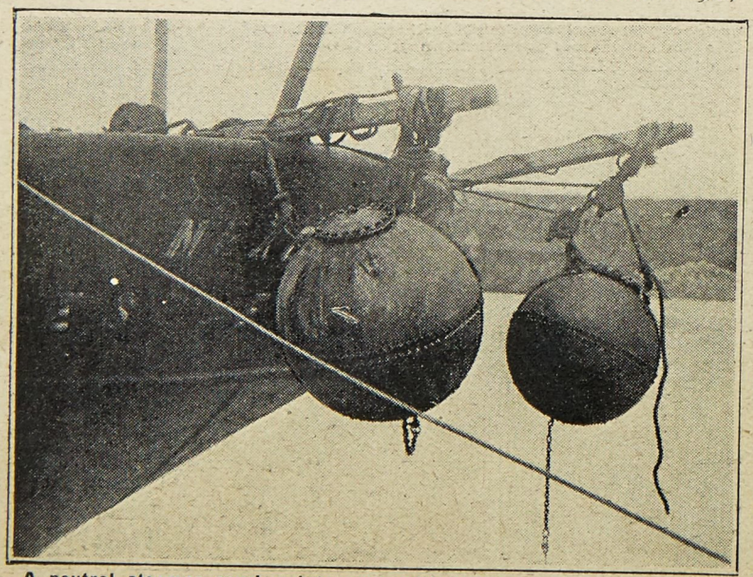
Friction with neutrals over contraband questions was so inevitable that I dealt with it at length in lectures to the War Course of naval officers from 1900 onwards. I instanced Rotterdam in particular on account of the accommodation and position of the port as likely to become one of transhipment for Germany in war. For years Rotterdam has undergone a similar process to Antwerp of being permeated with Germanic influence.

Industry the Fuel of War

It is not, however, with the past but with the future that we are concerned, and the only reason for studying it is to point the moral that we must act from the humane point of view of successfully ending this war as soon as possible, and we must not pledge our freedom of action away too hastily. Lincoln, in the American Civil War, stopped all intercourse with the South by a successful blockade, and supported the generals who burned the cotton plantations, as these were the chief source of revenue to the South. The revenue was not the main object of attack, for it was the need of food which constrained the movements of the southern armies to their destruction.

This point has to be made because financiers are talking about Germany's inability to continue the war much longer on account of a money famine. Falser doctrine I never heard, and it is the less to be excused, for it shows ignorance of past history, such as the French Revolution. Turkey was virtually bankrupt before the war, promising as much as twenty per cent. for money to pay for the battleships building in England, and yet she went to war, and is still in it. To make finance win—one of the most important factors—we must arrest the industry of a nation and so force her to pay for imports in gold instead of in goods.

The secret lecture to the German Defence League of Herr Rossehl in 1912 (published in France in December, 1914), pointed out that "none of the great German industries could continue to exist if cut off from the sea," and there would be not less than six to eight million people in a state of want. This forecast has not been realised, simply because we have not declared a blockade, and we are allowing a great many things into Germany which ought to be stopped. At one time our Navy was even ordered to allow reservists, called home to join the colours, to go in neutral vessels.



A neutral steamer coming into port with two German floating mines, picked up en route. Forty-eight neutral vessels have been sunk by these infernal and cowardly machines, sown broadcast by the Sea Huns.

American Cotton—Dangerous Contraband

Take the commodities—which compete with, if they do not take the first place in importance for war—saltpetre, copper, oil, and rubber. Sir Edward Grey's Note to America of January 7th says: "His Majesty's Government have never put cotton on the list of contraband; they have throughout the war kept it on the free list; and on every occasion when questioned on the point, they have stated their intention of adhering to this practice."

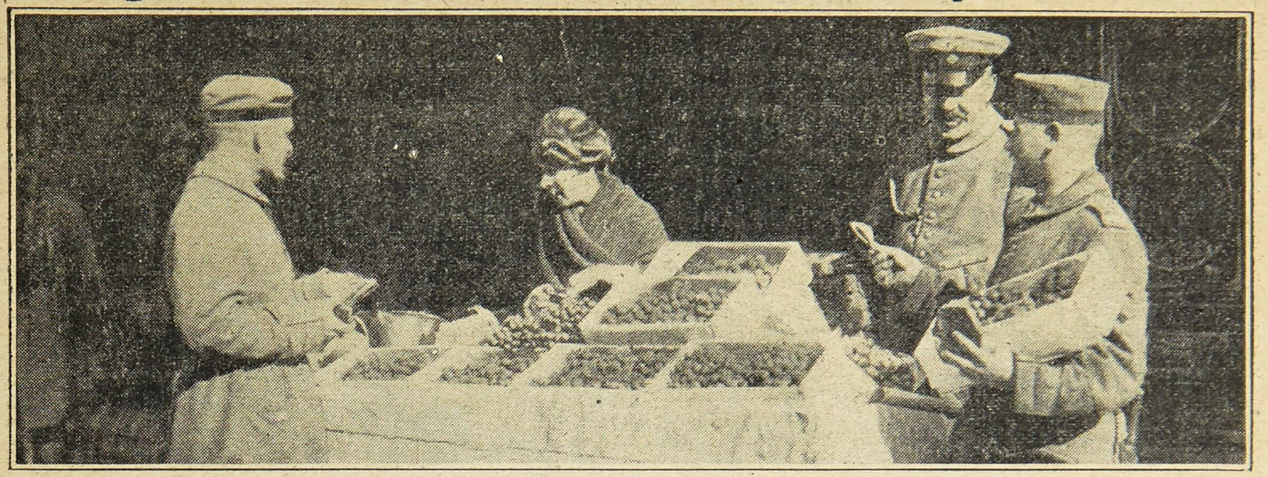
Why the Government should realise the importance of keeping out copper, which is used for projectiles as well as industries, and not cotton, which is essential to the explosive firing of all forms of projectiles as well as helping to clothe the Army and the population, is difficult to understand on military grounds, but may be justified on political grounds.

The difficulties the Government involve themselves in are revealed by the fact that the cotton bales are used as aids to smuggling copper. Mr. Belloc, in his instructive articles in "Land and Water," has shown the military importance of stopping imports of cotton from the only available source for Germany, and that is America. He is mistaken in allowing that substitutes can be used. It is not merely that plant would have to be altered, but all sighting arrangements of guns are calculated for explosives made from a standardised cotton. Cut off that cotton and force Germany to use wood pulp, or what waste of cotton she can find, and the ballistics of the powder would be altered and variable.

A Complete Blockade Imperative

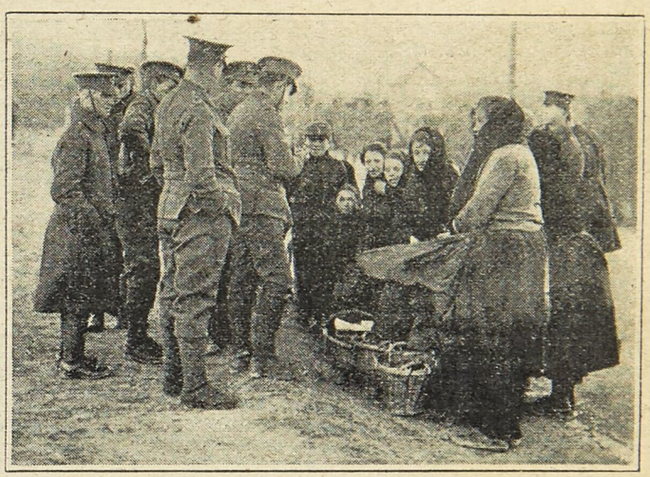
What results? Trenches are less than forty yards apart, and concealed German howitzers now pitch their shell with such exactitude as to go over the Germans' heads into the British trench. The new stop-gap explosives could not possibly do this. As for copper, accepting the figures in "The Times," November 9th, Germany and Austria can produce no more than 40,000 tons in a year, and they require for their present armies 112,000 tons. The new armies of the British and Russian Empires will have to be met by corresponding additions to the copper supply for gun and rifle ammunition. It is therefore as important as the placing of our new armies in the field, that we should, through our Navy, prevent Germany's new levies from being capable of action. At a time when Germany makes wood contraband, and proposes the submarine blockade of our islands, surely the Allies who have the power should exercise that power to stop all Germany's supplies by sea.

Belligerent Soldiers trade with Enemy and Friend



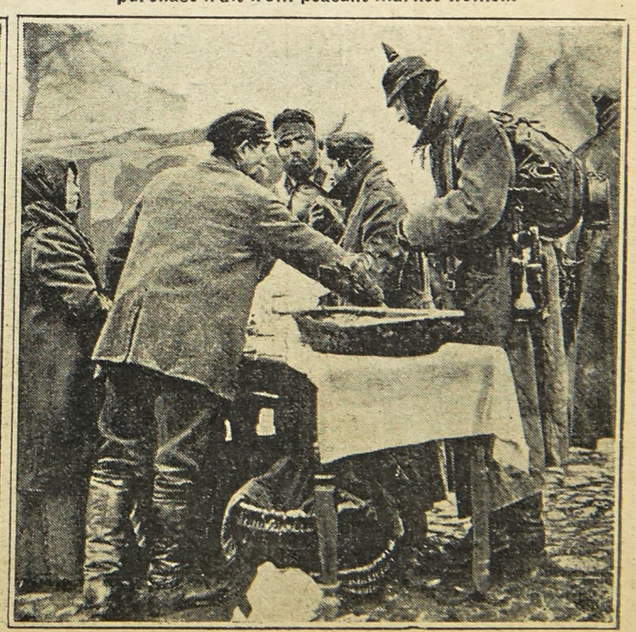
German soldiers procuring and actually paying for fruit at a stall of a Belgian woman in Brussels. One is, however, inclined to think that this intense eagerness to deal "fair and square" is merely to keep up appearances, the camera-man being so near at hand.

The French soldier goes to market. A number of infantrymen make purchases from a countrywoman in Northern France.



British soldiers, at a camp somewhere in Northern France, purchase fruit from peasant market women.

Wounded Austrian prisoners being treated to a meal at a stall in the streets of Lemberg by generous Russian captors.



German soldiers dine al fresco at a stall in the market-square of a Polish town—it is to be hoped at their own expense.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

JUST because it is my job to write of the war in the air I want to write something about the war on the ground—or, rather, about those on the ground who make the war in the air about the safest part of the whole war. I refer to the non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Flying Corps. Some of them certainly hold the "Aviator's Certificate," as it is officially termed, which is issued by the Royal Aero Club to those who have passed certain tests in flying, but most of them have not, and all of them have "shore-going jobs," which consist in keeping the aeroplanes in proper order for the flying officers, in looking after transport and stores, or in seeing to the general discipline of the corps. Their work is not, as a rule, very exciting or very perilous, and it is very hard and monotonous, but without them the R.F.C.'s machines would not be fit for use, and our pilots would not have obtained that ascendancy in the air to which Field-Marshal Sir John French, the official "Eye-Witness" with Headquarters, and Mr. Tennant, the Under-Secretary for War, have all referred recently.

The Men Who Form the R.F.C.

The rank and file of the Flying Corps is a mixture of civilian mechanics enlisted for the sake of their experience in their trades, civilians of no mechanical experience enlisted when the corps was first formed, some sapper mechanicians transferred from the Royal Engineers, and a number of N.C.O.'s from various units who were transferred to the R.F.C. to knock the civilians into the shape of soldiers.

The trained workmen were originally a varied crowd. They included motor mechanics, carpenters, cabinet-makers, yacht-riggers, men from aerodromes who had had no regular engineering experience, but who had picked up a knowledge of aeroplane work, engineer fitters and turners, tinsmiths, blacksmiths, marine engineers, and, in fact, every sort of man whose original trade was likely to be of use in repairing and caring for aeroplanes. I believe that some tailors were actually enlisted because they would be useful in cutting and stitching the linen fabric with which aeroplanes are covered. Most of them were men of fixed habits, hardly any of them had ever had any experience of discipline or living in a regular routine, yet to-day they form as smart a body of soldiers as any who wear the King's uniform.

For this the credit must go to certain N.C.O.'s of the Brigade of Guards, who were taken over when the R.F.C. was formed, to lick the variegated crowd into shape. I am told that it nearly broke their hearts in the doing, but by dint of a mixture of severity and tact they did it, and I notice that the men whom I knew in the early days of aviation as the cleverest mechanics, albeit undisciplined and unsoldierly, are to-day as smart and soldierly as the Guards themselves, for the mechanical precision with which a well-trained body of soldiers work appealed to their mechanical minds, and they soon saw the beauty and the sense of strict discipline—which is only the law and order necessary in an engine applied to the human machine.

Most of the mechanics who enlisted early are now N.C.O.'s themselves, and are now busy hammering new drafts into shape, even as they themselves were hammered only a couple of years ago.

No Rest for the R.F.C. Mechanic

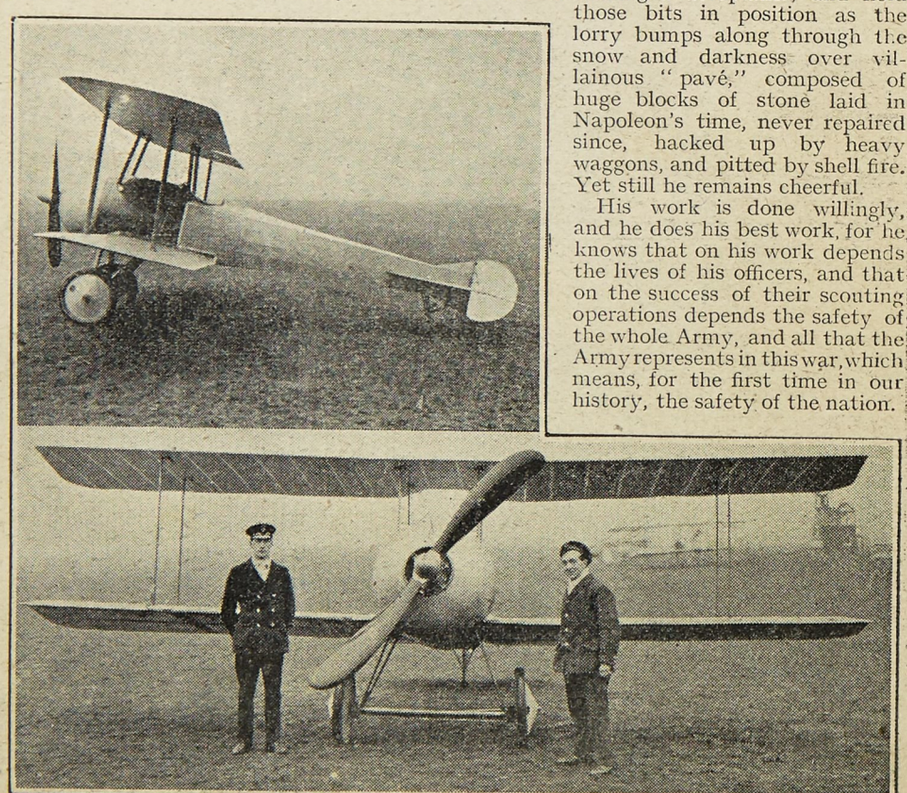
The work of the R.F.C. mechanic on active service is not by any means a picnic. All day he is busy tuning up and repairing aeroplanes which need attention, while the various flying officers are out on reconnaissance. Towards dusk the machines which have been flying come home, and then, just when he thinks he can knock off for the night, it is probably discovered that all the machines of his particular "flight" (or section of a squadron) are urgently wanted, and he has to start to overhaul the machines which have been out during the day. He has no comfortably-warmed shed in which to work; he is at it in the open day and night, hail, rain, or snow, his only shelter being a motor-waggon placed to windward of the machine on which he is working, and if he is lucky he may be able to sleep in the said waggon instead of on the ground.

At times he has to work under shell fire, when an aeroplane has come down with a failing engine or some slight damage from hostile fire near the firing-line, and he is sent out either to repair it or to take it to pieces and bring it back to his own base for more extensive repairs. But he does his job then as cheerily as if he were working in the warm, comfortable aeroplane sheds at Farnborough.

Arduous Work and Responsibility

At other times he has to hang on to the edge of a motor-lorry, laden with bits of damaged aeroplanes, and hold those bits in position as the lorry bumps along through the snow and darkness over villainous "pavé," composed of huge blocks of stone laid in Napoleon's time, never repaired since, hacked up by heavy waggons, and pitted by shell fire. Yet still he remains cheerful.

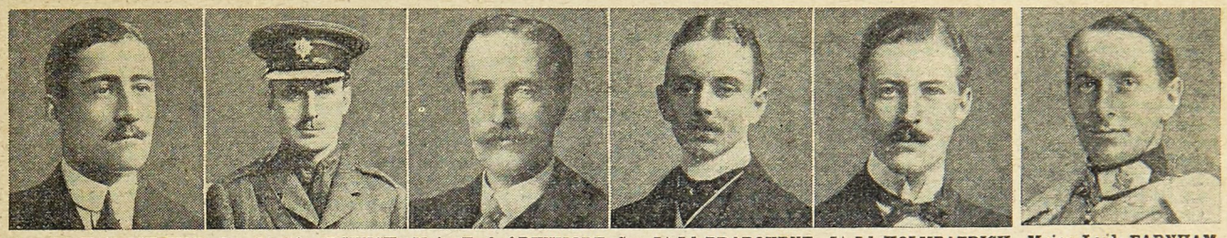
His work is done willingly, and he does his best work, for he knows that on his work depends the lives of his officers, and that on the success of their scouting operations depends the safety of the whole Army, and all that the Army represents in this war, which means, for the first time in our history, the safety of the nation.



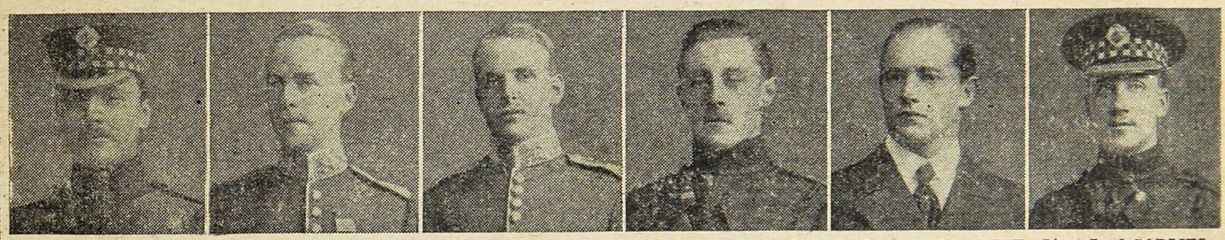
Two views of a "Tabloid" biplane, described by our aviation expert in last week's issue. This is a recent type of Sopwith machine, which has been doing excellent service in the war. The "Tabloid's" supreme value lies in its speed and climbing power. It can travel over a hundred miles an hour.

Thirty-six Peers in Defence of their Realm

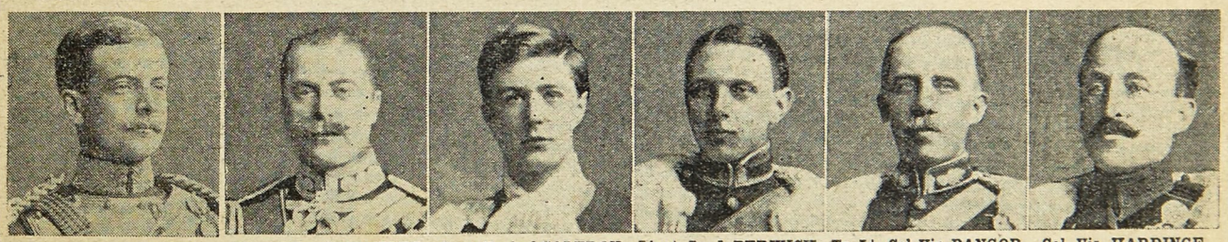
Lt. Vis. CLIVE, 2nd Scots Guards. | Capt. Vis. COKE, Scots Guards. | Major Lord GORDON-LENNOX, 2nd Scots Guards. | Sec.-Lt. Vis. ALTHORP, 1st Life Guards. | Lt. Lord CARNEGIE, 2nd Scots Guards. | Lt. Lord CONGLETON, 3rd Grenadier Guards.



Capt. Ld. H. GROSVENOR, 1st Life Guards. | Sec.-Lt. Vis. IPSWICH, Coldstreams. | Major Earl of DUNMORE, General Staff. | Sec.-Lt. Ld. BRABOURNE, Grenadier Guards. | Lt. Ld. HOLMPATRICK, 16th Lancers. | Major Lord FARNHAM, North Irish Horse.

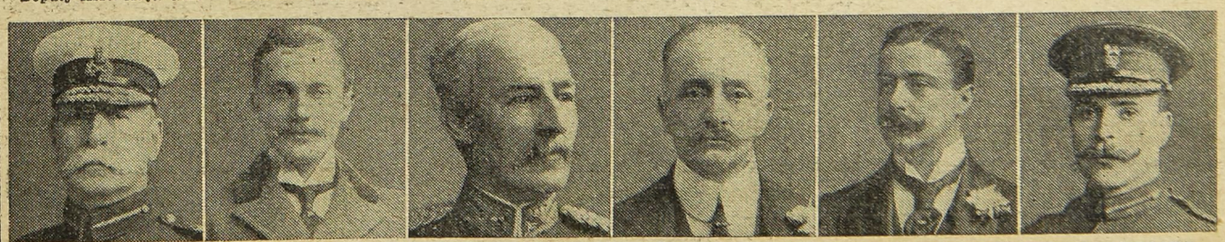


Lt.-Col. Earl of GRANARD, 5th Royal Irish Regiment. | Lieut. Lord FALCONER, Scots Guards. | Capt. Ld. DESMOND FITZ-GERALD, Irish Guards. | Lt. Earl of DALHOUSIE, 2nd Scots Guards. | Lt. Earl of HARDWICKE, Army Motor Reserve. | Lieut. Lord GARLIES, Scots Guards.



Capt. Lord BELPER, 2nd Life Guards. | Major Vis. CHURCHILL, Oxfordshire Yeomanry. | Capt. Earl of CALEDON, 1st Life Guards. | Lieut. Lord BERWICK, Shropshire Yeomanry. | Tp. Lt.-Col. Vis. BANGOR, Royal Ordnance. | Col. Vis. HARDINGE, King's Royal Rifles.

Major Vis. HOOD, Deputy-Asst. Adjt. Gen. | Capt. Lord COCHRANE, 2nd Scots Guards. | Lieut. Lord CHESHAM, 10th Hussars. | Capt. Lord ATHLUMNEY, Asst. Provost Marshal. | Lieut. Vis. CARLTON, 2nd Life Guards. | Midshipn. Ld. CARLISLE, H.M.S. New Zealand.



Fld.-Mar. Ld. GRENFELL, Col.-Com. K.R.R. | Maj. Earl of BRADFORD, 3rd Royal Scots. | Col. Vis. DOWNE, 10th Hussars. | Capt. Lord CALTHORPE, Staff. | Lt.-Col. Earl of DUDLEY, Worcester Yeomanry. | Col. Lord BROOKE, 8th Batt. Essex.

(Photos by Lafayette.)

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, February 1st to 11th

FEB. 1.—German force, battalion strong, attack trenches to north of La Bassée-Bethune, but repulsed with terrible loss. Attack south-east of Ypres repulsed.

Announced that Germany to be put on siege rations of bread.

Colonial Office reports suppression of native rising in Nyasaland.

Dastardly attempt by German submarine to torpedo British hospital ship Asturias, off Havre.

FEB. 2.—German Admiralty warns neutral shipping to avoid the Channel, as it intended shortly to act against British transports by submarines.

Attack on British post near Guinchy at first successful; but after series of counter-attacks, our troops regain lost ground and make progress beyond it. German attack near Bagatelle in the Argonne repulsed.

Fighting of fiercest character reported along the Warsaw front. Von Hindenburg's repeated and violent attacks near Sokachev driven back with "colossal casualties," owing to German dense formation. Russian cavalry penetrate German front north of Serpedz, and force them back beyond Vlochavek.

British forces defeat Turkish advance body near Ismailia. Attempt to cross Suez Canal by night, between Ismailia and Toussoum, at head of Bitter Lakes, frustrated.

FEB. 3.—Turks delivered attack on the Al Kantara front, but repulsed. Sixteen killed and wounded and 40 prisoners. Our casualties, 3 wounded.

Kemp, one of rebel leaders in South Africa, surrendered with his commando.

Germans sent fire-boats down River Ancre above Aveluy (north of Albert), but these contrivances stopped by French before they exploded. Slight French progress to the west of Hill 200, near Perthes.

Announced that Mr. F. D. Acland, M.P., new Financial Secretary to Treasury, and Mr. E. S. Montagu, M.P., new Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster.

FEB. 4.—Kaiser inspects fleet at Wilhelmshaven, and handed Iron Crosses to crew of submarine U21, which torpedoed British merchant ships in Irish Sea.

German Admiralty declare blockade of whole of Great Britain and Ireland from Feb. 18.

Our Foreign Office issues warning of importance that Great Britain may have to consider the adoption of retaliatory measures against German trade, should Germany persist in her apparent intention to sink merchantmen by submarines, regardless of loss of civilian lives.

Owing to German Government's new control of all grain and flour, Foreign Office gives notice that if the destination of the Wilhelmina (United States ship) and her cargo were as supposed (Bremen), "the cargo will, if the vessel is intercepted, be submitted to a Prize Court in order that the new situation created by the German decree may be examined and a decision reached. There is no question of taking any proceedings against the vessel."

Private Lonsdale, prisoner of war in Germany, has sentence of death reduced to 20 years' imprisonment.

Fierce battle for Warsaw still raging; 40,000 Germans attack Russian lines between Borjimov and Bolimov.

FEB. 5.—Russians take offensive to cross the Bzura, capturing part of enemy's position near Dakoro. In the Carpathians, north-west of Ujok, Russian offensive continuing, 3,000 prisoners taken. Tsar arrived at the front.

Capture of German trenches in the neighbourhood of Lille.

Army Estimates issued, in which noted that number of men which Parliament will be asked to vote for the Army, Home, and Colonial establishments, exclusive of those serving in India, is 3,000,000.

News from Suez Canal that H.M.S. Hardinge, converted transport, twice hit by shells during Turkish attack on the canal. Our losses estimated at 2 officers and 13 men killed and 58 wounded; nearly 300 prisoners taken from Turks.

FEB. 6.—British capture brickfield east of Guinchy.

Announced that struggle for Warsaw reaching its climax. Germans concentrated 80,000 men and 600 guns in narrow front of 7 miles near Borjimov, and for two days kept up furious bombardment. Advanced on Russian lines in dense formation; some of the Prussian Guard brought up, with orders from the Kaiser to break through at all costs.

FEB. 7.—Press Bureau issued official statement from Cairo, stating no further fighting taken place on the Suez Canal. Besides Arabs, a number of Anatolian Turkish soldiers are deserting and giving themselves up to British.

Foreign Office issued statement, regarding German reference in connection with the blockade declaration that "secret British orders" have been given to merchantmen to fly a neutral flag, that "the use of the neutral flag is, with certain limitations, well-established in practice as a 'ruse de guerre.'"

Russians holding important point north of Vitkovitza, on the extreme German left, and captured whole series of trenches near Borjimov, with six machine-guns.

Slight Austrian advance in the Bukovina.

Treasury announces that Chancellor of Exchequer, accompanied by Governor of Bank of England and Mr. E. S. Montagu, M.P., returned from Paris, where he proceeded for a conference with M. Ribot and M. Bark, the Finance Ministers of France and Russia, on questions affecting the financial relations of the Allies. Important agreement concluded, by which they pool their financial resources, and will float a loan jointly, at the same time providing for advances by the three Powers in equal shares to such countries as have taken, or may take up, arms for the common cause.

FEB. 8.—Violent infantry battle at Bagatelle, in the Argonne; French holding nearly all their ground.

Mr. Asquith announced in Parliament British casualties up to Feb. 4 were 104,000.

Navy Estimates presented to Parliament give power to raise strength of the Navy in men from 218,000 to 250,000.

Admiralty announce grave reason to fear British steamship Oriole victim of German submarine which torpedoed Tokomaru and Ikaria.

German cruiser Breslau bombarded Yalta, and Russian cruisers in reply bombarded Trebizond.

FEB. 9.—Enemy bombard Ypres and Furnes, and pour incendiary shells on Soissons. Near La Bassee a mill wrested from Germans. Indecisive battle continued at Bagatelle.

The Wilhelmina, the United States ship laden with food for Germany, arrived at Falmouth.

Reported from Pretoria that rebel leader Maritz executed by Germans for treachery.

Austrian official report issued in Vienna admits breakdown of their offensive in Carpathians.

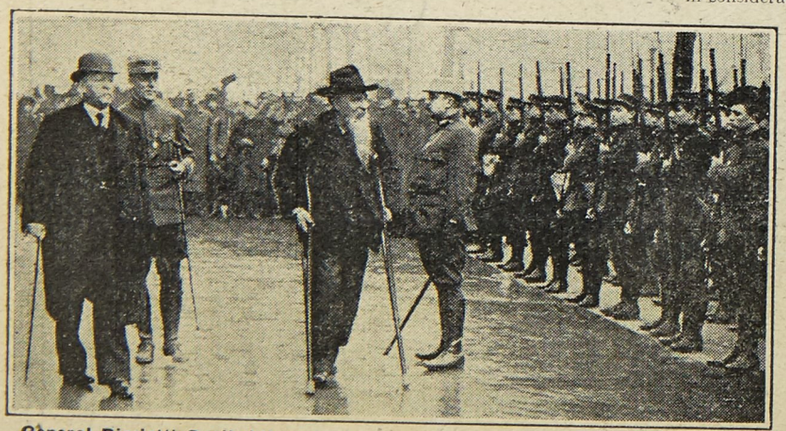
FEB. 10.—United States Government, in its Note to Germany dealing with threatened blockade, requires German warships to verify the identity of ships flying neutral flags before they sink such vessels.

Russian official communiqué reports capture of 23 officers and 1,500 rank and file, several machine-guns, and a mortar in the Carpathians.

FEB. 11.—Russian retreat in East Prussia in consequence of great German advance.

Nieuport violently bombarded by Germans.

In the Argonne, struggle around the Marie Therese, work results in considerable German losses, and French lose seriously.



General Ricciotti Garibaldi reviewing recruits of the Garibaldi Legion in Paris. The veteran, who arrived in London last week, is the son of the famous Liberator. On his right is one of his soldier sons, Colonel Peppino Garibaldi.

Our New Volume

This is No. 1 of the new volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. Subscribers will notice that as there are no advertisements on the outer pages, these may in future be bound in the volumes, if desired. *But there will be no necessity to bind them if the subscriber does not wish to do so*, and they will be numbered in Roman numerals to keep them distinct from the inside pages. An announcement of our novel photogravure gifts will be made next week.

"Something-to-Smoke" Fund

The total amount received for this fund during the twenty-first week was £103 13s. 5d. The prize of a two-guinea watch offered to the boy or girl between the ages of twelve and sixteen who sent in the best collecting-card has been awarded to Edgar J. Simon, Mare Ballam, St. John's, Jersey (collection £5 15s.), while another watch has been awarded as consolation prize to Lily Edwards, Green Bank, Crewe Road, Nantwich (collection £5).

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

From the painting by Angelo.

EARL KITCHENER OF KHARTUM, G.C.I.E., G.C.S.I., G.C.B.,
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR

THE WAR AS SEEN THROUGH GERMAN EYES

PICTURES FROM THE PORTFOLIOS OF ENEMY ARTISTS

A Leipzic artist's impression of the 5th Austrian Army's entry into Belgrade. The Austrians bombarded the Serbian capital since the beginning of the war, and were at last able to occupy it on December 2nd. General Liborius von Frank (who is seen riding in front of the standard-bearer) had a short-lived triumph, for the Serbians soon recovered and inflicted a smashing blow on their enemies, who lost no fewer than 60,000 casualties in the neighbourhood of Belgrade alone.

One of the most realistic pictures of the war, from the brush of a celebrated Leipzic artist. It illustrates an incident in the Seige of Przemysl. A deep trench on the outskirts of the fortress is being stormed by the Russians, and a violent hand-to-hand struggle ensues. The Austrians, having failed in their descent from the Carpathians, have left the fortress to its fate, and the defenders who have been holding out so bravely are reported to be in extremis, the food supply having failed.

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The War Illustrated, 27th February, 1915. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

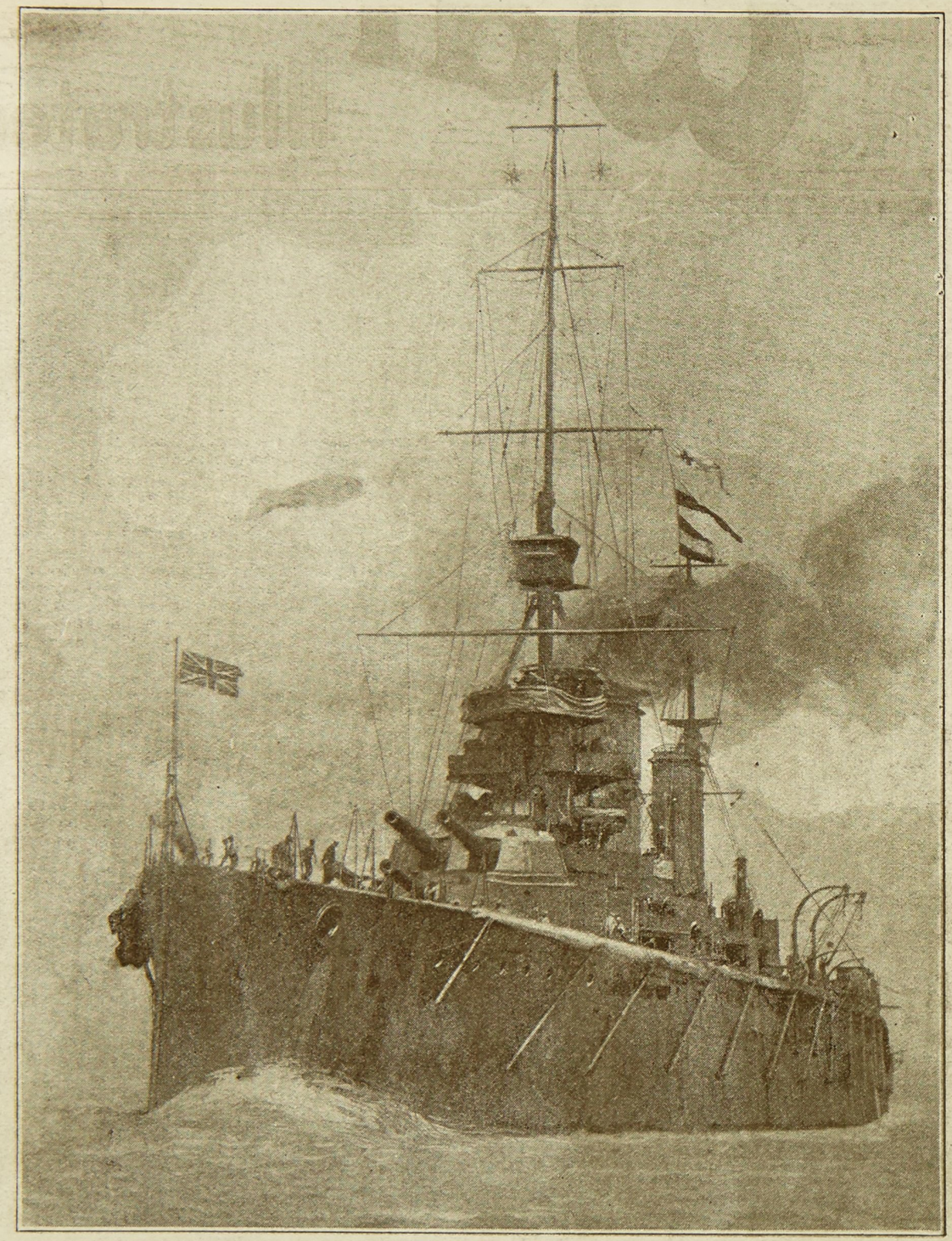
H. G. Wells foretells War's Changes on England

The War Illustrated

2d Weekly

Vol. 2. "Is it a Submarine?"—Brave British Merchant Sailors on the look-out for German Pirates **No. 28**

BRITAIN'S WATCH-DOGS OF THE DEEP



II.—H.M.S. LION

One of our battle-cruisers that took part in the great Dogger Bank fight. She was completed in 1912, has a length, over all, of 680 feet, and a displacement, full load, of 30,415 tons. She is armed with eight 13·5 in. guns, sixteen 4 in. guns, and three submerged torpedo-tubes.

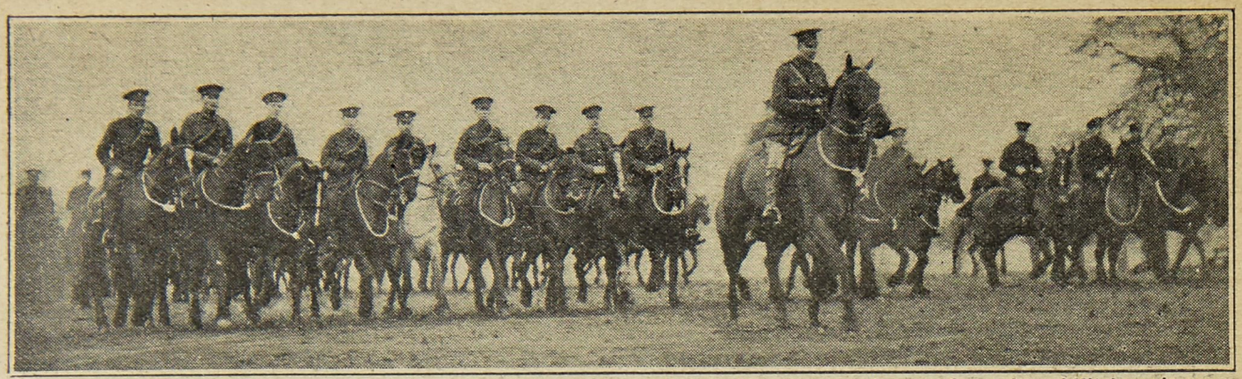
THE WAR Illustrated

No. 28. Vol. 2.
27 February, 1915.

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton.

COLD STEEL FOR GERMANS AT LA BASSEE.—British troops recently made a successful attack on the Germans holding the brickfields south of La Bassee Canal. Our infantry were covered by allied artillery. The booming of our heavy howitzers was audible twenty miles away. The artist vividly illustrates the assault launched against a "keep" held by the Germans.



Rehearsing for the great drama of war in the western theatre of operations. Smart mounted corps of one of Lord Kitchener's new armies holding a field-day somewhere in the environs of London.

WILL THE WAR CHANGE ENGLAND?

By H. G. Wells

The Editor has much pleasure in printing to-day the second and concluding part of Mr. Wells's very remarkable contribution, the opening part of which attracted such wide interest throughout the Press of the country. The conclusion is in many ways more striking and more provocative of thought, and the Editor takes this opportunity to repeat that Mr. Wells here expresses his own opinions with absolute freedom and in no wise accommodates himself to any editorial point of view. The article is strictly copyright in the United States of America.

THERE were intimations of the coming cataclysm. One of the most notable incidents before the black crisis of the first days of August was the King's effort to settle the Irish squabble, to persuade Sir Edward Carson and his opponents to cease from distressing Ireland. Things were very near us then, and there was a certain knowledge of their nearness. But these men were the creatures of the time, professionals playing at the lawyers' game of politics, men who would still gamble for a party advantage if they were starving upon a raft, and Sir Edward remained "firm" and to this day he is "firm"; the thunder burst upon us, the lightnings lit the heavens, the German millions poured down through Belgium upon Paris, but to anyone who cares to listen, this disgruntled mischief-maker is still ready to declare his irreconcilable obstructiveness to peace in Ireland and between English and Irish. He passes dwarfed but unchanged through a world catastrophe.

We Must Beat the Enemy to His Knees, or——

Because now Britain is up against things. No partial victory will save her. She has to beat her enemy to his knees and disarm him, she has not only to recover the freedom of Belgium, she has to reinstate and enlarge Belgium, she has to do her loyal utmost for her every ally, or quite plainly she has to prepare for the destruction of her Empire and a dwindling and dishonourable future. It is no defeat at the ends of the earth that we shall suffer if we are defeated, a defeat that can be lied about and forgotten at the tennis-net; it will be defeat that will sit at table with us, that will shame us in the streets, that will darken us in our homes and persecute us by day and night. And the issue is so plainly before the British that they cannot fail to see it; the situation is elementary and direct. And our country is rising to it; she was not dead but inattentive, and this time she is setting herself in order upon a scale that justifies us in believing that what the Boer War was insufficient to teach us is now to be exhaustively learnt. She rises and she must rise; that is the tragic excellence of this situation.

Only by learning her lesson can she prevail. If she slackens after some partial success, if presently her century-long habits of indolence turn her thoughts to a premature peace, then the pressure will lift only to recur. That Song of Hate which is being taught to little children in the schools of Berlin is the ultimate guarantee that the long lethargy of easy-going England is for ever at an end.

Now what are the chief changes that are necessitated by the great struggle in which we are involved? The essential change, the change that involves all the others, is the abandonment of that spectacular attitude into which our long age of immunity has lured us. The Englishman will cease to be a looker-on, not only at cricket matches and football matches, but at military reviews, at the political "arena," at the life of art and literature, at the pageant of royalty. That idea of modest and respectable detachment and irresponsibility must vanish from our lives. So, too, will the feeling that Government is something to be resisted, avoided, and neglected; that some clever fellow round the corner can be trusted to keep research going and everything straight, and that it is rather wise and kind to under-educate our children and be amiably fatuous in speech and thought. Such sections of the population as may still cling to these will ultimately be dragged in by the effects of taxes, requisitions, and the approach of conscription. The average Englishman of 1913 was conspicuously out of the great game of human life; he was in the Empire but not of the Empire, his ideal was to drum along in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him, to be "left alone" by the Government and to escape public service and taxation; the average Englishman of 1916 will be consciously *in* the process of humanity, he will be a conscious part of the Empire, he will be as much in the game as a half-back at football and as keen that the goalkeeper and forwards should play their keenest and best.

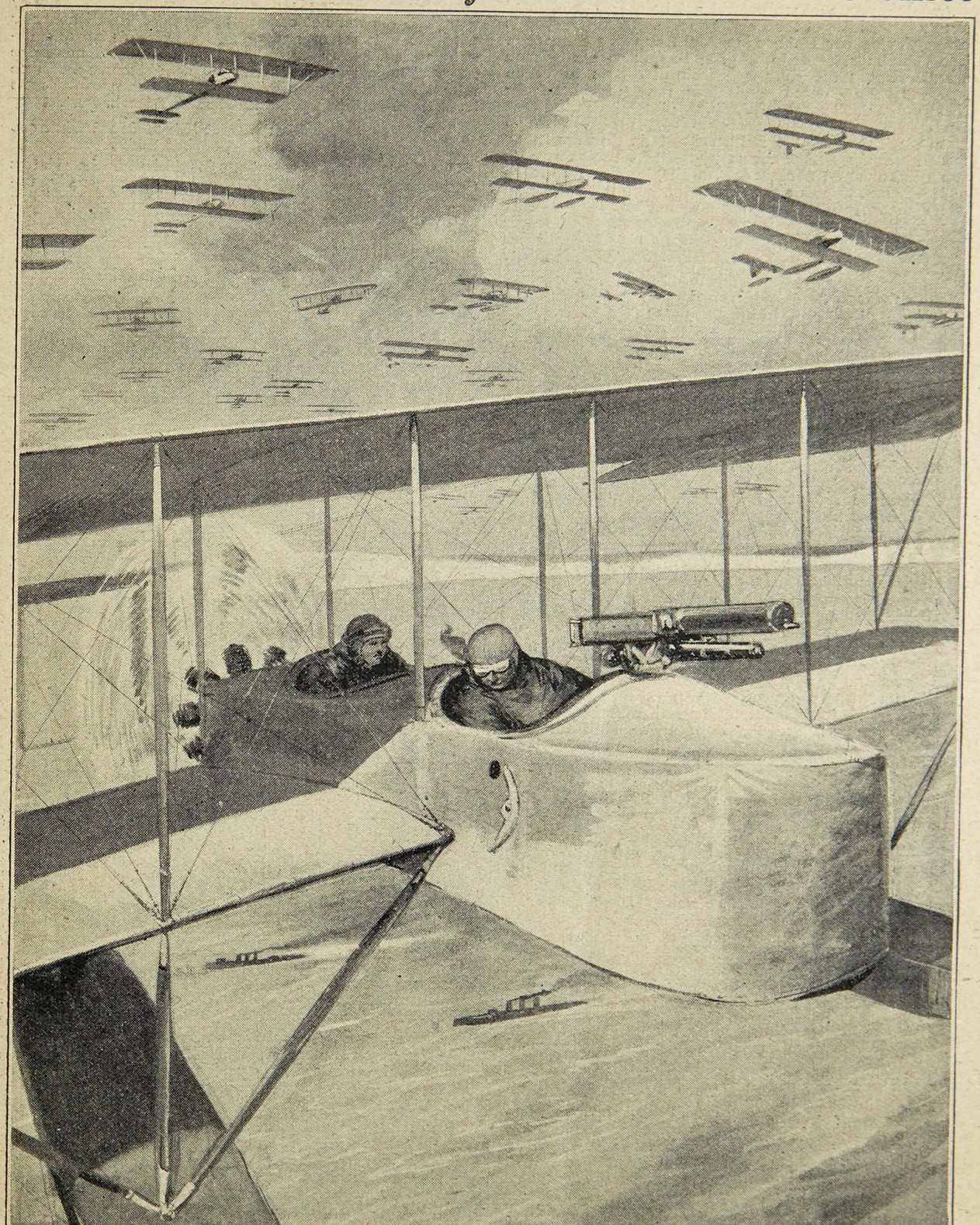
The New Englishman after the War Will Want to go on "Doing Things"

He will, to the number of two million or more, have recently put off khaki and come back to a civil life that will be calling imperatively for able organisation, or he will still be in khaki while the economic life of the country reorganises. If he has not actually been a soldier, he will have been working under emergency conditions because of the war; he will be none the less dislocated. All the old pre-war time habits will have gone. He will, as chemists say, be "nascent," unsubmissive, critical. He will want to know the good of this and that. And about a great number of things; about his relations to Indians and Irishmen and all sorts of alien people, about how the State may control finance and railways, and how, when the greed of "private enterprise" is a little in suspense, men may be very well fed and clothed and shod by the million, he will have had illuminating experiences.

He will be impatient with a Government that "fools about"; he will want it to go on doing things. So that I do not see that the old forensic party game is likely to return to British political life with the ending of the war. There will be too much to do and too much will that it should be done. And it is not beyond the wit of man to improve our methods of representation so as to prevent altogether

(*Continued on page* 28.)

Great Air Raids led by our Nelson of the Skies



Britain's Navy of the Air has done particularly brilliant work of late. Never before had so many machines acted in unison as when, on February 12th, Wing-Commander Samson, the Nelson of the Air, led thirty-four aeroplanes and seaplanes in a great attack on German submarine bases. Although flying part of the time through a violent snowstorm, and exposed to heavy fire, not a participant was injured. The only accident was the immersion of Flight-Commander Grahame-White in the sea off Nieuport. An even greater expedition took place four days later. Forty allied aircraft dropped 240 bombs on the same districts. Eight French aeroplanes took part in this, the most magnificent exploit of aerial warfare yet recorded.

that relapse of Parliamentary Government into a party struggle which is inevitable under our present electoral system.

And this return of reality will not be a change of mind simply in the mass of the English people. The slow process of Anglicising our Hanoverian Kings must be completed. The Court must cease to think and speak with a German accent. Unless the King is henceforth certain to be an active and disinterested Englishman, it would be better for the Empire to become a republic. The present indecent Teutonic restriction upon the marriages of the Royal family, which kept the British Court an alien deadening influence at the head of our national life for two enervating centuries, must be abolished. An English Court in touch with English thought and character, and inter-marrying freely with British and American families, is the only conceivable monarchy for the coming days. Few people realise the deep obstructive mischief this head of clay has worked in the past with the thought and vigour of our people.

The True English Patriotism of King George a Portent of the Future

But the present occupant of the throne has shown throughout a strongly patriotic and Anglicising disposition, and it is not too much to hope that the British Court will presently be playing its part vigorously in the general renascence. Presumptuous Teutonic royalty with semi-divine claims and preposterous etiquette is inconceivable in the England of the coming days, but an energetic, able, apologetic *English* King is probably the very best conceivable head of our great Empire under existing conditions.

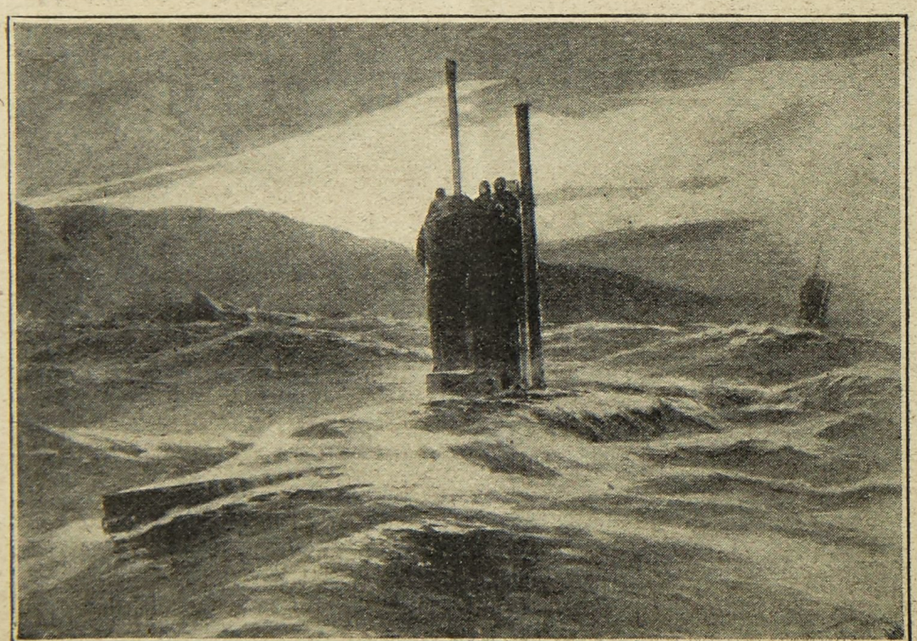
But where the movement towards reality and participation is most likely to be evident is in our educational life. This war has already been a liberal education for the whole Empire. It has indeed gone further than that, for it has aroused America to the importance of international politics. But it has also brought out into a glaring light the defects and deficiencies of British technical and higher education. No doubt this war has been altogether glorious for the British fighting man as a fighting man. It has brought to light our tremendous resources of cheerful pluck and unassuming devotion. All the more is it necessary to point to the many evidences of dullness, clumsiness, and want of imaginative foresight in the conduct of the war. The record of the War Office, in relation to recruiting and to the general helpful willingness of the country, has been one almost of unmitigated stupidity. The deficiency of military supplies in the country and the unsuitable nature of these supplies, has and will cost the Empire and Europe months of avoidable fighting and hundreds of thousands of lives. The British Admiralty went into the war not only short of mines, but without any adequate schemes or apparatus for sweeping up and destroying minefields — although for ten years and more the only probable war has been war with Germany. There were, and still are, no special shallow-water gun-platforms for counter-attacks upon the German ships in port.

Important Educational Changes in the Coming Years

The aviators' equipment was as insufficient as the aviators themselves were admirable. The Army was equally unprepared, either with guns or with a proper machinery for turning out a sufficiency of rifles. The showing of the influential and intellectual classes in Britain has, in fact, been as poor as the response of the common people has been admirable. The elementary schools have produced pluck, cheerfulness, willing patriotism in unlimited abundance; they have swamped the recruiting offices and all our resources of weapons and equipment; the public schools, though they have been patriotic enough, have produced no equivalent leadership and mental vigour. We must have schools that will fill our children's minds with the habitual veracities of science, with a knowledge and understanding of France, India, and Russia, and of the great world outside genteel British life. We want schools alive with criticism and intolerant of cant. The thing is so patent, it continues so conspicuously obvious, that no class conceit, no vested interests, no "social" influence can now stand in the way of a vigorous overhauling of our universities and higher schools.

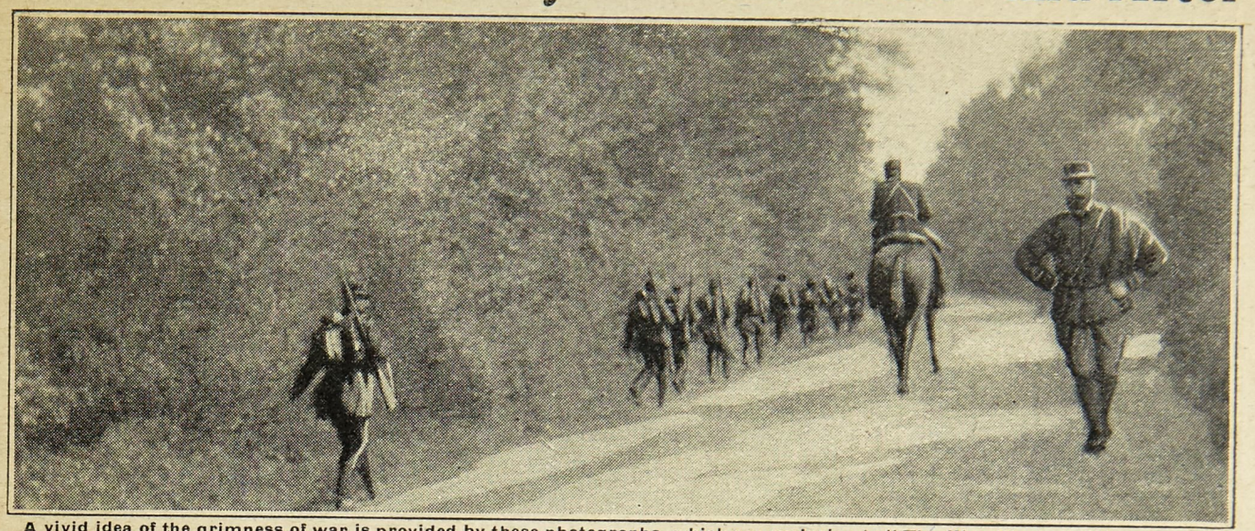
A Great Renascence of National Temperament

From these considerations one may deduce that the Englishman of the future will be a keener, abler, better educated, and more responsible type than the Englishman of the immediate past. He will have learnt the danger and absurdity of giving respect to position rather than capacity; he will be more jealously alive to the national honour in politics, and with a quite new hostility to that venal ennoblement of financiers and contractors and suchlike stuff, which he has hitherto been disposed to regard as part of the jest of life. He will be more alert about the monarchy and more helpfully critical of it. He will be more impatient of humdrum and cant. He will feel that he owns his country as he has never felt that ownership before; he will have bought it in the trenches of Flanders and the battlefields of Prussia. He will have come into his own. And being alive and awake, he will no longer read for slack amusement, but to inform and fine his mind, which will be a good thing for literature; and having a quickened mind he will no longer tolerate sham and pretentiousness in art. Even now he changes visibly to this new strength and dignity. You can imagine no conceivable sort of success in this war, no sort of event, that would give rise to the rowdy follies of Mafeking night now. It is Berlin that will maffick, they will wave flags and decorate and sing of being "over all," and of the splendours of their hate — until the chill of what is happening touches the Berliners to their bones and their shouts die away. England has come back to reality at last; she carries her life in her hand.



To terrorise Britannia and violate the rights of neutrals? Striking drawing by a well-known German artist of a German submarine full speed awash. In the picture it looks particularly sinister, but then so do "Pirate"-Admiral von Pohl's blockade threats——on paper.

Soldiers' Two Journeys: To the Battle—and After



A vivid idea of the grimness of war is provided by these photographs, which are exclusive to "The War Illustrated." A body of French Colonial infantry is seen hurrying into the firing-line during an attack at Beaumont. The men's eagerness is portrayed in their attitudes, as they advance under cover.

Then the tragic aftermath! The attack is over. Warrior gives place to healer. Along the same road by which they ran eagerly to the battle-line the wounded are being conveyed to hospital. One infantryman walks slowly and painfully, aided by a comrade. Now his rifle acts as a crutch.

Behind the same point of attack. French cooks, sheltered by the wall of a high house, prepare hot soup to hearten the fighters.

With one of our Photographers along the Vistula

Russian infantry about to leave for the Carpathians after a rest in a Galician village. Note the standard-bearer in the background.

Generals of the Tsar are well able to adapt themselves to circumstances, and lunch frugally by the wayside if necessary.

Actual photograph of Russian Red Cross workers removing wounded Austrian soldiers from a battlefield in Galicia.

Mounted Russian engineers, whose services have been invaluable on the eastern front—where there is unlimited scope for ingenuity in making seemingly impassable ways passable—building bridges, solidifying trenches, and generally furthering the cause of Slavdom in the most difficult theatre of the war. These photographs are exclusive to "The War Illustrated."

Incidents in the Stern Struggle for Warsaw

Scene outside a Galician church, showing a large body of the never-victorious Austrian Army, on their way to serve in the Tsar's Moscow concentration camp.

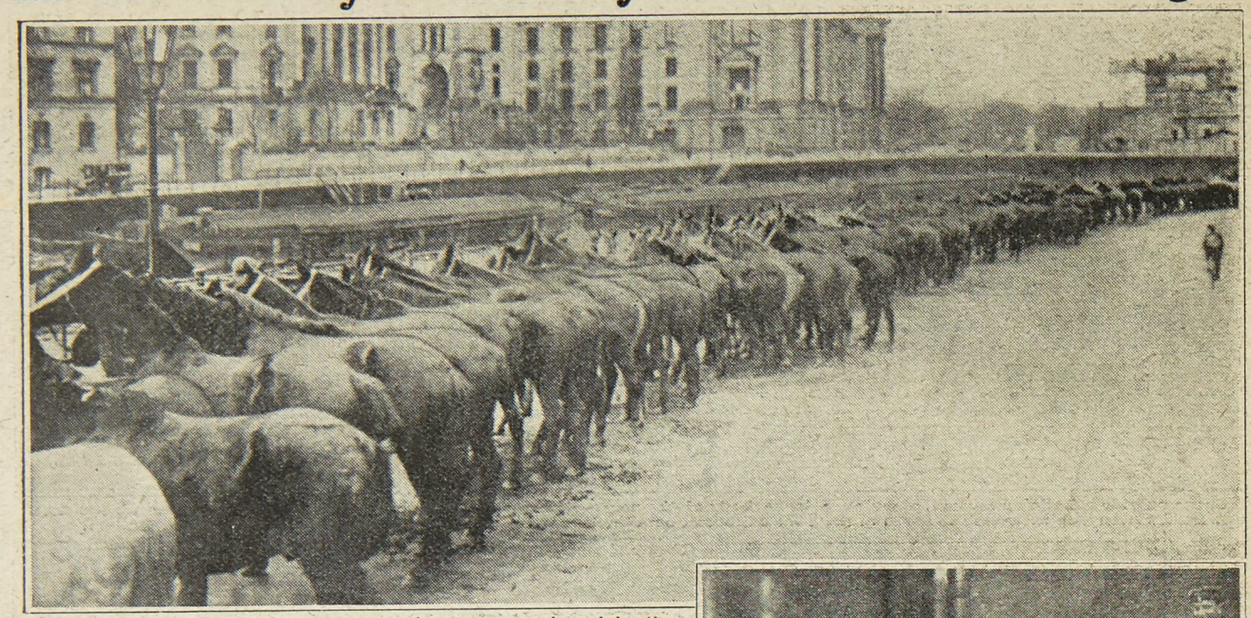
Russian general and member of his staff making observations in Galicia.

War by wire. Russian outposts telephoning the result of reconnaissance work to headquarters.

Interlude for domesticities on the battle-front. Cheery Slav soldiers preparing potatoes in the trenches.

Cossacks examining barrels, abandoned by Germans during a recent evacuation of a Polish village, to find them empty. The Hun is not likely to leave anything of value behind, except when he beats a hasty retreat, and difficulties of transport are insuperable.

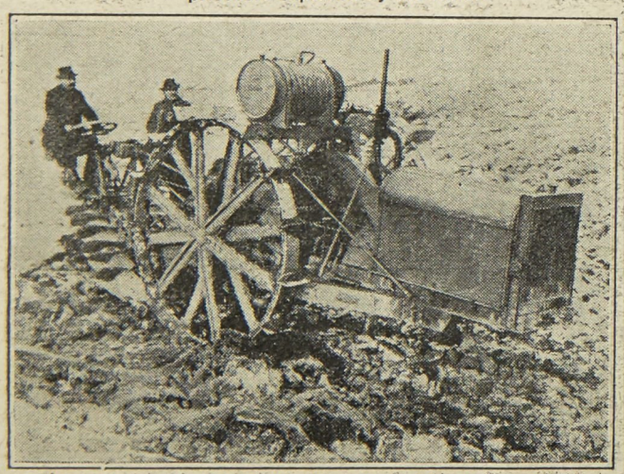
In the Enemy's Country while the War Wages



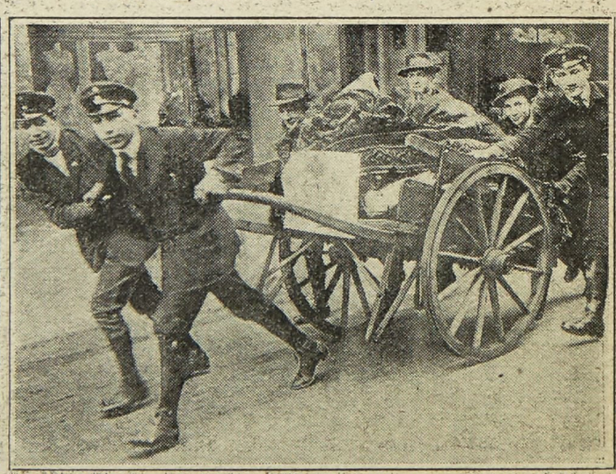
All the horses in the Fatherland have been commandeered by the State. Here is a temporary open-air stable near the Reichstag, Berlin.

Searching for the missing. Women, employed in the War Department Office, Berlin, owing to the shortage of men, compiling lists of German prisoners captured by the Allies.

Cured, but "incurable" in the cause of "Kultur." A cheery send-off. German soldier, having recovered from his wounds, leaves a Berlin hospital for the front again.



Not a new weapon of "frightfulness," merely a steam-plough, which is converting the Tempelhofer field, once the Berlin review ground of goose-stepping legions, into a potato field.



Wool hunts on the Spree. Owing to a shortage of this indispensable fabric, parties of youths are sent round Berlin to collect wool from private individuals on behalf of the Government.

The Huns in one of France's Fairest Cities

The streets of Lille, one of the fairest cities of La Belle France, are being trod by the Huns. In this photograph the Crown Prince of Bavaria (x) is seen saluting the Crown Prince of Saxony (xx) in the Place de la Republique.

Blatant parades are held periodically in order to impress the invader with a renewed sense of his own importance. The Crown Prince of Bavaria at the head of his troops in the Grand' Place after the parade in honour of the King of Bavaria's birthday.

There is no Colour-Line at the Battle-Line

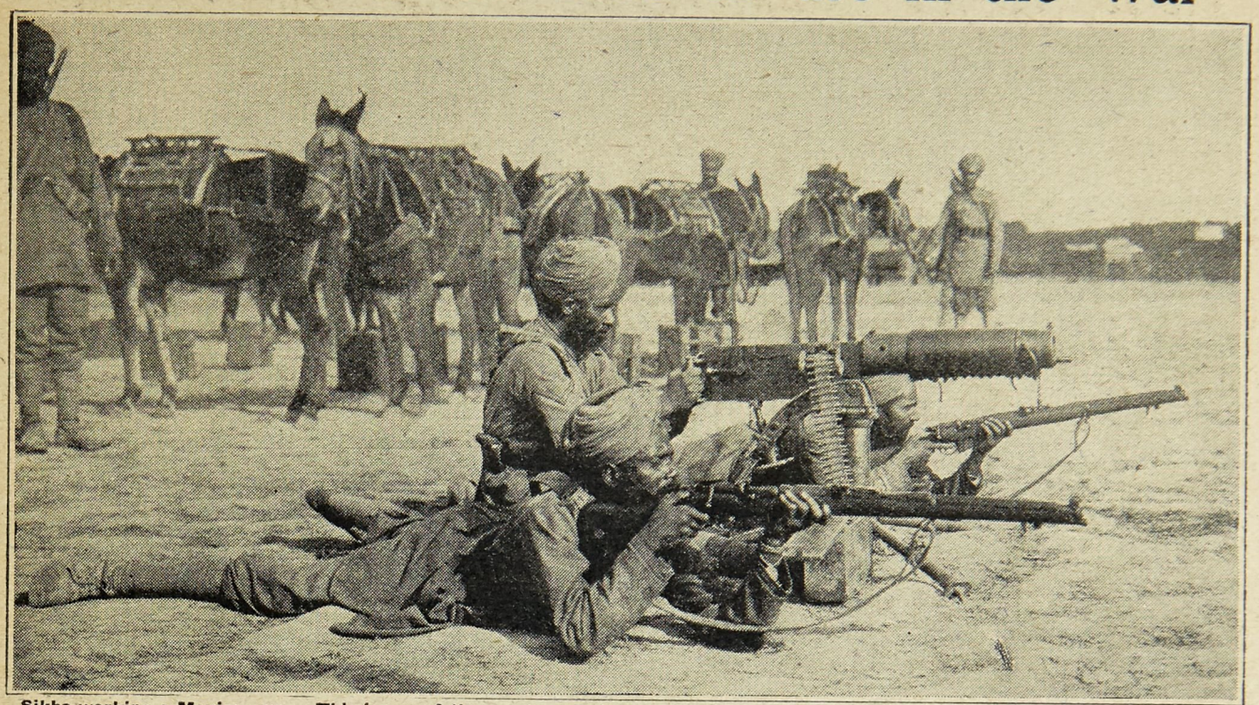
A picturesque Senegalese emcampment in Northern France, showing how the dark soldiers from the French African colony accommodate themselves in peculiar dwarfed tents. Our soldiers take great interest in these coloured auxiliaries of the French Army and their quaint native manners and customs. The Senegalese are a particularly hardy race and fond of fighting.

Cheery sons of Africa who are helping to shoulder the Allies' burden. Senegalese soldiers prepare a meal within sound of the guns.

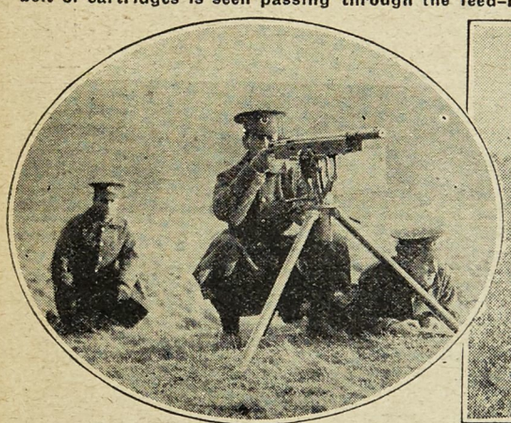
British soldiers photographed with a negro from the Belgian Congo adorned with a "blonde beast's" helmet.

A French Turco, with Arab steed, has drawn up to a village pump for water, to be greeted by three British soldiers. The way in which white and coloured races have fraternised freely has been an interesting feature of the war. The menace of "Kultur" has united the army of civilisation in a bond of sympathy and affection irrespective of colour, race, and religion.

Diverse Machine-Guns in use in the War



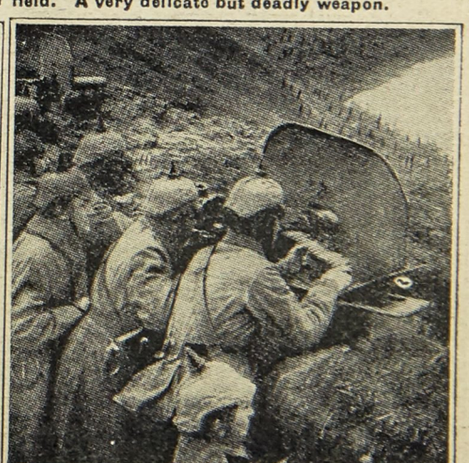
Sikhs working a Maxim gun. This is one of the most generally used guns, and capable of firing about 450 rounds a minute. The belt of cartridges is seen passing through the feed-block while the gunner directs the fire by means of two handles at the rear.



A Colt gun, which depends for its action on the escape of gases generated in the explosion.

The latest pattern mitrailleuse, which has been used with great effect by our French allies in the field. A very delicate but deadly weapon.

Members of the First London Machine-gun Battery practising with the Lewis patent gun, one of the most rapid yet in use, firing 750 rounds a minute.

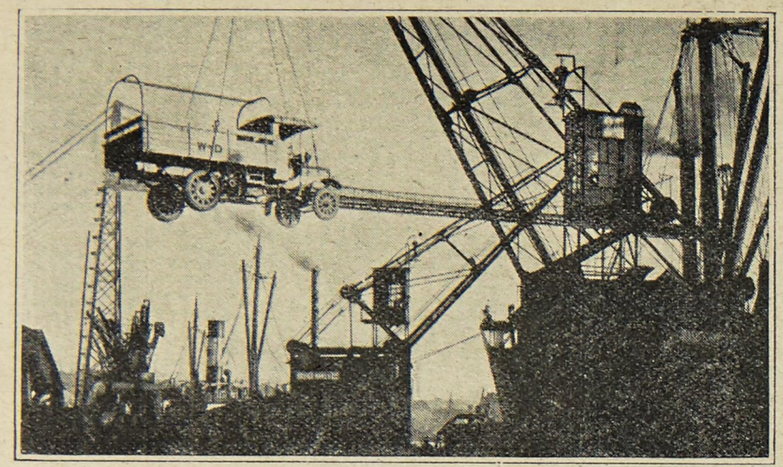


German shield-protected machine-gun, similar to the Maxim in action, in East Prussian trenches.

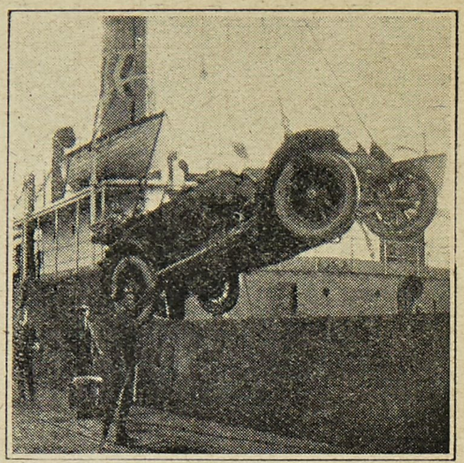
BRAVE BELGIANS CONSTRUCT A BRIDGE OVER FLOODS UNDER FIRE.—The drawing on this page is indicative of the almost superhuman difficulties of flood warfare as waged in that part of Belgium still in the Allies' hands. The inrush of the sea has converted the lowlands into a sort of miniature Archipelago. Most of the territory is submerged, but here and there a small tract is left high and dry by reason of its elevation. Brave Belgian outposts hold most of these island forts, which are connected in some way or other with the main army. The communication, in the case of the incident illustrated above, was constructed with bundles of brushwood. Under heavy fire from the Germans holding similar advanced posts in the flooded area, a causeway was made over the treacherous slime for a quarter of a mile. Every five yards was paid for with a Belgian life, but the sappers worked on heroically until the improvised bridge deviated under cover of the position to which it was directed, and the Belgians were able to complete their work in comparative safety.

SANGUINARY HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING DURING SECOND LA BASSEE BATTLE.—During the last days of January, the Germans concentrated heavy forces in the neighbourhood of Auchy les la Bassee in preparation for one of their massed onslaughts, so consistently disastrous both from the point of view of losses and prestige. Early one morning British advance posts observed a great cloud of grey uniforms loom up in the distance. They immediately poured a withering fire into the oncoming Huns, who, however, were only momentarily arrested. In the course of the battle a frightful hand-to-hand feud ensued, in which members of two Scottish regiments, though greatly outnumbered, fought with dogged heroism. "Jack Johnsons" fell fast among the combatants, but the superior bursting-power of British shells, and timely reinforcements, eventually checked the enemy. Our trenches, which fell before the impetus of the Germans, were retaken. In spite of heavy sacrifices the enemy's attempt to pierce the Allies' line at this important point was a complete failure. The second Battle of La Bassee lasted about three and a half hours before the German hordes were finally dispersed. A large number were killed, and many gave themselves up.

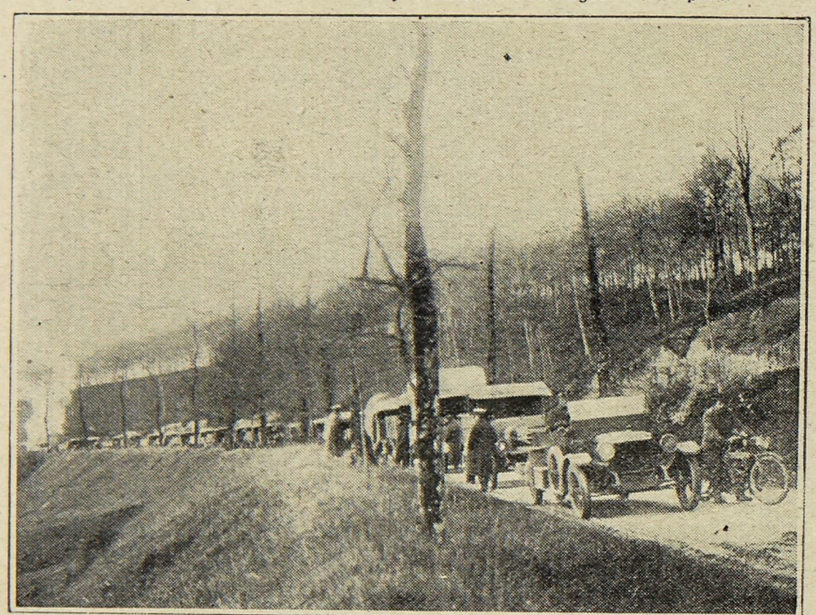
Strange Adventures of 'Bus and Car in War-time



A heavy motor-waggon is lifted with ease from the transport to the quay at Rouen by means of a powerful crane. Rarely is a machine damaged in transport.



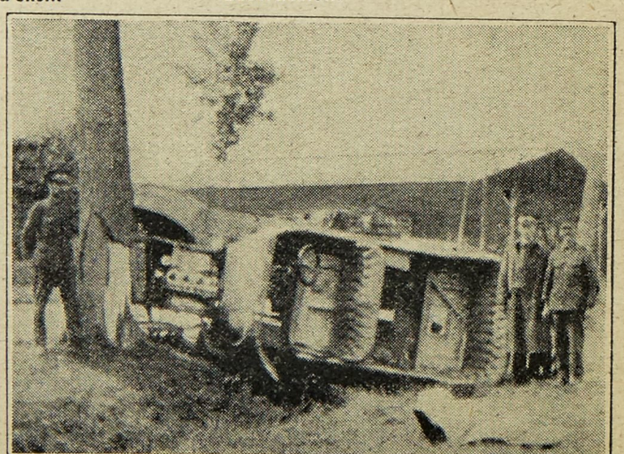
Dropping a private car over the side. The chauffeur is seen guiding it into place.



A mile and a quarter of military cars come to a standstill on a French road. One in the distance is on fire. Possibly it has been struck by a shell.

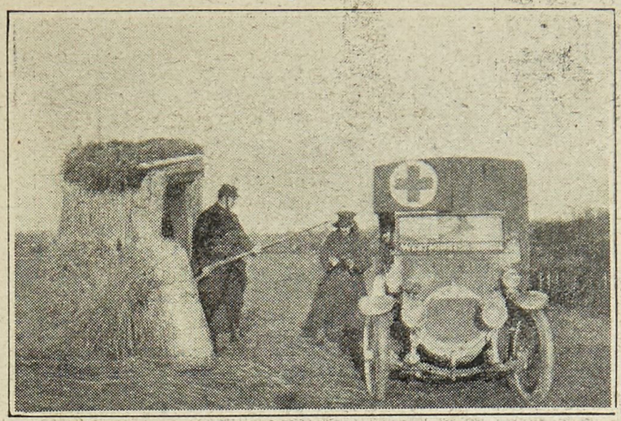
THIS war is essentially a machine-made war, and the greatest achievements of the mechanical mind are the deciding factors. In the prominence that has been given to the use of the aeroplane as a means of aggression, the great service of its precursor—the automobile—is apt to be overlooked. At the outbreak of the war thousands of cars and motor-cycles were requisitioned by the British Government for service on the Continent. In transport work the homely motor-'bus (adapted as in the photograph on this page) has proved itself invaluable, and the motor-bike for the quick conveyance of despatches is unequalled. The casualties, however, in the ranks of motor-vehicles have been heavy. A stray shell, hard going on bad roads—now quagmires owing to heavy rains—and generally reckless driving, have transformed many hundreds of sumptuous autos into heaps of twisted iron, rusting by the wayside. These derelicts may be seen on the roads of France and Flanders, where they have been left for wind and weather to complete their destruction.

How a London motor-'bus is adapted for active service. The top is removed bodily. A little sawing, some strong rope, and a hefty pull, and the "General" is quite ready to do its bit for the country.



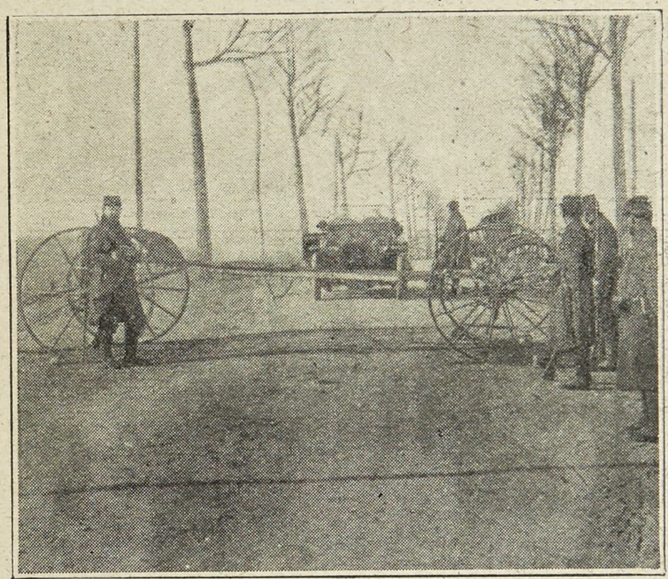
Hundreds of valuable cars are meeting the fate of the "Sunbeam" depicted in this photograph. Necessary reckless driving or a shell is accounting for thousands of pounds' worth of mechanism.

Lynx-eyes look out for possible Spies



Every precaution against treachery is taken by French sentries. Even a Red Cross car is overhauled for inspection of papers.

A Russian suspect between two German soldiers at Lodz on his way to undergo the ordeal of cross-examination.



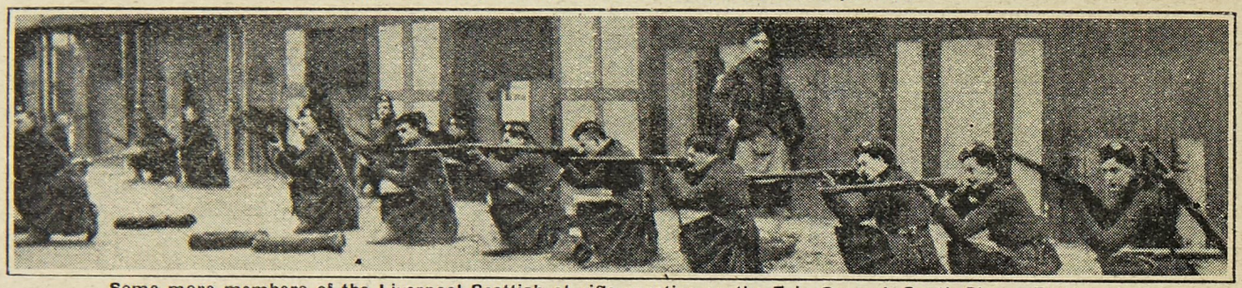
German spies are in the habit of masquerading in French uniform. Our allies are therefore particularly careful to scrutinise all vehicles passing certain points, though occupants appear obviously French.

French and Algerian prisoners being interrogated by German officers. There is no mercy for a spy if caught. He is rarely given the benefit of the doubt.

Dramatic trial scene of Franc-tireur. He is being questioned by a German officer. With humility he anxiously explains his position. On the right some other French captives are seen awaiting their turn to come to judgment.

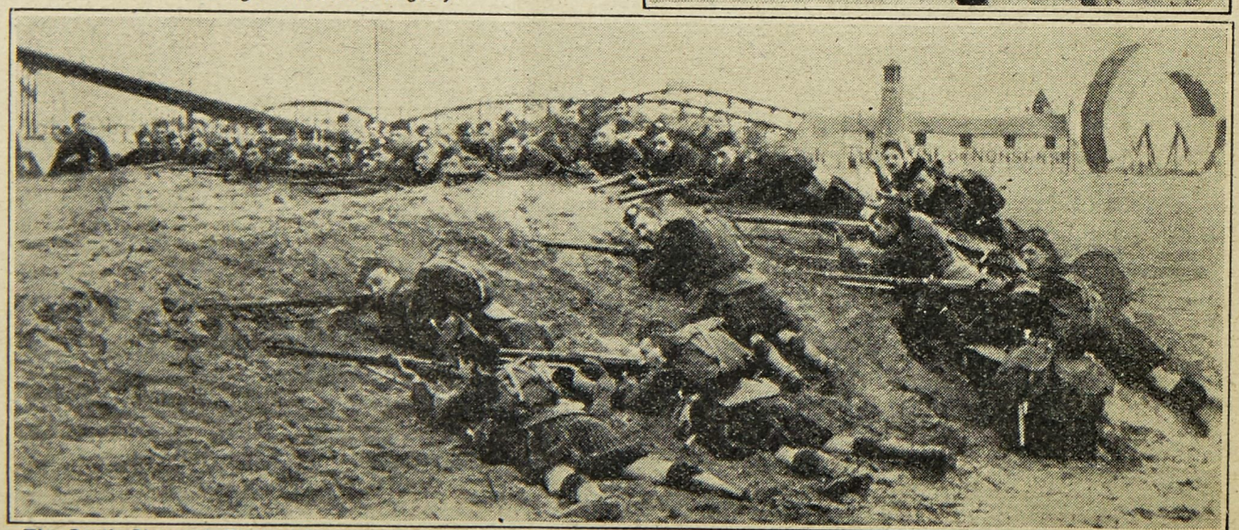
Liverpool Scots to follow London's Glorious Lead

A large number of Liverpool Scots who have been training hard at Blackpool during the past weeks. This photograph shows many of them drawn up on the sands recently for inspection.



Some more members of the Liverpool Scottish at rifle-practice on the Fair Ground, South Shore, Blackpool.

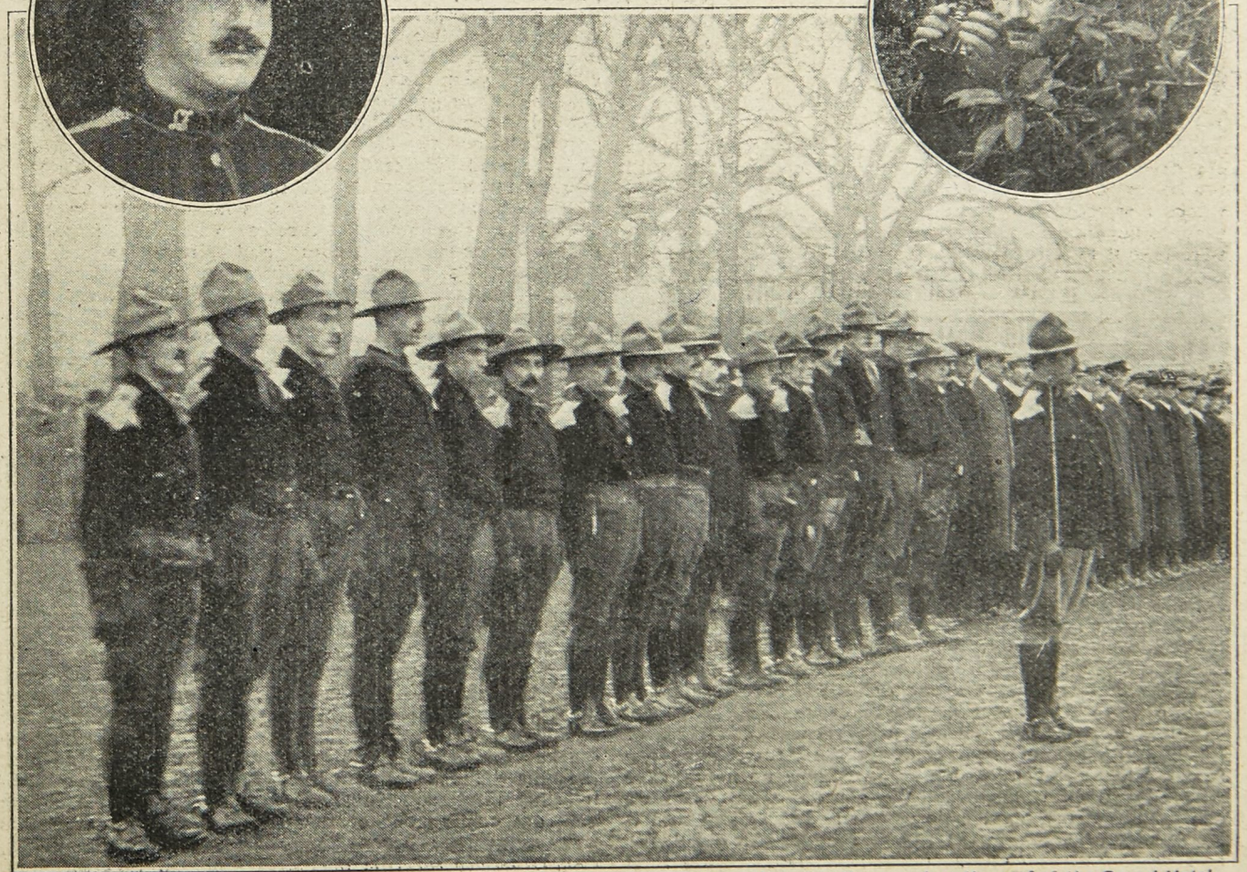
Exercising with the bayonet. They are looking forward to "covering themselves with glory."



The South Shore of Blackpool, the summer rendezvous of trippers and pleasure-seekers, has been full of keen soldier patriots. This photograph shows Liverpool Scottish training in the sand. The Big Wheel and House of Nonsense, looking rather forlorn, are seen in the background. The battalion was recently entertained by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool.

Frontiersmen off for their Greatest Adventure

The Legion of Frontiersmen is composed mainly of Britons who have lived on or beyond the frontiers of the Empire, or who have seen naval or military service.



From left to right our photographs show: Trumpeter-Sergeant of the Legion; changing the guard on the roof of the Grand Hotel, Leigh-on-Sea; Mr. C. J. Purslow, one of the organising officers; Trooper W. Brewer, who is a first-rate scout; and a recent inspection of Frontiersmen by Staff-Captain Dinsmead, V.C., at Chalkwell Park. The Legion is to go on active service shortly.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

I AM just back from a week-end at one of the great bases of the British Army in France. Of much that I saw it is impossible to tell at present. The facts which it would be indiscreet to record are facts giving good cause for encouragement. The Army believes that we are on the eve of a great move forward. Probably this forward move will not take place quite so early as our soldiers expect, for the ground is still too muddy to allow heavy guns to be pushed on. Every soldier I met—and I talked with many men of all ranks in many regiments and on the Staff—is convinced that the advance, when it does come, can only have one result, and that result victory. This universal optimism is the outstanding feature of the British Army at the front to-day. The great base camps are intensely interesting in more ways than one. There is not much shouting or flag-waving, but there is plenty of quiet humour. The new huts that have been put up in wholesale numbers are roomy, convenient, and seem a great improvement on many that I have seen at home.

Tommy Atkins's Nicknames

Tommy Atkins retains his love of nicknames. The new recruit is "Sandy" or "Jock," "Nosey" or "Ginger." The soldiers' dining-rooms are chalked outside—the "Hotel Cecil" or the "Savoy." The most miserable and filthy hole that I met with in the camps had a big plank in front proclaiming it with sardonic humour the "Ritz Restaurant." One group of soldiers had the side of their bell-tent labelled "The Ten Loonies." Others called themselves "Happy Hampshires." The British soldier will not have side, swagger, or pretence. One or two regiments, notably the Princess Patricia's, have been unmercifully chaffed because well-meaning but foolish scribes have plastered them with praise in print. The Princess Patricia's, who are good soldiers—443 men in the regiment have the right to wear war medals—have not asked for this praise and do not want it, but that does not save them from the good-humoured criticism of their comrades.

What the Soldier Complains About

The British soldier is proverbially a "grouser." In the old days it was an axiom among army commanders that the better the grouser the better the fighter. The soldiers whom I saw did not grumble about life in the trenches; they do not like the mud and do not pretend to like it, but they take it as a regular part of their duty, to be endured as a matter of course. Their complaints centred around two things—unequal pay and unequal publicity. Many soldiers in the Regular Army feel they have legitimate cause for grievance in the fact that, while their pay is fifteen pence a day, ordinary labourers—not skilled mechanics—employed in the Army Service Corps for the work of loading and unloading cars and ships, receive 4s. and 5s. a day. "After all," said one soldier to me, "we are the men who are getting the knocks; we are in the front line; those beggars loading commissariat waggons will never see a shot fired in earnest, many of them. It doesn't seem fair."

"All Sorts and Conditions"

The Army Service Corps is universally recognised as the most mixed corps in the Army. Its very initials, A.S.C., are now translated throughout the ranks as "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." The corps includes some of the finest horse-drivers and motorists, who daily risk their lives taking supplies to the front lines. It includes also large numbers of labourers, who are doing the necessary detail work of the war at bases like Havre, Rouen, and Boulogne. The first to come and the last to go, is what it claims for itself. "We're the servants of all the Army," said one smart A.S.C. sergeant to me. "We know no hours, save when our work is finished. We get our sleep when we can." The Army Service Corps can at least claim that it has been the means during this war of feeding our Army and keeping it supplied, as an army has never before been supplied, since war began.

I may be suspected, being a newspaper man myself, of a certain prejudice when I write on the soldiers' complaint about the lack of publicity. I am, however, simply recording what is told me by the men themselves. They say that there is regiment after regiment which came into the fighting-line at the Battle of Mons, and has been in all the great engagements since, but which has never had a single mention in the newspapers, save in the official lists. Some of these regiments have lost three-fourths of their original strength. They have done feats that would add fresh glory to the British name could they be known.

The Lack of Publicity

The stimulus of the example of their heroism is limited to those who witness it. "We don't mind the London Scottish, or any other Territorial regiment, getting all the credit due to them," say the soldiers; "but why should not some of the Regulars have their turn?"

Why not? It certainly is not the fault of the newspapers, which would be glad to tell what is happening. I imagine that Sir John French himself shares this feeling, for he wrote some very significant words: "I regard it as most unfortunate that circumstances have prevented any account of many splendid instances of courage and endurance, in the face of almost unparalleled hardship and fatigue in war, coming regularly to the knowledge of the public." Before leaving the subject of what I saw at the base, I would like to say how the praise of the military hospitals is in everyone's mouth.

The Great Despatch-Writer

It may seem somewhat late in the day to recommend my readers to study Sir John French's great despatch, published last week. Better late than never. If you have never read it, take my advice and read it now; if you have read it once in the casual way in which so much newspaper matter is skimmed, read it again carefully. It will repay your time. Sir John French is proving himself among the few great military despatch-writers the modern world has seen. I do not know and do not care whether he actually writes the despatches himself, or whether he has had the good judgment to select an able military officer of literary tastes who shall put his ideas into the shape he wants. At all events, he succeeds in conveying to us all a definite, convincing picture of what has happened. Frank, transparently honest and straightforward, the Field-Marshal's messages produce on practically every reader—whether he be a somewhat cynical journalist, a busy man of affairs, or a working-man at bench or forge—just the right impression. He does not try to show that everything is roseate on our side and everything hopeless with our enemies. Equally he is not afraid to praise, and this time he can praise and praise and praise again.

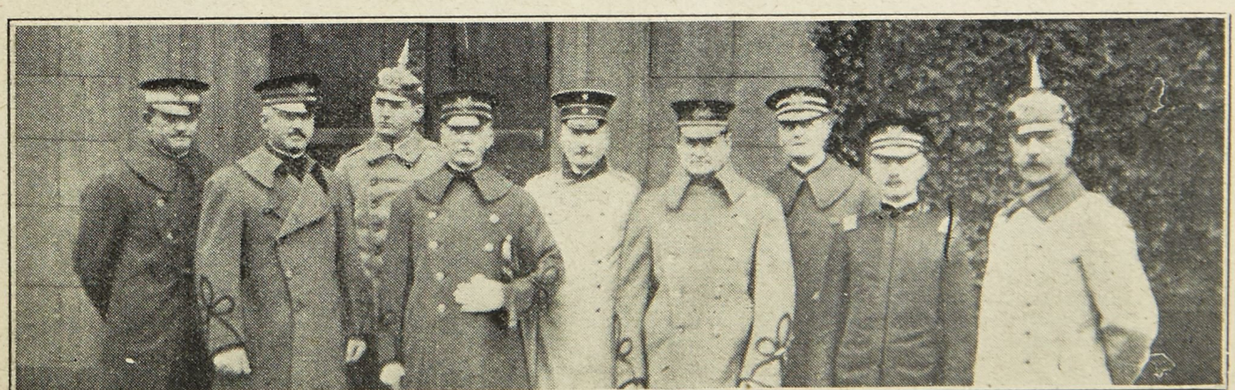
Suffering, Enduring, Unyielding

Those of us who have had some opportunities of seeing what has actually been taking place in the front lines of the allied armies during these dreary winter months, have been hampered by one difficulty. Were we to say all that we felt to be true in laudation of the spirit, the ability, and the accomplishments of our soldiers, we would be laughed at as mere enthusiasts. But the fact remains that the British Army with its allies in the northern lines has carried through a task during these winter months that will stand in the military history of the world as among the most trying and exacting ever known. It has been the lot of our Army to stand and to suffer month after month. Occasionally there has been an opportunity for a splendid advance, for a fierce fight, for something to quicken the blood and to kindle enthusiasm; but most of the time the task has been to stand still in trenches of half-freezing mud, suffering, enduring, unyielding. And our men are coming out of this experience in better spirits than when they began. They are coming out stronger, tested, and found true metal. I am glad that Sir John French has praised the soldiers under him.

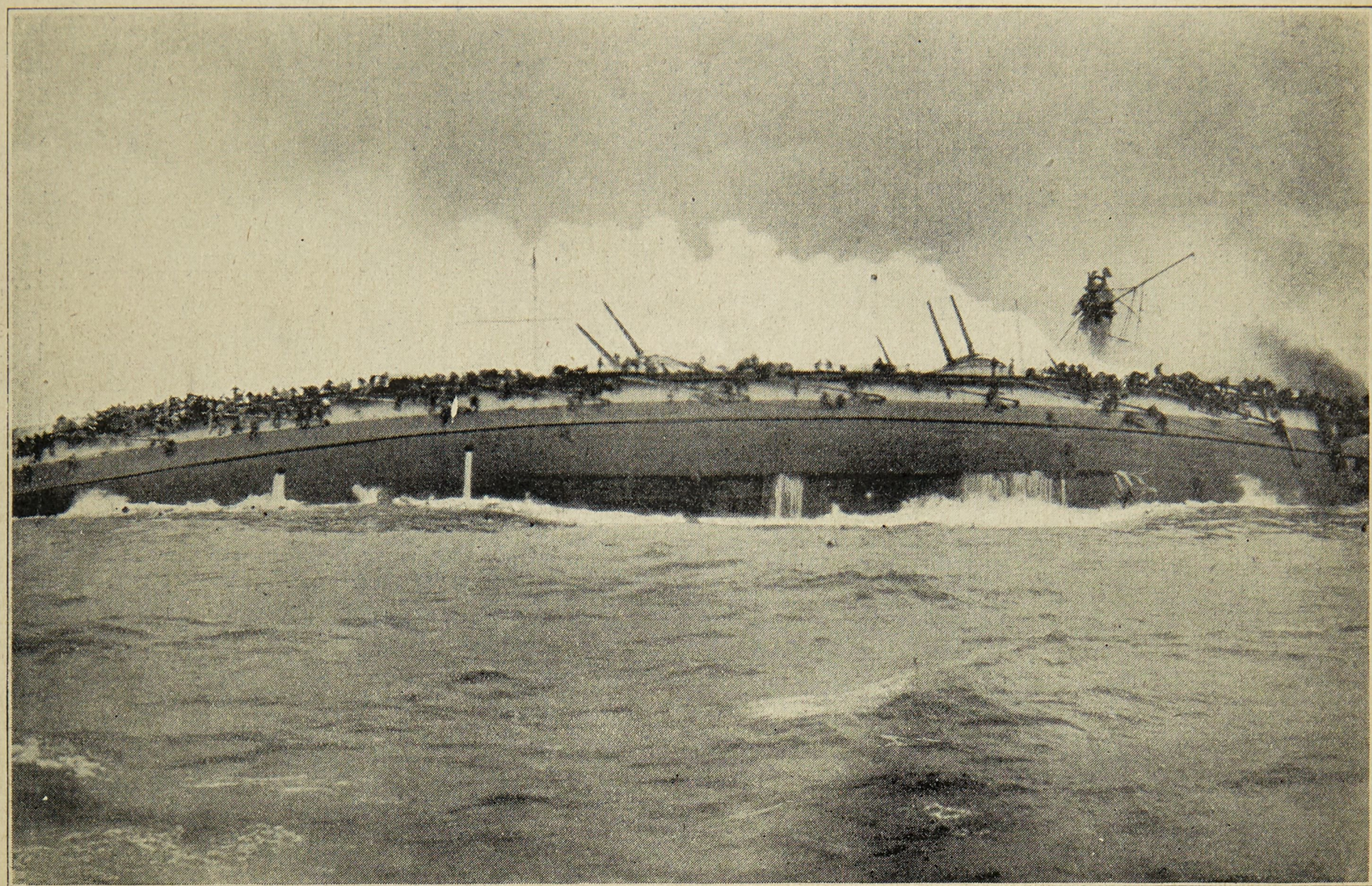
Our American Cousins with Friend and Foe

The American ambulance at Neuilly, near Paris, is doing excellent work for the wounded soldiers. Many of the nurses are well-known society ladies. This photograph shows some of them with doctors and patients on the balcony of the hospital.

Interior of the bandage-room at the American Hospital in Paris. The surgical department was organised by Miss Grace Gassette, the artist, who is seen standing with her hands behind her, against a chair. Other members of the staff are well-known society leaders.



The American military attache and his staff in Berlin. Our American cousins, being one of the few peoples with which the Germans are not for the moment at war, are represented in the field of operations. The attache must be somewhat nervous of the tension between Uncle Sam's eagle and the Kaiser's vulture. In the event of a rupture their position would be, to say the least, ludicrous.



[*Copyright "Daily Mail."*

THE BLUCHER GOING TO HER DOOM.—This unique photograph shows the pride of the German Navy, at the moment of capsizing, in the very instant when hundreds of human souls are passing into the beyond. The bow of the hapless leviathan is on the right of the picture. Owing to brilliant British gunnery, she is now a raging furnace in a limitless waste of sea. The remnant of her ill-fated crew are seen clustered astern awaiting the final plunge, while many, unable to keep their equilibrium, are sliding down the ship's side in the hope of being rescued by their invincible but humane foes. Some have stripped, and are wearing only cork jackets. The shattered tripod mast is visible on the right. Four 8·2 in. and two 6 in. weapons, now for ever silent, are pointing helplessly skywards. The foreshortened mainmast appears abaft two of the 8·2 in. guns, but both funnels have disappeared.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

AT the moment there is a lull in the naval operations except for the great air raids on the submarines' coast bases and places of "rest." It is a favourable one to comply with the request of a correspondent to deal with the principles on which different kinds of warships are distributed so as to co-operate and afford the maximum of offensive power in support of each other.

One class is anomalous, and that is the slow, short-sighted, but quickly disappearing and tiny target of a submarine in its fighting position, with only its eye, or periscope, peeping above the surface. It is anomalous for two reasons. Its numbers have no relation to the strength of the enemy's submarines, since submarine does not fight submarine. Her operations are far removed from those of her own fleet so long as she is submerged, for it is necessary to treat each periscope that comes in sight as an enemy. She can still by wireless telegraphy keep in touch with the Grand Fleet. This is important, for submarines on the one hand need information as to where an enemy ship may pass, and, on the other, they sometimes can scout in waters no other craft can penetrate, and therefore acquire special information.

Take a series of circles as in the diagram, with battleships written in the centre one; then in the concentric circles write battle-cruisers, cruisers, destroyers, and aircraft. Here we have the simplest proposition, and we see that if we do not want these circles continually pierced, with resultant losses, we must be superior in each class to our enemy; for while it is reasonable that the enemy's cruisers and destroyers should drive in our destroyers to the protection of the cruisers, his destroyers acting alone should be driven in by our destroyers.

The Eyes and Ears of the Fleet

Picture mentally, as in the diagram, that the outer craft cover the widest field while acting as the eyes and ears of the battle fleet, and must not be driven in before they can "find out things." They must therefore be the most numerous, smallest, and cheapest type of war vessel consistent with superiority to similar types in the rival navies. They lose in offensive and defensive power, but rely on speed to do their work and enable them to chase down similar craft, or, if necessary, to fall back for support on ships having stronger guns and armour.

Conversely, the stronger craft can press forward to their assistance, as Beatty did with his battle-cruisers in the Battle of the Bight. We can be sure that in the more recent action, if the German battleships had come out to the assistance of their battle-cruisers, our battleships were not far off, and were ready to move to Beatty's assistance.

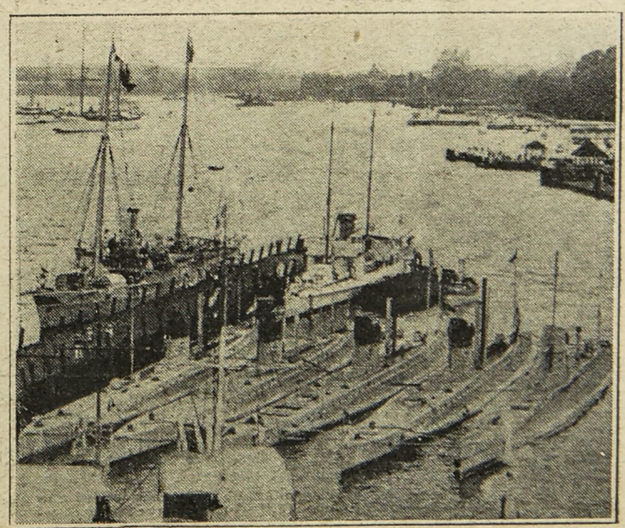
We can apply to our diagram the simple rule that the more concentrated the circle—for example, the battleships in the inner circle—the heavier the guns and the armour. The longer the radius of the circle, the higher the speed—for example, the destroyers and the aircraft on the outer circles. Thus the battle-cruiser to-day in the second circle has about one-fifth less armament and forty per cent. less armour than the battleship in the first circle, and she has about one-fourth greater speed.

This, then, is a rough mental picture of the position of a Power with a predominant navy. All operations against her, whether of mines, submarines, and aircraft, are in the nature of guerilla tactics. She must rely on her cheaper, numerous, and speedy vessels to hunt down attempts of steamers, trawlers, and barges to lay mines, and to prevent submarines and aircraft from raiding. Germany can have no such distribution, as our circles indicate, for her fleet of battleships, cruisers, and destroyers, being inferior, cease to play their part. They remain anchored, some ten to fifteen miles inland, behind the coast fortifications and elaborate minefields.

Since the defeat of her battle-cruisers, the mine and the submarine are the only weapons Germany has fought with. Both can only be adequately dealt with by a vast increase in the number of small armed craft, using to the full all that we can find in the merchant marine and our fine steam-trawling fleet. As I have said, the submarine is anomalous, and it has to be prevented from getting at our valuable armoured ships by anomalous tactics. That is why the destroyers, in addition to being on the outer circle, also immediately surround the large armoured ships to prevent submarine attacks.

Germany's Sunken Weapons

It will be seen that everything hinges on Jellicoe's battleships, the vessels which have not been in the limelight of Fleet Street, which have done no fighting because they have won without spilling blood. All our successes—the transport of one million soldiers without a loss, the complete cessation of German commerce, the immunity of our own commerce, the success of Beatty's and Sturdee's actions—all are derived from the arduous work and readiness of these battleships which have never seen the enemy. It is they whose threat prevents the German ships coming out on to the trade routes. With our Allies, we have a margin of superiority over the Germanic fleets of 150 per cent. in battleships.



"Safe at rest!" German submarines cradled in Kiel Canal.

The war has, to my mind, conclusively proved that our margin would have been insufficient if we had been fighting single-handed against Germany and Austria. Happily, that is now an academic question, and to-day we may turn to our public and say in the words of H.M.S. Iron Duke's official Christmas-card:

"God rest you merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay."

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

SO much has been heard of the various air raids by the Royal Naval Air Service lately that it seems worth while to consider some of the points about such performances in general, for similar raids on a somewhat smaller scale have been a regular feature of the air work of all the belligerents for some months. In the early days of the war the aircraft of all the nations concerned had plenty to do in the way of plain reconnaissance work, for vast armies were on the move, and everyone was anxious to discover whereabouts the other fellow was moving his troops, so that the movements could be forestalled. Now that the various armies are in close contact things have arrived at something very like a deadlock, and a few good pilots can discover in an hour or two whether their own immediate enemy is moving large bodies towards any particular part of his own line.

Consequently, there is generally a fair supply of aeroplanes left over, which can be employed either for controlling artillery fire or for raiding purposes.

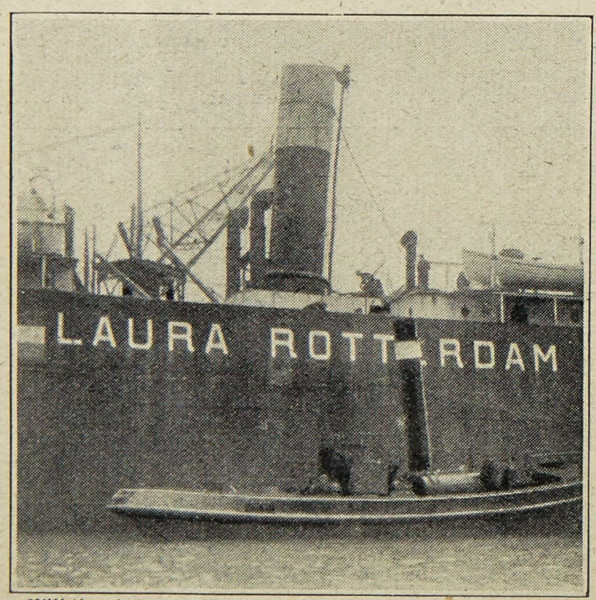
Valuable Air Work that Bores

Controlling artillery fire is rather boring work, for the aeroplane simply paddles round in circles, practically over its own lines, and signals to the battery with which it is working whether the shots are long or short, or wide to left or right. Naturally, the work is highly valuable, for on its effectiveness depends the destruction of the enemy's artillery or observation posts, but it lacks the sporting element of going out on reconnaissance and stealing information about the enemy's movements, and it lacks the fierce joy of hitting back which one gets from bomb-dropping.

Still, Headquarters recognise the value of artillery fire control, and one officer of the Royal Flying Corps has been appointed to the Distinguished Service Order for the good work accomplished by batteries firing under his direction.

Even reconnaissance work is less exciting than raiding, besides being actually more dangerous. The aeroplane on reconnaissance is over the enemy's positions practically the whole time, taking a peep through rifts in the clouds to see whether troop-trains are moving in numbers at certain points; or, on a clear day, coming down low to see still more closely what is really being done, and whenever or wherever the machine appears it is fired at by rifles, machine-guns, and high-angle anti-aircraft guns firing shrapnel.

The raider, on the other hand, "crashes off into the atmosphere"—as one young officer puts it—right across the enemy's lines into the open country, high up beyond any ordinary chance of being hit, and only keeps low enough to see the general lie of the country. Then when he is near his objective he dives straight for it, generally travelling so fast downhill that the anti-aircraft guns cannot reduce the bursting height of their shells fast enough to catch him, and equally effectively putting the machine-gun marksmen off their aim. A few hundred feet above his target he releases his bombs, and the aeroplane, suddenly relieved of its dead weight, darts upwards again, once more putting the people on the ground off their shooting. Those who have tried it tell me that the excitement of the dive, the anxiety of watching whether the bombs are going to hit their mark, and the swift upward leap of the machine—in contrast with its "soggy" climbing when loaded up with bombs—quite make one forget the chances of being hit. Anyhow, the Service fliers now know that their chances of being hit are comparatively small compared with the chances of any other arm of the Services, so the prospects worry them less than they worry most people.



Will they have any effect on the pirates? Dutch precautions against submarine "frightfulness." The Rotterdam steamship Laura, among other neutral vessels, exhibits her name and town in large white letters.

Getting Bombs "On the Spot"

The great drawback to bomb-dropping is the impossibility of making certain of one's aim. In the case of a gun, the projectile starts from a definite point with a certain initial velocity, which will drive it to a certain spot provided the sights are correctly set and that proper allowance is made for windage. A bomb from an aeroplane is quite a different proposition. Its only initial velocity is that imparted by the headway, or the sideways drift of the machine over the ground, and one would rather do without these forces, for if it were possible to hold an aeroplane dead stationary over one place one could then sight vertically downwards and simply let the bomb go with some prospect of "touching the spot."

People, especially those who are continually inventing bomb-dropping machines, are apt to forget that an aeroplane cannot stand still. They also forget that in order to drop a bomb on to a certain spot on the ground there is only one point in the whole of the atmosphere at any given height at which that bomb can be let go in order to reach its mark.

Sighting Apparatus Needed

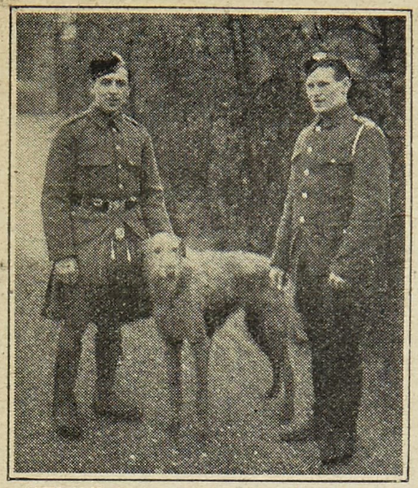
It is not a matter of getting sights "on" and then letting go, it is necessary to manœuvre the whole aeroplane till the one correct point in the air is reached. And the difficulty is to find that point.

One has to allow for headway, side-drift, height from the ground, direction or change of direction of the wind below, and various minor corrections as well, such as the pitching and rolling of the machine.

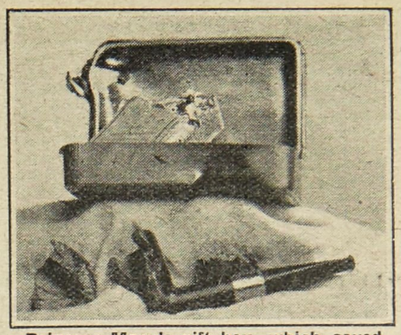
There is a fortune waiting for the man who can invent the sighting apparatus which will bring the aeroplane to that single point from which a bomb will fall on its target.

As a matter of fact, most bomb-droppers trust to their own eyes and judgment of pace and distance, which also makes more of a sporting game of it, for compared with the aiming of heavy artillery it is like game-shooting compared with shooting with a match rifle.

Some Mascots and Trifles that have Saved Lives

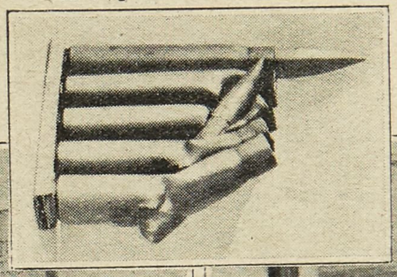


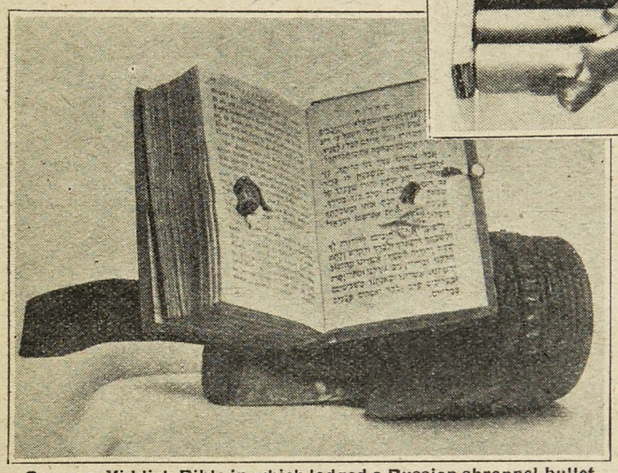
"Wolf," the mascot of the 2nd Battalion London Scottish. Inset: German cartridge clip struck by French bullet.



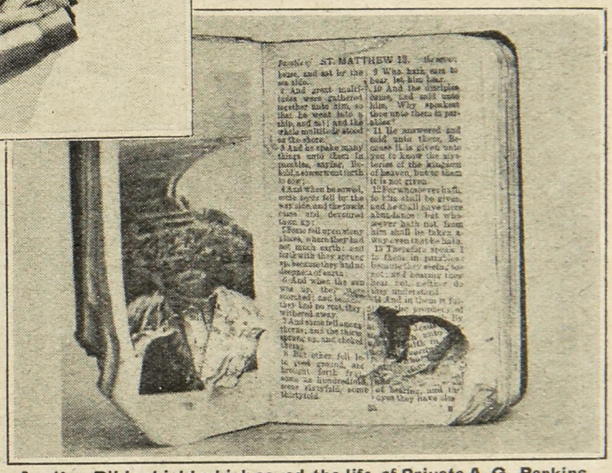
Princess Mary's gift-box, which saved the life of Private Metcalfe, Royal West Kents, by deviating the course of a bullet which, however, shattered the pipe, passed through the box, and killed a man standing near him in the trenches.

Middlesex ("the Diehards") famous mascot mule decorated with Chitral, Tirah, and Indian frontier medals.



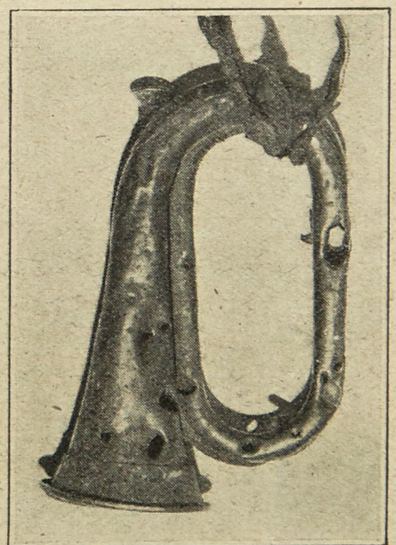


German-Yiddish Bible in which lodged a Russian shrapnel bullet, thereby saving the life of a Landwehr officer who was carrying the book in his pocket.



Another Bible shield which saved the life of Private A. G. Perkins, of the 1st Lincolns, who was carrying it on his person. A shrapnel-bullet went right through it.

"Billy," the goat mascot of the Welsh Regiment, marching at the head of the battalion.



A grim relic from a battlefield of the Aisne. Bugle perforated by shrapnel-bullets which killed its owner, a K.R. Rifleman.

The docile goat "Tipperary," another mascot of the 2nd Battalion London Scottish.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, February 12th to 18th

FEB. 12.—In the Vosges French Chasseurs carried Hill 937, in region north of Hartmanns-Weilerkopf, in violent snowstorm.

First Great Air Raid in History. Admiralty announces that during the last 24 hours, combined aeroplane and seaplane operations carried out by the Naval Wing against German submarines bases in Zeebrugge, Blankenberghe, and Ostend districts. Thirty-four aircraft took part, under command of Wing-Commander Samson, assisted by Wing-Commander Longmore and Squadron-Commanders Porte, Courtney, and Rathborne. Flight-Commander Grahame-White fell into sea off Nieuport, and rescued by French vessel.

FEB. 13.—In Carpathians Russian troops occupied fortified heights in region of Szvidnik (south-west of Dukla Pass).

French heavy artillery reached railway-station of Noyon. Violent German bombardment in Nieuport and the-dune-region.

United States Note to Germany regarding blockade published. It warns Germany that if German vessels destroy an American ship and lives of American citizens on high seas, the German Government will be held to "strict accountability for such acts." The Note to Great Britain states American Government will view with anxious solicitude any general use of the United States flag by British vessels in the zone of operations.

Official account of fighting between British and Turks issued at Cairo, from which it appears that in January, at Tor, a small seaport on Gulf of Suez, enemy's force was annihilated, over a hundred prisoners taken and twenty camels. Our losses, one Gurkha killed and one wounded.

FEB. 14.—Rheims again bombarded by Germans. In Alsace enemy took the offensive along the valley of the Lauch, but their march delayed and hampered by French ski patrols.

Russian Retreat in East Prussia. In the Lyck-Rajgrod-Grajewo region of East Prussia (the latter two places on the Russian side of the frontier) fierce fight in progress. Farther to north, Russian troops fall back to fortified line of River Niemen, under pressure of great German forces. In Carpathians Russian success at Smolnik, east of Lupkow, eighteen officers, more than a thousand rank and file, and three machine-guns captured.

FEB. 15.—Allies carried 250 yards of trench on road between Bethune and La Bassée. In Argonne, in direction of Bagatelle and Marie Therése, struggle continuing very stubbornly from trench to trench. In Lorraine, enemy having pushed back French main guard, succeeded in occupying height of Xon Beacon and hamlet of Norroy, but repulsed as far as slopes north of the Beacon. In the Vosges French Chasseurs Alpins, on skis, delivered very brilliant counter-attack on slopes of Langenfeldkopf. In Northern Poland Germans occupied Raciaz, east of Serpedz, and claim to be making rapid progress on East Prussian frontier.

Important speech by Mr. Churchill in House of Commons, in which stated that British reply to German "system of piracy and murder" at sea would be an increase in restrictions now placed on German trade, pointing to a blockade of German coast. Other points were: During last three months 8,000 British merchantmen had been on the seas and only 19 sunk—only 4 by surface craft. Losses during six months were only 63 ships. We can meet any new German development by resources infinitely superior to those in August. Navy transport has moved 1,000,000 men without loss. Navy sound as a bell.

Important speech by Mr. Lloyd George in House of Commons, chief points of which: Allies will spend for year ending December 31 next not far short of £2,000,000,000. British Empire will spend about £100,000,000 or £150,000,000 more than highest figure spent by France or Russia. We can pay the war for five years out of our investments abroad, and France for at least three years. Russia is to get a loan of £50,000,000 in equal amounts from London and Paris.

Count Bernstorff, German Ambassador to United States, presents Note to its Government, to effect that Germany is ready to consider abandonment of policy of attacking British merchantmen, if Great Britain will cease her efforts to prevent foodstuffs from being conveyed to civilians in Germany.

FEB. 16.—**Second great air raid by Allies** on German positions on Belgian coast. Forty British and French aeroplanes and waterplanes dropped 240 bombs on Ostend, Middelkerke, Ghistelles, and Zeebrugge, with good results.

First of communiqués, which Sir John French is henceforward to issue twice a week, appeared. Records capture by British of trenches near La Bassée, lost by our troops on Feb. 14.

British steamer Dulwich (3,289 tons) blown up twenty miles off Cape Antifer (Havre), whether by mines or torpedoes not clear.

In Champagne, over a front extending from north-west of Perthes to north of Beausejour, French carried two miles of trenches and made several hundred prisoners.

Russian official message announces Germans advancing from East Prussia, attempting to envelop Russian forces in neighbourhood of Augustovo on either wing.

Despatch from Sir John French describing gallantry of our troops in battles fought in December at Festubert, and at the end of January before Bethune. In it the Field-Marshal praises work of Territorials and Indian troops, fine services of airmen, and mentions names of many regiments who have shown great dash and courage.

British Naval losses since commencement of war published: Killed, 348 officers, 5,812 men; wounded, 45 officers, 352 men; missing, 8 officers, 5 men. In Royal Naval Division: Killed, 5 officers, 36 men; wounded, 4 officers, 184 men; missing, 7 officers, 968 men; interned, 39 officers, 1,524 men.

FEB. 17.—French success in Champagne and to the north of Arras.

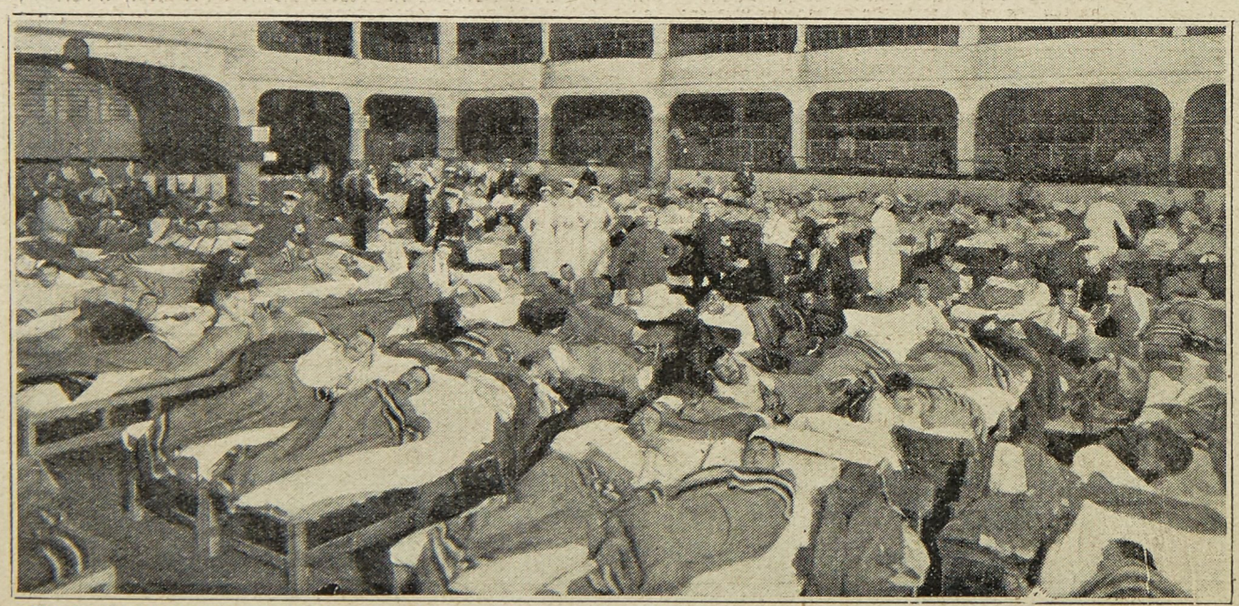
Germans claim to have taken 50,000 Russian prisoners, after driving our ally over East Prussian frontier.

Sir Edward Grey, in his Note to United States, replying to complaint regarding British interference with neutral shipping, points out that complaint founded on a misconception.

Zeppelin "L4" destroyed on Danish island of Fanoe, and another German airship lost on Danish coast.

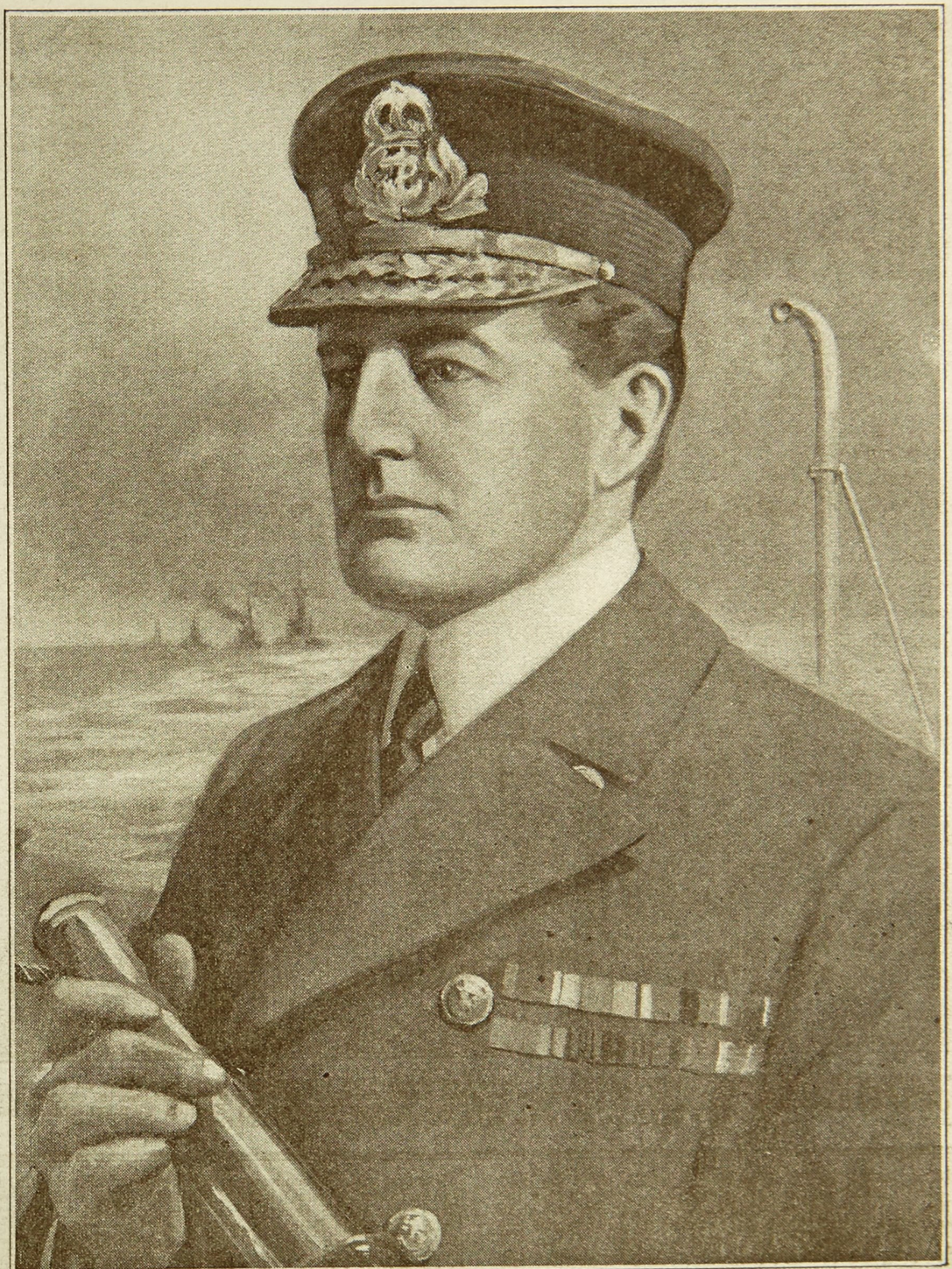
Long list issued containing names of officers and men recommended for gallant and distinguished service in the field.

FEB. 18.—**German "Official" Blockade of Great Britain begins.**



The fraternity of suffering. British and German soldiers, "broken in war," lying side by side in the Hippodrome at Frankfort.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

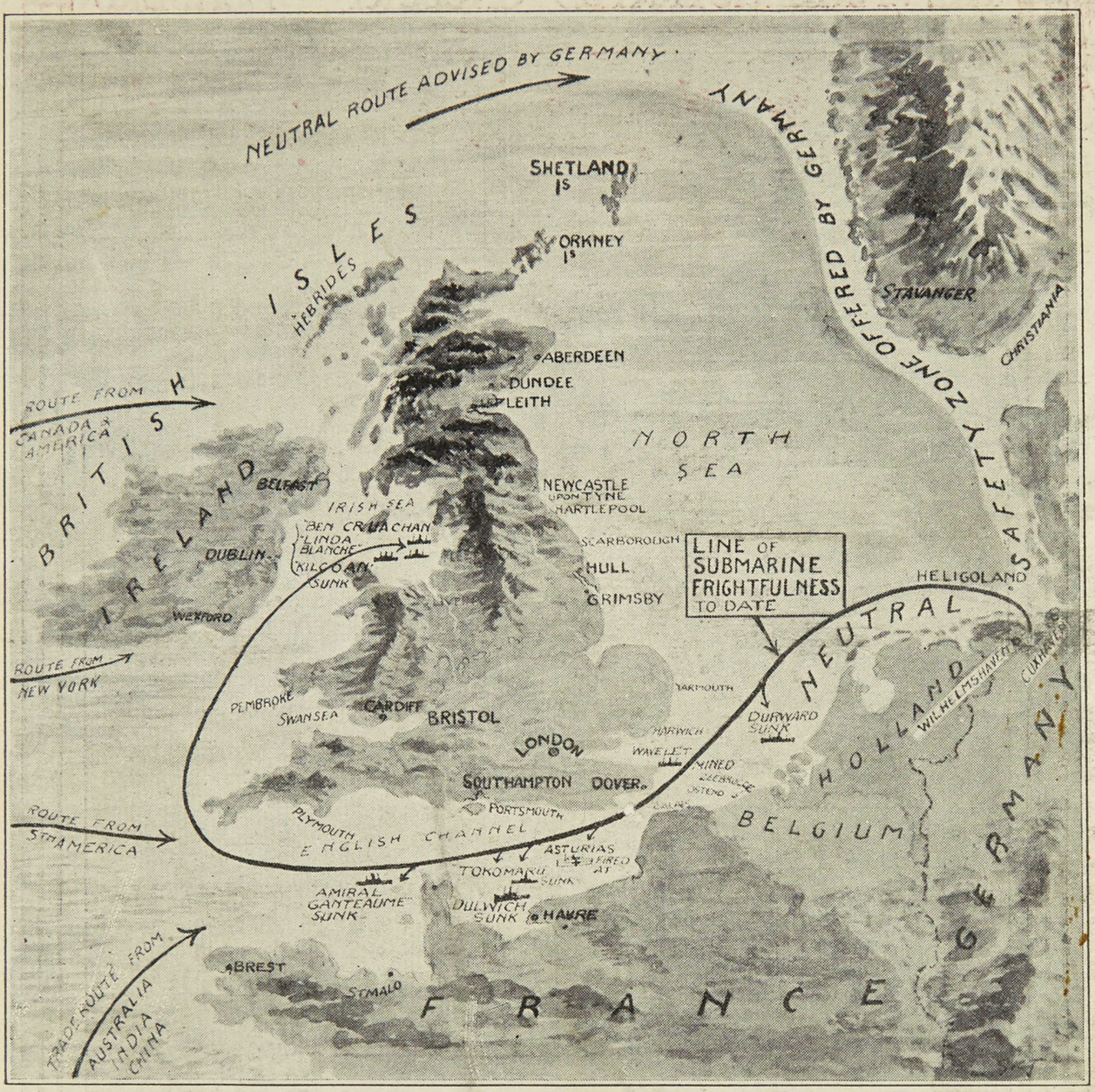


A magnificent photogravure plate of this fine painting by C. M. Sheldon, measuring 13 in. by 9½ in., is given free with Part 27 of THE GREAT WAR.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY, K.C.B., M.V.O., D.S.O.

IN COMMAND OF THE FIRST CRUISER SQUADRON

THE SUBMARINE "BLOCKADE" OF OUR SEA-GIRT ISLES



Map illustrating Germany's desperate plan of submarine-blockading the British Isles, which came into force on February 18th. Neutral ships have been warned to take the narrow channel (marked safety zone), about 30 miles wide, north of the Shetlands and skirted by the Scandinavian and German coasts. The black line running through the English Channel shows the trail of the "blonde beast" of the sea up to the time of going to press.

Our Photogravure Gifts

I HAVE hinted once or twice that I have in store for WAR ILLUSTRATED readers a pleasant surprise. This will take the shape of two beautiful photogravure plates, to be given away without extra charge. Instead of following the conventional line of giving photogravure portraits or scenes, I have had a famous decorative artist draw two beautiful designs to be used as mountings for photographs.

As almost every reader of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED must have some relative or friend who is on active service, it is most desirable to preserve some enduring record of his patriotism. These decorative plates, which I have had made exclusively for our readers, provide the means. Do not frame any portrait of your soldier friend until you have got one of these plates.

The first will be given away with our issue of March 13th, and is intended for soldiers' portraits, the design being a military one. The design of the second plate is naval, and it is meant to enshrine portraits of our heroes of the sea. By a very ingenious arrangement, each design is made capable of containing a photograph of any size from a "gem" to a "postcard." These plates when framed will give greatly increased value to the photographs mounted on them, and will be an ornament to any home.

Next week I shall publish photographic reproductions of the military design, which will show exactly how these beautiful gifts can be utilised for the purpose intended.

The total amount received for our "Something-to-Smoke" Fund during the twenty-second week amounts to £47 3s. 7d.

EDITOR.

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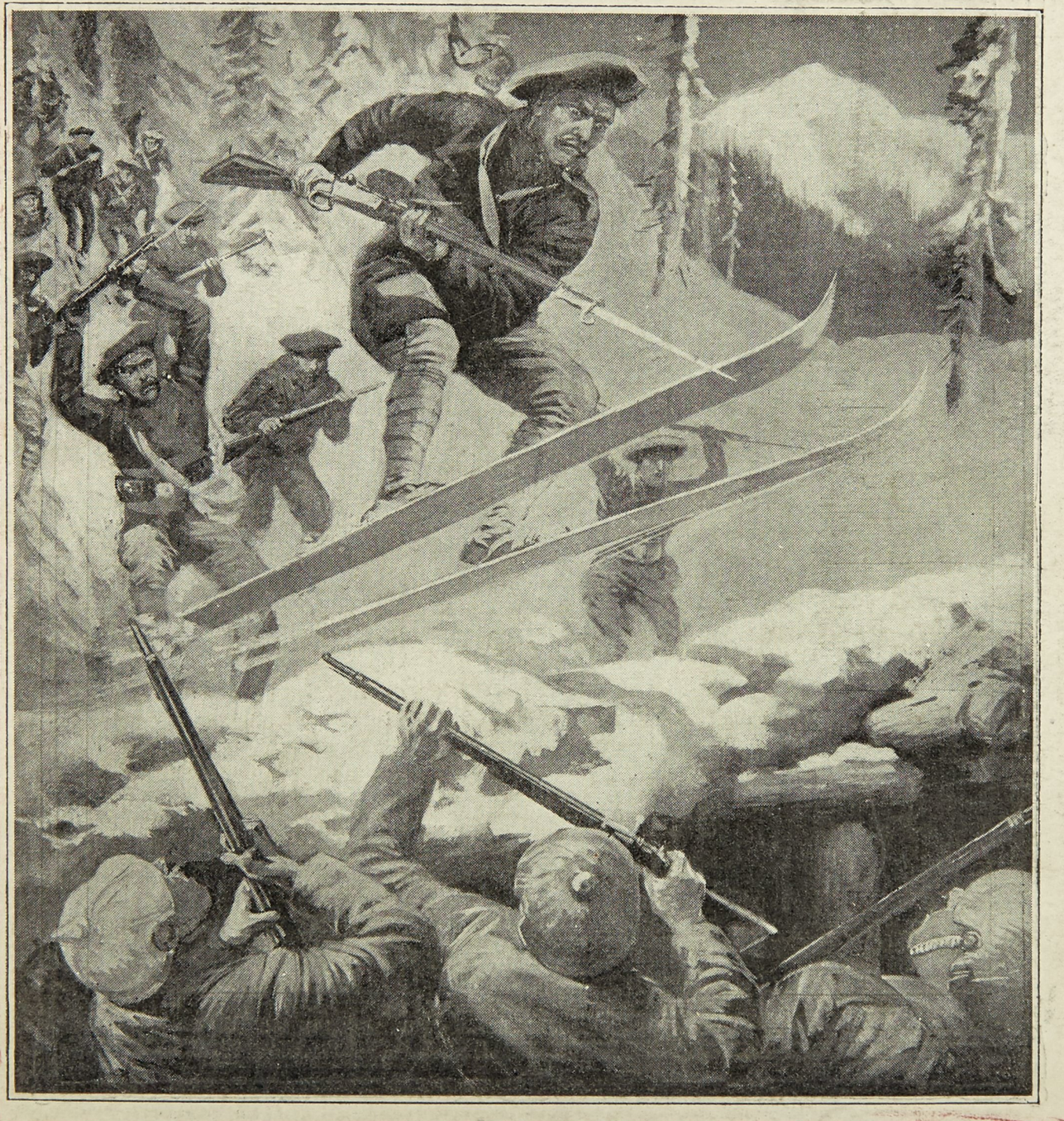
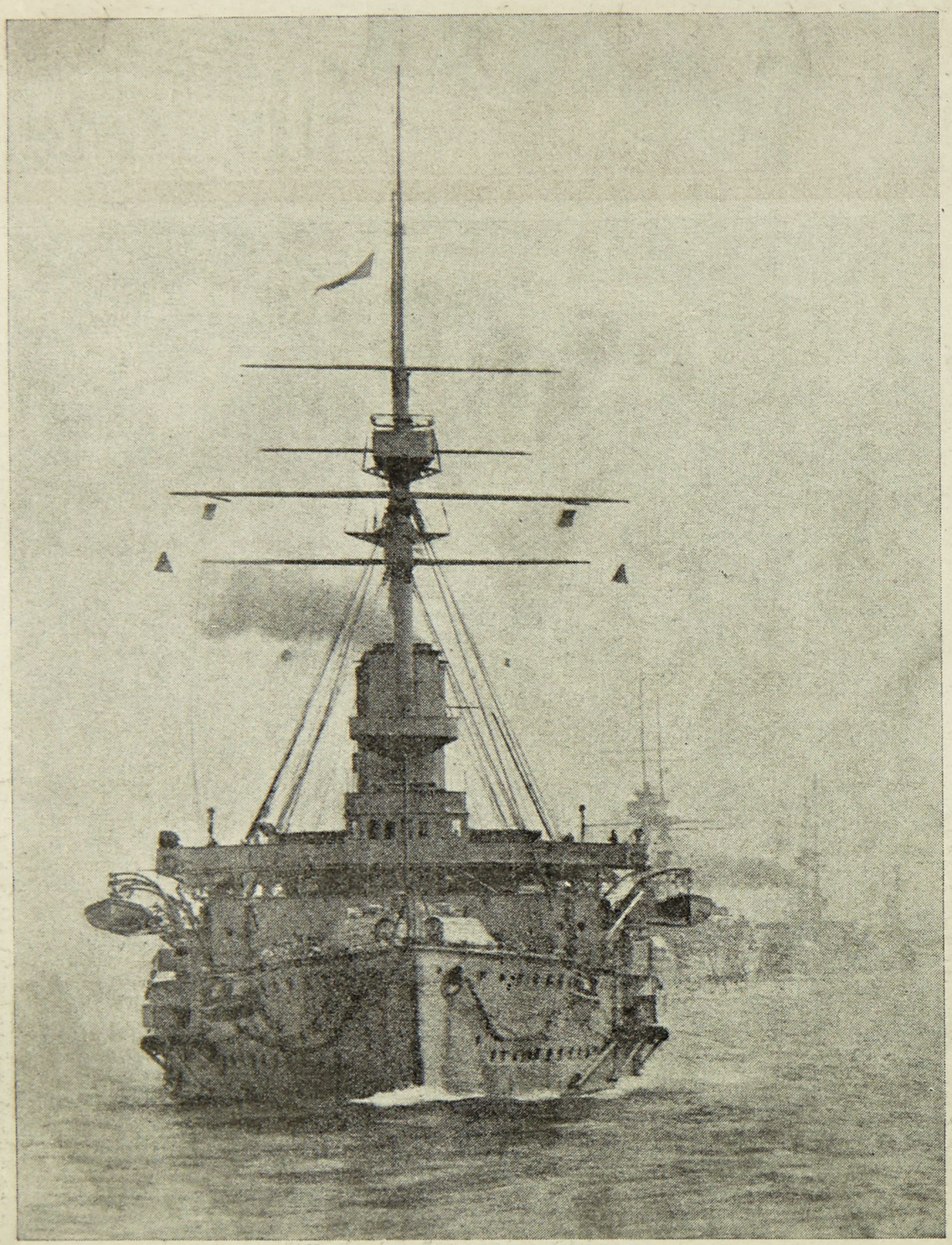


Vol. 2. Wonderful Bayonet Charge on Skis by the French Alpine Troops in the Snowy Vosges **No. 29**

BRITAIN'S WATCH-DOGS OF THE DEEP



III. H.M.S. CORNWALLIS

A battleship of the "Duncan" class that took part in the bombardment of the Dardanelles forts. She was completed in 1904, has a length, over all, of 429 feet, and a normal displacement of 14,000 tons. She is armed with four 12 in. and twelve 6 in. guns, twelve 12-pounders, six 3-pounders, two Maxims, and four submerged torpedo-tubes.

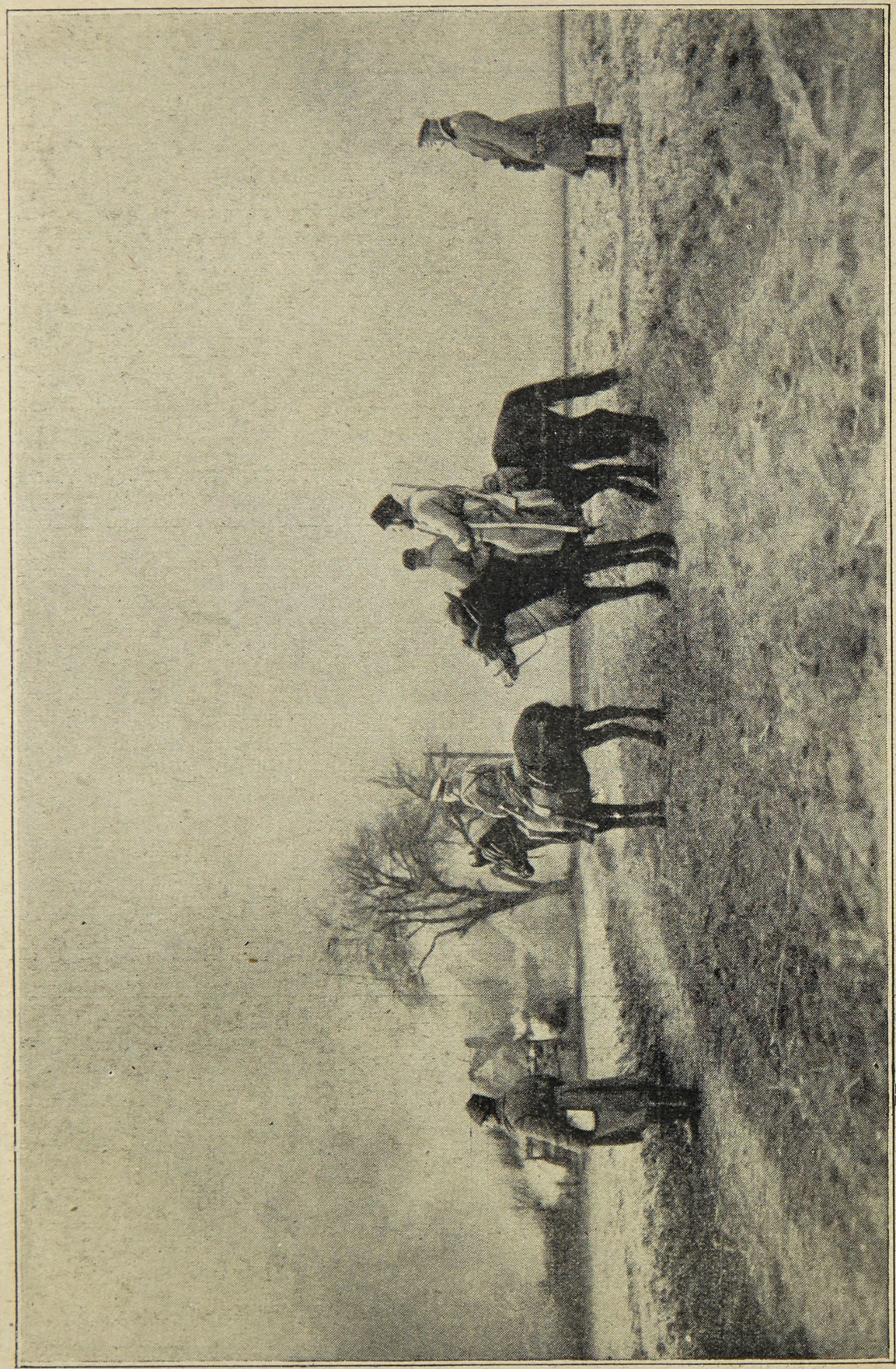
THE WAR Illustrated

No. 29. Vol. 2.
6th March, 1915.

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton.

Far from his native clime, in another continent, a strange environment, the Indian scout passes along the war-worn, debris-strewn highway of France. Anxiously he looks to left and right for signs of the enemy of the great British Raj—the enemy who seeks to destroy the civilisation of the West and threatens the security of the East. (Exclusive photograph to "The War Illustrated."



THE "LITTLE FATHER'S" RIGHT-HAND MEN.—Fierce battles are taking place in Northern Poland. Our ally, having been able to resume the fighting in positions more favourable to the Russian Bear, has accounted for a tremendous number of Prussian lives. Although the Tsar's Headquarters Staff has admitted a reverse in East Prussia, this, thanks to the splendid strategic genius of Russia's generals, is not irreparable. Our exclusive photograph, just to hand from "somewhere in Poland," shows three Russian generals watching a burning village. Despite German accusations, Russians have only destroyed villages when absolutely necessary to the plan of campaign.

Soldiers of Freedom and Tyranny on the Move

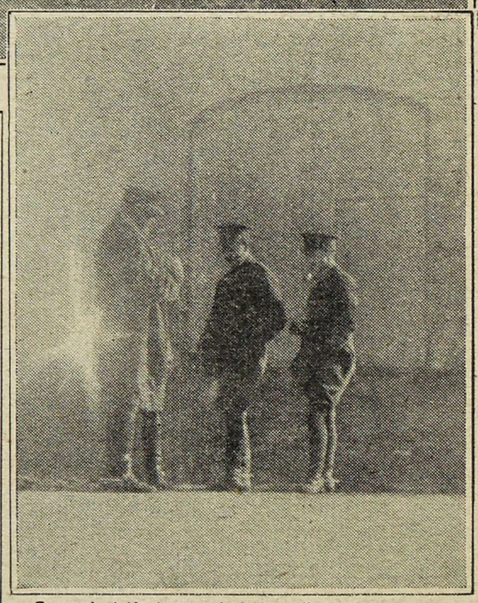
At the moment of writing probably the greatest transportation of soldiers in history is in progress. The new armies are on the move to the battlefields of France and Flanders, and the Potsdam plotters may well feel nervous of coming events. This photograph shows a troop of British infantry marching under cover of a beautiful French wood which heralds the coming of spring.

How a German ammunition column goes into action. Under cover of a hill, close in, rather than on the open road, which would disclose them more easily to hostile aircraft, the waggons of deadly projectiles are seen about to move into the firing-line. Soon they will be expended on some part of the British line, or, perhaps, some unoffending church spire on the distant horizon.

Britons at cross-roads of Honour, Glory & Death

At the cross-roads somewhere near the fighting-line. An infantry regiment on their way to the trenches from a rest camp in Northern France.

Hidden from marauding Taubes. Effective cover for a British gun, constructed round the weapon with tree-trunks and twigs.



Snapshot that revealed the effect of sun on an officer's map-case. This led to covering these cases with non-reflective material.

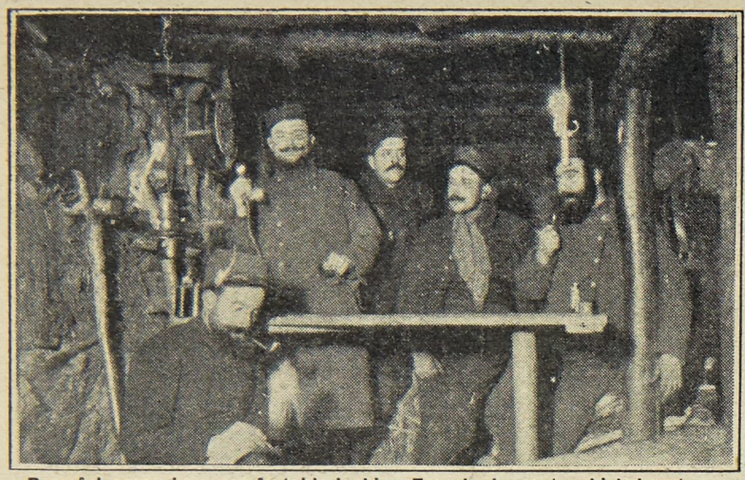
Spade work in the fighting area. British soldiers making a parapet during a lull in the enemy's gun fire, which, judging by the ruined buildings in the background, has been very destructive. (Photographs exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

The Wily British Gunner at the Front

Campaigning is really a great and glorious game of hide-and-seek. Our artillerymen find that the most effective way of demonstrating to the Germans the presence of a gun is to hide it securely before opening fire. Hostile aircraft are continually searching for our guns. But in order to conceal them, shelters of brushwood are built, which from a height look like vegetation.

The less a gun is seen the more its voice is heard to advantage. The gun in our photograph has been covered completely with white lace curtains taken from a near-by house. These decorative covers make the detection of the gun's position impossible on the snow-mantled ground. Note the artilleryman emerging from the dug-out on the left with a shell in his hand.

Interludes Behind the Allies' Advanced Lines



Peaceful scene in a comfortable-looking French dug-out, which boasts a striking clock in addition to a telephone.

Extraordinary case of a bell, which was preserved intact although the tower was shattered.

On the line of French communications. guarding an all-important point.

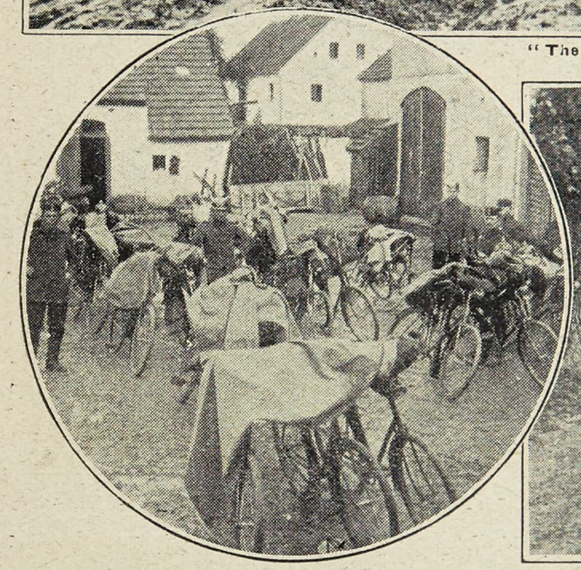
Crude mud and straw hut which represents the temporary headquarters of French soldiers The work of keeping communications intact is as responsible as it is hazardous.

Germans having hidden a mitrailleuse in the church tower, a "75" was reluctantly brought to bear on it, with the result seen above.

Convivial evening after a day of serious war work. Cheerful French officers comparing notes and adventures by the fireside of a peasant's cottage situated conveniently near the fighting-line.

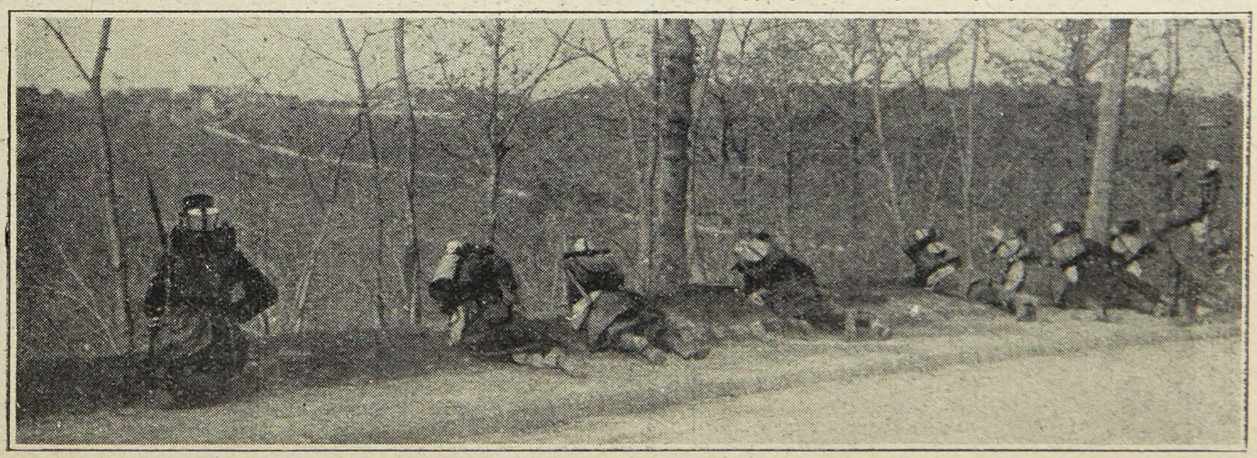
Joffre's Confident Soldiers "Nibbling" the Huns

"The Great Revenge," for which our gallant French friends have waited since 1871, draws nearer. "Piou-pious" cheerily off to the trenches.



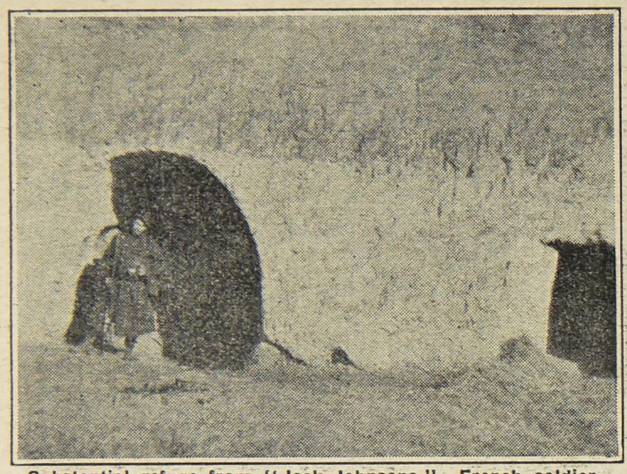
Machines and kit and some of the men of a German cyclist company captured in Northern France. These photographs are exclusive to "The War Illustrated."

German prisoners being brought to camp. They were captured three days after a battle, after being in hiding without food. One is seen eating an apple given him by a kindly captor.

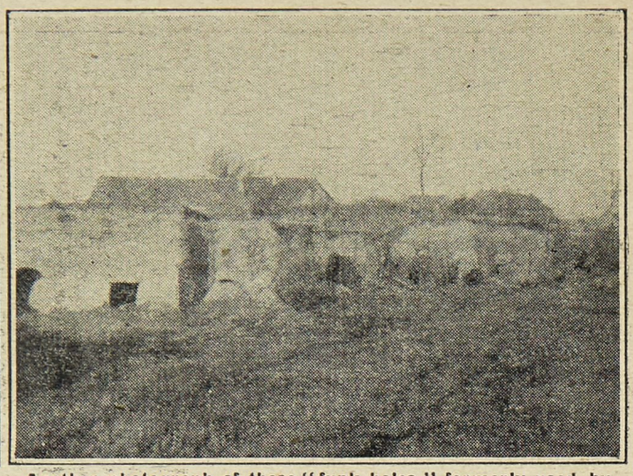


Company of French soldiers on outpost duty. This work has added dangers and responsibilities, for at any hour the men may be cut off from the main army. These soldiers are preparing an ambuscade along one of the roads to Rheims.

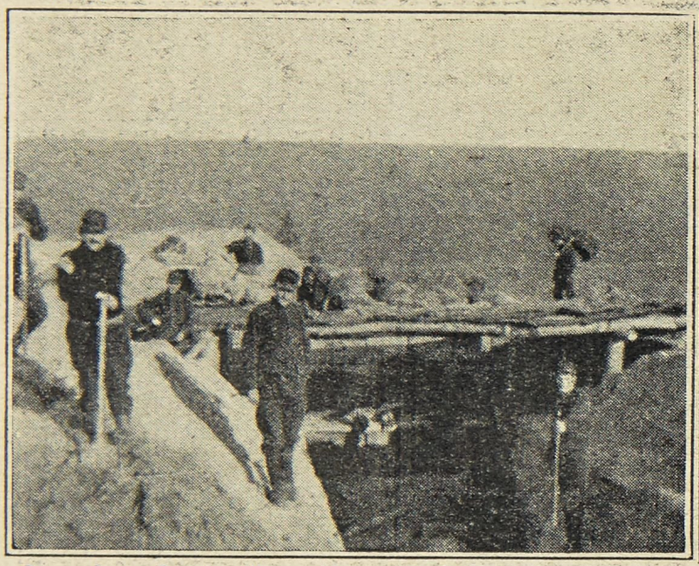
Huns' Havoc and French Fortitude at Rheims



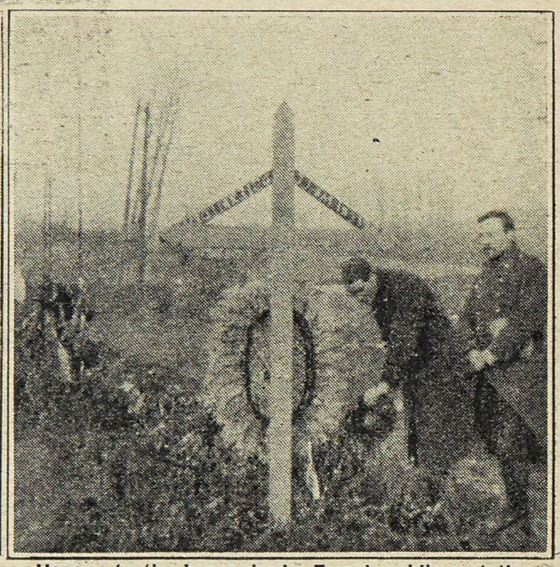
Substantial refuge from "Jack Johnsons." French soldier hiding in a shelter carved in a wall not far from Rheims.



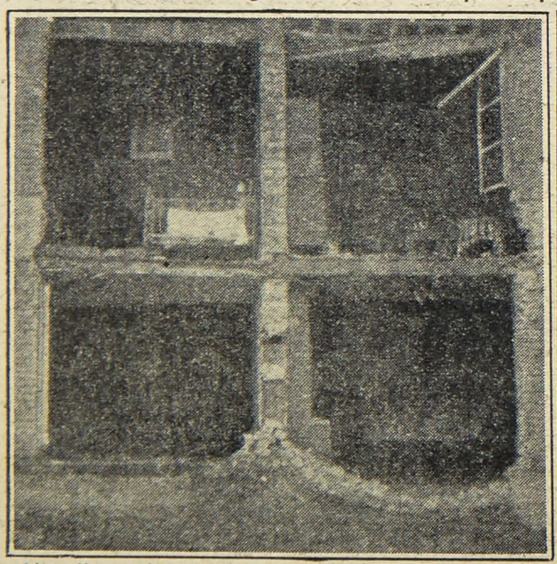
Another photograph of these "funk holes," formerly used by French troops, but now the retreat of nervous inhabitants.



Some of our French allies making an admirable hiding-place for a "75." Situated behind an embankment, roofed in by tree-trunks, the most discerning Taube could not suspect its presence.



Honour to the brave dead. French soldiers at the tomb of twenty-three patriots, including two women and a child.



Literally sectioned—a house in Rheims with its front blown clean out by recent bombardment.

Tragic desolation of the Rue de l'Universite, Rheims, caused by enemy projectiles. (All exclusive photographs to "The War Illustrated.")

Sheltering Belgium's War Dogs among the Dunes

THE two exclusive photographs on this page are interesting, as showing the care taken by our Belgian allies of their willing canine helpers. Dogs have been used from time immemorial as draught animals in Flanders, and since the war many of them have been requisitioned in the military service of the stricken country.

Belgian soldiers are using dogs for drawing light weapons, such as Maxim guns, and for carrying messages. It is therefore meet that such faithful servitors should receive kindness and protection from danger, where possible. Many are still with the Belgian Army. Improvised kennels are made for them in the dunes. These generally consist of a large hole dug in the sands, over which some kind of wood covering is placed to shield the animals from stray shot and shell. All other belligerents are making use of dogs in the war, either for Red Cross or sentry work.

The Germans employ dogs for the purpose of scenting the wounded. Others are attached to regiments, and are used to draw the big drum placed on a small cart. Dog sentinels are an interesting feature of the Russian Army, and were used in the war with Japan with success for guarding railways. Major Richardson's breed of war-dogs is well known, and he has supplied about thirty British battalions with animals for work on the Continent.

Belgian soldiers placing a Maxim gun-carriage drawn by dogs under cover of some long grass on the sand-dunes.

Our Belgian friends, making use of dogs as they do in the pursuit of the war, take every precaution to keep these faithful allies out of harm's way. This exclusive photograph shows some dogs being hidden in an improvised kennel on the dunes.

German Queue of Fate: Climbing up to Death

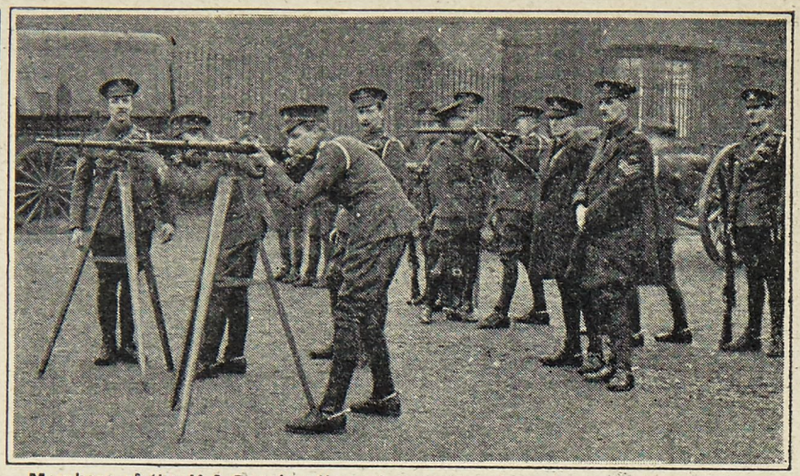
British troops strengthened their line of defences on the main La Bassee-Bethune road by the construction of a keep. On January 29th the Germans, after they had been severely shelled, made a violent attack with scaling-ladders. In the keep, and to the north side of it (shown in our picture), the Sussex Regiment held the maddened Germans off, killing over two hundred of them. The German attempt to carry this keep by force of numbers again illustrates their futile method of massed fighting. One by one the queue of Huns scaled the ladders, one by one they were calmly shot or bayoneted by the handful of British soldiers.

German Airman's Fate after Battle of the Skies

A thrilling duel in the air between a British airman and a German was witnessed near Zeebrugge recently. The "baby-killer" continually endeavoured to rise above the British machine, but our aviator kept over his foe. They flew in the direction of Bruges, where they fought a sharp duel, lasting half an hour. Spectators below could hear the crackling of the airmen's machine-guns. Suddenly the German machine, with wings quivering, hurtled down to earth, and was dashed to pieces. The victorious British airman speedily rose higher and higher, and finally disappeared. His foe was dead; the machine a heap of splinters.

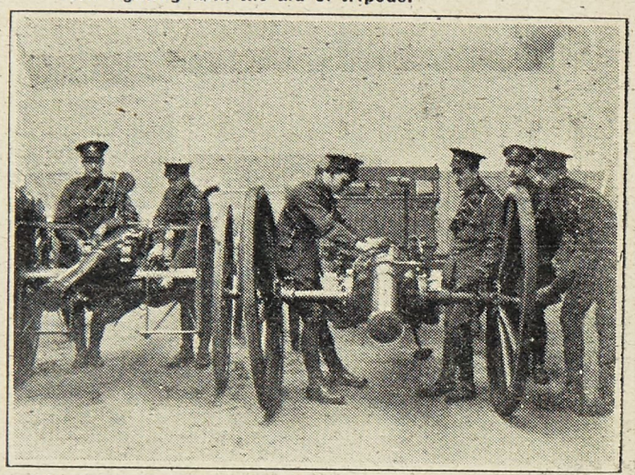
The H.A.C. in Training for the Front:

Staff of the H.A.C., with instructor, practising at finding the correct battery angle.

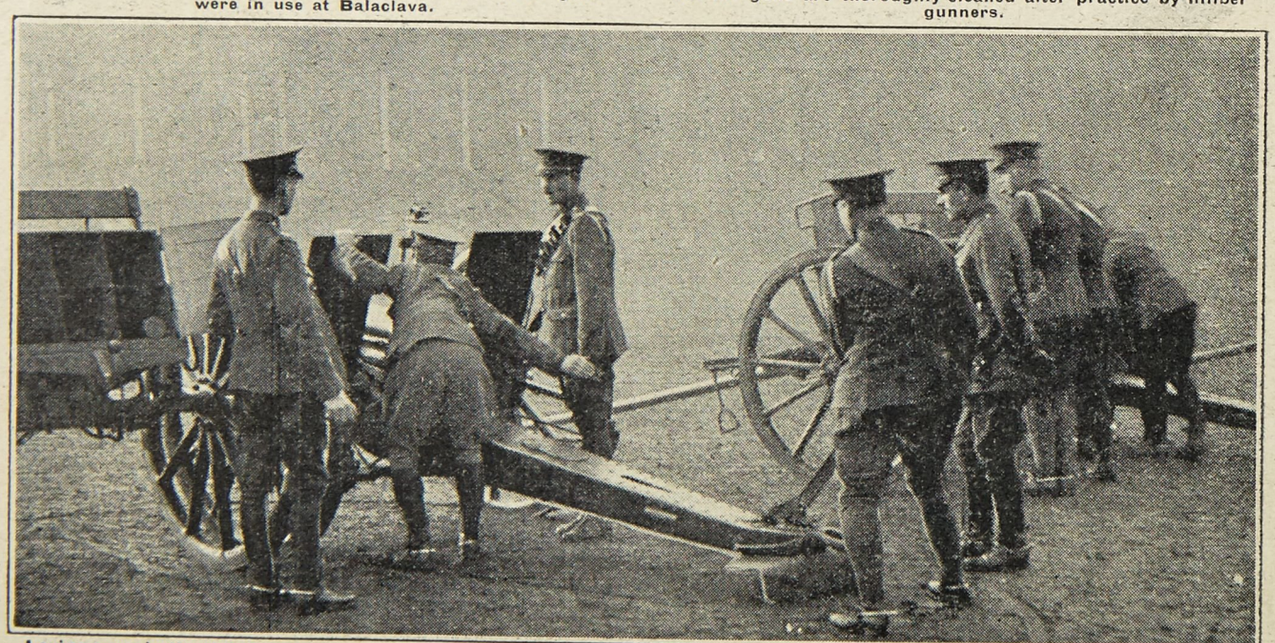


Members of the H.A.C. going through a course of small-arm drill. They are seen sighting with the aid of tripods.

Old weapons and new effectives of the H.A.C. These guns were in use at Balaclava.

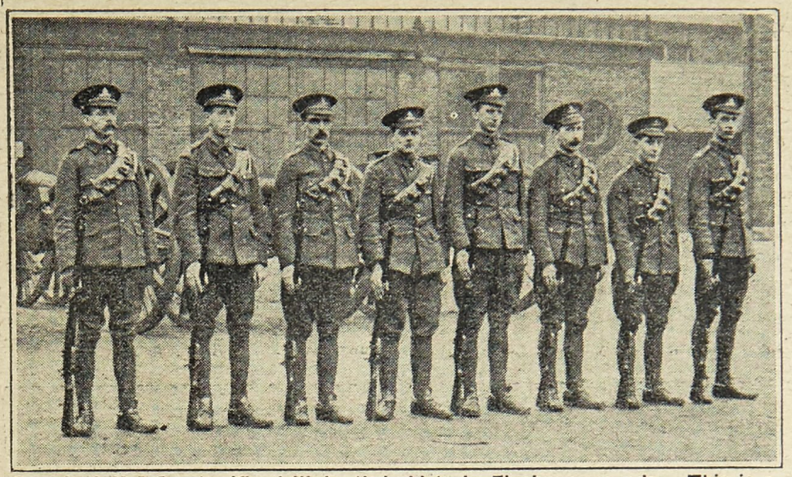


All the guns are thoroughly cleaned after practice by limber gunners.

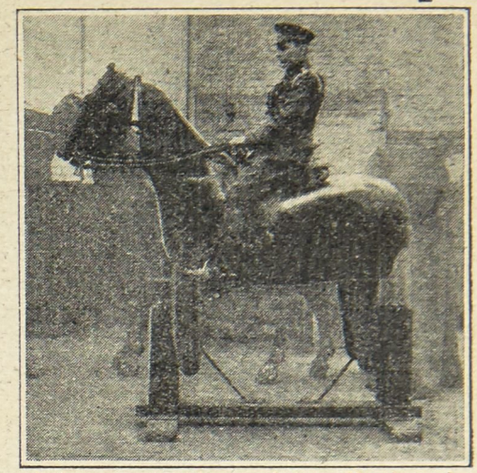


Laying a gun in the H.A.C. training-grounds. The origin of the Honourable Artillery Company is lost in antiquity. Its first charter of incorporation was granted by Henry VIII. During the South African War the H.A.C. raised a battery of field artillery, which was incorporated in the C.I.V.'s. Many men famous in history appear on the regiment's rolls, including Prince Rupert, General Monk, and Pepys.

New Members of London's Venerable Corps



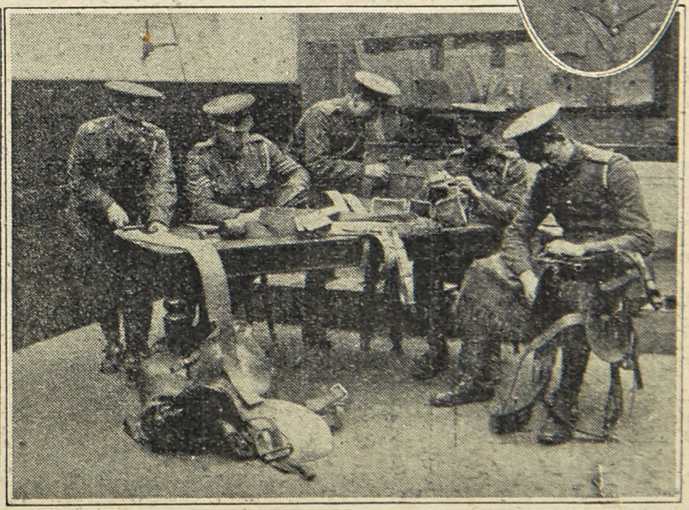
Squad of H.A.C. at rifle drill in their historic Finsbury grounds. This is a form of drill not previously done by the H.A.C.



A dummy mount for neophytes. Members of the H.A.C. acquiring the art of horsemanship.

Officers and non-commissioned officers of the H.A.C. Reading from left to right, front row: 2nd Lieuts. A. T. A. Stuart, J. L. Gow, A. J. Edmondson, Capt. T. J. Cartland, Major R. A. Connell, Capt. J. F. Duncan, 2nd Lieuts. R. D. Russell, Dyott, G. Lomer, A. G. Andrews Second row: Non-Coms.: C. J. Barton, R. H. Willcocks, C. E. Ellen, H. H. Stephens, Gordon Smith, J. Powrie, M. J. Jarvis, G. G. Glenn, J. J. Branfoot, W. L. Powrie, Vyse. Third row: Corpl. W. G. O. Cutbill, Sergt. F. A. Adams, Sergt. S. A. Webb. Standing between the two columns: Sergts. J. E. Morgan, Wheeler, Peerless, Bull, G. T. Pockney.

New members of the ancient regiment making encampment with wattles. Inset: Major J. C. Bell, C.O.



An important section of the H.A.C. at work. Saddlers making harness and despatch-cases. Inset: Major H. C. Duncum.

New Heroes of the Victoria Cross

PRIVATE J. MACKENZIE, of the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, was awarded the Victoria Cross for conspicuous gallantry at Rouge Bancs, where he rescued a wounded comrade under fire. While subsequently performing a similar act he was stricken down, and died on the battlefield.

Capt. J. F. Vallentin, 1st South Staffs Regt., won the coveted order for devotion to duty at Zillebeke. Leading an attack under fire, he was struck down. He rose again, however, to continue the attack but was shot dead.

Lieut. Alexander de Pass, of the 34th Prince Albert Victor's Own Poona Horse, was the first Jew to win the decoration. His bravery consisted in destroying a traverse near Festubert, in spite of enemy bombs, and rescuing a wounded man under fire. Lieut. de Pass lost his life the same day engaged in a second similarly courageous action.

Mr. Schack-Sommer is a Londoner and old Etonian. He was awarded the St. George's Cross for valour, which is the Russian equivalent of the V.C., for gallant conduct while fighting with the Artisky Hussars in the Dukla Pass, Carpathians, during a recent engagement.

Private Henry Harvey Robson, 2nd Royal Scots, exhibited conspicuous gallantry near Kemmel, leaving his trench to bring in a wounded non-commissioned officer. While endeavouring to repeat his brave act later in the day, he was wounded.

Lieut. A. Martin Leake, of the R.A.M.C., was already the proud possessor of the Victoria Cross, but the decoration was supplemented by a clasp for consistent valour throughout the war, notably in the neighbourhood of Zonnebeke, where he rescued several wounded men who were lying under fire close to the enemy's trenches.

Lance-Corporal F. W DOBSON, Coldstream Guards.

Private J. MACKENZIE, 2nd Scots Guards.

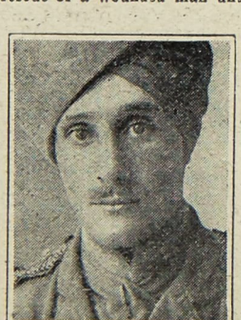
Corporal HOLMES, the Bermondsey hero, saving a gun at Le Cateau, which brave deed, together with the rescue of a wounded man under fire, won him the V.C.

Sec.-Lieut. JAMES LEACH, 2nd Batt. Manchester Regt.

Private H. H. ROBSON, 2nd Royal Scots.

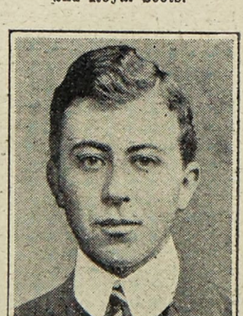
Lance-Corpl. WM. KENNY, 2nd Gordon Highlanders.

Capt. J. F. VALLENTIN, 1st South Staffs.



Lt. ALEXANDER DE PASS, Poona Horse.

Lieut. A MARTIN LEAKE, R.A.M.C



Mr. SCHACK-SOMMER, Artisky (Russian) Hussars.

Heroic Son of Erin wins Immortal Fame

AMONG the deeds of glorious heroism that are being recorded in the pages of our Empire's history, the story of Sergeant Michael O'Leary's exploit will stand alone. Other men have gained the Victoria Cross, but rarely in the annals of this most coveted decoration has it been so heroically won. At Cuinchy, on February 1st, Michael O'Leary, of the Irish Guards, formed one of a storming party. Rushing ahead of his comrades, and in face of a withering fire, he shot and bayoneted five Germans holding the first barricade. He then attacked the second, sixty yards farther on, which he captured single-handed, after killing three more Germans and capturing two. Sergeant O'Leary practically won the enemy's position by himself, and so prevented the attacking party from being fired upon. Thus this brave soldier enters into the glorious company of Ireland's hero sons.

SERGEANT MICHAEL O'LEARY, V.C., CAPTURING THE BARRICADE AT CUINCHY ON FEBRUARY 1st.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

SOME years ago a Russian writer named Bloch issued a many-volumed book proving to his own satisfaction that war is now impossible. The speed and precision of modern arms would, he pointed out, annihilate advancing troops almost before they came within sight of their enemies; the many millions of the French and German armies could not be moved forward because there were not enough roads or trains to hold them, and the cost of keeping them on the field would eat up and bankrupt any country.

I read a chapter of Bloch's book with great satisfaction on the battlefield of the Yalu, the day after a Japanese army had driven the Russians from the Manchurian hills, and as I looked around I saw that, however intellectually convincing Bloch might be, there was certainly a flaw in his arguments somewhere. For men had just done what he said men could not do.

Accomplishing the Impossible

Yet to-day we have to admit that there is something to be said for the Bloch argument. War is not impossible, but modern arms have added problems and obstacles hitherto unknown to it. Never has it been so difficult as now to maintain an advance to the point that the final fruits of victory can be reaped; never has war been so costly in money and in men. The present war has lasted seven months, but the fate of the land fighting still lies in the balance.

Germany struck through Northern France till her advance scouts were within ten miles of the boulevards of Paris, and until the French authorities were forced to acquiesce in the decision to surrender their capital without a serious attempt at defence. And then, at the hour when the fruits of victory seemed within their grasp, they were forced back. The Russians struck at Germany through East Prussia until armies of refugees brought a mild form of panic in Berlin itself. Then the skill of Von Hindenburg and the difficulties of advancing in an enemy's country proved too great for the Russians and they retired minus an army corps.

During the past week or two the Russians have again been held up in a promising East Prussian advance and the Germans, after inflicting heavy losses on them, have in turn been held up when they attempted to push into Russian territory. Each move on either side has finally ended in stalemate.

The Danger of Undue Optimism

In these notes on the war I have never concealed the fact that I regard the outlook for our armies in Western Europe with optimism. We have laid our plans in such fashion that we are acquiring a strangle-hold on our opponents. We are growing in strength, and the neutral nations are coming over to us. But if anything could disturb my confidence it is the shallow and easy complacency which dominates many civilians in Britain itself.

The people who imagine that when the spring campaign opens we are going to win at a canter are simply laying up disappointment for themselves. They expect the impossible. We shall win, but at great cost. The spring campaign is bound to be the bloodiest and most dreadful the world has ever known. Some of those who are talking lightly of peace in June should make inquiries concerning the preparations being completed by our own authorities for the spring campaign!

The situation along the extended line from Switzerland to Northern Belgium continues to be, at the moment of writing, one of expectant waiting. Each side is watching the other as a trained wrestler watches the eyes of his opponent before coming to grips. There is a skirmish here, an artillery duel there, a sudden concentration of forces somewhere else.

We have been systematically worrying the Germans all along the line in order to keep as many of their troops as possible engaged here so that they cannot be shipped across to the Russian front. Each side is seeking for an opening, and for a chance to break through. Equally, each side is perfecting its communications behind the lines, elaborating fresh entrenched positions, preparing for retirement as well as for advance.

Occasionally correspondents from Holland send glowing accounts of how the Germans are making preparations to evacuate Northern Belgium. Of course they are; just as we are making preparations, should we be driven to it, to evacuate Northern France. But neither side will go back from the territory it now holds unless its positions are turned, without falling back from one line of trenches to another, contesting every line.

The Task before Russia

The Russian defeat in East Prussia demonstrated once more the great advantage possessed by the Germans in their marvellous system of military railways. The German Grand General Staff can move armies from point to point in a way never attempted in war before. Men may be fighting the British on the River Aisne one week and the Russians on the banks of the Niemen the next.

The German advance in East Prussia was a masterly military operation. An enormous army was concentrated before the Russians realised what was awaiting them, and nothing but stubborn fighting power and desperate courage saved the Russians in the north from terrible disaster. As it was, they had to pay a heavy price, but they have apparently succeeded in preventing Marshal von Hindenburg from accomplishing his main purpose. He has swept the Russian forces from East Prussia, but he has not succeeded in opening a way for the capture of Warsaw by a Prussian advance from the north.

It would be foolish to deny the importance of the Russian checks in East Prussia and around Czernovitz. The check in the north, in particular, will, so far as can be seen, prevent any possibility of a Russian invasion of Prussia proper from there for many months to come. These facts do not, however, affect the general confidence in the triumph of Russia held by all who have studied, at first hand, the recent development of the Russian armies.

I would like to recommend all who desire to realise something of the magnitude, the costliness, and the stubbornness of the Russian war, to read Mr. Stanley Washburn's "Field Notes from the Russian Front," a volume just published. It tells of titanic war, of battles with millions of men engaged, of casualties greater in a single fight than the whole British losses in France and Belgium since the outbreak of the war.

Mr. Washburn, who is an American citizen, is superbly confident of ultimate Russian victory. The Russian plans are barely under way, the Russian strength has scarcely shown itself. "No one who stays here long can doubt that Russia is in this war to win, ay, if it takes ten years."

How to Help Belgium

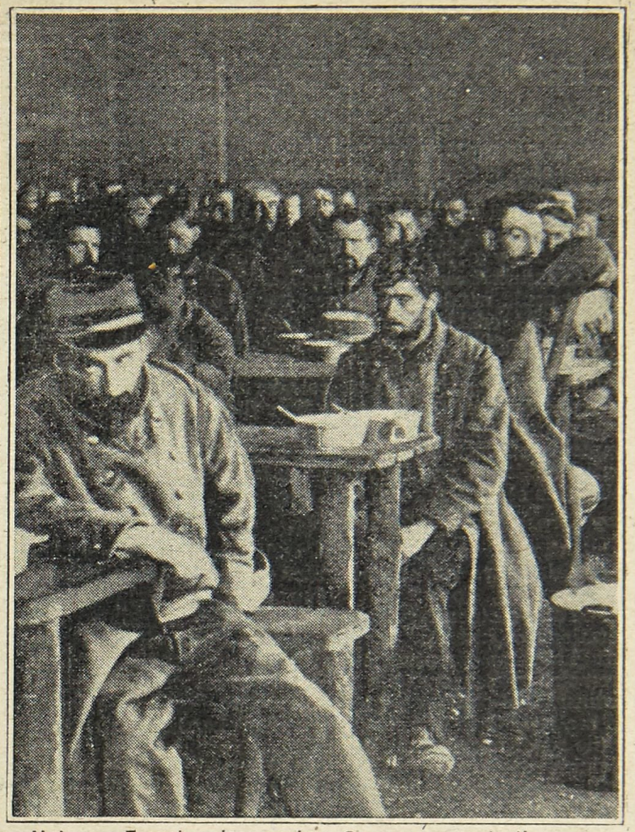
Anyone who is anxious to help the brave Belgian Army in the field—as apart from the Belgian people living in this country—cannot do better than support the Hector Munro Ambulance Volunteer Corps now working at Furnes. Some time ago the work of this ambulance corps in the field came under my personal observation. No words of praise can be too high for the courage, skill, and efficiency shown by all its workers.

When I was at Furnes we knew very well, when we saw the Munro ambulances speeding out at great rate for some particular point, that hot fighting was going on there. The Belgian Army very badly needs medical help such as the Munro ambulances can give. I say deliberately that no finer or more courageous medical war aid has been done anywhere than here.

Dr. Munro and his colleagues are, I understand, seriously hampered by lack of funds. They have used up their own private means without stint, but more money must be had. Fresh cars are needed, and needed now. Mr. McConnell, of 61 and 62, Chancery Lane, London, is treasurer of the fund.

Tragic Humility of the Prisoner Expression

German soldier unwillingly facing the camera. All German prisoners are photographed by their French captors.



Unhappy French prisoners in a German concentration camp at meal time. They seem to feel their position bitterly.

British soldiers returning from work at the Doberitz camp, Germany. They are all shy of the camera, many of them hiding their faces behind spades. The plight of British in German durance has been proved to be pitiable.

Intense depression of French prisoners in Germany subjected to the unsympathetic stare of the crowd in Berlin.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

IN the last article we gave a rough idea of the functions of different fighting craft, showing how the weakest and fastest radiate from or base themselves on the slower and more powerful ships. All the increased efficiency of their work, as compared with the beating the air practised by Germany, is due to this co-ordination of effort.

The statement of the advantages of our position is not complete until we add that Great Britain and Ireland themselves confer advantages of no ordinary kind in being islands. They occupy positions at the gates of Europe, such as induced Emerson to exclaim that England's best admiral could not have anchored her in a more favourable position. It enables our Navy with ease to prevent all egress and ingress, except for submarines, from the North Sea, and, therefore, to cut off all German commerce and supplies, so bringing pressure to bear on the enemy population and armies. At the same time the Navy can, without in any way hampering its offensive campaign, offer a complete defence to the islands, since there are no land frontier anxieties, and the Army can be rendered completely mobile for service abroad.

Why Zeppelins are Ineffective.

But the advantages do not end here. It is possible in an island, to an extent unknown to a country with land frontiers, to prevent information of value going out. Take meteorology, which is so indispensable to the operations of aircraft. Zeppelins and other German aircraft have no information of weather conditions and barometric pressures at sea. They have only the European Continental reports, as we take care to keep our insular and sea reports to ourselves. On the other hand, we have all the reports from the sea and from the neutral territory adjoining our enemy. It is for this reason that, being unable to obtain any surface assistance by way of convoy from the sea, and starting from Heligoland and Cuxhaven, the enemy's aircraft so frequently come to grief.

Raids such as those we have made on Wilhelmshaven, Zeebrugge, and Ostend become impossible. In addition, from our island we have only to think of the concentrated aerial offensive against the German coast and along the fifty miles of fighting-line occupied by the British and Belgian armies. Germany, on the other hand, has, besides the coast to think of, 1,200 miles of fighting-lines near her land frontiers where she is face to face with her foes.

As was pointed out in the previous article, the main thing is for all forms of fighting craft to act together, or, what is called, co-ordination of effort. It is nothing more than team work as we know it on the football field—forwards, half-backs, and backs. This ability is lost to a navy which is driven, like the German, to seek the protection of its fortified harbours. Establishing its ascendency in this respect, the British Navy is then able to use all its so-called obsolete ships in different parts of the world for duties where modern fighting ships will not be encountered.

For instance, with the general reopening from all ice impediments of the Black Sea ports, the need of food supplies and oil in Great Britain in the future, and the need of Russia for American war material, make it of importance to open the Dardanelles and get rid of the Turkish cancer, which not only sucks some of the vital energies of the Allies, but warns off the Balkan nations who might help us. So the old ships are sent to shell the outer forts of the Dardanelles, and what was done in one part can be done in another to the inner forts. But here again we see the team work at play, and the immense reach of the island's maritime power.

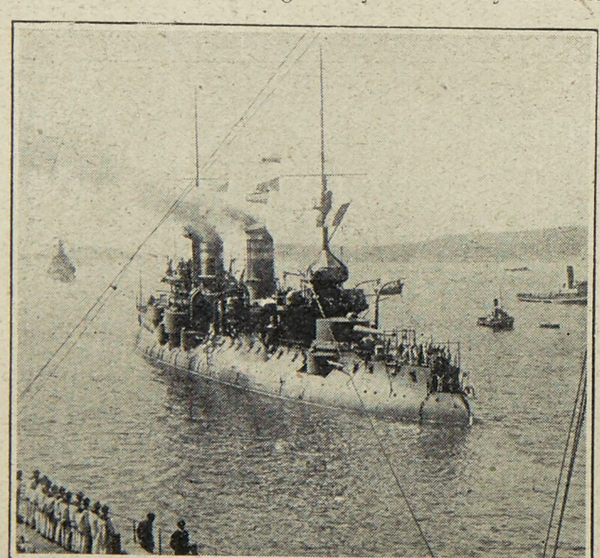
The Ark Royal carries hydroplanes which co-operate by flying over the Turkish forts and acting as spotters to signal the results of every shot. Similarly, in Beatty's recent action in the North Sea, the light cruisers took up positions from which they could watch and signal the results of the shooting, and no corresponding action was possible to the flying foe. Small wonder, therefore, that in the naval battle the shooting was all to the advantage of one side, and in the bombardment not one of the ships was hit.

I propose to deal with the bombardment of the Dardanelles in a subsequent article, for the Straits, we should remember, are 35 miles long, and the outer forts we have dealt with are of secondary importance. The Straits are from 1,400 to 8,000 yards wide. It is in the narrow part higher up that we have our more difficult task; there is work ahead for ourselves and the Russians.

Only let us also remember that we have not, as seems to be universally supposed, to steam up these narrow straits and fight directly with the forts. In these days of long-range guns, with hydroplanes to watch the fall of each shot, the forts can be attacked from quite a different direction to the water which they defend. Especially is this the case when there is only a narrow neck of land before there is more sea, and the intervening hills are less than 700 feet high.

Wanted: A Reserve of Guns.

What I am concerned now to point out is the importance of the agitation which I carried through in the columns of "The Daily Graphic" in 1905 for a reserve of guns. We are using the guns to the full in this Dardanelles work, and their lives are limited while the ships are as sound as ever. The same is true of the ships that fought under Beatty the other day. The important thing is to put fresh guns on board, and the old guns to be re-tubed by a process which takes three months, and hammer away. Now the proportion of our courage in this matter is necessarily limited by the extent of our resource of guns, and it is well that we have Mr. Churchill's assurance of how satisfied he is in this respect.



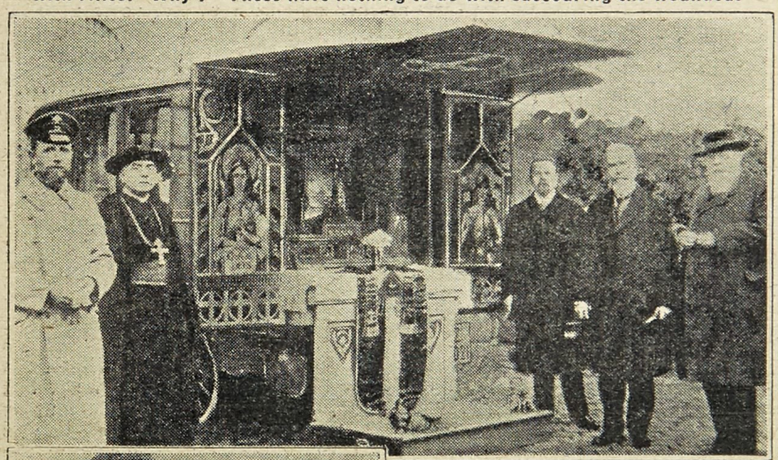
The "entente" in the Dardanelles. The French battleship Bouvet, which, with two other ships of the Republic, assisted in the joint attack on the Dardanelles forts.

Since the week we have just passed through has been the first week of Germany's "blockade," it might have seemed right to have devoted some of my space to it. The fact is, the German campaign so far has been a failure, and there is nothing to add to my forecasts, suggestions, and comments I made in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED on February 13th.

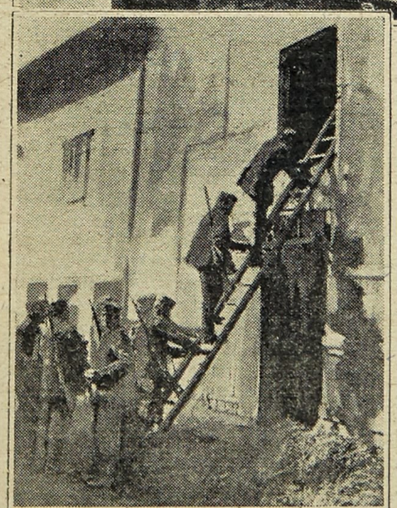
One nation after another has tried its hand at finding a weapon which will turn the position of the supreme Navy, and one after another they have all failed. Germany has now tried the commerce destroyer, the submarine, and the mine, and all alike have but the same fate.

Some Minor Incidents in "Kultur's" Wicked War

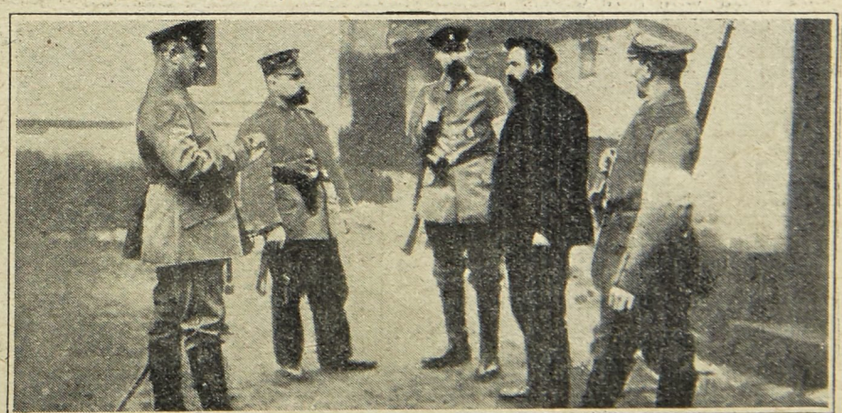
Members of the German Red Cross Society marching along a muddy road in Northern France to the battlefield. For some reason or other they are armed with rifles. Why? These have nothing to do with succouring the wounded.



On the left: A travelling chapel, which accompanies each German Army Corps to the front. As the Germans smash so many churches, it is well to have portable ones in reserve. On the right: German soldiers photographed at Landerville, in the shadow of the statue of Gerard, the great Marshal of France under Louis Philippe.



The gentle Hun goes aloft to sleep in a farmhouse of the Aisne.



Unhappy Belgian suspect interrogated by German officers. Woe betide him if he fall into any trap laid for him by his ingenious captors.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

BY announcing officially that his Majesty's aeroplane-ship Ark Royal is with our Fleet off the Dardanelles the Admiralty has made known a fact of considerable interest, in that it is disclosed to the public the existence of a new unit which previously only interested those who were particularly concerned with aviation.

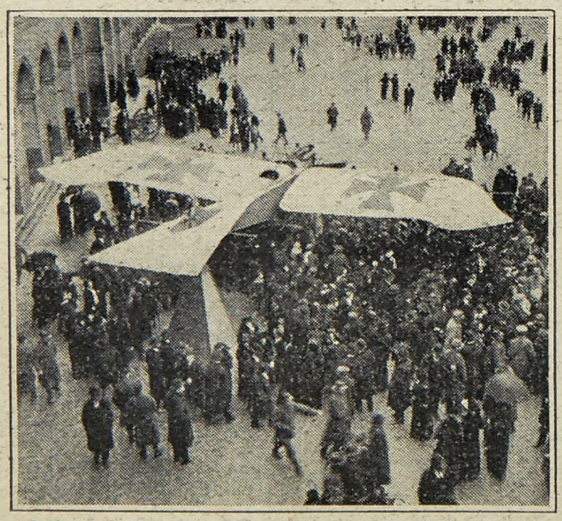
When the Hermes was torpedoed in the Channel she was officially described as a seaplane-carrying ship, and the three ships which carried the seaplanes for the raid on Cuxhaven at Christmas were also called "seaplane-carriers." The Ark Royal is, however, a proper aeroplane "mother ship," which is quite a different thing. She was built some considerable time before the war in a privately-owned shipyard, and there was no particular secret about her construction; but her equipment was only completed after war broke out, so one may not say more than that she was a large merchant steamer which was transformed to carry aeroplanes of all sorts, whether shore-going machines, seaplanes, or flying-boats, that her foredeck was arranged so that shore-going aeroplanes could be launched off it without having to be carted ashore before starting, and that she was to be specially equipped not only to repair aeroplanes but even to rebuild any which might be seriously damaged. To what extent these features have been further developed in completing her equipment must not be disclosed, but she is, at any rate, the first step towards a new class of ship which will in the future occupy a prominent place in the Navy.

The Problem of Aeroplanes at Sea

For several years past the problem of handling aeroplanes at sea has occupied a good deal of attention. As early as 1911, Mr. Glenn Curtiss, the famous American pilot, flew off a United States battleship and alighted on shore, and early in 1912 the late Mr. Ely flew from the shore and alighted on a ship, the vessel being at anchor. In 1912, also, Lieutenant Samson, R.N. (now Wing-Commander) flew a shore-going Short biplane off a platform erected on the foredeck of H.M.S. Hibernia, at anchor in Sheerness Harbour, and later on Lieutenant Gregory, R.N., and Lieutenant Malone, R.N. (now both Squadron-Commanders) flew off the same ship while she was under way. These were, up to the outbreak of war, the only examples of aeroplanes leaving ships in motion.

The platform used in these experiments was a clumsy affair of timber beams and planks, and was always known in the Royal Naval Air Service as "the scenic railway," for it looked more like a switchback than anything else. A similar contraption was also tried on H.M.S. Hermes in 1913, when experiments were made with amphibious aeroplanes fitted with both wheels and floats. The combination did not work well, and one or two officers had involuntary baths through their machines not reaching their full flying speed before they reached the end of the platform. No one was seriously hurt, but it showed that some better arrangement was necessary.

Either the aeroplanes used must be able, like the little fast "tabloid" scouts of which I wrote recently, to get off with a run of only fifty or sixty feet, or an enormously long deck must be provided, so as to allow a longer run than any warship could give, or else some sort of mechanical launching gear must be fitted to hurl the aeroplane into the air like a stone from a sling; so that even if its engine stopped just as it was getting under way it would rise clear of the ship and have room to turn round and glide down comfortably on to the water.



Another war trophy for the courtyard of Napoleon's sepulchre. A German Taube attracts considerable public interest at the Invalides, Paris. (Exclusive photograph to "The War Illustrated.")

How Hydroplanes are Launched Over Water

A launching gear of this sort was tried in 1913 by the ingenious Mr. Curtiss, who successfully launched his flying-boats with it off a pier. His arrangement was a cradle on which the boat sat. The cradle, which had small truck-like wheels, was hauled rapidly along a pair of rails till it reached such a speed that the boat, assisted by its own engine as well as the push of the gear, rose and left the cradle behind.

In another type the boat started by its own power and ran along the rails till it lifted of its own accord. If the engine was not pulling well the whole outfit ran over the edge of the pier and the cradle fell into the water, but so far as I can gather nothing very serious ever happened, for the boat always got near enough to her flying speed to avoid falling, and at worse she only dipped on clearing the pier and started flying properly before touching the water.

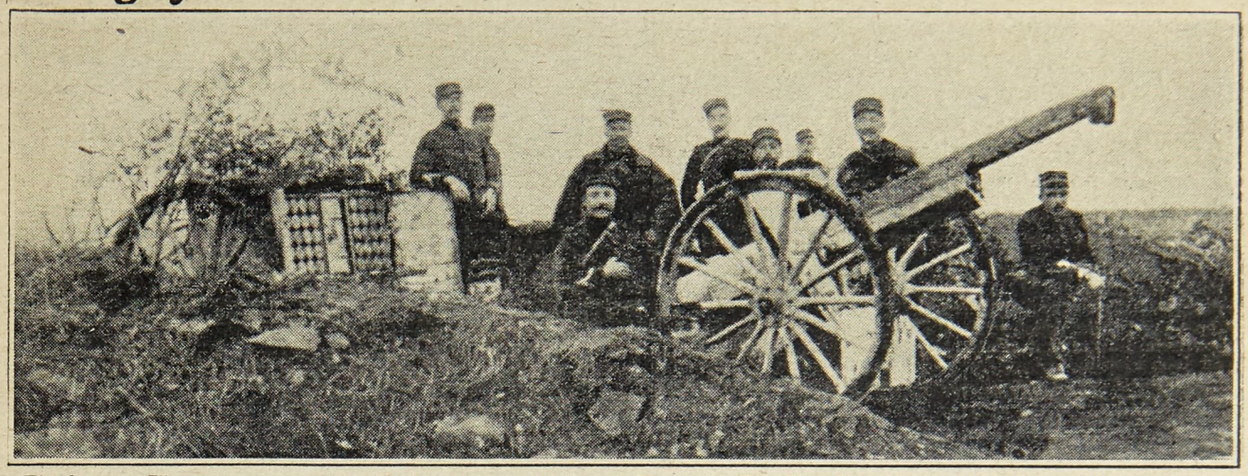
This system has much to recommend it, for by its means even heavy seaplanes can be got off a ship when the water is too rough for them to get off the water, and though the waves may damage them on their return they can be picked up by their mother ship without serious trouble by means of derricks.

Devices to Cope with Starting Difficulty

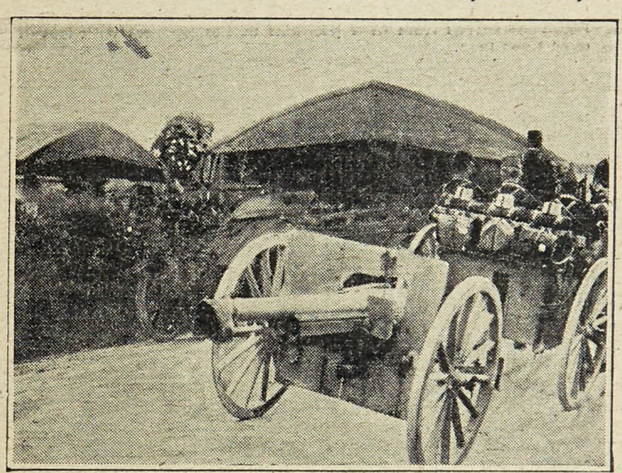
Another ingenious system was invented by M. Bleriot, and experimented by M. Pégoud, of "looping the loop" fame. In this, the aeroplane carried a clip—something like an automatic railway coupling—on steel tubes over the pilot's head. This clip encircled a horizontal wire cable, without gripping it. The aeroplane was thus suspended below the wire and was free to run along it. When it had run far enough the pilot pulled a string, released the clip, and the aeroplane dropped off the wire into the air at about its correct speed. On returning, the pilot had to manœuvre the aeroplane so that the open clip met the wire and closed round it, when the pilot stopped his engine and after a short slide along the cable, remained suspended from it. It worked quite well over land, but the obvious weakness about it at sea, when the cable was to be held by booms from the side of the ship, was that the wire would roll about with the ship, and so it would be difficult to manœuvre the aeroplane up to the wire.

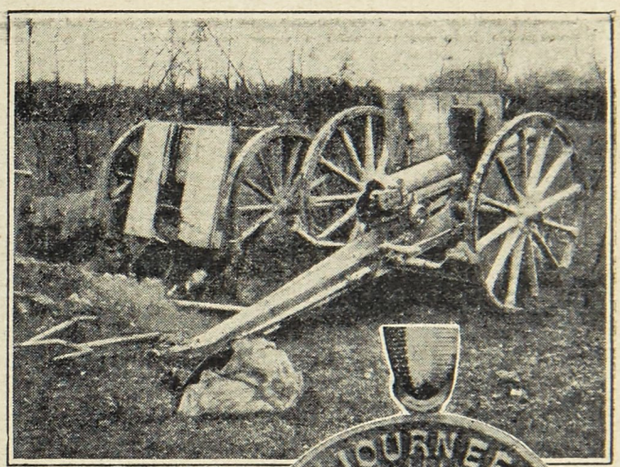
Various improvements in both kinds of apparatus have been thought out, and undoubtedly in due time no one will ever think of hoisting a seaplane out into the water and asking it to slam through the waves when heavily loaded with fuel for a long voyage, and bombs and ammunition for a raid, as all countries do at present; that is, of course, until we develop the huge seaplane as big as a destroyer, which will cruise with the Fleet on its own bottom and only open its wings and fly when it is in a hurry. Then we shall only need mother ships for supplies and repairs.

Hungry for the Hun-Lord's "Cannon Fodder"

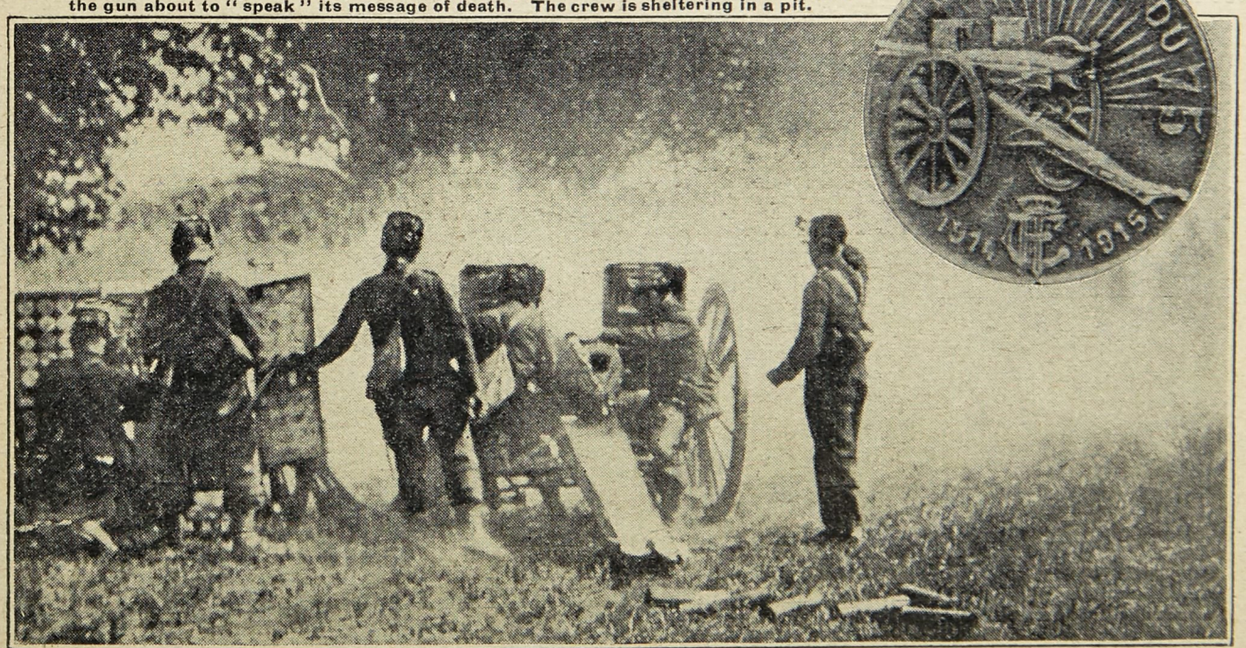


The famous 75 mm. guns are described as "the salvation of France." The French artillery easily prove their superiority over the German. They are always hungry for the Kaiser's "cannon fodder."

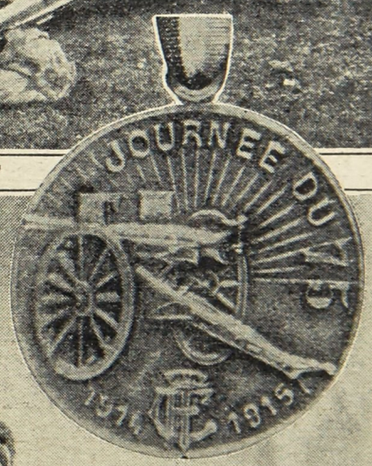




A "75" passing through a village, and a Farman biplane acting as scout. On the right, the gun about to "speak" its message of death. The crew is sheltering in a pit.



A gunner's regimental "colours" are his gun, for which he fights and dies. A "75" in a fierce action at Pont Nord.



The festival of the "75" was celebrated in Paris recently. All who gave to the soldiers' families fund received this medal.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, February 19th to 25th

FEB. 19.—**British Notes to United States** published. In one Sir Edward Grey replies to representations of United States Government as to use of latter's flag by the Lusitania. Other Note deals with the Wilhelmina case. Both explain the British attitude in view of Germany's "paper" blockade and repeated violation of international law.

Bulletin from Sir John French reporting severe fighting south-east of Ypres.

French progress in the Vosges; German attacks north of Wisembach repulsed, and positions gained and consolidated.

American ship Evelyn mined off Borkum.

Norwegian tank-ship Belridge struck by German torpedo near Folkestone.

Bombardment of Dardanelles Forts. Franco-British Fleet, under Vice-Admiral Carden, attacks forts at entrance to the Dardanelles, those on the European side silenced.

FEB. 20.—Dardanelles action renewed after aerial reconnaissance.

French Government confer Military Medal on Field-Marshal Sir John French.

French repulse counter-attacks in Champagne and make further progress in north of Perthes.

Serious fighting in the neighbourhood of Ypres. The Germans attacked with the bayonet, but were repulsed, losing heavily.

s.s. Downshire sunk by a German submarine off the Calf of Man.

s.s. Cambank torpedoed off Anglesey by German submarine.

FEB. 21.—Russian success in Galicia; heights south-east of Tukla and north-west of Senebchouva captured after desperate fight.

German counter-attack in Champagne brilliantly repulsed by French, who followed up with a vigorous pursuit which made them masters of the whole German trenches to the north and east of the wood captured Feb. 20.

In the sectors of Ypres Allies take a portion of trenches which the enemy had occupied temporarily; Germans left several hundreds of dead on the field; Allies' loss slight.

German aeroplane raid over Essex; bombs dropped on Colchester, Braintree, and Coggeshall; little damage done.

Russian counter to the German advance from East Prussia and Posen begins.

FEB. 22.—Reported that German cruisers still active in Southern Atlantic and Pacific.

British steamers Highland Brae, Potaro, Hemisphere, and Wilfred destroyed some weeks ago by enemy.

British reprisals for German blockade. Mr. Asquith announced in Parliament that the Allies are considering what action to take by way of reprisals for the German blockade.

Zeppelin attack on Calais, five civilians killed.

Sir Edward Grey, in message to Washington, denies German assertion that British intended to destroy an American ship in the war zone to precipitate a crisis between the United States and Germany.

South African Union forces occupied Garub, 70 miles east of Luderitz Bay, without opposition.

French carry more trenches in Champagne and capture numerous prisoners. Between the Argonne and the Meuse almost the whole of the enemy's positions captured.

Grand Duke Nicholas reports that in the Russian retreat from East Prussia the flank of one of our ally's corps became exposed, and only isolated elements of them succeeded in escaping. In the Praznysh region, 60 miles north of Warsaw, Germans take offensive with considerable force.

FEB. 23.—**Admiralty restrict navigation in the Irish Channel** by proclamation of a prohibited area.

German submarine attacked Folkestone-Boulogne cross-channel passenger boat, the torpedo passing 30 yards ahead of the ship.

First neutral vessel sunk in blockade. The Norwegian collier Regin torpedoed in the English Channel; crew saved.

Press Bureau published a letter from Sir Edward Grey to the Chairman of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, in which he reviewed the negotiations that have passed between the Commission and the British Government.

Sir John French, in his bi-weekly bulletin, reports British trench destroyed by mines near Ypres. At Givenchy, close to La Bassée, British capture a German trench.

Fifteen hundred shells rained upon Rheims Cathedral.

Rioting among Indian troops at Singapore. Press Bureau announces that the 5th Light Infantry attacked officers owing to "some jealousy and dissatisfaction concerning recent promotions." Riots suppressed with help of local forces and detachment of 36th Sikhs, seven officers and twenty-nine others killed.

FEB. 24.—French artillery success on the Meuse. Two German regiments driven from their positions at Les Eparges with loss of over 3,000 men.

Reported that United States has made informal proposals concerning the blockade to British and German Governments.

Loss of H.M.S. Clan McNaughton, armed merchant cruiser, missing since Feb. 3, announced by Admiralty.

FEB. 25.—**Allies' success at Dardanelles.** All the forts at the entrance of Straits reduced by combined Franco-British squadron.

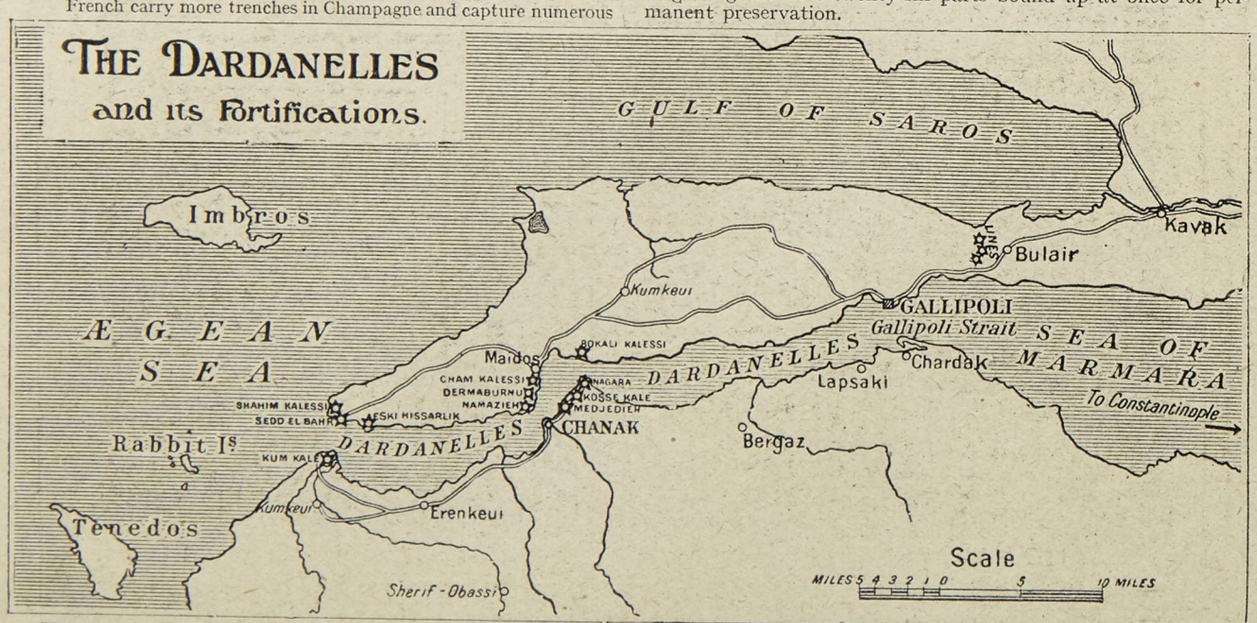
French airmen throw sixty bombs on enemy's stations, trains, and concentrations in Champagne, with effective results.

Note by the Editor

I HAVE to state, in reply to numerous correspondents, that, after experiments in binding THE WAR ILLUSTRATED both with and without the cover pages, it has been decided to maintain all succeeding volumes *uniform with the first,* that is to say, each of *twenty-six* weekly parts.

It will be quite possible for those who wish to include the covers in their bound volume to do so, as the publishers' cases will take the increased bulk successfully, giving an excellent result either way.

Beautiful binding cases for the first volume are now on sale everywhere, and subscribers are urgently advised *not to delay* in getting the first twenty-six parts bound up at once for permanent preservation.



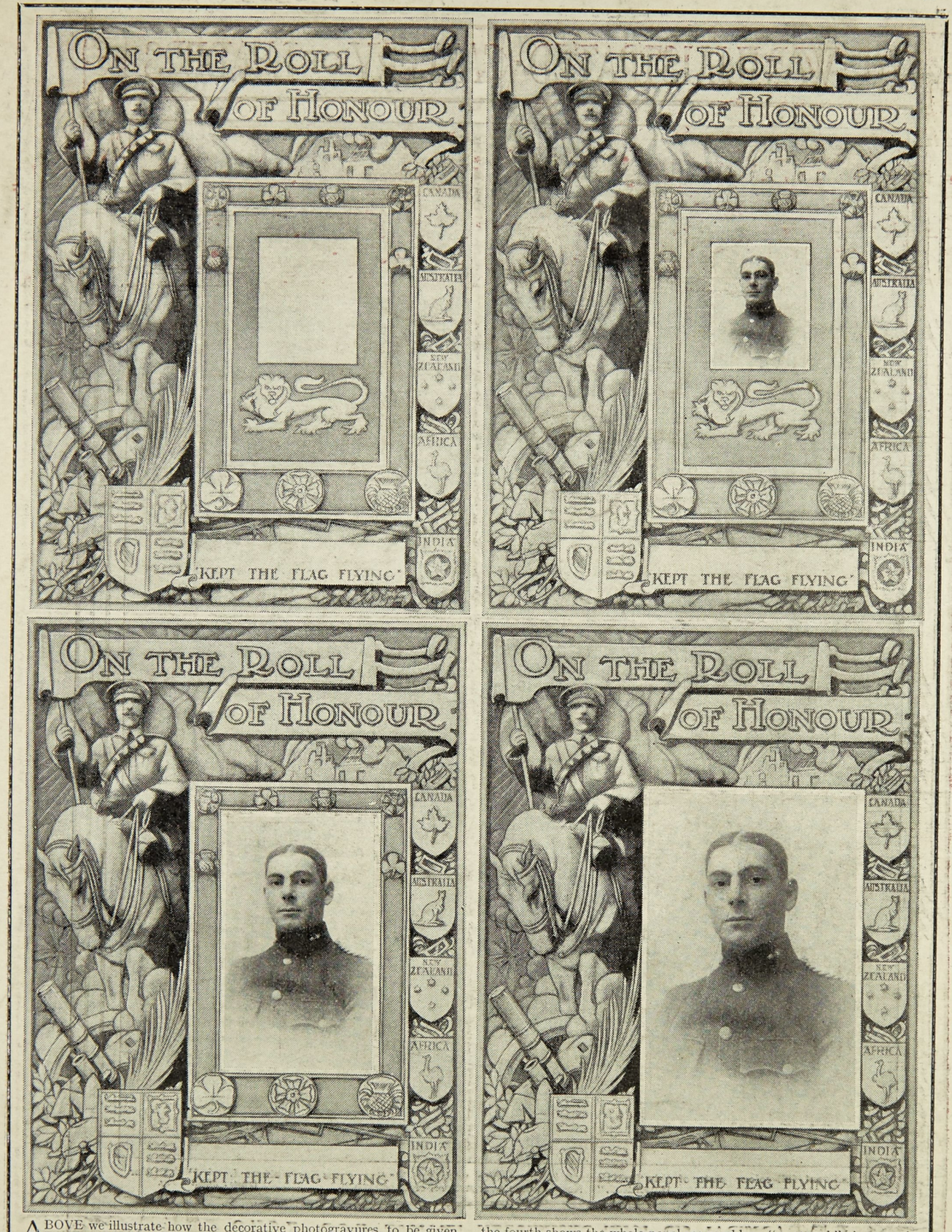
Map illustrating the scene of the Allied Fleet's attacks on February 19th & 25th., under Vice-Admiral Sackville H. Carden. The Dardanelles forts at Kum Kale were bombarded by the Vengeance, Cornwallis, Triumph, the French ships Bouvet, Suffren, and Gaulois, and the Inflexible and Agamemnon. All the forts at the entrance to the straits were reduced, but the Allies' ships escaped without damage. The conquest of the Dardanelles would open the way to an attack on Constantinople, and release Russian shipping in the Black Sea, so essential to the exchange of war material and food supplies between Russia and the Allies.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

A magnificent full-colour plate of this fine portrait is given free with the binding cases for Volume I. of "The War Illustrated." Now on sale everywhere, eighteenpence. [*Photo: Elliott & Fry.*

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN RUSHWORTH JELLICOE, K.C.B., K.C.V.O.

IN COMMAND OF THE BRITISH GRAND FLEET



ABOVE we illustrate how the decorative photogravures, to be given away with next week's WAR ILLUSTRATED, may be used. The first shows the plate (reduced to less than quarter actual size) as subscribers will receive it. The second shows a "gem" photograph pasted in the smallest space; the third, a "carte-de-visite" in the second panel; and the fourth shows the whole panel occupied by a "postcard" photograph. Thus you can mount a photograph any of these sizes with most artistic effect, and when you have written the name of the soldier in the space above the words "kept the flag flying," you will have ready for framing an ideal family memorial of patriotic service.

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The War Illustrated 13th March, 1915.

Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

Photogravure Plate given Free with this Part

The War Illustrated

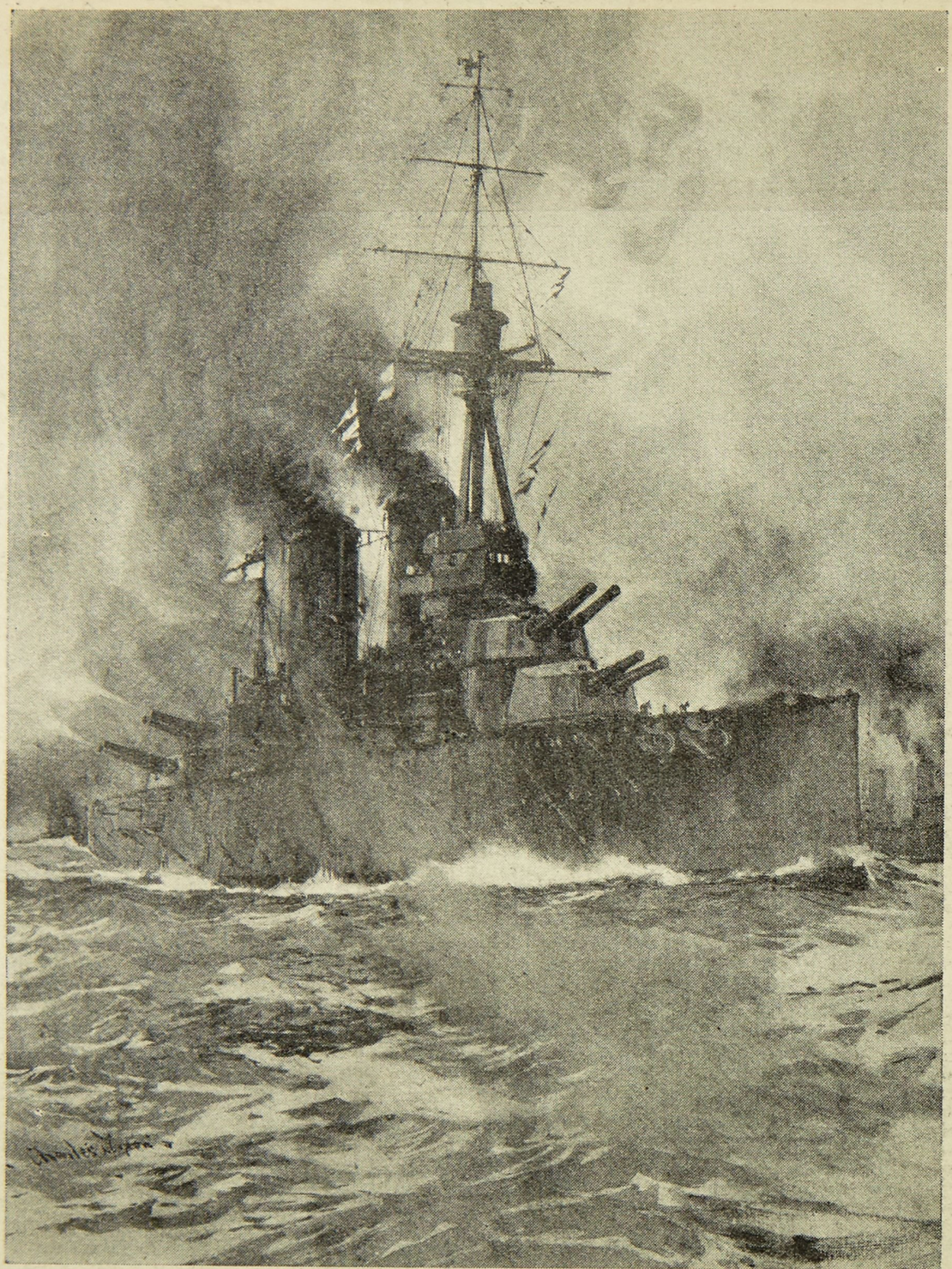
2d Weekly

Vol. 2.

"Kismet!"—The Coming Doom of the Turk in Europe

No. 30

BRITAIN'S WATCH-DOGS OF THE DEEP



IV. H.M.S. QUEEN ELIZABETH

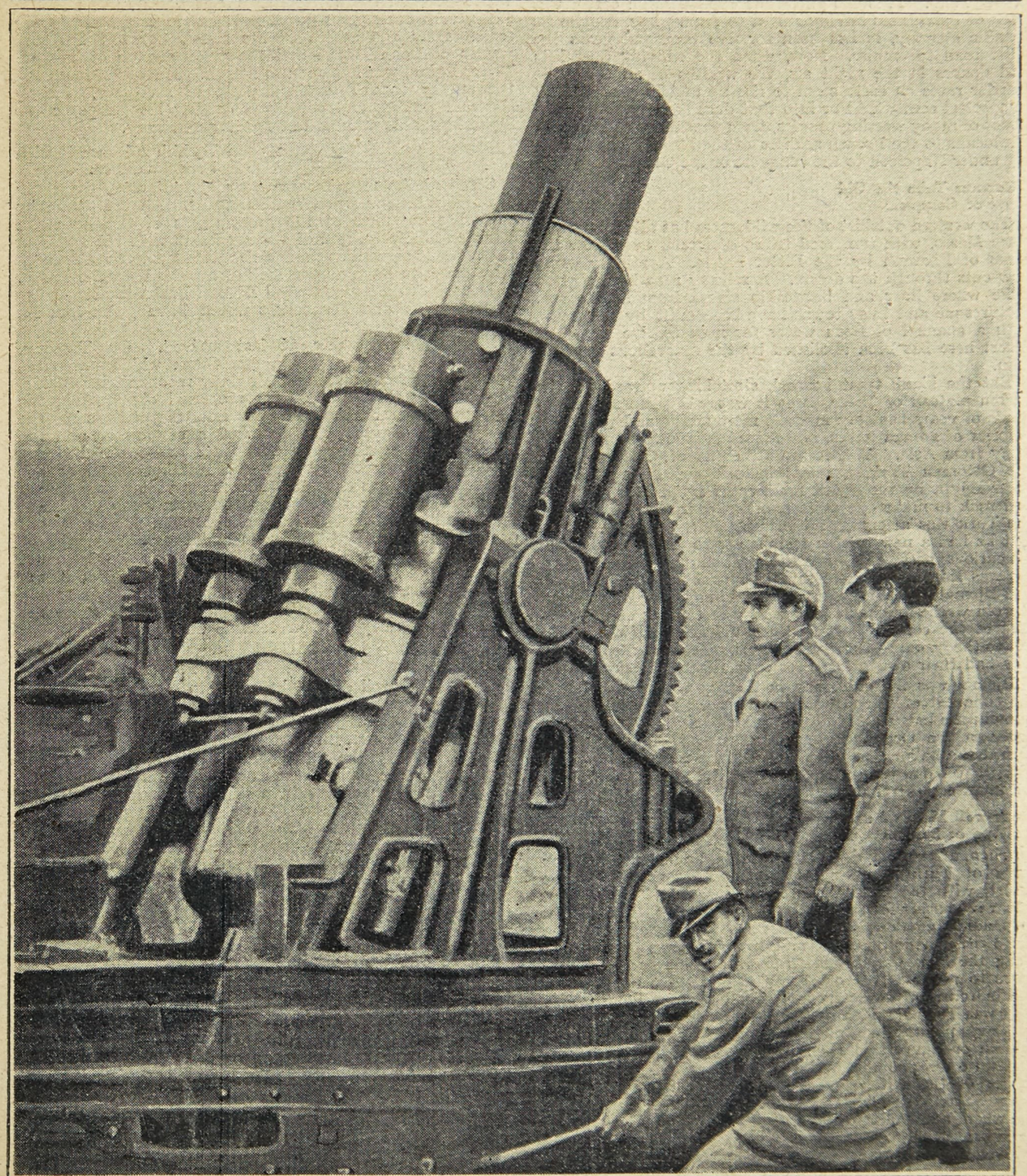
The most powerful warship afloat, and the first of a new type of super-Dreadnought. She is taking part in the forcing of the Dardanelles, and is armed with eight 15 in. guns, that can send a projectile of nearly a ton in weight twelve miles. She has a displacement of 27,500 tons; a nominal speed of 25 knots; is 600 feet in length, and uses oil-fuel only.

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 30. Vol. 2.
13th March, 1915.

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton.



A GIANT SIEGE-HOWITZER.—A most destructive-looking piece of ordnance is this colossal Austrian 12 in. siege-howitzer, which weighs over twenty-eight tons, and discharges a projectile weighing 1,000 pounds. In siege warfare such a weapon is undoubtedly a formidable quantity, but its very bulk tends to minimise its effectiveness when it has to be transported any distance over enemy territory. Where roads are in a bad state of repair, special rail tracks have to be laid to support the gun. It has been proved that the bark of this monster—the hope of Austria's never-victorious forces—is worse than its bite.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XV.—The Memorable Desert Battle for Egypt

EVEN the Plain of Armageddon, a hundred miles from its northern edge, is scarcely so memorable a battle-field as the ancient Desert of Sin, where Turk and Briton met at last in their struggle for Egypt. Grey and uncanny, the immense waste of sand undulates under the moonlit sky. It is the ghostliest wilderness on earth, this neck of barrenness linking Africa to Asia. For, despite its terrible sterility, it has been for five thousand years the chief road to empire. Now, when the eddying dust lifts and dances in the night air, the wraiths of all the great warrior races on earth seem to rise up and to contend still in spectral combat. For into that dust have crumbled the bones of many warring peoples, from the troops of the early Chaldeans to the French soldiers of the Revolution, marching under Napoleon to the conquest of the Orient.

Ottomans Take the Old Road of Conquest

The western outskirt of the wilderness has altered greatly since Moses, with the freed tribes of Israel, overthrew the hosts of Pharaoh by the Bitter Lakes. A mighty canal now cuts through the desert. A railway runs by the great dyke where liner and battleship steam from sea to sea. Picturesque and busy towns have been built by the canal, with a channel of fresh water for men to live by. The desert here has been abolished by the marvellous work of man.

But the blank tract beyond, stretching upward to the barren plateau of Judea, is as it was. The lapse of thousands of years has only made it more sterile and waterless, emptier of nomad tribes, and more perilous to an invading army from Asia. Yet, towards the end of January, 1915, the Ottoman Turk, the last historic conquering race to enter Egypt by the desert road, came again over the sand and rock to make one more effort at conquest. This time the Turk was attempting the impossible, and he knew it. But he had a new foreign taskmaster to urge him on, and his curious, passive fatalism to keep him obedient to orders. He was led by the most romantic soul in Turkey. This was Djemal Pasha, a dreamer lapped in glowing thoughts of the old warlike glories of his race, and careless of the realities of the coming battle. Such uninteresting details he left to the giaours—German generals, officers, and engineers, who had their own reasons for encouraging the expedition.

Djemal was the only man in Turkey who thought that the conquest of Egypt was practicable. When affairs had hung in the balance between the war party and the neutral party in the Ottoman Empire, it was Djemal who had turned the balance to the war, with the idea of being able himself to equal the achievements of Sultan Selim, the first Ottoman conqueror of Egypt.

Stone-wall Maxwell and the Ape of Saladin

When, after much delay and trouble, he had got an army corps of Turks, Anatolians, and Syrians well into the desert, with the Bedouins of Arabia gathered about him, intent in sharing in the spoil of modern Egypt, Djemal took to sending challenges to General Maxwell, commanding the British, Australasian, and Indian troops entrenched along the Suez Canal. The romantic pasha had the innocence to propose that our army should leave its defences and march into the desert and offer battle on equal terms. This was Djemal's idea of modern warfare. He wanted a dashing, picturesque affair, like the combats between Saladin of Egypt and Richard the First of England. He was quite disappointed when General Maxwell, a scientific soldier of the Kitchener school, refused to fight in the romantic manner. He seems then to have lost interest in the whole affair, and to have let the Germans manage the business.

They managed it as well as could be expected. There were about thirty thousand men collected round the central oases of the desert. For weeks all their dispositions were studied by our aviators, while the defences of the canal were being improved. The ancient path of invasion by El Kantara was unkindly blocked by the British general, who flooded the bed of a great dried-up lake between Port Said and El Kantara, and left the old bridge town jutting like a fortified promontory into the flood. In the level waste between the Bitter Lakes and Suez British battleships, with their great guns, served as mobile, impregnable forts. Only the centre of the canal, between the blue waters of Lake Tinsah and the green stretch of the old Bitter Lakes, was left open to attack. Having thus guided the enemy to the destined place of slaughter, General Maxwell waited, and continued drilling his troops to the highest possible standard of fighting efficiency.

Turkish Advance Hidden by a Sandstorm

Some of the men became very discontented, especially the Australasians and the Territorials. All the time they were hearing tales of the great deeds of the Immortal Division at Ypres, and of stirring fights with the Prussian Guards. It seemed as though the Russians in the Caucasus were going to have all the luck of a scrap with the Turks. If bribery could have induced Djemal Pasha to attack, the Australasians and Territorials would have given him six months of their pay.

But the happy day at last arrived. On Tuesday, February 2nd, there was a sandstorm which prevented our aviators from making their daily reconnoitring flights. Profiting by this escape from continual observation, the Ottoman generalissimo made his final dispositions for the conquest of Egypt. He detached a column some three thousand strong to march northward and make a strong demonstration against El Kantara. Another column of four thousand men was despatched to make a feint attack upon the Ismailia Ferry post. Then the main army was lined up behind some barren heights about seven miles eastward of the small village of Toussoum and the rocky barrier of the Serapeum. At Toussoum was the railway to Cairo and Suez, and, what was of more immediate importance to the thirsty Turks, the small canal of fresh water. By reaching and holding the fresh-water canal, they would overcome the chief difficulty of their terrible desert campaign.

Battling in Darkness with the Pontoon Squads

General Maxwell did all he could to coax them onward into the trap which he had prepared for them. Our troops holding the Asiatic side of the canal between the Toussoum post and the Serapeum post, were retired to the farther bank. This left the enemy a long, clear, uncontested stretch of water to bridge with his pontoons. The main Turkish forces began to advance in the evening, and when the night fell, dark and cloudy, everything seemed to favour their enterprise. One of their divisions concealed itself in a rocky depression about a mile from the Suez Canal, while a brigade of infantry moved down and entrenched in the low scrub between the Toussoum and Serapeum posts. They pushed out sharpshooters, with machine-guns, to sweep the canal with their fire. Then twenty-four squads of men toiled laboriously in the darkness over the sand and gravel to the canal bank. Each squad carried a large, heavy boat of zinc made by German engineers and dragged over the desert by bullock-teams. The design was to construct a pontoon of the zinc boats, with planks fastened on the top forming a bridge, by which the Ottoman host could cross the canal.

It was about three o'clock on Wednesday morning, February 3rd, that the pontoon squads of Anatolians reached the canal side. Some of them tried to row across the water in their zinc boats and establish a bridge-head on the farther bank. But along the high wooded ground on the opposite side of the water our silent but watchful troops were entrenched, with powerful artillery batteries supporting them. The British force opened rifle fire in the darkness at twenty minutes past three, when the canal

(*Continued on page 76*)

Three Unnamed Heroes of an Unnamed Corps

Gallant stand by British during the recent fighting south-east of Ypres. In one of our trenches, which had become practically isolated, forty British soldiers continued to hold firm until every one of them was either killed or wounded. Eventually three only were left who were capable of firing. Still undaunted, these three continued to hold the charging Germans at bay. Fearful lest the three defenders' ammunition should be exhausted, a volunteer relief force of seven men set out. When they succeeded in reaching the trench the three heroic survivors were still standing amid their dead and disabled comrades and firing steadily.

THE DESERT BATTLE FOR EGYPT

(Continued from page 74)

was covered with the enemy's boats. At the same time a double enfilading fire was poured on the ambushed Turks from the Toussoum and Serapeum posts on the Asiatic side of the water. Three of the Turco-German boats were at once sunk. Two others managed to reach the shore. One crew was killed trying to clamber up the high bank, while the second crew was captured with their boat.

The entire Turkish brigade then attacked. Under cover of their fire the bridging parties once more advanced down to the waterside. They were again met by rifle and Maxim fire from our troops, yet all through the remaining hours of darkness the Anatolians continued their desperate attempts to bridge the canal. Meanwhile, the Turco-German artillery in the hollows behind the distant ridges continually searched our position with explosive shell and shrapnel. Our batteries did not reply, leaving it to our riflemen and Maxim-gun officers to hold the bridging party in check. This they did until the sky whitened in the east, and the light of dawn revealed the enemy's positions.

The Turkish attack was then blown away. The pontoon-carriers fell dead beneath their riddled zinc boats; the Turkish trenches in the scrub were raked by gun fire, and even their distant infantry supports were bombarded. A British officer, perched the evening before in a tree near the Turkish position, directed the batteries. Eighteen out of the twenty-four pontoons were sunk or captured, and as the bridging parties retreated, a British counter-attack was launched from the Serapeum post.

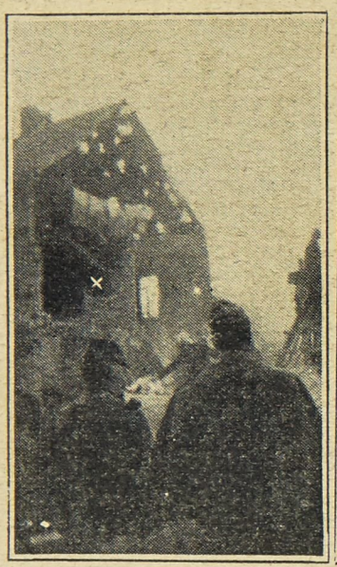
The defending troops, rushing over the sandy flat, reached a ridge commanding the hollows where the enemy was massed. There they shot down the Turks as these fled to the distant eastern hills. It was one of the most surprising routs in military history. For the Turks still had some twelve thousand bayonets in reserve in the next depression in the desert. Whatever may be thought of his intelligence and skill, the ordinary Turkish soldier is at least no coward. He can usually die as bravely and stubbornly as the men of any race.

Yet Djemal's main force, amounting to a full division, made no attempt whatever to retrieve the disaster. They did not come into the fight, and the battle abruptly ended, when little more than a skirmishing reconnaissance in force had been undertaken by a single brigade.

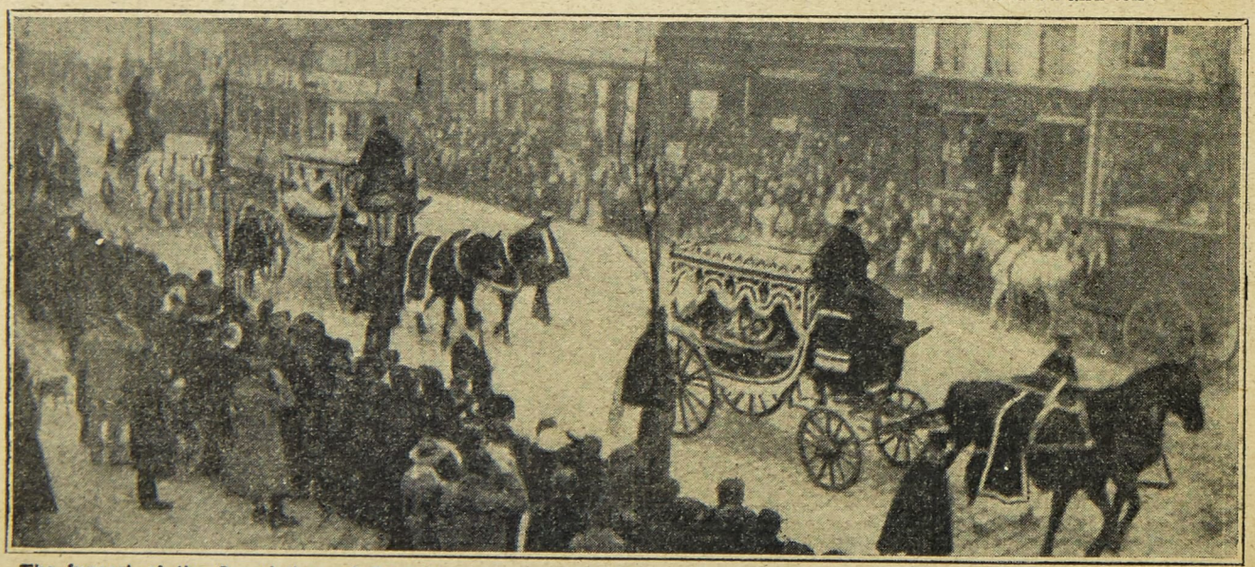
Perhaps the explanation is that the romantic pasha suddenly awakened to a sense of realities, and, seeing the destruction of his foremost troops, concluded that the apparently open position along the canal was a trap. This, as we have seen, was the case. But, for the honour of the ordinary Turkish soldier, the main division might have tried to strike one blow, instead of giving up their enterprise at the first slight reverse.

The entire affair was an historic bubble-burst. It had taken months to get the invading army across the desert. Great sums had been spent in buying transport animals, and in providing drinking water and munitions of war. Yet, after little more than a vain, preliminary skirmish, Turk, Syrian, and Anatolian went back the way they had come, without having seriously menaced the position of the defending troops.

In fact, they retreated so rapidly on Wednesday evening that the men occupying their nearest trenches by the canal were left behind. On Thursday, February 4th, these hapless enemies, after being shelled by our warships, were surrounded by our infantry and taken prisoners. Thus ended Djemal's dream of the Ottoman reconquest of Egypt. A good many of the Bedouins, frightened by our flying machines, deserted him before the battle, stealing off at night with their camels, and any other animals they could take. The broken army of invasion retreated towards Beersheba. The British losses in dead and wounded were only one hundred and ten!

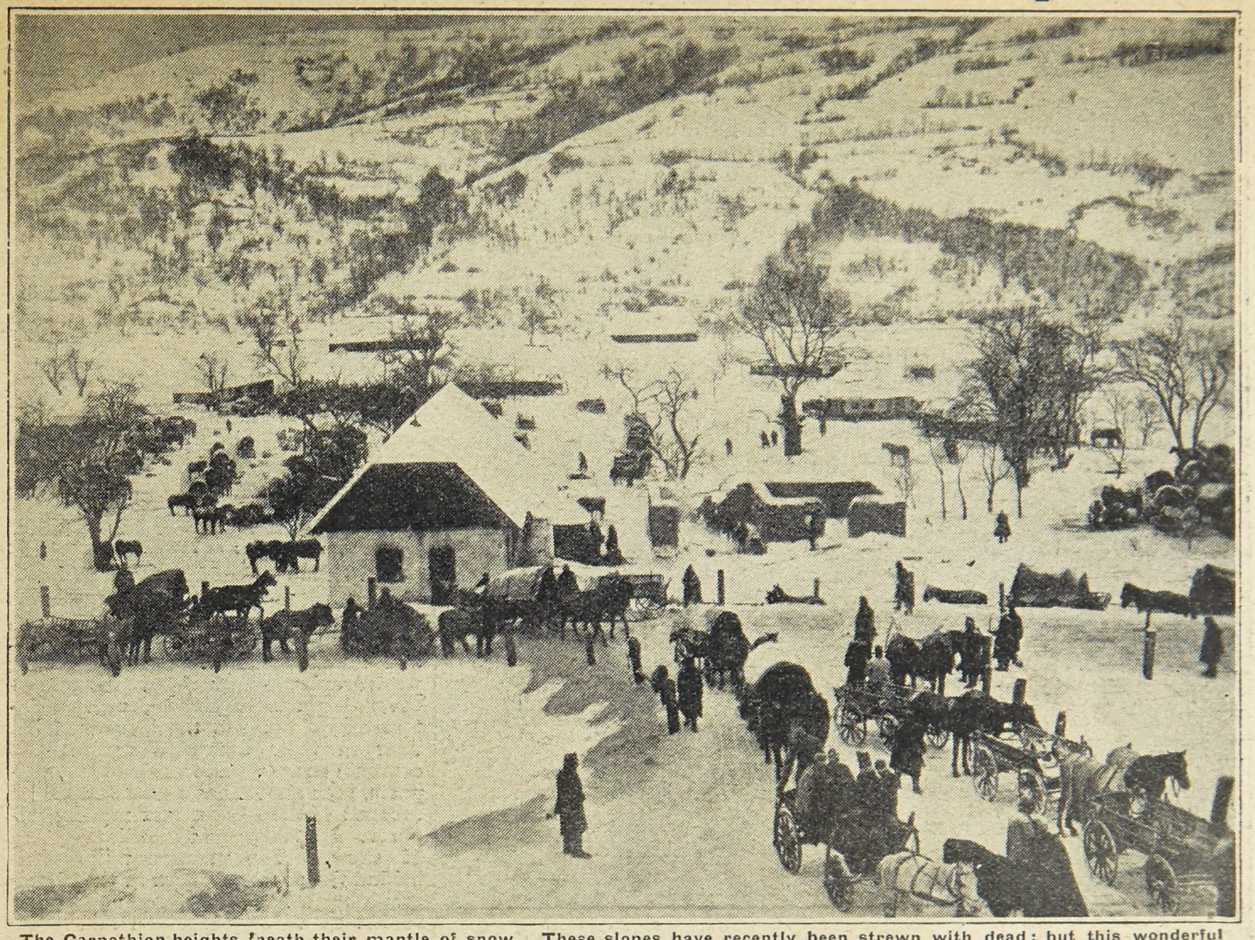


On the left, ruined house in the Rue Dognin, Calais, where five civilians were killed by the explosion of a Zeppelin bomb. The only surviving inhabitant was the infant, seen on the right. He was sleeping in the cot marked with a cross, and had a miraculous escape from bomb fragments.

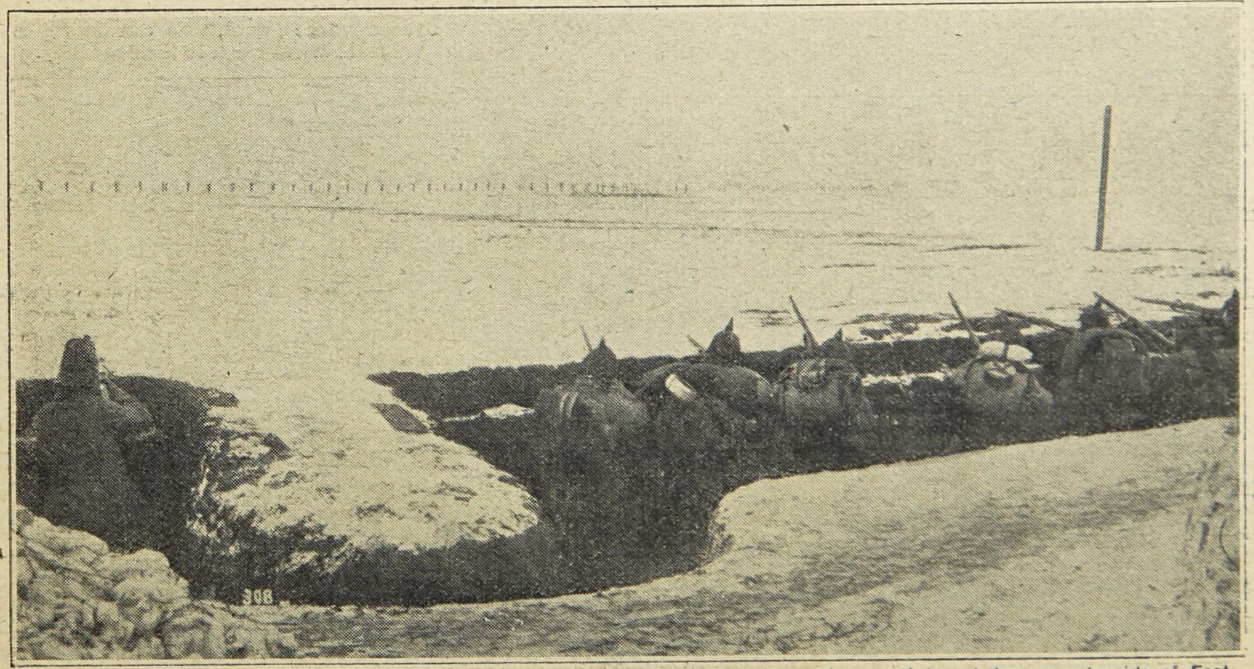


The funeral of the five victims of Zeppelin savagery at Calais on February 22nd. Their house in the Rue Dognin was completely wrecked by two infernal machines. Several other incendiary bombs were dropped without doing further damage.

With the Huns in Prussia and the Carpathians



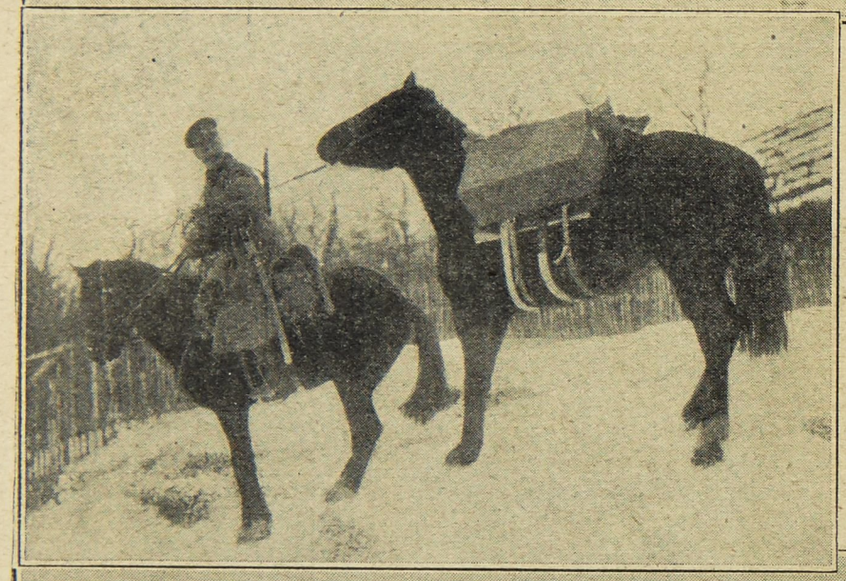
The Carpathian heights 'neath their mantle of snow. These slopes have recently been strewn with dead; but this wonderful scene is reminiscent of jolly winter sports rather than of war. It illustrates the difficulties in transport with which the Austrians have to contend. (These photographs are exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")



A land abandoned by humanity to the inhuman. With the Huns in the bleak, treeless, and trench-torn countryside of East Prussia. Germans entrenched in the snow-clad district of the Masurian Lakes. In the distance can be seen long rows of vicious barbed-wire entanglements. These form the only relief to the monotonous landscape.

On the snowbound battle-grounds of Galicia:

Russian outposts in action in Galicia.



THE Grand Duke Nicholas has of late been punishing the Austrians severely, inflicting on them tremendous losses and capturing thousands of men and numerous guns. These exclusive photographs, direct from the snow-covered plains of Galicia, provide interesting glimpses of the soldiers of the Tsar in their campaign against the common enemy. The work of the outposts, seen above, has added dangers on account of the difficulty of moving unobserved against the white background of snow. The "scarecrow" erected behind the advance guard in the photograph below has been rigged-up in order to act as a decoy for distracting the enemy's attention from the main body of troops. Also, by firing at this dummy figure they betray their exact position to the advance guard, who can thus give valuable information to their artillery.

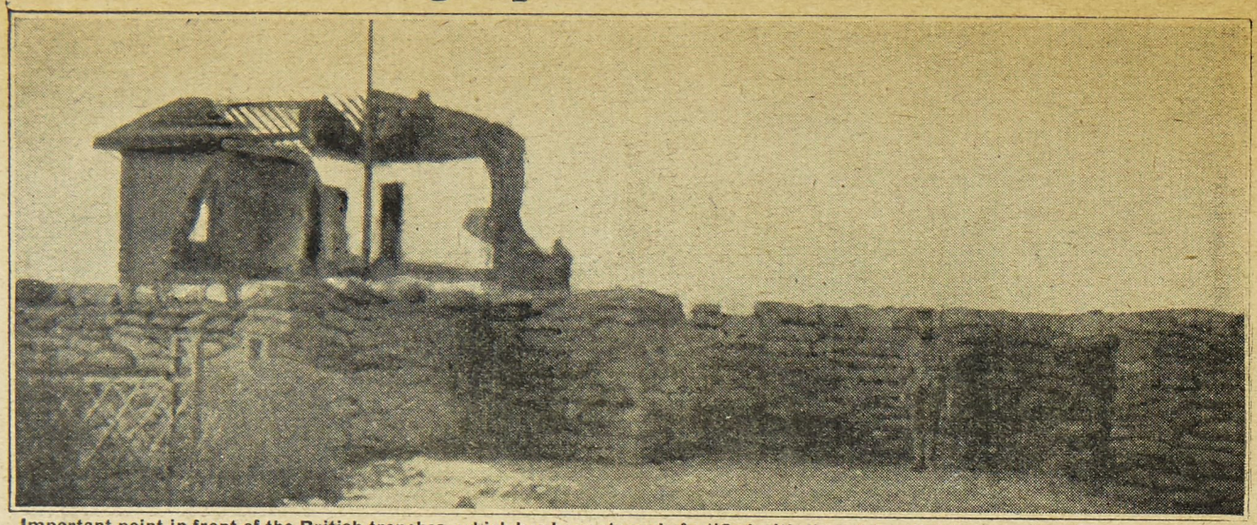
The centre photograph shows rifle ammunition being conveyed to the firing-line. Even the acclimatised Siberian ponies find the "going" extremely difficult, and are not at all sure of their foothold on the rough ground. Below a Russian advance guard firing from the scanty cover afforded by a ditch. Behind them is a "scarecrow" rigged up as a decoy.

Slavdom defies "might is right" with "blood & iron"

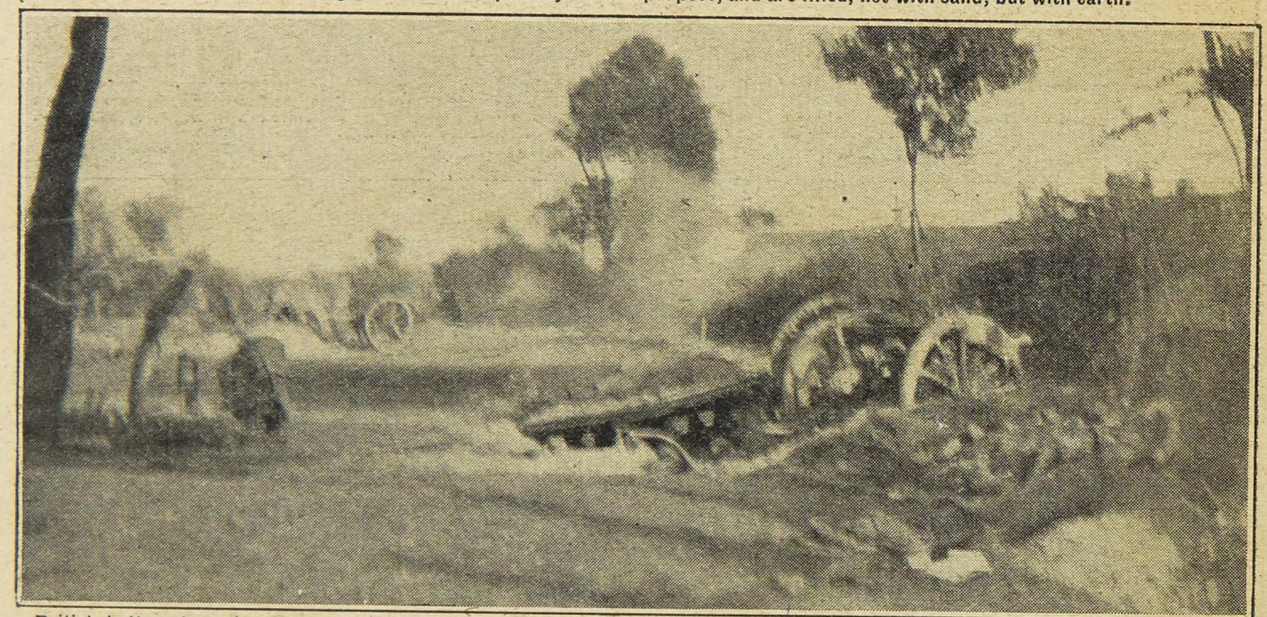
Cossacks in action taking cover behind their horses' bodies. From earliest boyhood the Cossacks become familiar with horses, and they are among the most daring horsemen in the world. Their steeds are trained to lend all possible aid in warfare, and when required to act as cover, remain absolutely immovable under fire.

The Russo-Austrian campaign in Galicia. Russian infantrymen entrenched on the edge of a wood. The Austrian trenches are only between two and three hundred yards away from this point. Their faint outline can be seen between the trees. A hot engagement was in progress when this photograph (like most in this number, exclusive to "The War Illustrated") was taken.

With Our Photographer Nearest to the Huns:



Important point in front of the British trenches, which has been strongly fortified with "sand-bag" defence works. It is not generally known that these bags are sent over specially for this purpose, and are filled, not with sand, but with earth.

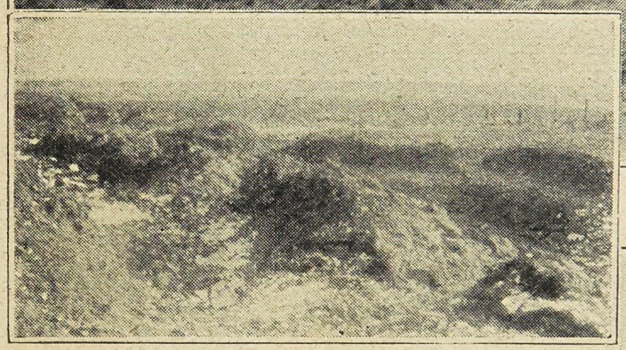


British battery in action. The smoke of the gun in the distance is plainly discernible as the projectile leaves the weapon. In the foreground a large "funk-hole" has been made, in which the gunners can just be seen.

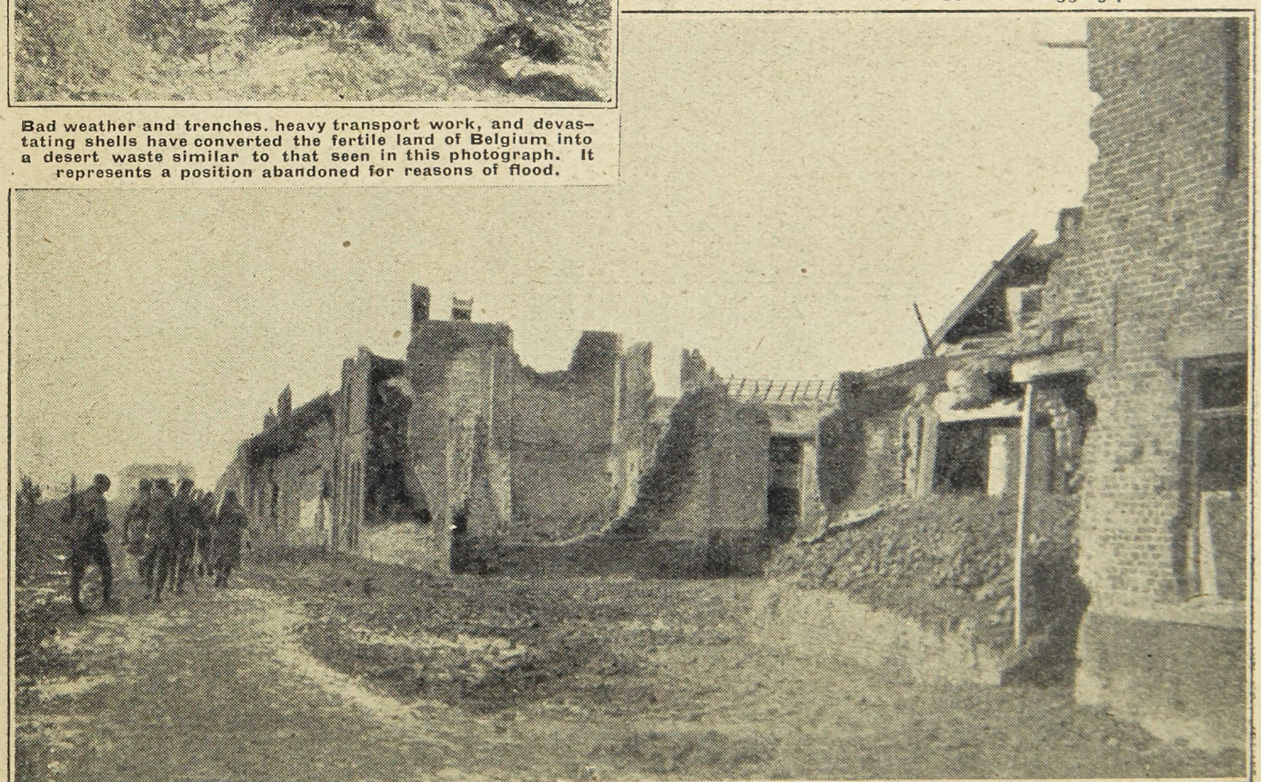
Right on the battle-front. An entrenching party is seen resting whilst our photographer, at great risk, takes this snapshot. The whole place has been consistently shelled by the enemy. The neighbouring village has paid the penalty of "Kultur."

Camera Records of British first-line Activities

The eternal question of "tiffin" is being energetically considered somewhere behind the fighting-line, under cover of a picturesque thatched cottage. British soldiers are preparing lunch for their comrades. Some are digging potatoes.

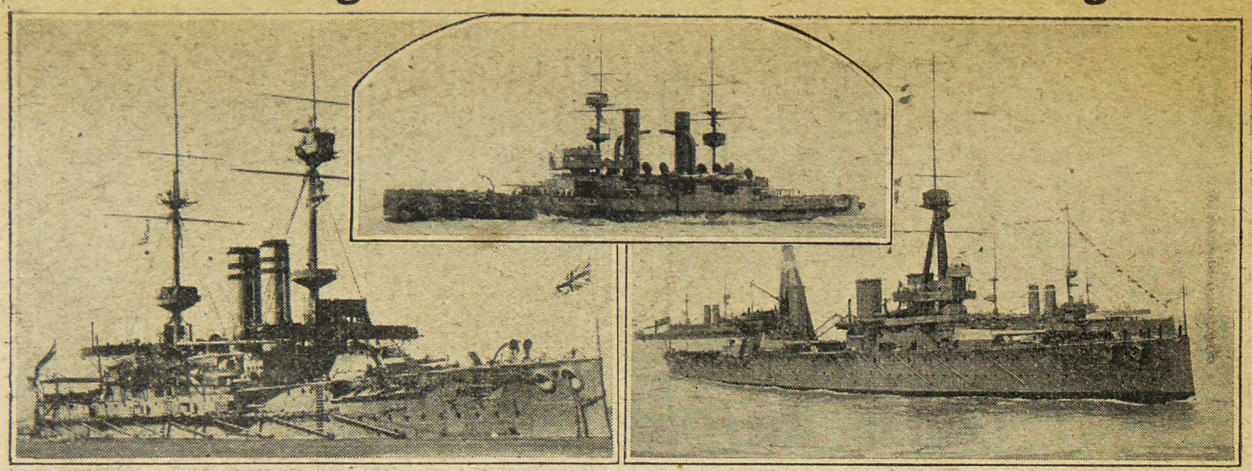


Bad weather and trenches, heavy transport work, and devastating shells have converted the fertile land of Belgium into a desert waste similar to that seen in this photograph. It represents a position abandoned for reasons of flood.

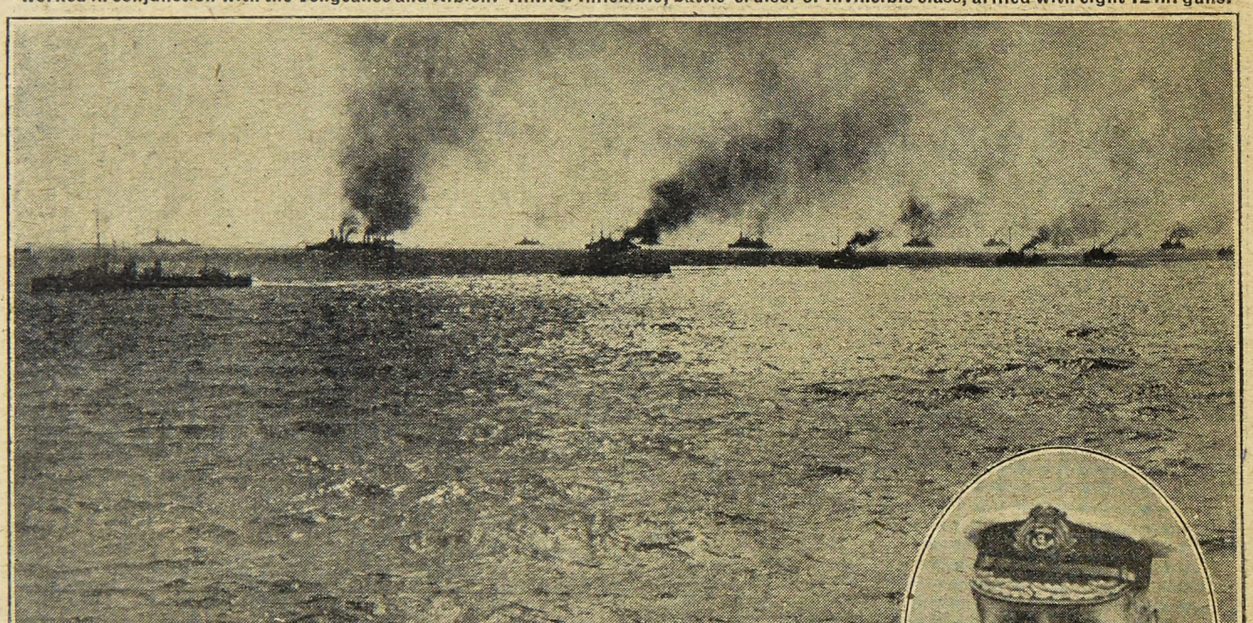


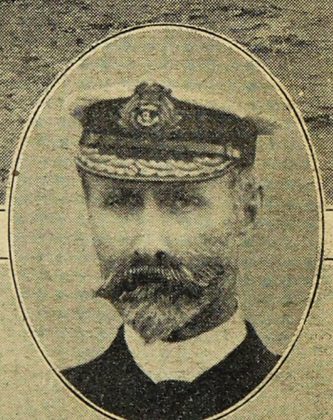
Trenches—and still more trenches—needed. Under cover of a shattered village near Lille, a squad of British soldiers are on their way, armed with pick and spade, to make further entrenchments behind the first line.

Allies forcing the Gate to Islam's Stronghold:

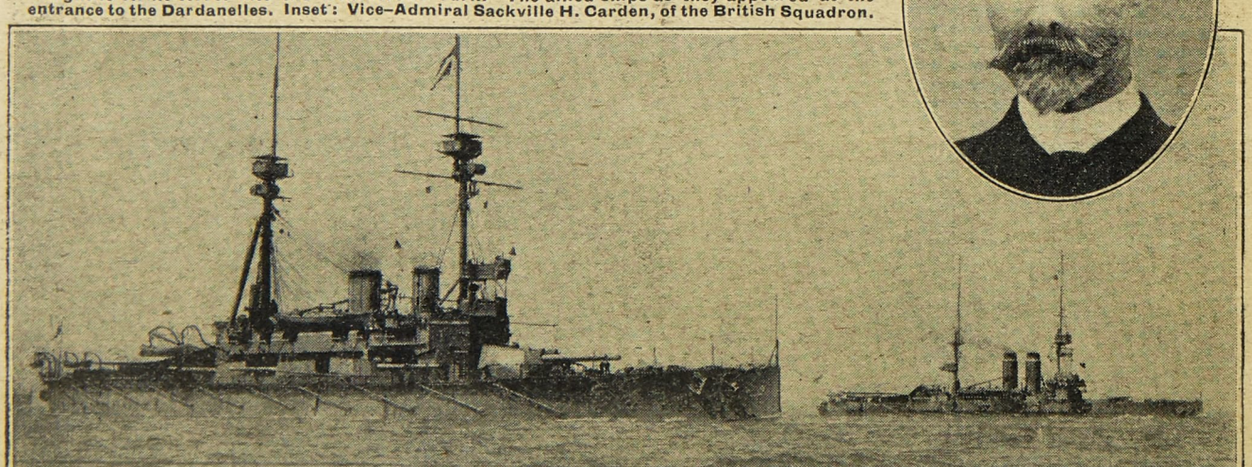


Left to right: H.M.S. Vengeance, which at close range assisted in the destruction of Cape Helles Battery. H.M.S. Triumph, which worked in conjunction with the Vengeance and Albion. H.M.S. Inflexible, battle-cruiser of Invincible class, armed with eight 12 in. guns.



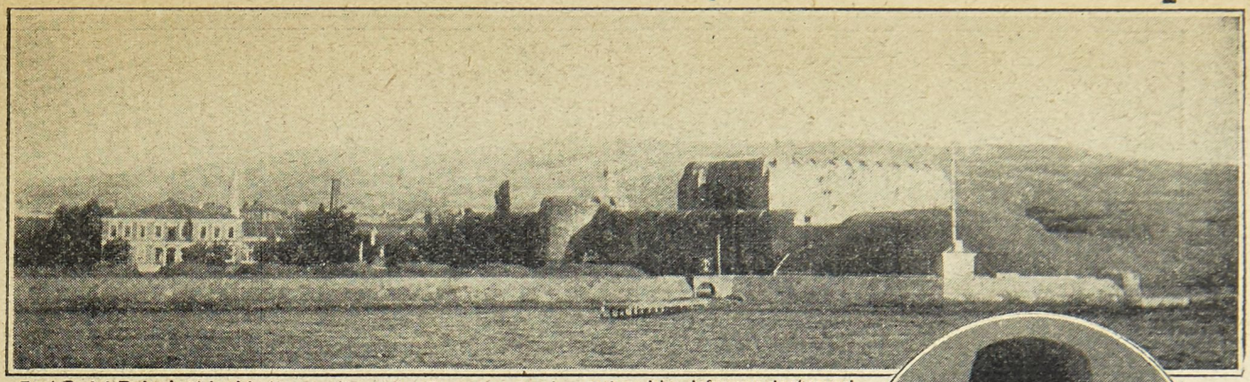


A sight to strike terror into the treacherous Turk. The allied ships as they appeared at the entrance to the Dardanelles. Inset: Vice-Admiral Sackville H. Carden, of the British Squadron.

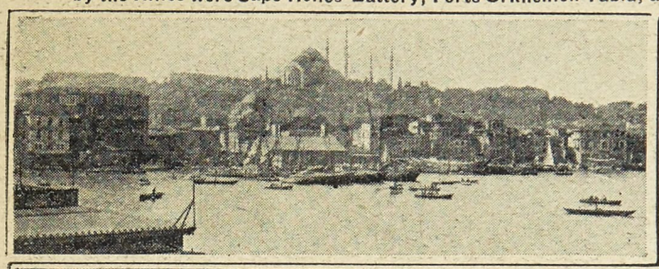


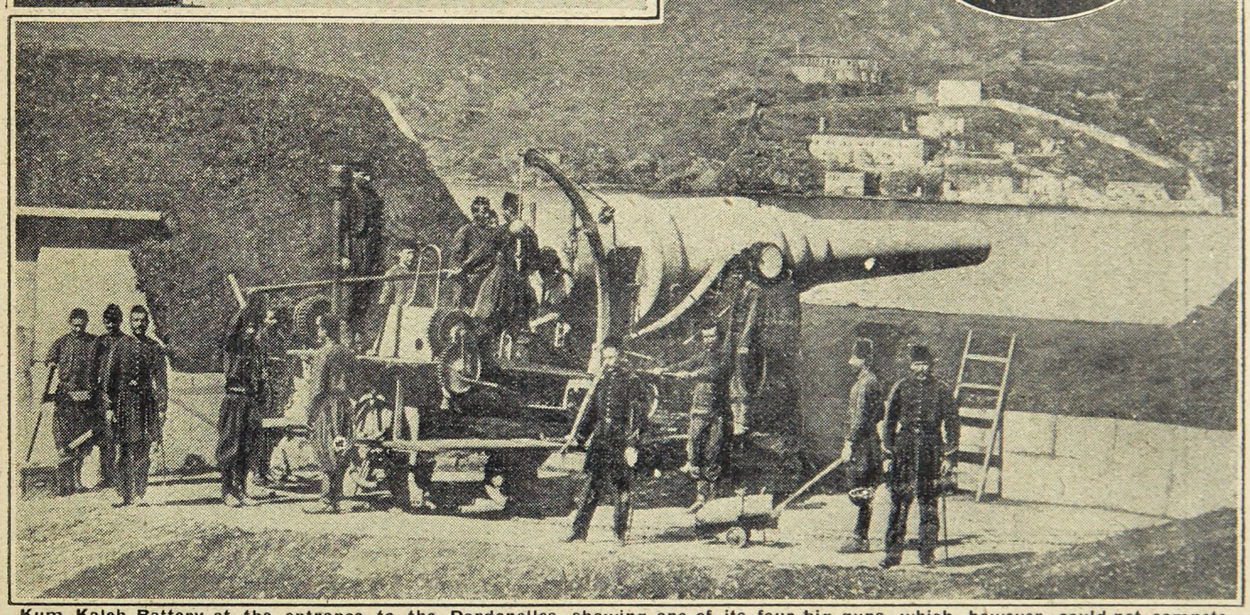
H.M.S. Agamemnon (left), H.M.S. Cornwallis (right), full speed ahead. The former ship, together with the Queen Elizabeth, bombarded the Dardanelles forts at long range, and a shell from Cape Helles Battery struck her at 11,000 yards, killing three men and wounding others. The Cornwallis under cover of the long-range fire, helped to complete the destruction of this fort.

Penetrating the Waterway to Constantinople



Fort Sedel Bahr just inside the straits on the European bank. Other big defences destroyed by the Allies were Cape Helles Battery, Forts Orkhenieh Tabia, and Kum Kaleh.





Kum Kaleh Battery at the entrance to the Dardanelles, showing one of its four big guns, which, however, could not compete effectively with the Allies' fire. The action in this erstwhile impregnable zone is likely to impress Balkan neutrals with the extent of the Allies' power. Insets: General view of Constantinople, the objective of the Allies, and the Sultan of Turkey.

Preparing for the inevitable attack on Constantinople. New Ottoman troops drilling in front of the Turkish War Office.

The Guerilla Element in Modern Warfare: T

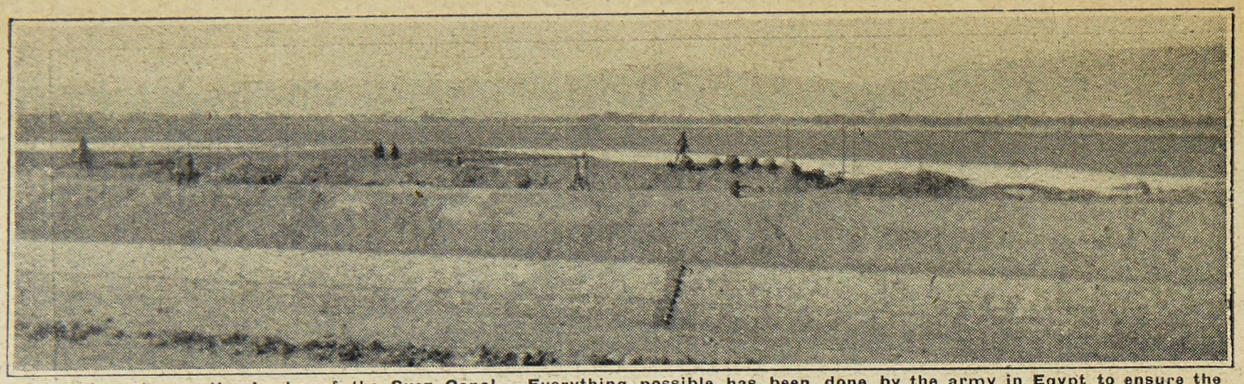
It is almost 160 days since the War Lord set his heart and troops on Calais, and the cherished base for operations against "perfidious Albion" is still as far from his grasp as ever. Such fighting as has characterised this blood-stained area of Flanders is unique in the annals of universal strife. Every foot of the ground has been hotly contested; every farmhouse and cottage the scene of individua conflict. Nowadays, there is no Waterloo begun and finished in a day but innumerable counter-gains and losses along a line which vacillate very much like the writhing evolutions of a mighty boa-constrictor.

The scene of the struggle illustrated on these pages is the eas

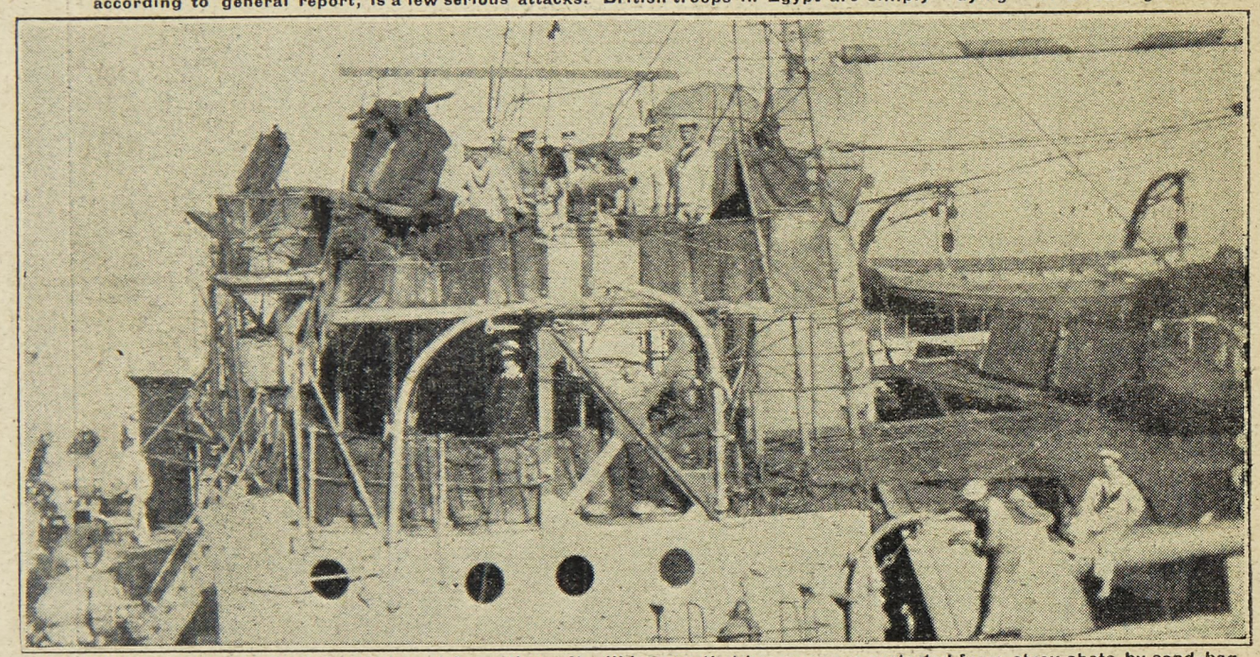
errible Turcos Annihilate Huns near Ypres Canal

bank of the Ypres Canal, between Elverdinghe and Pilkem. Prussian infantry are surprised and annihilated by the terrible Turcos. Frequent mentions of house-to-house fighting have appeared in official communiques, and this drawing gives a splendid idea of the ferocity of such warfare. In such an emergency the Turco is at his best and the Hun at his worst. The temperament of the native or French soldier makes him irresistible where his own initiative is brought into play, but the phlegmatic Prussian is slow of action if compelled to rely on himself. The pity is that, in this patient war of dug-outs, the opportunities for a charge have not been more frequent during the winter months.

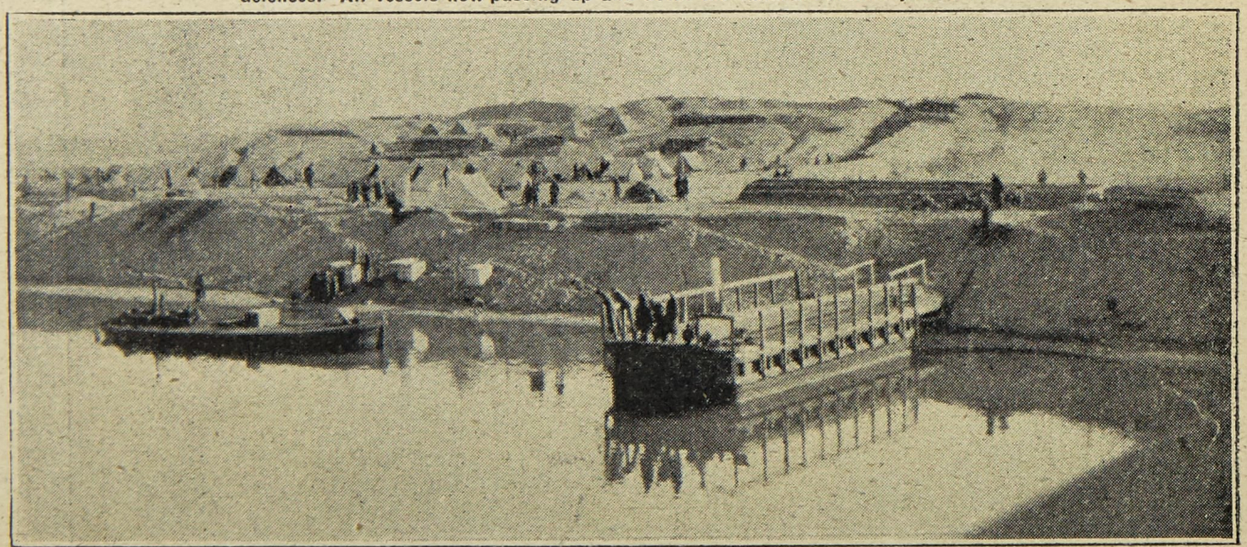
The Turkish Debacle on the Suez Canal :



Entrenchments on the banks of the Suez Canal. Everything possible has been done by the army in Egypt to ensure the Teutonised Turks another warm reception should Djemal Pasha and his army be tempted to come again. All that is wanted now, according to general report, is a few serious attacks. British troops in Egypt are simply "dying" for a real fight.



British battleship in the Suez Canal cleared for action. It will be seen that her crew are protected from stray shots by sand-bag defences. All vessels now passing up and down the canal are similarly defended.



An encampment along the banks of the Suez Canal. The monotony of the yellow sand of Egypt is now relieved here and there by the white canvas tents of the British forces defending the Protectorate. (Photographs exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

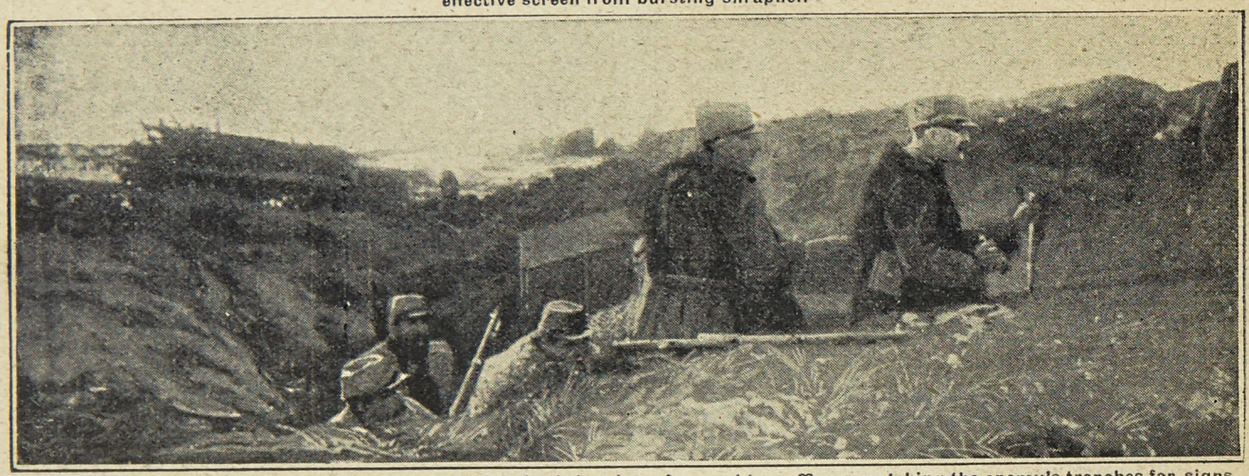
"Holy" Warriors now in British Safe Keeping

The obvious sequel to the Turkish attack on Egypt fiasco. Several hundred Ottoman prisoners on their way to internment. Most of the "holy" warriors were only too happy to get away from their overbearing task-masters the infidel Huns. Djemal Pasha's romantic plans for Ottoman reconquest of Egypt failed hopelessly. As it happened only an inconsiderable force of Turks actually took part in the fight for the canal. The main army, apparently realising the superhuman difficulties of the campaign, retreated towards Beersheba without attempting a serious attack.

Another view of Turkish prisoners marching to a detention camp under an escort of Colonial troops. (Photographs exclusive to "The War Illustrated.") Inset: Wounded Turks being assisted aboard the hospital-train for Cairo by native railway guards.

With our Photographer in France and Flanders:

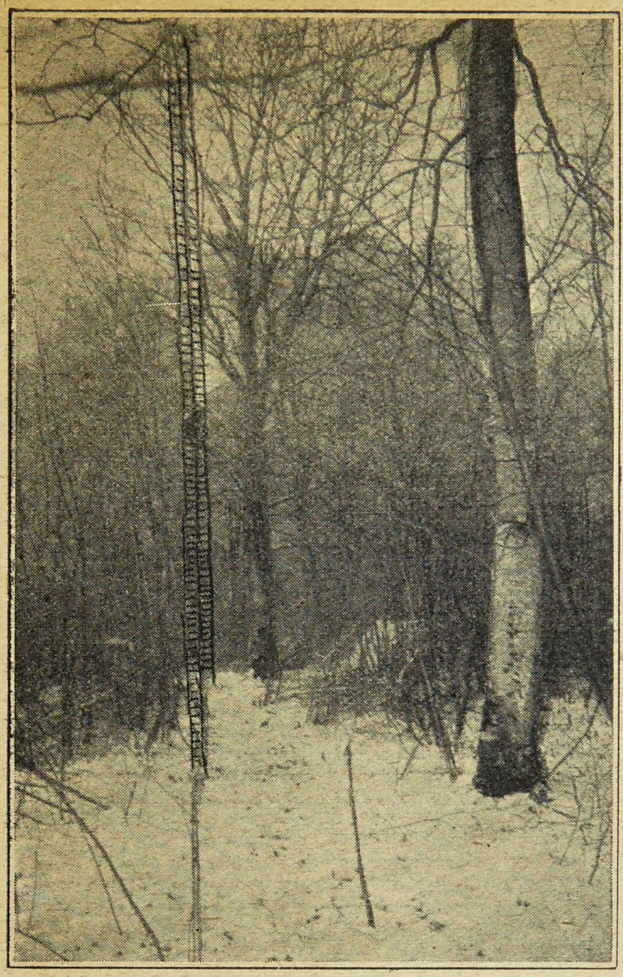
French soldiers closely following the effect of mitrailleuse fire on the enemy's position. The death-dealing weapon can be seen in the centre, well hidden from the Germans, under a rude awning. The trench is protected with hurdle-like barricades—the most effective screen from bursting shrapnel.



Another scene in a first-line trench. French soldiers in their winter furs and two officers watching the enemy's trenches for signs of life. The dramatic intensity of the "lookers-on" has been well caught by the camera.

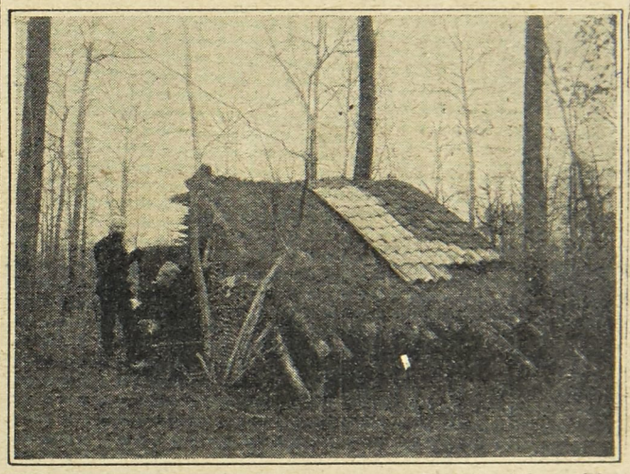
The approach of lunch-time in the trenches along the Yser. Three Belgian soldiers awaiting a meal, cooking in the pot, which, in spite of the crude environment, looks as if it might be very appetising. The trench has been well protected with iron shields.

Incidents by the way in the War of Attrition

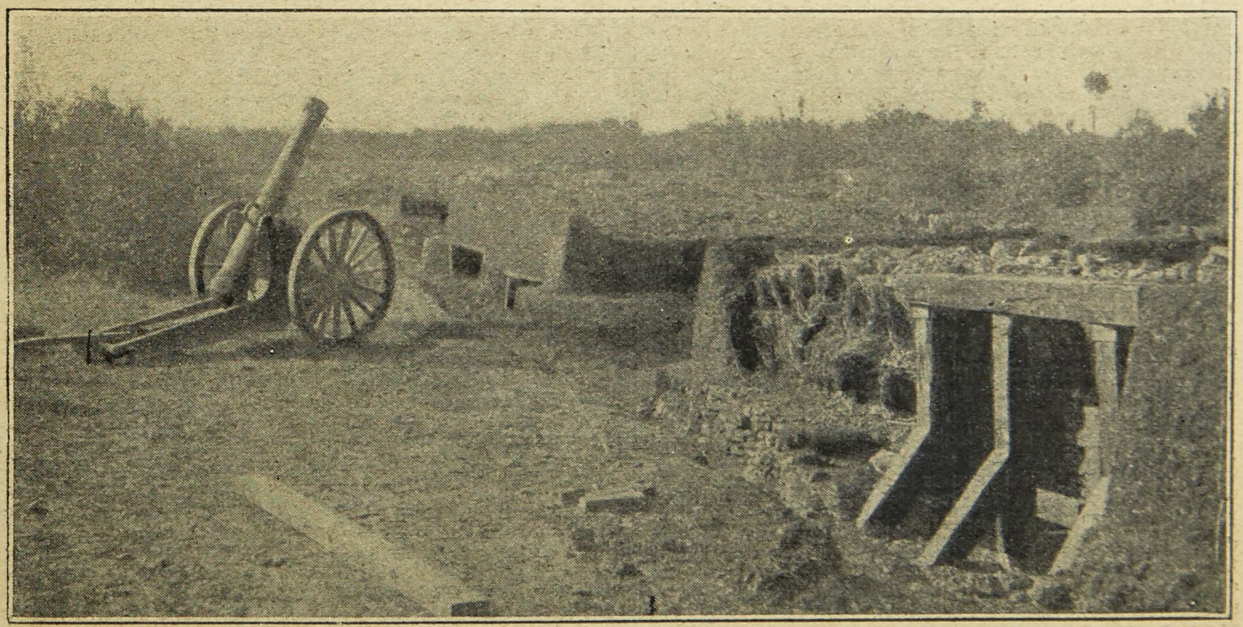


French soldier on a ladder erected in a forest in order to observe the effect of gun-fire on a German position.

Grim legacies of the dead. Clothes and effects of fallen Germans in the park of a chateau, where their owners lie buried.



After the visit of the campaign postman. French soldiers with their letters outside a "villa" behind the firing-line.



The silent thunderer. German cannon abandoned after a fierce battle. The gun had been rendered useless before the Germans left it. Judging by the wrecked defence works, this position was subjected to a hot bombardment.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

WE are on the eve of the great forward movement of the allied armies, if that forward movement has not already begun. The Germans have been able during the winter months, thanks to the excellence of their railway system, to fling their main forces at any point they pleased.

One month they elected to hurl an immense army against the British position at Ypres, and it was only by the most amazing stubbornness and courage that our soldiers held them back in a long fight, in which the very drummer boys and cooks' mates had to shoulder their rifles and take their part in the front lines. A little later we found them turning upon Soissons, and for one dark hour or two it seemed as though they might break through to Paris. Then came the swift move of their armies eastwards, and the great battles of East Prussia.

What Germany Wants to Know

But when the allied advance begins, the Germans will find themselves forced to scatter their ranks, and to defend the long lines east and west all at the same time, uncertain where our main attack will come. Two and a half million French troops are under arms to-day. After all the lines are held it will be possible to use at least a million of these for an advance. Where will they strike?

New British forces have been waiting for their hour to come, in the region north of Rouen and Amiens. Are they going to advance northwards? Are they trying to break through in the direction of Lille? Will they co-operate with the French in an advance through Alsace, or from Verdun into the Luxemburg? Is the land advance to be carried out simultaneously with a naval attack on the German positions along the Belgian coast? Are we going to try to land an army anywhere on the coast? These are the questions which the German Great General Staff has been trying to answer for a month and more.

The main purpose of German air raids across the North Sea and along the French lines has been, not to drop a few bombs which do comparatively little harm, but to discover the dispositions of the allied armies. It is essential for the Germans that they should learn what our main plans are. It is our business to conceal them. We may rest assured that no effort has been spared on land or in the air to find out what we are doing.

Deception, Subterfuge, Pretence

In the early days of the war I was resting one night in a small town in Northern Belgium, a hundred miles or more as we thought from the German front, when a man hurried to me with information that a party of Uhlans had suddenly appeared in a village not six miles away, and that there had been a skirmish. All the Germans had been killed but two, who were coming in as prisoners. What were these men doing there? We soon learnt the explanation.

The German generals, anxious to know our strength, had asked for volunteers among the cavalry to go out on a desperate errand. They were to ride hard and ride straight through our country. They were to avoid outposts, seek to get in touch with our main lines, and then to retire. Most of them would die—that was certain. Those who returned were promised the Iron Cross for every man. That is the explanation of the recent presence of German cavalry in the Forest of Compiègne.

The struggle to learn what your enemy is doing is the real preliminary of a main battle, and the preliminary on which the fate of the battle often depends. Deception, subterfuge, and pretence are all legitimate in war. Our task is to deceive the Germans, and every plan will be tried—from the speeches of great statesmen to articles in obscure provincial newspapers, from costly preparations at various bases for armies which never arrive to pretended traitors sent out to give the Germans information. We are bound to employ every weapon at our disposal. The Germans are doing the same. It is a favourite trick of great commanders to concentrate attention on one point when they are preparing for a lightning stroke at quite another. There has been much talk about an advance beyond Verdun, but we have heard no mention of —— or ——. You can fill in the blanks for yourself.

It is a sound principle of war not to underrate your opponents. Germany has her plans, just as we have ours. She, too, will be able to throw enormous forces forward. Every available fact seems to point to her advance being made from Soissons towards Paris. Should this advance succeed, Paris would probably fall. The fall of Paris would be worth the loss of a million men to Germany. It would divide the allied armies; it would strike a tremendous blow at our prestige, and the Germans may conceivably think that it would weaken the spirit and determination of the French people. We have had ample warning of the danger, and it will be surprising if we have not prepared for it by a whole series of fresh lines of defence between the capital and the German lines.

The Price of Victory

The advance will be exceedingly costly in life, that is certain, and it is as well that we should face the fact now. In the old days, the days before the present war, Continental generals were accustomed to declare that the British armies would never be of much account in the war because their generals would be too afraid of public opinion to sacrifice the lives necessary for victory. "Look at Kitchener at Paardeberg," they said. "He threw his troops forward against Cronje and lost heavily, and was censured and humiliated for doing so. Yet he was right, and had his attack been maintained Britain would have lost fewer men in the end." I do not think the Continental commanders will be talking in the same way to-day. They have learned better now. They have learned many new things about the British character and our soldiers which did not enter into their imagination before.

The Russian Advance

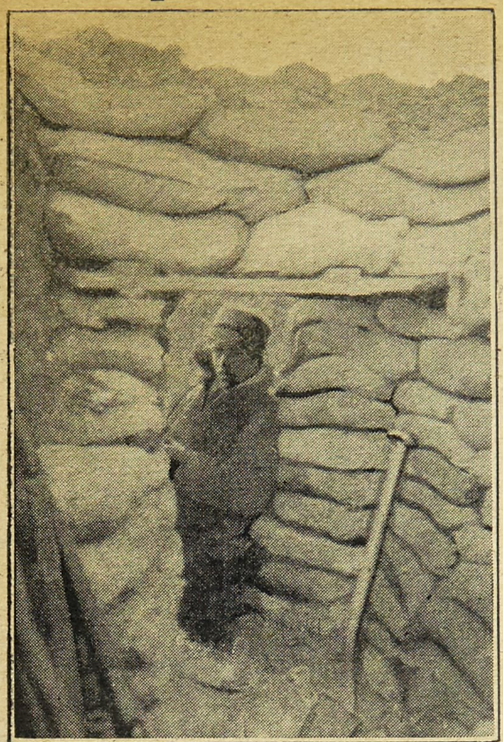
I recently devoted one of these letters to the position of the Russian armies, and it must have seemed to many of my readers that I was wholly incorrect in what I wrote. On the very day that my article was published, telling hopefully of the Russian prospects, there came news through from the front of the apparently crushing defeat of the Russians north and south.

I wrote hopefully, because I know something of the training, the preparations, the equipment, and the spirit of the Russian forces. Happily it looks as though my optimism had not been misplaced. The Russians have recovered from their defeats with incredible rapidity. The German armies which struck at them have been held and driven back. From almost every point on the eastern front comes news of Russian progress and German retirement.

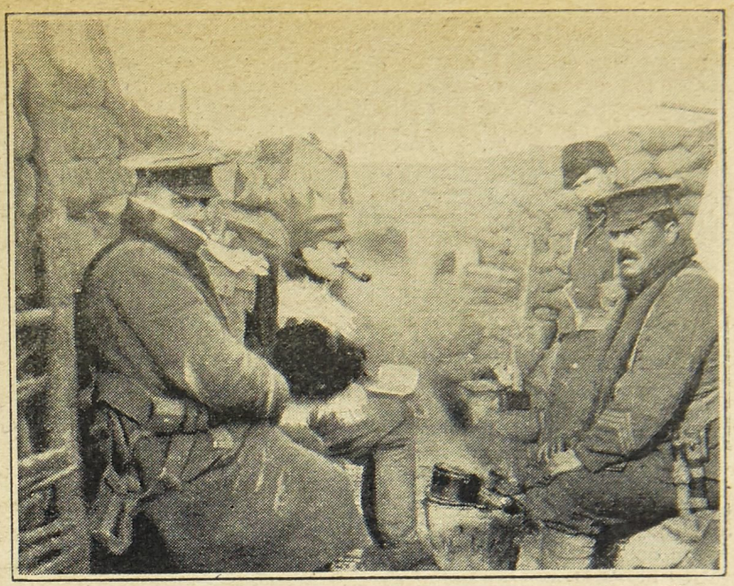
What caused the great Russian defeat in the north? How was it that the forces there were not at least able to hold the Germans back until reinforcements could reach them? I have heard the explanation given by those who ought to know that it was due to shortage of ammunition, particularly to shortage of shells. I am writing this article immediately after returning from a visit to Glasgow. I saw there whole lines of great works, given up to the manufacture of shells for the British forces, lying silent and empty. The masters and men had quarrelled over a question of wages, and work had ceased.

It is not my purpose here to discuss the rights and wrongs of that quarrel. But as I talked with the employers in their comfortable homes, and with the workmen in their clubs and meeting-places, I felt that I would have liked to bring before their eyes a vision of the fighting field. For these men in their quarrel risk the entire future of our armies in the field. If, in the months to come, there should be an occasion when a British army has to pause in its advance or fall back for lack of shells, some of the men who helped on this quarrel might find themselves strung up in front of their doors by indignant Glasgow people who will rightly hold the Clyde to blame for the shortage.

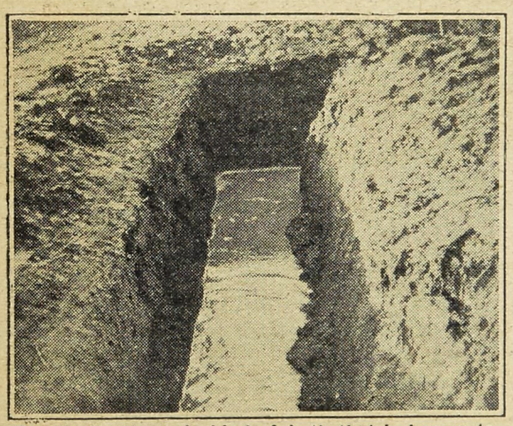
Simple Life in British Trench "Hotels"



Our soldiers call their dug-outs the "Ritz Restaurant," or the "Carlton Hotel." A sand-bag "lounge!"

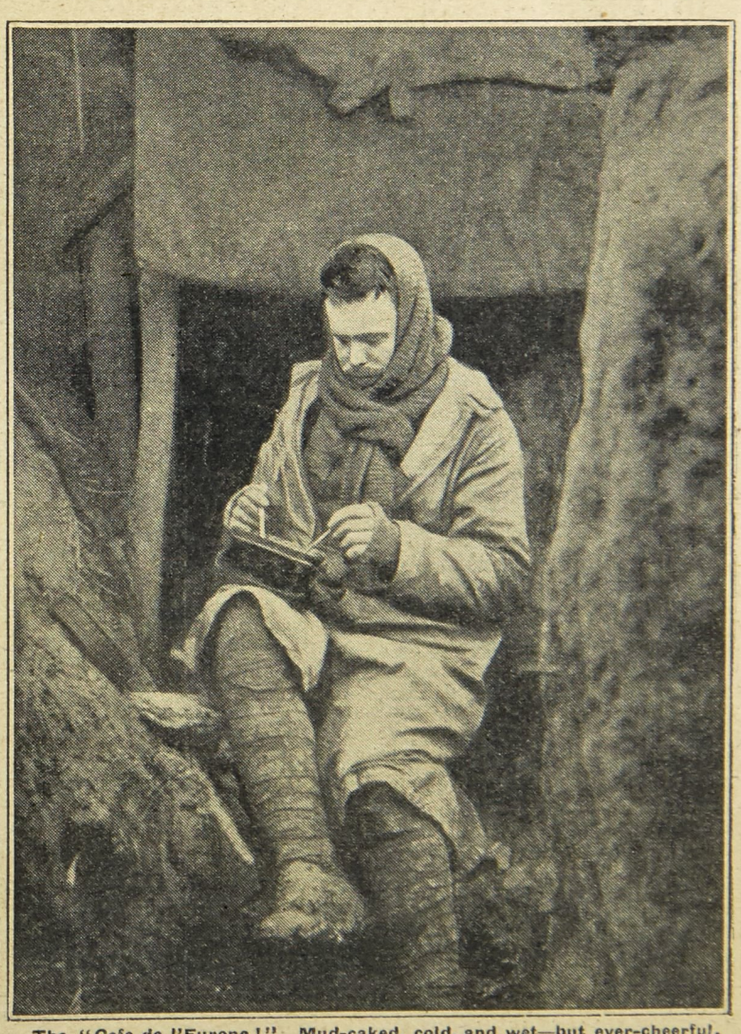


After dinner in the trenches, nicknamed "Pall Mall" and "Piccadilly." A peaceful pipe round the glowing brazier during a lull in the firing.



Practically the only kind of bath that is known to those on duty in the muddy trenches.

Novel use for soup-ladle borrowed from the camp kitchen. Baling out liquid mud from a trench.



The "Cafe de l'Europe!" Mud-caked, cold, and wet—but ever-cheerful. British soldier eating his dinner of bully-beef outside a "funk-hole."

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

IN my last article I pointed out that the discussion of the Dardanelles series of bombardments might be postponed, as there was plenty of work ahead of us. Writing now, one week later, we are waiting to hear that the forts have all been destroyed in the narrowest part shown in the map in last week's issue. Before these lines are published the news may come.

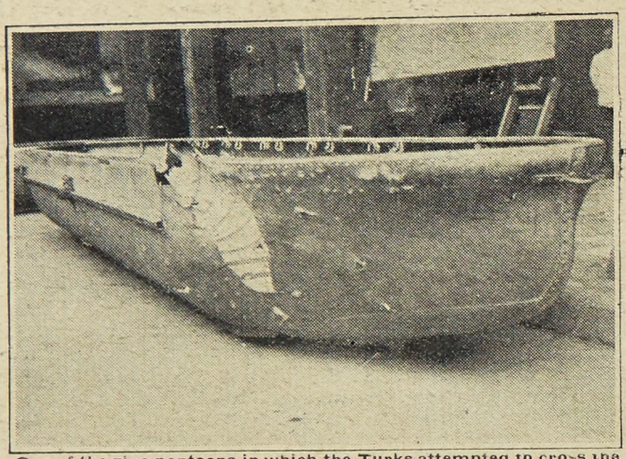
It was here probably that B11 encountered the five rows of mines, and at Nagara, higher up, she torpedoed the old Turkish battleship. The difficulty of laying and maintaining mines in the Dardanelles is very great.

Using Up the Lives of our Guns

Not only are north-east gales frequent at this time of the year, but the currents are considerable, and the depths so great as to entail heavy lengths of strong moorings. There are two ways of firing mines. In the one case they can be fired by observation from the shore, in which case the mines cease to be a danger if the observation stations are destroyed and the wires cut. In the other case the mines contain their own firing mechanism, which goes off on being hit by a heavy structure like a ship.

The objection to the observation mines is that fogs are not infrequent in the Dardanelles at this time of the year, and even in the Narrows, where the width of the channel is only 1,400 yards, the passage might be forced in thick weather. We may, therefore, expect to find mines fired by contact which will have to be swept up after the forts and batteries have been destroyed.

I have pointed out in previous articles that the Allies have a great surplus of naval strength, and are able to use their old ships while their weaker opponents can only use their new ships. For the present I believe the Germanic armies are to the Allies as 8 to 7, whereas our navies are to the Germanic navies as about 17 to 7.



One of the zinc pontoons in which the Turks attempted to cross the Suez Canal. It has been badly "holed" by bursting shrapnel.

The only anxiety a strategist should feel in regard to the series of bombardments is the fact that he is using up the lives of his guns. Let us assume the reserve of guns is 25 per cent. of the armament, then each of the five Queen Elizabeths, armed with eight 15 in. guns, would have two 15 in. guns in reserve. Therefore, if two Queen Elizabeths had been used, and they fired so frequently as to exhaust the useful life of the guns, they could not both re-arm from the reserve. It is this consideration which accounts for Carden's fleet being a perfect museum of types, dating from the old Majestic completed in the year 1895.

There are seven different classes of British battleships. When this business of opening up the Black Sea is over, the ships will be there, but the guns will be no longer fit for naval war. They will have to go home and be re-tubed, a process which will take three months.

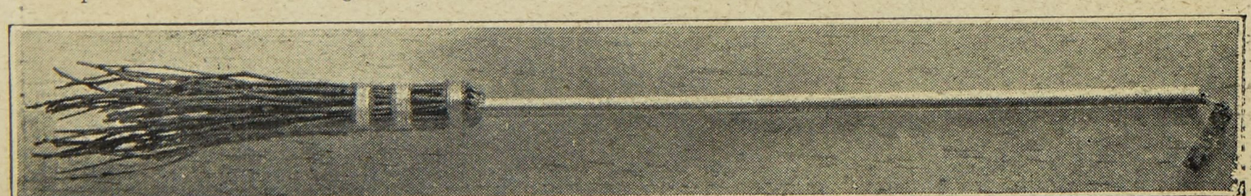
The solution of the problem is to use up the reserve of the whole class, re-arm the ships and renew the old guns, which will then become the reserve. That is the point I drew attention to last week as the key of this Dardanelles business, before I knew the names of the ships taking part. There was also a certain advantage in using old ships with the new vessels like the Queen Elizabeth and Agamemnon on the principle that you should never use a sledge-hammer to drive in a tintack. The forts and batteries are very unequal, and the old ships are good enough for some of the work.

There is a story told of the Iron Duke that his advice was asked by the Cabinet as to what general should be sent to take Rangoon. "Send Lord C.," he replied. "But," said the Prime Minister, "we always understood that you thought Lord C. to be a fool?" "So he is," replied the duke, "and a damned fool; but he is good enough to take Rangoon."

The Secret of the Dardanelles Operations

The old Majestic—which could not penetrate the Queen Elizabeth's armour at 7,000 yards, while the latter could pound her to pieces at 18,000 yards, firing at the same time as many 15 in. projectiles in ten minutes as five Majesties could fire of their 12 in. shell—is still fit to do much of the work of this systematic, scientific clearing of the Dardanelles.

One word of caution is needed. The work the Majestic is now engaged on does not prove that she is in any sense a substitute for a modern ship, though it does prove that those of us who fought against the scrapping policy were right. I give this caution because, in an otherwise faultless speech, Mr. Asquith, on March 1st, permitted himself, in referring to the presence of the Majestic in the Dardanelles, to remind us that we refused to allow his Government to class pre-Dreadnoughts with Dreadnoughts in the past, as though this Dardanelles business proved us wrong. On the contrary, it proves us right. How is it we are able to use these old ships at all? Simply because the modern Dreadnoughts under Jellicoe are so strong that those of Germany dare not come out. The agitation of 1909 is justified, for it gave us that preponderance. The public must not be disappointed with delays produced by the north-easterly gales accompanied by mist. The whole secret of these operations is that the forts are bombarded, at blind angles for their guns, from long range or from beyond their own range. They are attacked, too, from the sea on the other side of the Gallipoli peninsula, and from positions where the forts cannot be seen. For this reason it is indispensable to use hydroplanes to signal the results of the shooting.



A silver broom for sweeping the Germans from the seas. Symbolical ornament presented to Admiral Jellicoe, which bears an inscription to the effect that it is given by the inhabitants of Butterworth, Transkei, Cape Colony, as a token of gratitude for the clean sweep of 1914.

The Sentimental Note in the European Discord

Our French allies are very solicitous of the immediate and innocent victims of war. This photograph shows some French Army Service-men sharing their rations with poor French children still remaining in the battle area.

Russian Red Cross worker makes friends with Austrian children in a town captured by our eastern allies.

A last farewell. Cossack bids good-bye to his wife and children before setting out for the East Prussian front.

Happy German soldiers off to the seat of war are accompanied by their families to the troop train.

"Tell you your fortune, pretty gentleman." Superstitious Slav buys his horoscope from a picturesque Gipsy for two kopecks.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

ONE always has to go abroad for real news about one's own country. The latest story, published in an American paper of wide circulation, is that an American who had just returned to New York from England stated definitely that "British troops have shot twenty of their best aviators out of the air by mistake." The person who made the statement is alleged to have been engaged in the construction of aircraft for the British Government. He said that "the news had been kept secret, but it had been told him by the head of a department, and was a fact."

Where and how the man got hold of the story is something of a mystery. There are not so many Americans connected with the aeroplane industry in general, and with the "British Government" side of it in particular, as to make it difficult to trace his source of information. Possibly some Government employee with a warped sense of humour told him the yarn by way of pulling his leg.

Airmen Shot at in Mistake by Friendly Troops

As a matter of fact, one of our aeroplanes was shot down by our own troops in mistake, as was made known at the time, so there is no secret about that; and certainly at the beginning of the war both officers and men had a somewhat hazy idea of the difference between one aeroplane and another; so during that period some of our air scouts were fired at by our own troops. I believe that in one or two cases the machines were damaged, and forced to descend, and in one or two others the pilots were so annoyed with the infantry officers for not knowing better that they deliberately came down and argued the point with them with considerable emphasis and fluency; but, though I am in fairly close touch with the doings of the R.F.C., I have never heard of any flying man, except the two mentioned above, being even slightly wounded, let alone badly damaged or killed by our own troops. The American's statement about our people—the best of them, mark you—being "shot out of the air" distinctly suggests that, at any rate, they have been definitely put out of action, and I can vouch for that being absolutely untrue, and I only hope that some of the other American papers will quote THE WAR ILLUSTRATED to that effect.

As a matter of fact, the losses of the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying Corps from all causes together, at home and abroad, are only about twenty, which, considering the numbers of both services now flying, is extraordinarily low—very little higher, in fact, than it would have been in time of peace if the same amount of flying had been done under similar circumstances of wind and weather and ground surface. This is actually one of the most unexpected facts about this unprecedented war.

At the start of affairs, every pilot made up his mind that he was certain to be shot in the first week, and his only hope was that he might be merely wounded and not killed, either by the bullet itself or by being smashed as the result of losing consciousness from a wound while in the air.

Only Two R.F.C. Airmen Killed by German Fire

Up to the time of writing, the total losses of the R.F.C. in killed abroad work out as follows: One officer and a corporal killed in the first week, through a capsize near the ground. One mechanic, a passenger, killed similarly a few days afterwards. Two officers shot down by the Germans in Belgium. Then there was an interval of several months, in which three or four officers were wounded, but not very seriously, by German bullets. Then two officers were shot down by mistake, as already noted. After that one officer was killed when a passenger with a French pilot in testing an experimental French machine. Shortly afterwards, yet another was killed by another French aeroplane collapsing in the air during a test flight.

Next, in one day, one officer was killed by the bombs he was carrying exploding on landing, and another was killed by a simple fall in the sand after trying to avoid coming down in the sea. One other was lost at sea while flying home on leave on an old machine. That gives a total of ten R.F.C. officers and two men killed on active service abroad, and of these only two were killed by German fire. Even taking in the deaths in accidents, the figures are much lower than that for any fighting regiment which has been under fire, and when one considers that an aeroplane in the air is the target for every firearm for miles round, the freedom from casualties is simply astounding.

R.N.A.S. Comparatively Immune from Accidents

The Royal Naval Air Service has been, if anything, even luckier, for it has lost two officers at sea on patrol duty, and one, with a passenger who was not in the R.N.A.S., was shot down by the Germans in Belgium. In the recent raid on Ostend three officers were reported as missing; but there is still a chance that some of them may only have been taken prisoners.

Three R.F.C. officers are reported prisoners, and one R.N.A.S. officer, and the number of wounded is much about the same, or very little higher.

About twelve other pilots have been killed or injured in accidents at home, all but two of them either pupils or very inexperienced fliers. But when one considers that in one period of five weeks just on a hundred pilot's certificates were issued by the Royal Aero Club, and that about three or four certificates a week has been looked upon as a fair average hitherto, it is not surprising that accidents have happened.

A disaster which is now proverbial. Eloquent testimony to the futility of Germany's gas-bag craft. Debris of Zeppelin L3, wrecked on Fanoe Island off the coast of Denmark on February 17th. The aluminium framework, the metal of which is worth £2,000, has been melted down by the Danish authorities. A few hours afterwards Zeppelin L4 met a similar fate in the same locality.

The Toll of Britain's Bravest

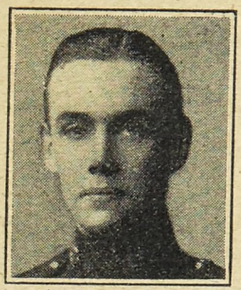
Brig.-Gen. J. E. GOUGH, V.C., C.B., C.M.G., A.D.C.

Major J. H. S. POWELL, R.F.A.

Major F. A. NELSON, Royal Marine L.I.

Capt. P. W. N. FRASER, D.S.O., Cameron Highlanders.

Lieut. D. E. R. PERSSE, Dublin Fusiliers.



Lieut. E. M. S. KENT, Hampshire Regiment.

Lieut. B. G. N. WATKIN, R.F.A.

Lieut. L. B. HARDY, Worcestershire Regiment.

Lieut. Viscount NORTHLAND, Coldstream Guards.

Lieut. J. A. CARTER-WOOD, Coldstream Guards.

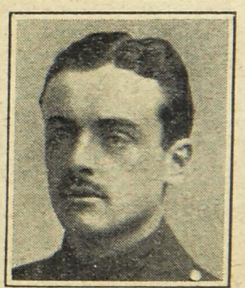
Brig-General John Edmund Gough, V.C., was mentioned in despatches by General French for his services with the 1st Army Corps. He was A.D.C. to the King. Major J. H. S. Powell, R.F.A. was severely wounded in the head near Lille, whilst directing gun-fire, and afterwards carried one of his men, who was wounded at the same time, three hundred yards through a heavy shell fire. Captain Norman Fraser, D.S.O., Cameron Highlanders, also served with distinction in the Boer War. He was first A.D.C. to Major-General Sir Bruce Hamilton, and afterwards Staff Lieut. on Lord Kitchener's Staff. Lieut. Viscount Northland, Coldstream Guards, was only son of the Earl of Ranfurly. In 1912 Lord Northland married the younger daughter of Sir Daniel Cooper. He leaves two sons; the elder, born in 1913, being heir to the Earldom. Lieut. J. A. Carter-Wood, Coldstream Guards, had won promotion at the front. He was gazetted Second-Lieutenant in the 4th (Reserve) Battalion in October last. Lieut. Thomas Musgrave obtained his commission in the Irish Guards in August, 1912. He retired, but on the outbreak of war, rejoined his regiment, and was gazetted to the 2nd Battalion last September. Second-Lieut. F. C. Tyrrell, Coldstream Guards, only received his commission in August last, being gazetted to the 3rd Battalion. Second-Lieut. Lennox Cleland Lee, Irish Guards, was twenty-one years of age, and an ex-Cadet of the Officers' Training Corps. Second-Lieut. R. G. Milburn, of Trinity College, Cambridge, was gazetted from the O.T.C. in August. He was twenty-one years of age. Surgeon Vernon L. Mathews and Midshipman John A. Hamilton, R.N.R. lost their lives in H.M.S. Viknor. The latter was an only son.

Lieut. THOS. MUSGRAVE, Irish Guards.

Lieut. N. W. R. KING, 16th Lancers.

Sec.-Lieut. B. CAMPBELL, 4th Batt. Warwickshire Regt.

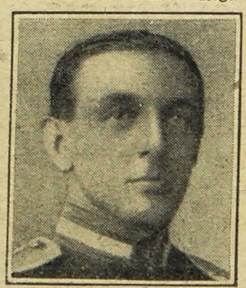
Sec.-Lieut. F. C. TYRRELL, Coldstream Guards.



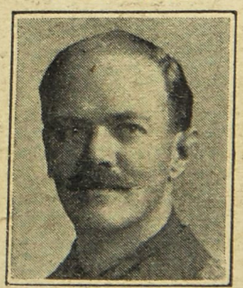
Sec.-Lieut. M. E. CALLARD, Loyal N. Lancashire Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. LENNOX CLELAND LEE, Irish Guards.

Sec.-Lieut. R. G. MILBURN, East Surrey Regiment.



Surgeon L. MATHEWS, H.M.S. Viknor.



Sec.-Lieut. E. J. MUNBY, 1st E. Anglian Coy., R.E.

Lieut. C. G. E. CLOWES, King's Royal Rifle Corps.

Mid. J. A. HAMILTON, R.N.R., H.M.S. Viknor.

Photographs by Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, Russell, Heath, Lambert Weston, Swaine, Speaight, Hills & Saunders, Brooke Hughes.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, February 26th to March 4th

FEB. 26.—**Government and Clyde strikers.** In a letter to the Engineering Employers' Federation and various engineering trade unions, Sir George Askwith, Chief Industrial Commissioner, states that as important munitions of war are being held up by the cessation of work, the Government must call for a resumption of work on Monday morning, Mar. 1.

Fierce battle on the Polish front in progress, severest struggle around Przasnysz.

Announced from Swakopmund that Union forces which occupied two German posts in German South-West Africa were led by General Botha.

Sir John French reports many gallant acts performed in recent fighting near Ypres. A sergeant and a man held a communication trench for a considerable period unaided, and shot down all Germans who attempted to advance.

French Ministry of Marine states that dredging for mines in the Dardanelles passage has begun.

FEB. 27.—**Seizure of the Dacia.** The German ship transferred to a German-American owner with cotton for Germany stopped by a French warship in the Channel, and brought to Brest.

A Zeppelin reported blown away at Pola and lost.

Successful Russian counter-attacks in Poland and Galicia. In North-West Poland Russians recapture town of Przasnysz, of which enemy had taken temporary possession.

FEB. 28.—**British blockade of German East African coast** takes effect at midnight.

French made marked progress in Champagne on the whole front from Combres to the north of Perthes. One thousand prisoners taken during previous ten days.

Russian progress in the Przasnysz region continues, villages captured in rapid succession, hundreds of prisoners taken in each. In East Prussia Germans on the defensive. In Carpathians Austrians in Rabba-Radzilov district defeated with great loss.

His Majesty returned to Buckingham Palace after a visit to a portion of the Grand Fleet.

Important Speech by Mr. Lloyd George at Bangor, in which, referring to the labour troubles, he said: "We can't afford strikes and labour disputes. If the men are entitled to more they must get it. There are some shirkers in the armament works, mainly due to drink. The Government mean to use their powers to deal with drink under the Defence of the Realm Act discreetly but fearlessly."

MAR. 1.—**Blockade of Germany by Great Britain.** Mr. Asquith, in Parliament, announced that a real blockade of Germany is to be undertaken; no goods of any kind to enter or leave Germany. A Note to be sent to neutrals.

Capture of over a mile of German works about Perthes by the French.

Russians advance eleven miles in Poland, and regain the initiative. Progress specially marked in the Przasnysz district where 10,000 prisoners captured near Mlava.

Admiralty announce operations in the Dardanelles delayed by unfavourable weather.

MAR. 2.—**Trench captured by Princess Patricia's Canadians** reported by Sir John French, who also states that about La Bassée ground has been gained and complete mastery over the German snipers secured.

Important French advance near Perthes towards railway in rear of German lines.

Between the Pissa and Rozoja Rivers, Russians developing their offensive and approaching the Myszinec-Kolno road. Germans bombarded Osowiec with shells of very large calibre.

Text of the American Note to Germany making suggestions which would free commercial ships from some of the risks they run in the waters of the belligerents, together with the German reply published in a message from Amsterdam.

Despatches from Vice-Admiral Sturdee and Vice-Admiral Beatty published, dealing respectively with action off the Falkland Islands on Dec. 8, and battle of the North Sea, Jan. 24.

MAR. 3.—The Clyde engineers who went on strike resumed work, but stipulate for no overtime, and if the advance of 2d. an hour be not granted by Mar. 9 to work at low pressure.

French advance in Champagne continued, trenches to west of Perthes captured, German regiment of Guards suffered enormous losses.

Admiralty issue statement regarding Dardanelles operations, reporting continued progress, and announcing that Russian cruiser Askold has joined the allied squadron.

Austrians suffer severe reverse in Eastern Galicia when defending passage of the River Lomnica (a tributary of the Dniester). Russians crossed river fighting, and occupied village of Krasna (twenty miles west of Stanislau). In the course of the action 6,000 Austrians captured, including sixty-four officers, many guns and transports.

King sends message to Admiral Sir John Jellicoe on his return from his visit to the Fleet, in which he states: "I have not the slightest doubt that my Navy will uphold its great traditions."

MAR. 4.—**Further Admiralty report on Dardanelles** operations, in which it is stated that to date forty enemy's field-guns destroyed.

Germans capture advanced trench to north of Arras.

Russians take 3,000 prisoners in Carpathians and Eastern Galicia.

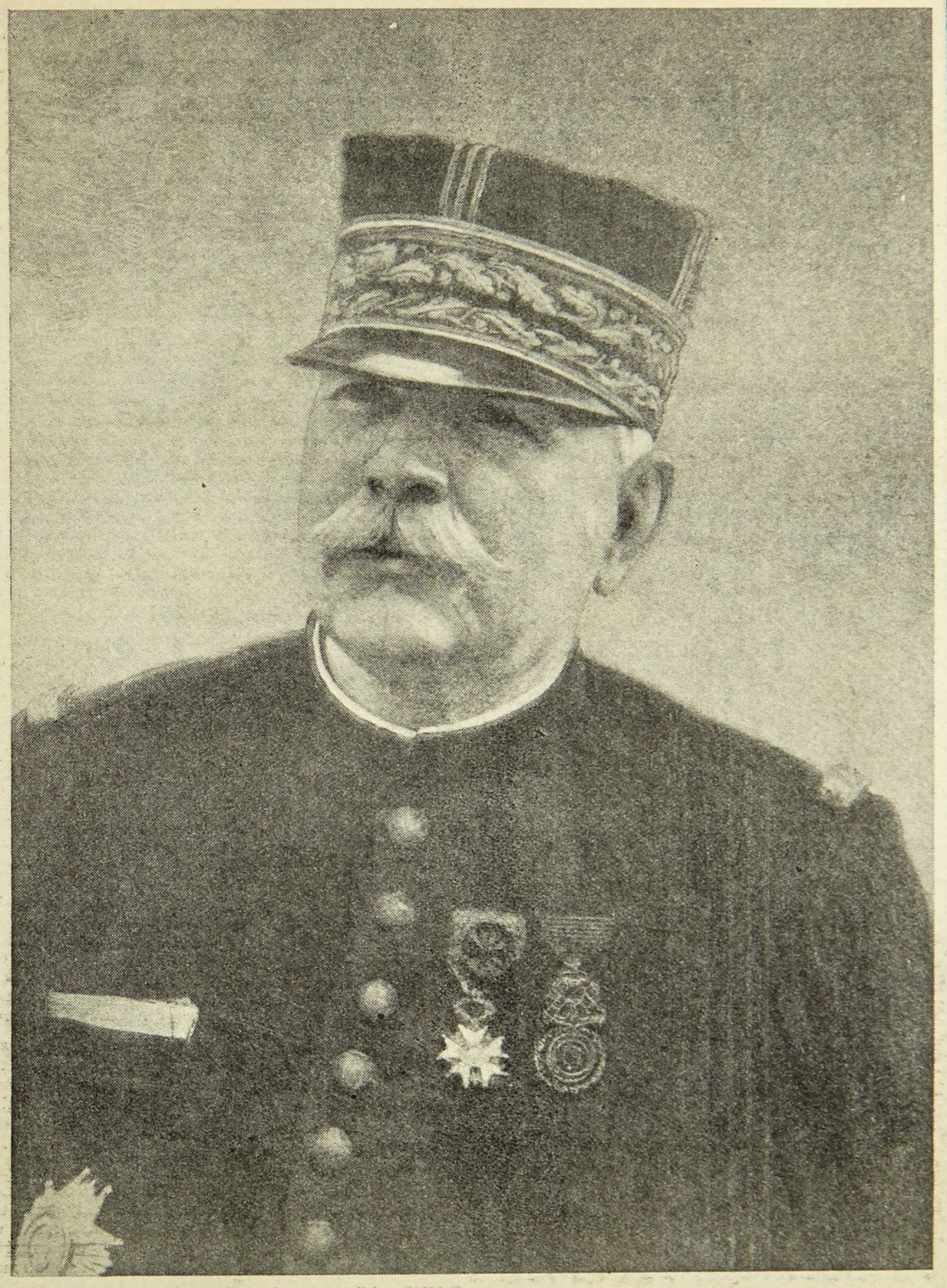
Our Photogravure Plates

PRESENTED with this number of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is our promised free gift of a beautiful photogravure plate for mounting the portrait of a soldier friend on active service. It is unnecessary to add anything to the clear instructions given on the plate itself as to how it is to be used for permanent preservation, and the Editor believes that every reader will endorse his description of the photogravure as forming the most desirable memorial of patriotism that could be devised. This plate is intended for the framing of a military photograph, as another companion photogravure is now in course of production, designed especially for naval portraits. It will be presented free with an early issue of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, and due intimation will be given. Owing to the certainty of a largely increased demand for the current number, and the fact that the slow printing of these beautiful plates makes it impossible for the publishers to multiply them indefinitely, subscribers who wish to secure extra copies should do so TO-DAY.

Recent contributions from our readers bring the total amount subscribed to our **"Something-to-Smoke" Fund** up to the handsome sum of £3,618 13s. 2d.

Impressive scene on a highway of Northern France. A troop of striking French colonial soldiers—known as the Goumiers—from Algeria, mounted on their beautiful Arab steeds, are off to the firing-line. On the left of the picture an old French peasant salutes admiringly these fearless warriors from the hot plains of Northern Africa, who have come so far to fight under the beloved Tricolour. On the right a powerful motor-car strikes the modern note.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS



"THE SILENT LEADER"—GENERAL JOFFRE
CHIEF OF THE FRENCH GENERAL STAFF

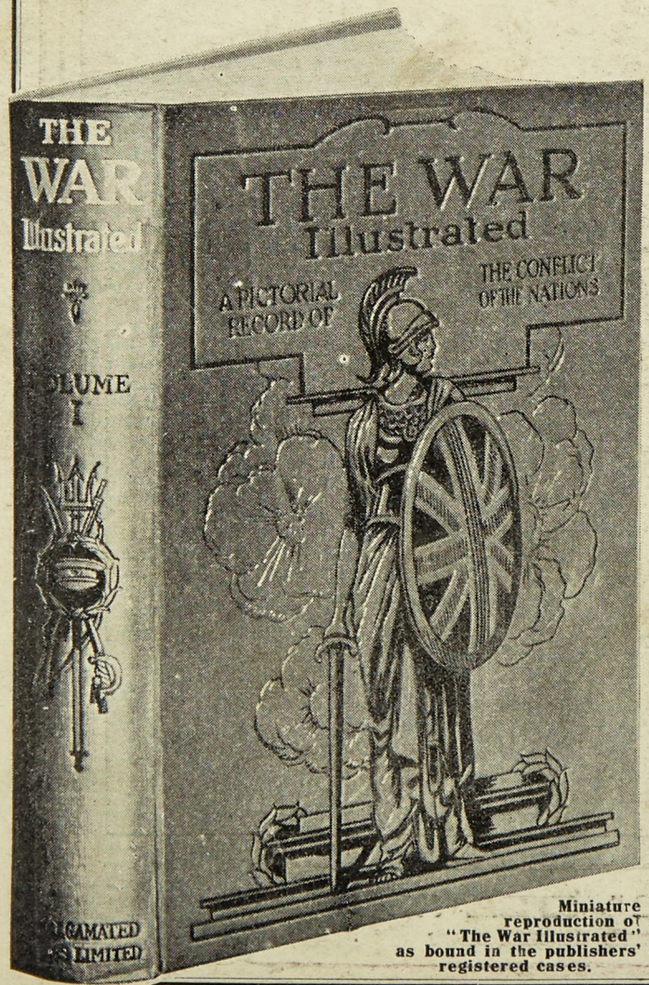
THE TRIUMPH OF THE CAMERA IN THE WAR

By THE EDITOR

NOT only has this German-made war to be accounted the most stupendous upheaval in all history, but it is the first great armed conflict to be adequately recorded during its progress by means of the most wonderful inventions of human ingenuity. If the telegraph or the instantaneous camera had been in existence during the Napoleonic wars, how differently the social life of these times would have been affected, and what an abundance of documentary evidence would have accumulated for the study and instruction of later generations!

TRUE, we are all familiar with many of the countless drawings and sketches of the battles that took place in that epic age of France; the features of Napoleon's great leaders are as well known in the numerous painted portraits. But what would we not give to-day for a few photographs of actual scenes in the retreat from Moscow, or on that fateful June day one hundred years ago when Wellington, supported, as the exigencies of the time demanded, by the very nation which to-day is Britain's bitterest enemy, sealed the fate of the great warrior, the descendants of whose armies are to-day, by time's revenge, our warmest allies!

WHEREIN the Great War, which differs from all other wars in magnitude and character, differs in its chronicling from all others of the past. The perfection of the telegraph, the almost uncanny efficiency of the wireless, have enabled the whole world, day by day—nay, hour by hour—to follow the epoch-making events in Europe, in Asia, and on the remotest reaches of the seven seas.



Miniature reproduction of "The War Illustrated" as bound in the publishers' registered cases.

WITHIN an hour or two of a great naval encounter in the North Sea the story has been told in our daily Press, and within a day or two the public have been looking upon actual photographs of the vessels going into action, the sinking of a mighty battleship; and the admiral who had charge of the memorable operation has been seen in photographic reproduction stepping ashore, or attending the funeral of one of his men fallen in the action! So used are we in these marvellous times to the resources of modern progress that we are apt to accept as commonplaces things that are full of wonder, and it is doubtful if the average reader more than dimly realises the tremendous importance of the inexhaustible photographic documents which have been presented to him, hot-foot on the actualities, by the illustrated Press of to-day. Yet in years to come these will be looked on by new generations of our people with the profoundest interest, for they tell a story more vivid than the most skilful pen can write.

IT is not too much to say that among the contemporary records of the Great War no other publication has achieved the unique distinction of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. Devoted, almost exclusively, to recording by means of the camera every aspect of the historic happenings in the course of the world-wide hostilities, it has presented to the reading public a collection of contemporary photographic evidence such as a few years ago could hardly have been conceived. Its pages have teemed with pictorial records, the interest of which will long endure, and no one in the years to come who seeks to refresh his memory—or, it may be, to acquaint himself for the first time with the outward form and evidence of these world-shaking events—will be able to turn to a more valuable store-house of documentary evidence than is found within the pages of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

PERSONALLY, I have to confess to a feeling almost akin to surprise when turning over the pages of the first volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. I had scarcely realised the extraordinary interest which the bound volume would possess, until the binders sent me a copy. But it has been no surprise to receive from my readers innumerable letters of congratulation, expressing the highest satisfaction with the completed volume.

NEVER in British publishing has such astounding value been given. The first twenty-six parts bind up into a handsome volume of 640 pages, containing no fewer than 2,277 illustrations, the vast majority of which are direct camera records secured at great cost from the actual field of hostilities. The printing of these photographs rivals that of the sixpenny journals, and the twenty-six parts bound together with the artistic title-page and index, and the fine full-colour frontispiece of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe presented to each purchaser of the publishers' registered cases, form a volume worth several times the money it costs the subscriber, that will be treasured for many years and prove a source of inexhaustible interest.

THE demand for binding cases has been enormous, and I strongly urge upon any reader who has not yet taken the twenty-six parts to his newsagent to have them bound in the publishers' cases, not to delay, as loose parts are always liable to damage and odd parts may get lost.

MY policy from the first number of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED has been by every means I could devise to build up a large public of satisfied readers, and eminently satisfied as I know the purchasers of the weekly issues to be, I am sure that the fullest measure of satisfaction comes when they find themselves in the possession of such a splendid book as the first bound volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED makes.

THE publishers' registered cases are obtainable from any newsagent or bookseller at the cost of 1s. 6d., and the bookseller makes only a small extra charge for the work of trimming and binding the pages. The publishers themselves do not undertake the actual work of binding.

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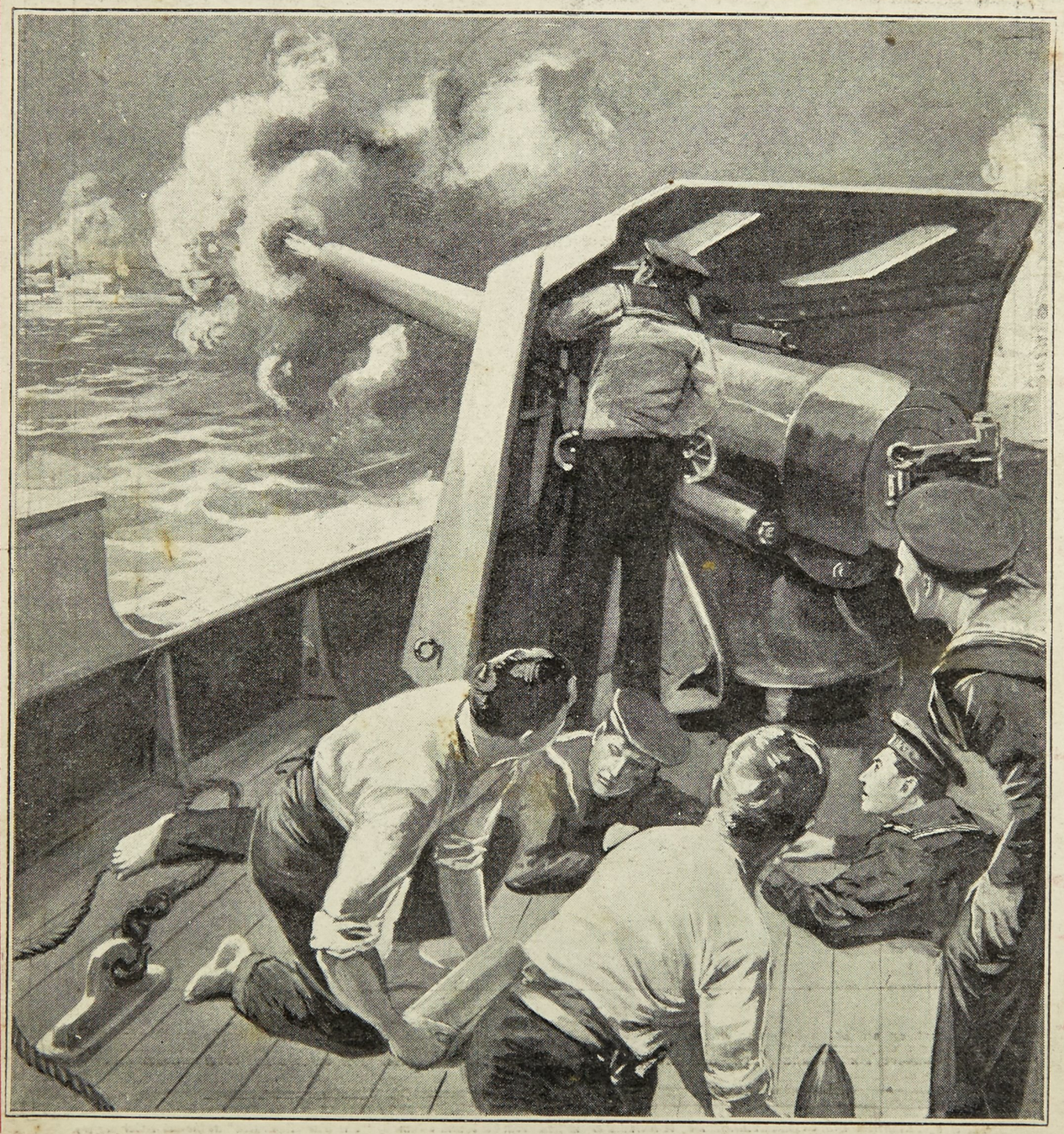
The War Illustrated, 20th March, 1915. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

Futility of the Zeppelin, by Our Flying Expert

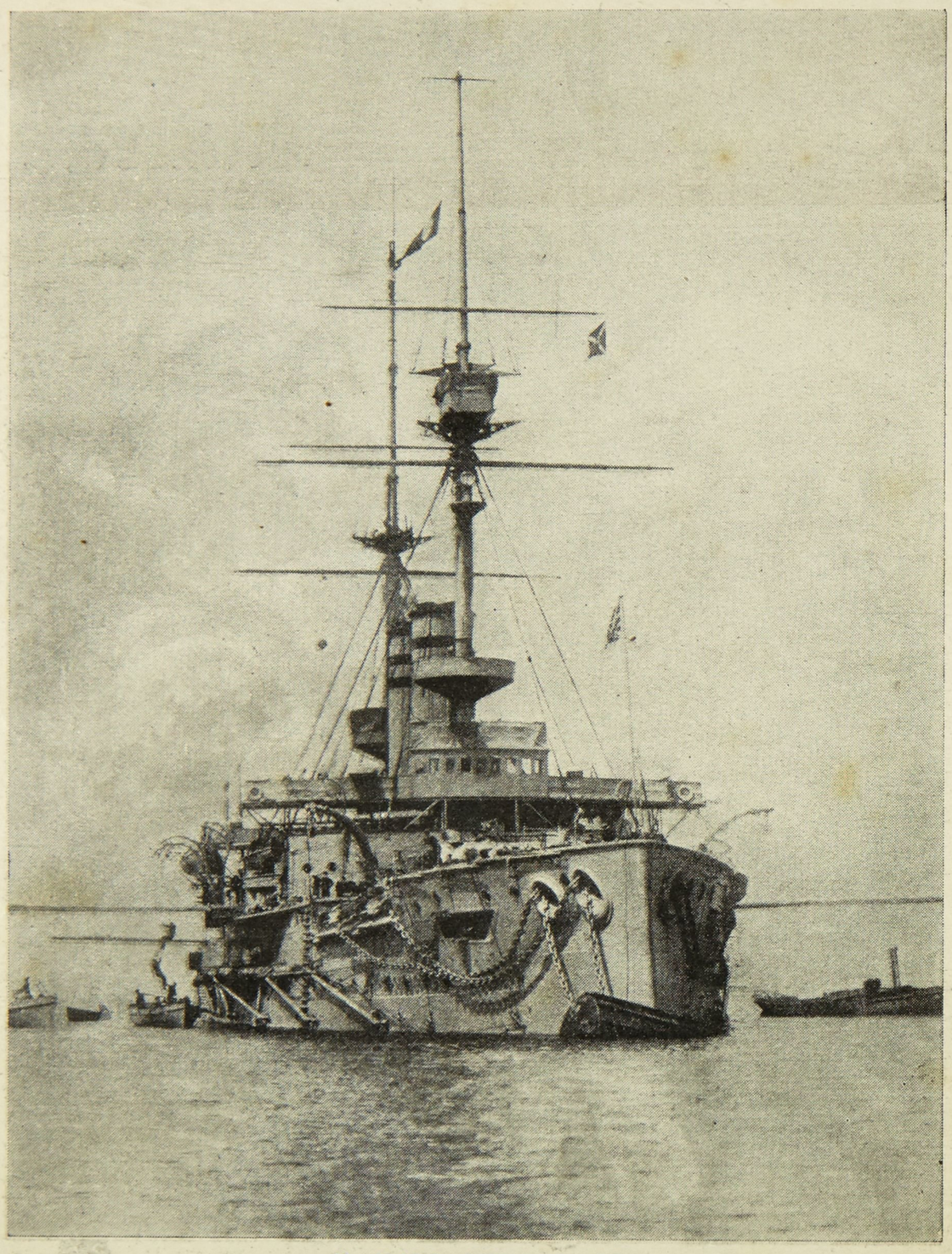
The War Illustrated

2d Weekly



Vol. 2. Our Guns in the Dardanelles ringing the Death Knell of German Hopes in the Levant **No. 31**

BRITAIN'S WATCH-DOGS OF THE DEEP



V. H.M.S. VENGEANCE

Although an old battleship—she was completed in 1901—the Vengeance is doing excellent work inside the Dardanelles. She has a displacement of 12,950 tons, is 418 ft. in length, and is armed with four 12 in. guns, twelve 6 in., twelve 12-pounders, six 3-pounders, two Maxims, and four submerged torpedo-tubes. Her officers and crew number 750.

These pages numbered with Roman numerals may be included or omitted from the bound volume of "The War Illustrated" as the subscriber prefers.

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 31. Vol. 2. 20th March, 1915.

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by J. A. Hammerton.

OUR HEROIC FIELD-MARSHAL AT YPRES.—During the great Battle of Ypres Field-Marshal Sir John French risked his life twenty times a day. He drove from point to point in his motor-car, encouraging as well as commanding. One day, during a particularly fierce engagement, he left his car and ran on foot to a wood where our men were being forced back. As he ran a wounded man staggered back into his arms. Sir John laid him down gently, and then continued rallying his soldiers, talking to them, cheering them, and so inspiring them by his presence that they held the position in face of superior forces.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XVI.—Prasnysch and the Battles of the Masurian Lakes

TWICE has Field-Marshal von Hindenburg profited by the fact that he used to spend his holidays every year in the wild, watery waste of Masurenland. It is said that he knows the depth of every lake and almost every bog in the primeval wilderness that stretches between the River Pregel in East Prussia and the Niemen, Bohr, and Narew Rivers in Russia. For years, the old, neglected warrior, retired from the active list, passed his time in a café in Hanover over his railway map of Prussia, or moved to the border lakes and marshes, where he plodded about, calculating how deeply a gun would sink into the morasses.

Hindenburg: The Kaiser's only Hope

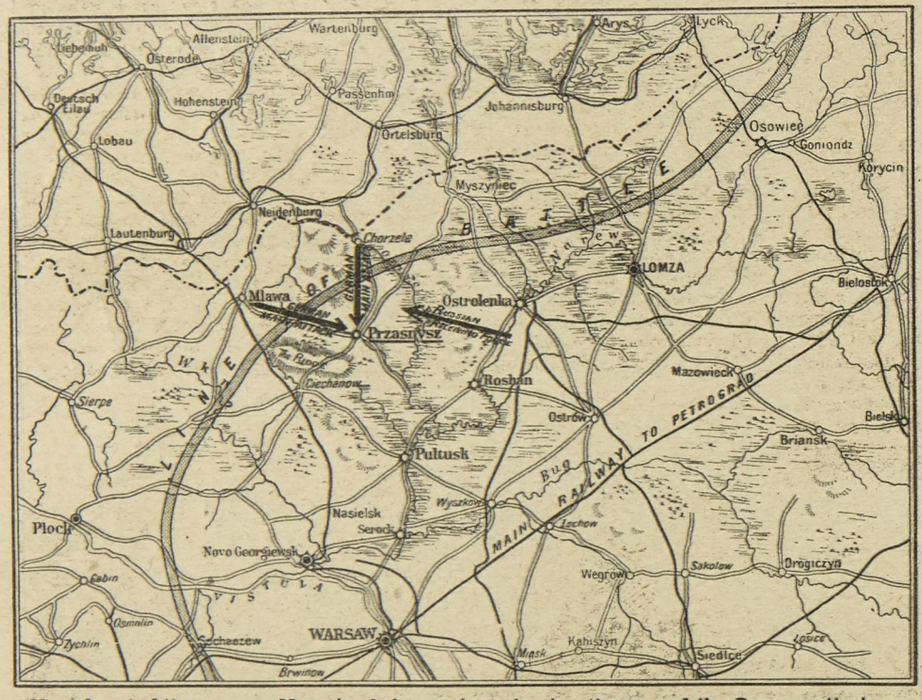
He undoubtedly became a specialist in warlike operations in the Masurian Lake country, and when the fashionable German courtier-generals of the new school were defeated and routed in East Prussia by Rennenkampf and his Cossacks, old Hindenburg remained the only hope of his country. Twice he partly justified that hope when fighting in his favourite wilderness. On the first occasion he trapped, towards the end of August, 1914, a Russian army under General Samsonoff, and captured a large number of the troops of our ally, with their guns.

On the second occasion he did not himself conduct the operations, but merely planned them. Their execution was entrusted to a younger German commander, General von Eichhorn, on February 7th, just after the grand German frontal attack in the neighbourhood of Warsaw had failed. This attack had naturally resulted in the Russian Commander-in-Chief concentrating all available forces round his menaced position. On his distant northern wing, amid the Masurian Lakes, he had left only four war-worn army corps. It was this situation that tempted Hindenburg to try again the coup with which he had stricken Samsonoff. He collected about half a million troops at Thorn and Graudenz, and launched them, by the two parallel systems of East Prussian railways, against the 140,000 Russian troops who had again invaded German territory.

Hindenburg at the time was thinking of the future. All the lake and marsh districts in Prussia and Russia were then frozen and covered with snow. The transport of heavy artillery was easier than at any other time of the year. In about a month the snow would begin to melt, and would overflow the lakes and turn the marshes into immense stretches of water, extending for a hundred and thirty miles from the Niemen almost to the Vistula.

This tremendous waste of flood-water in early spring would be an impassible barrier to a modern army. Consequently, the Russians would be able to rely on it for the protection of their northern flank. Their main line of railway communication between Warsaw and Petrograd, running at one point barely ten miles from the marshes, would be safe from attack, and the four Russian army corps operating in Prussia as an advanced guard for the Warsaw railway could be withdrawn to strengthen the main Russian armies on the Vistula.

These were the reasons which induced Field-Marshal von Hindenburg to throw half a million men northward to the Masurian Lakes. The movement was obvious, but he redeemed its obviousness by the force and swiftness with which he struck. Before he apparently ceased trying to break through the main Russian front south of Warsaw, his new army, under Eichhorn, was thrusting its way furiously into the lakes of Masurenland. The position of the smaller Russian forces in this district then became critical. There was a Russian army corps near Insterburg; struck suddenly and heavily, it reeled back towards Kovno.



Map of part of the swampy Masurian Lakes region, showing the area of the German attack on Prasnysch (or Prasnysz), including the ridge where six thousand Russians held forty-eight thousand Germans till the relieving army arrived.

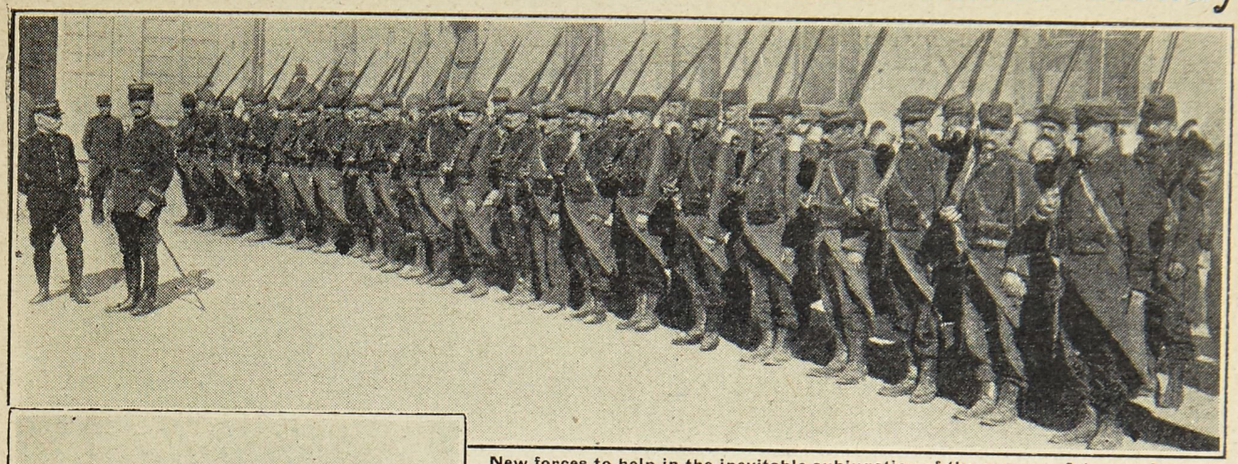
The Russian front was then broken. Eichhorn threw three of his army corps into the gap. In the Augustovo Forest, in the middle of February, they got behind the Twentieth Russian Army corps, commanded by General Bulgakoff, and at the same time three other German army corps closed round the front of this Russian force. Farther south were two other Russian army corps. They began to fight their way back to safety, one retiring on the Russian frontier fortress of Osoviec; the other making for the high ground round Prasnysch.

What should have happened

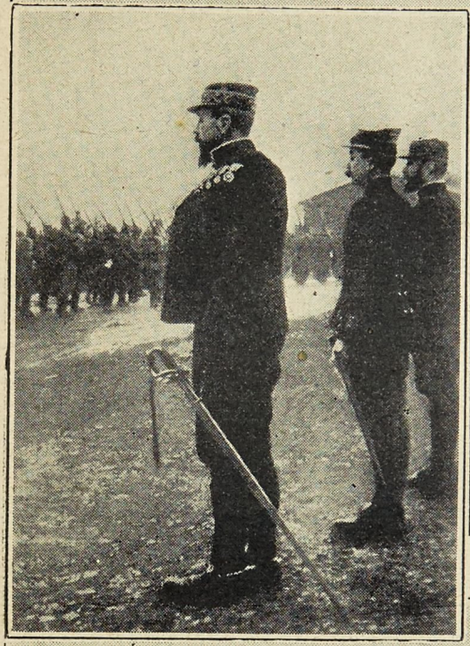
In the ordinary way, three-fourths of the Russian forces, suddenly caught amid the lake country, should have been annihilated or captured. The German blow was so swift and overwhelming that only the army corps retiring on Kovno should have escaped, considerably damaged. Before the Russians could have brought up another army the passage of the Niemen would have been won, and the railway feeding Warsaw and a million Russian troops would have been cut off. The main Russian army, starving and ammunitionless, would then have to retire with extreme haste across the Vistula to its second main railway head at Brest Litovsk. Nearly all Russian Poland would have been conquered—without even attacking the main Russian army.

(*Continued on page* 100.)

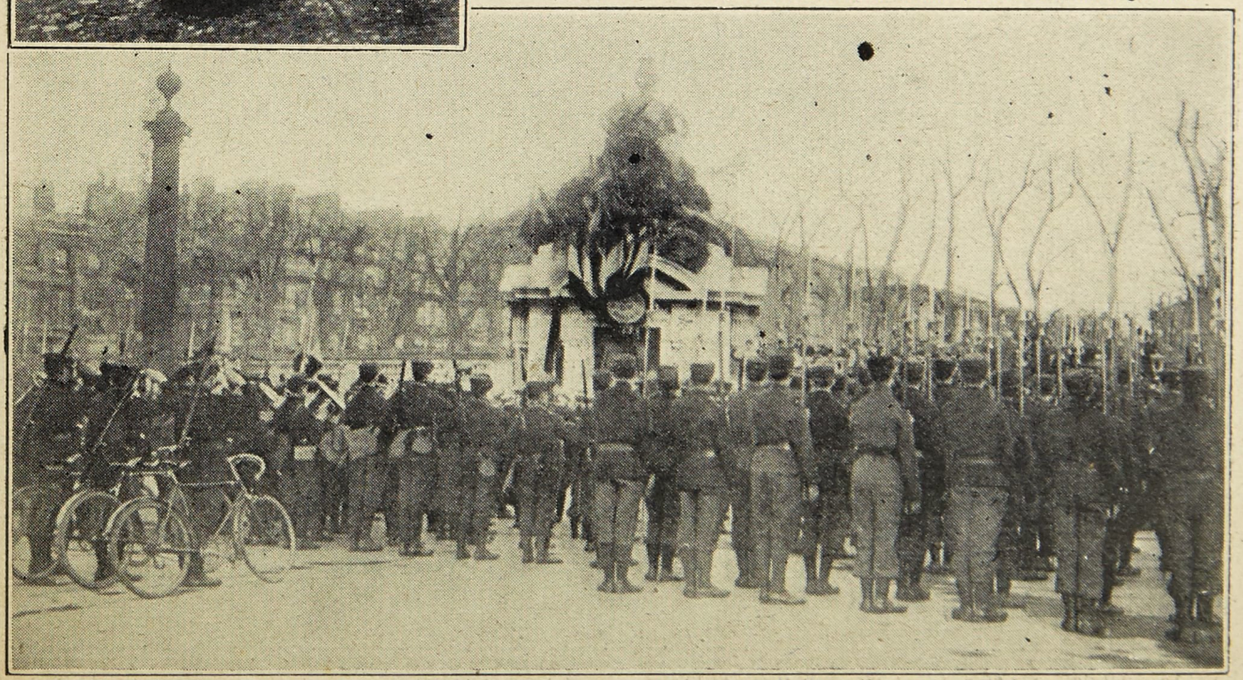
New French Reserves move and make Ready



New forces to help in the inevitable subjugation of the enemy. A troop of smart French Territorials drawn up for inspection before embarking on their momentous journey to the front for the honour of "La Patrie."



New French infantry setting out for the eastern frontier accompanied by relatives and friends. Inset: General Gouraud—who, although badly wounded, has never left the front—reviews, with two brother officers, a war-scarred regiment.



An inspiring ceremony took place recently in Paris, when young recruits vowed their allegiance to France at the statue symbolising Strassburg, the capital of the lost province of Alsace. Each brought a bunch of flowers and placed it at the foot of the monument.

GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

(Continued from page 98)

It will thus be seen that Hindenburg was no mean strategist. But, on the other hand, General Bulgakoff, with about twenty thousand bayonets, was no mean fighting man. Though closed in a ring of guns and steel, and attacked with cross-fire bombardments by enemies more than six times their number, the commander and men of the heroic Twentieth Army Corps fought on for days. Then, as no help came, they fought on for weeks. No unwounded Russian was captured until he had fired his last cartridge. The corps lost about half of its guns, but one division, after one of the most magnificent struggles in all the annals of warfare, got its artillery away. Apparently not many of the infantrymen escaped, though some companies cut their way into the Russian lines at last, after having held the paths and blockhouses in the bogs for more than three weeks.

An Immortal Band of Heroes

But, though most of the corps perished, it did not die in vain. For it held the main forces of the enemy so long that the Russian Chief of Staff was able to line the natural river frontier with strong reinforcements. By the end of February only one point remained in extreme danger. This was the village of Prasnysch, lying amid the hills, between the Prussian frontier and the marshlands of the River Narew. Forty miles southwards, across firm, dry land, was the great Russian fortress of Novo Georgievsk, defending the Vistula and Warsaw.

The capture of Prasnysch would thus give Hindenburg a new and easy line of attack against Warsaw, with opportunities for a cutting movement against the Warsaw railway. So he ordered Eichhorn to make good Prasnysch and the country southwards, and about Thursday, February 18th, two German army corps moved over the frontier to attack. By Saturday, February 20th, the six thousand Russian troops holding Prasnysch were partly forced back. The Germans did not attack them, but swept in two strong columns on either side of the village in an encircling movement. A third German column swept still more southward to encircle a ridge in the endless snow-covered flat waste. But some of the six thousand Russian troops held this ridge for four days, with one German column attacking them on the west and another German column assailing them on the east. The columns closed and held the Russians encircled, by eight men to one, from February 20th to the 24th.

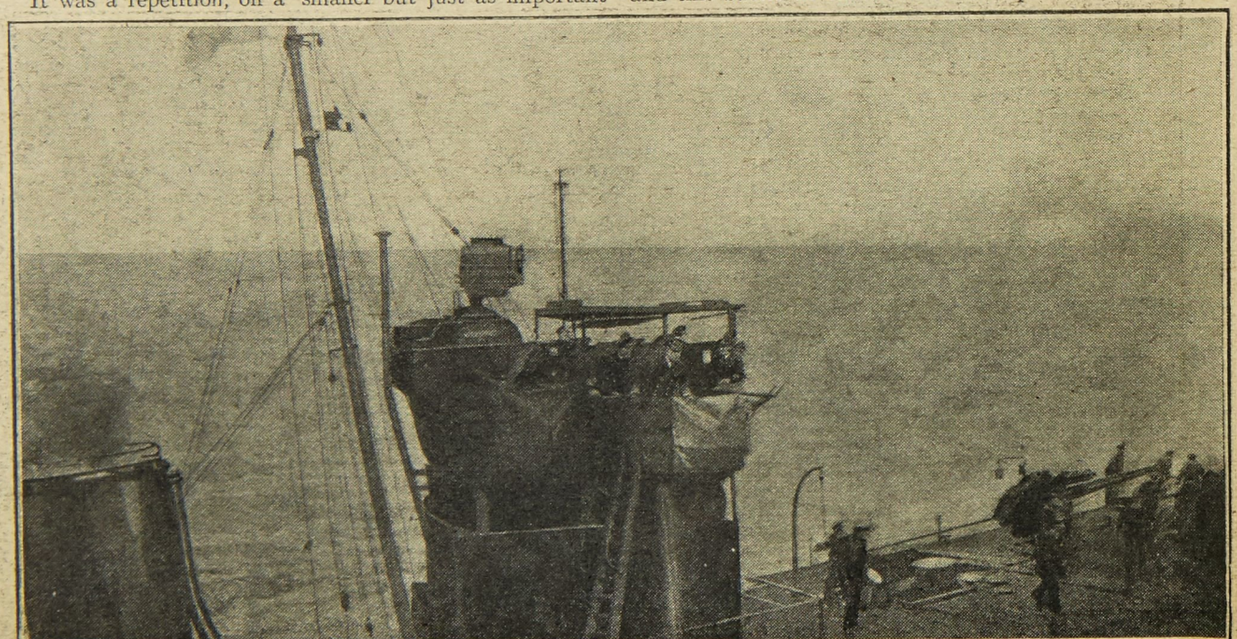
It was a repetition, on a smaller but just as important a scale, of the struggle that was still going on farther to the north-east between the Russian Twentieth Army Corps and six German army corps. At Prasnysch, however, the odds were still heavier against the Russian troops. It was six thousand men against forty-eight thousand, reckoning the actual fighting forces in bayonets. Half the brigade held the village, and half held the ridge below. About dawn on Wednesday morning the Germans captured the village and most of its heroic defenders, the ridge being still held by some one thousand Russians, with their dead and wounded around them.

But this was the last forward movement of the Germans. For the Russian Chief of Staff had thrown a strong army along the Narew, about twenty miles away on the south-east. He had merely left Prasnysch and its ridge and lessening band of immortal heroes as a bait to the enemy. And he timed exactly the hour at which the bait would be taken. For, on Thursday evening, February 25th, the Russian relieving army crossed the river, and marched up in the darkness over the wilderness of snow. Then at daybreak, as the Germans attacked Prasnysch, an overpowering force of Russians fell on their flank, and at the moment when the Germans won their little victory, they were taken by surprise.

The Russians Turn the Tables

The encirclers were encircled. The foremost German army corps broke and fled. Half of it was captured, and most of the other half fell on the reddened snow. The second German army corps got away by using the first as a rearguard, but its losses in dead and wounded were almost as great as those of the first corps, for the fighting was as long as it was furious. From Wednesday, February 24th, to Sunday, February 28th, the Russians gripped their trapped and overmastered foes, and fought them all along the line from the Orzec River to the hills of Prasnysch. By Monday morning, March 1st, the victory was fully achieved.

At the time of writing the Germans were still bombarding Osoviec, farther northward along the Russian river defences; but this was apparently a rearguard artillery action. The general German offensive movement had failed; and at the springtime flood Russia could look forward to possessing an immense stretch of impassable country to protect her northern flank. It is worthy of remark that Hindenburg failed also on the first occasion when he reached the rivers beyond his favourite lakes and marshes. Only on one spot, seemingly, can he win a battle, and this battle he can never follow up.

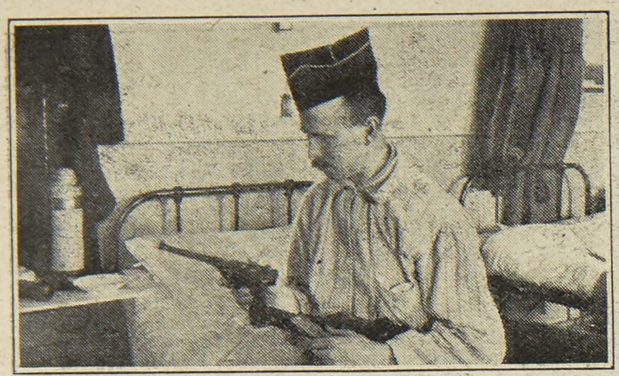


ADMIRAL BEATTY'S RACE ON A DESTROYER.—Sir David Beatty on the bridge of the Attack racing after his squadron. During the Dogger Bank Battle Sir David's flagship, H.M.S. Lion, was crippled. The Admiral summoned the destroyer alongside and boarded her. The other cruisers had hastened in chase of the Germans. Then the Attack raced off to overtake the Princess Royal, on which Sir David intended to hoist his flag. It is interesting to note the intense anxiety portrayed by Sir David's attitude.

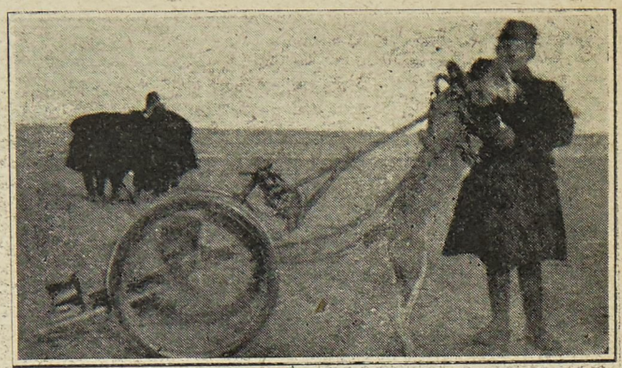
Four Fierce Fights for a Blockhouse

In the midst of battles that last for weeks, and on battlefields that cover hundreds of miles, there occur many minor episodes that preserve the romance of previous conflicts. The incident illustrated here is an instance. On March 1st, a small body of French soldiers stormed and captured a hostile blockhouse near Pont a Mousson. The Germans had made three unsuccessful efforts to retake it. Then, one night, they again dashed towards the blockhouse and made a last desperate attempt. They were received with a fierce volley as they ran up against a sand-bag barricade erected round the "fortress." The resistance again proved too stout, the enemy lost heavily, and retired for the last time from their lost stronghold.

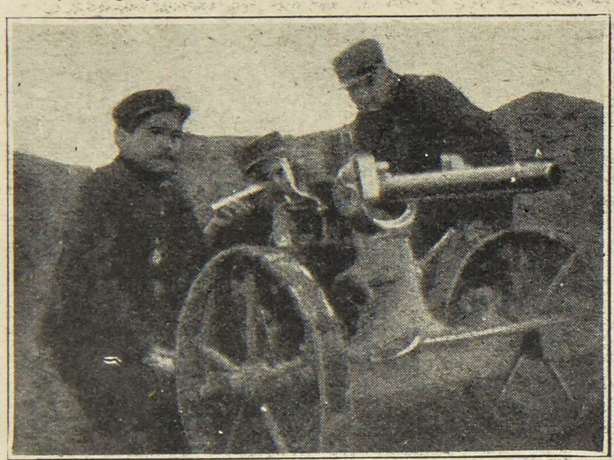
War's Ebb and Flow on the Flemish Coast



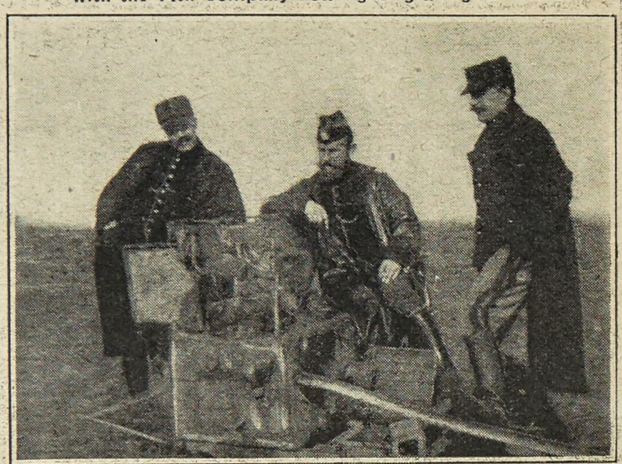
Wounded Belgian soldier with a pistol taken from a German officer. He has ingeniously adapted it into a rifle by attaching a butt. (Photographs on this page exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")



Our Belgian friends are very attached to the dogs which draw their mitrailleuse guns. Here is the sole remaining animal with the 14th Company now fighting along the coast.



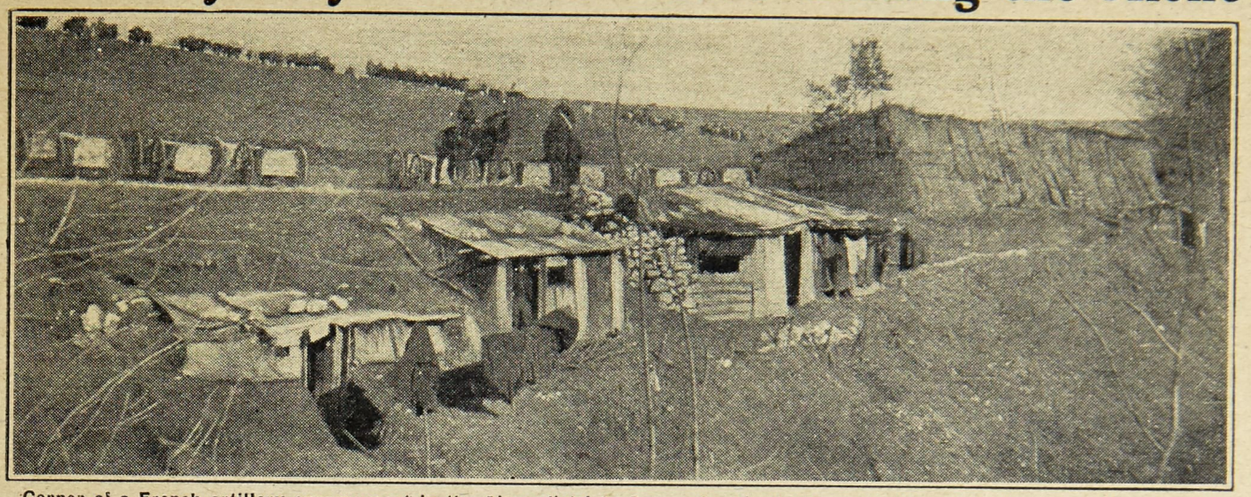
Light gun placed by the British at the disposal of the Belgian Army, and called by them the "Pa-m Pa-m." It has proved very effective against the "Bosches."



All that was left of a German ammunition waggon after being shelled by Belgian artillery from behind the village of Caeskerke, near Dixmude, which has been taken and retaken several times.

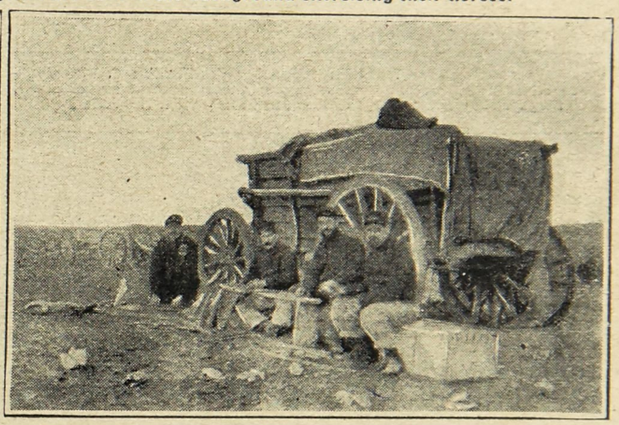
An appropriate place for work in the cause of the sufferer. Interior of the English Church at Calais, recently turned into a Red Cross hospital. The pulpit, decorated with the Allies' flags, is shown in the background, while on the right is the organ.

An Easy Day with our Allies holding the Aisne

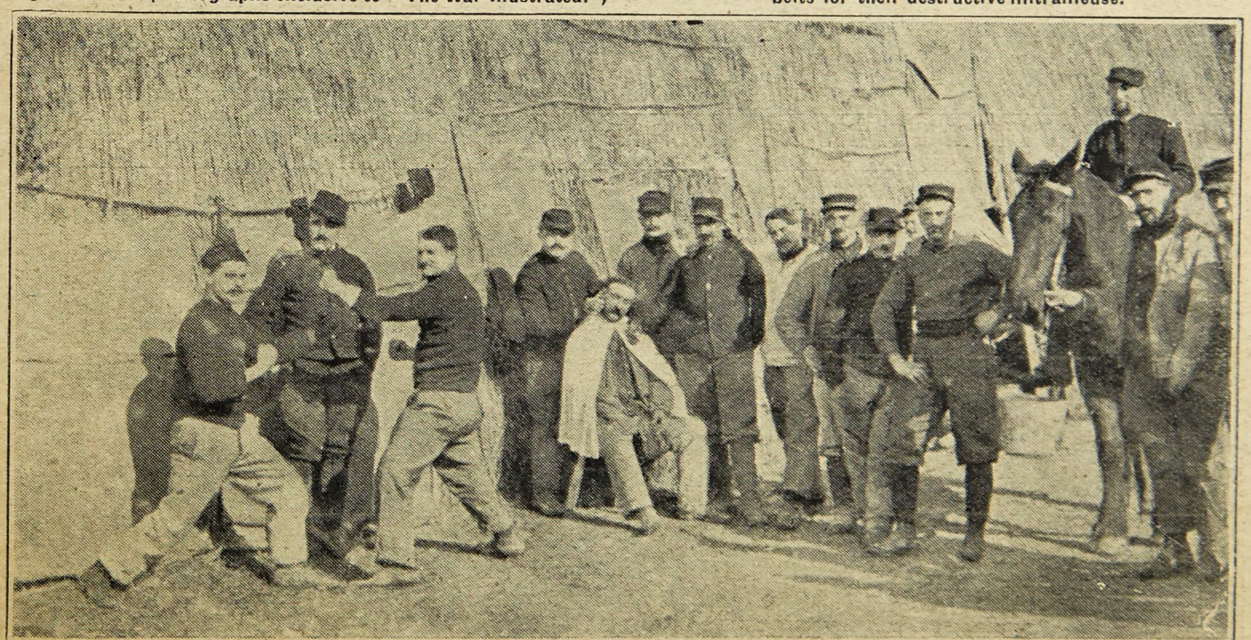


Corner of a French artillery encampment in the Aisne district. A row of cabins has been erected, where the preparation of meals and other domestic work goes on. A column of artillerymen are seen in the background exercising their horses.

Temporary homes of French gunners in another part of the artillery encampment, constructed with mud, straw, and corrugated-iron. (Photographs exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

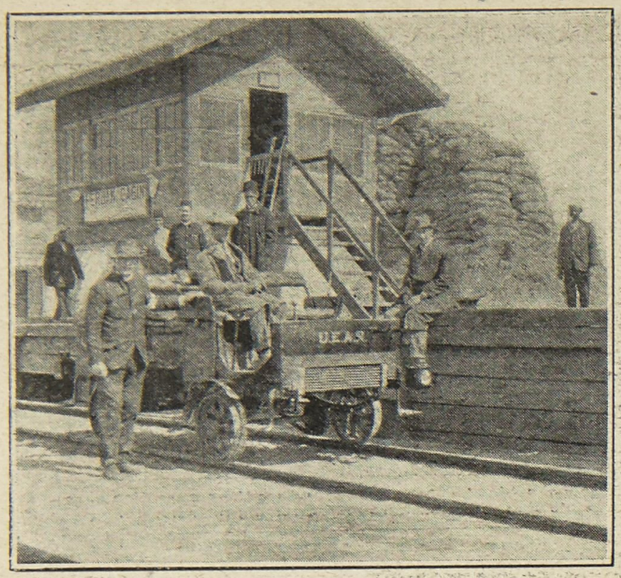


More fiery greetings for MM. Les Boches. Some of our French friends, seated by an ammunition waggon, replenish cartridge-belts for their destructive mitrailleuse.

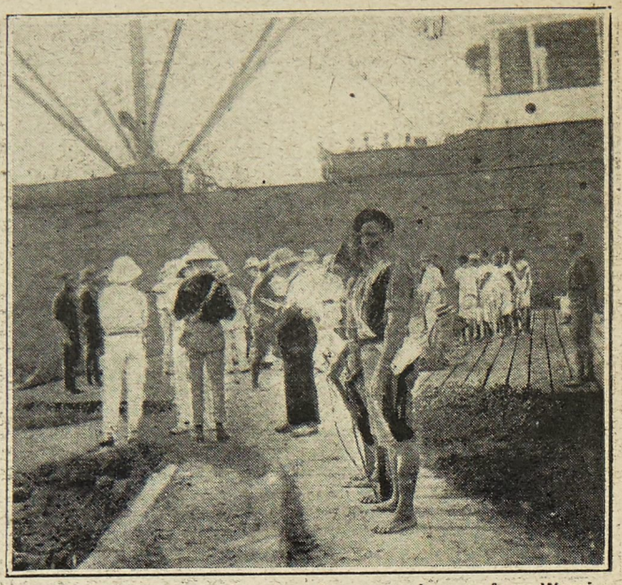


Our soldiers cannot claim a monopoly in good humour. The Gallic temperament is notoriously a cheerful one, and French patriots are seldom disheartened, in spite of the fact that the invader is still within their gates. Here are some French soldiers enjoying the essentially British sport of boxing, quite popular in France, while another is indulging in the luxury of a haircut.

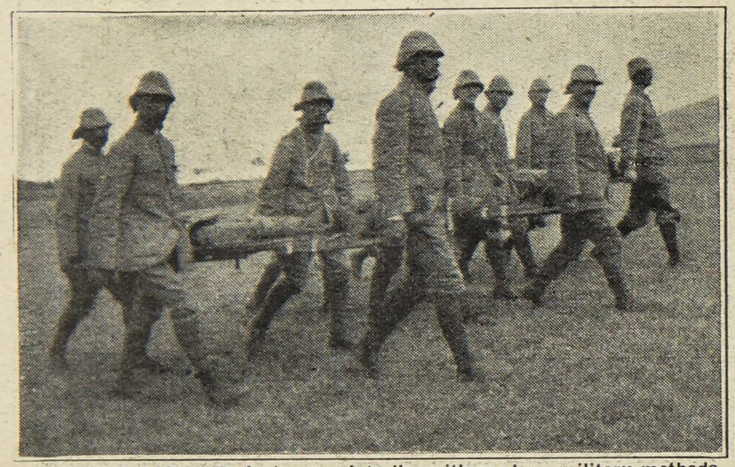
Keeping the Flag Triumphant in Egypt & Nigeria



Near the scene of the fight for Suez Canal. Ferdan Cabin and three British officials. One wears a white armlet as a distinguishing mark for Indians too handy with the rifle!



The transportation of thirty-four German prisoners from Warri, S. Nigeria, to Lagos under an escort of native soldiers in charge of a member of the Warri land contingent.



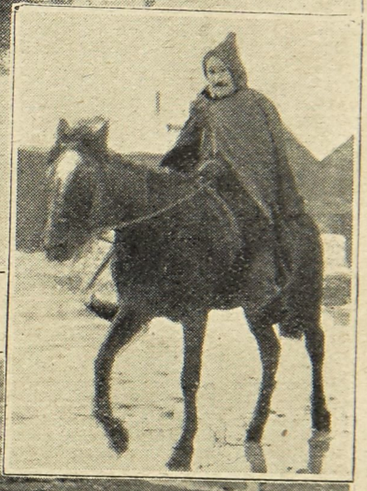
Belated effort of the Turks to come into line with modern military methods under Hunnish direction. Ottoman soldiers at stretcher-drill.

ALTHOUGH the censorship is strict—some people think unnecessarily so—one must not forget that this is actually the first war which has been authentically visible to the world at large. The camera has lifted the veil from the illimitable area of hostilities to a spellbound audience. The four photographs on this page (which are exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED) alone are from Turkey, Egypt, and Nigeria. The first snapshot is exceptionally interesting. Ferdan Cabin, printed on the board in English and Arabic, is an important point on the Egyptian State Railway running along the west bank of the Suez Canal. The recent attack on the waterway took place hereabouts, and the three British officials seen in the photograph were sent from Cairo to be in readiness should any of the station boxes be destroyed in the fighting. In the background a large stack of sandbags has been erected as a shield from Turkish fire, which, as everybody knows now, was surprisingly ineffective.

Detachment of the celebrated Bikanir Camel Corps drawn up "somewhere in Egypt" for the recent inspection by the Maharaja. The Bikanirs are a striking body of stalwart Indian soldiers who are doing excellent work overseas for the great British Raj.

Spartan Serbia still defying Austrian Huns

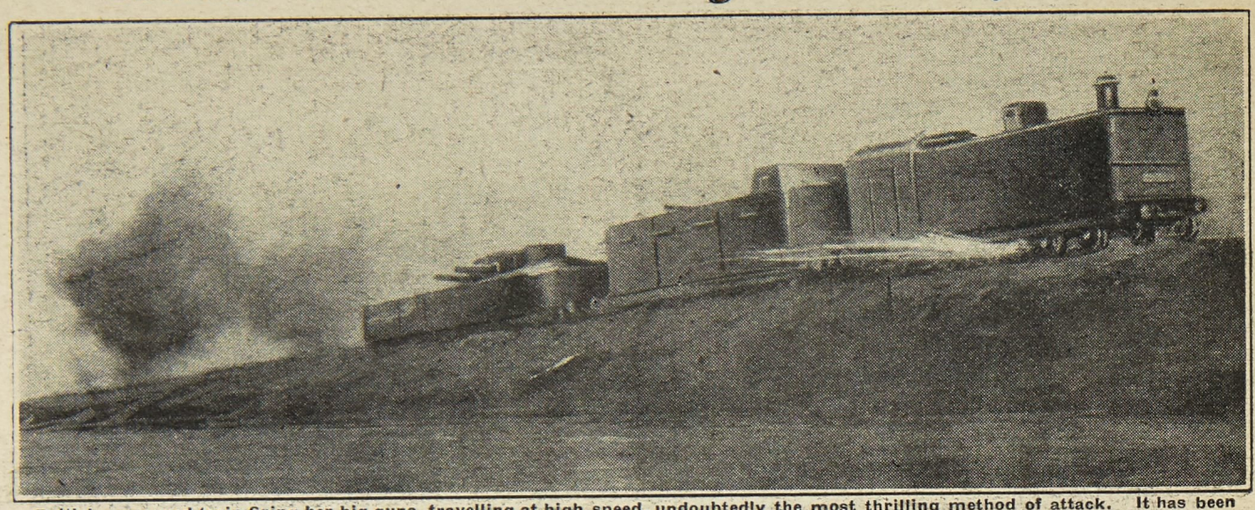
The picturesque Serbians are still holding their own gallantly against the superior forces of Franz Joseph. Military ox-waggon passing along a flooded road in Nish, the new capital.



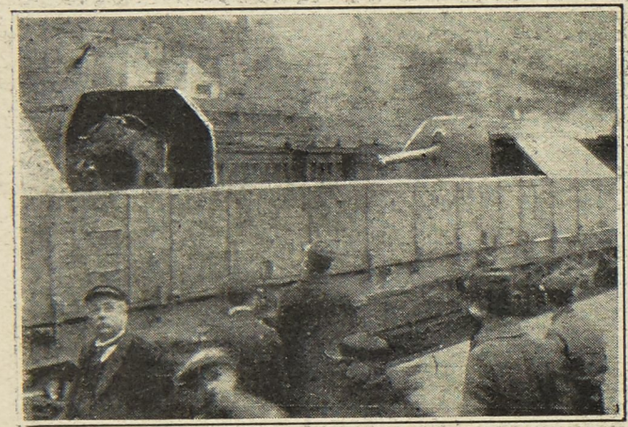
Our indomitable Balkan allies are fighting stubbornly in weather as severe as in Flanders. King Peter's soldiers sheltering under an improvised tent at the rear of a transport waggon.

Wounded Serbian soldiers refreshing themselves at the camp water-cart. Inset: Serbian cavalryman warmly cloaked and hooded, riding along one of the flooded roads in Nish.

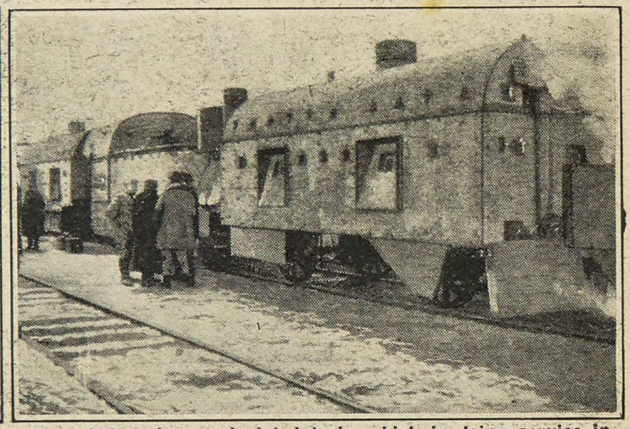
Trains of War—Dealing Death by Rail



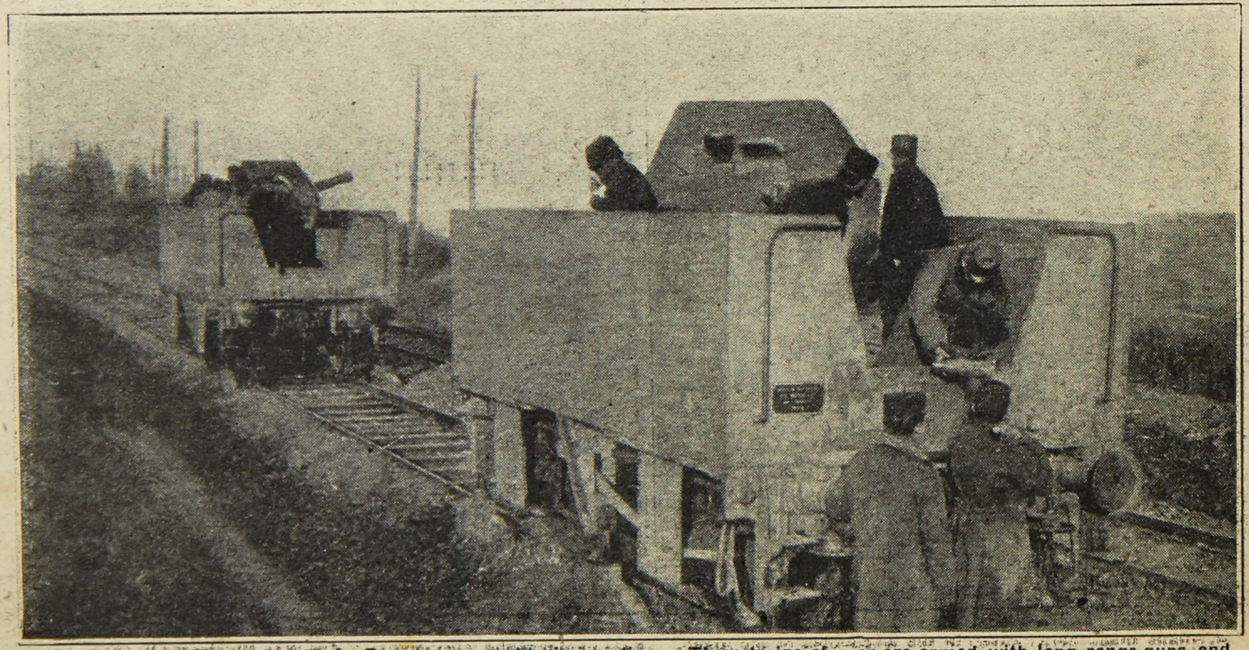
British armoured train firing her big guns, travelling at high speed, undoubtedly the most thrilling method of attack. It has been very prevalent in the coast fighting. A problem, however, is the gun-recoil, which makes the train rock perilously.



Sinister-looking vehicle passing through the wayside station of a practically deserted town near the battle-front. This armoured train has just been in the thick of the fighting.

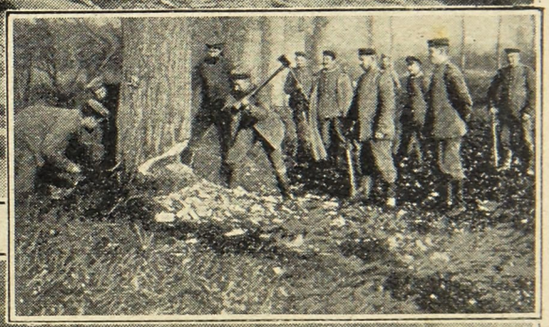


Type of Austrian steel-plated train which is doing service in the Carpathians. Hindenburg is also making every use of these vehicles over the network of strategic railways on the Polish front.



War on wheels. Two waggons of a French armoured train in action. These trains of war are armed with long-range guns and "mitrailleuses, and are as elusive as they are destructive. This actual war photograph is exclusive to "The War Illustrated."

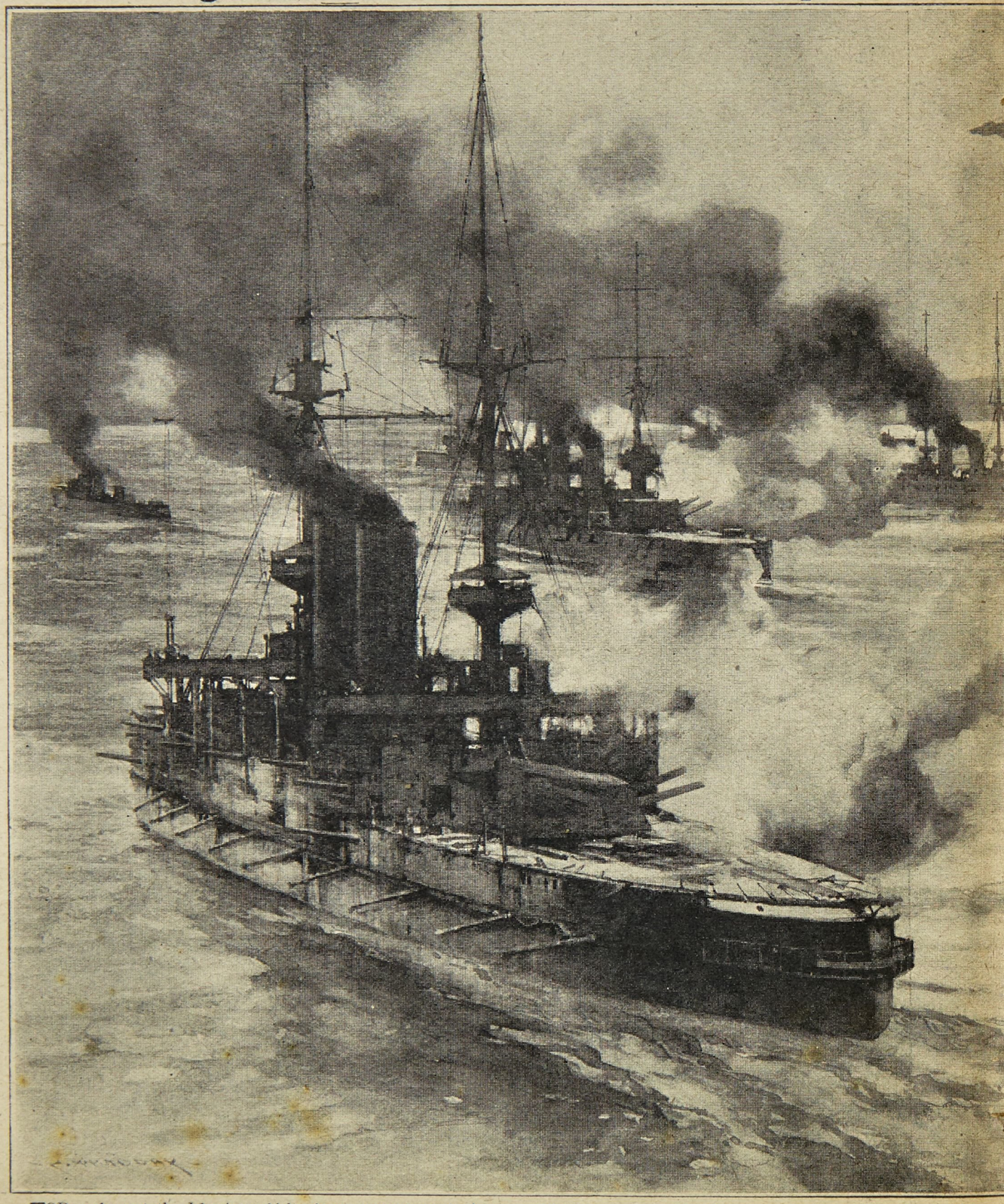
The Germans as War-time Woodlanders



Dame Nature pays heavy toll in lands that are war-trodden. The opposing armies "disguise fair Nature with hard-favour'd rage."

Germans made quick havoc in the woodlands of the Aisne. These photographs (exclusive to "The War Illustrated") show them rolling a log to a captured saw-mill, chopping down a tree, and the interior of the mill where the wood is being cut for use.

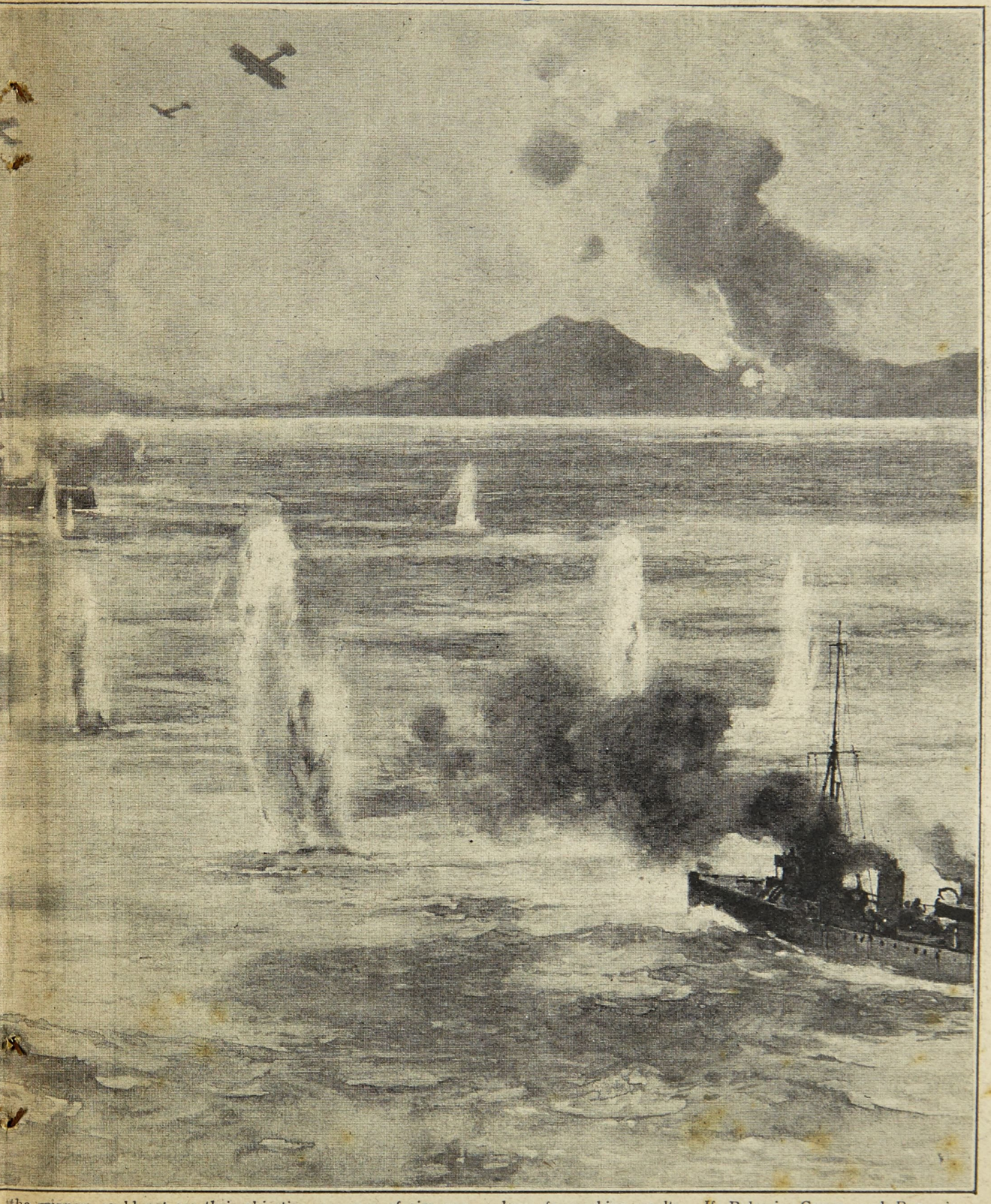
Sealing the Fate of Constantinople — The



FOR weeks past the Islamic world has been a-tremble for forthcoming events. Constantinople, so long immune from attack by sea, by reason of its geographical situation, will soon be within reach of the allied armada. Thanks to the progress of scientific armament, the impregnability of the Dardanelles is now as mythological as the swim of Leander across the Hellespont near by.

All forts as far as the Narrows have been silenced. At this point there are eleven formidable defences on the European side, and three at Chanak on the Asiatic shore. Here the supreme power of the new and amazing super-Dreadnought Queen Elizabeth enabled an indirect ton-shell bombardment from the Gulf of Saros over five miles of the Gallipoli Peninsula. Though

Allied Armada Forcing the Dardanelles



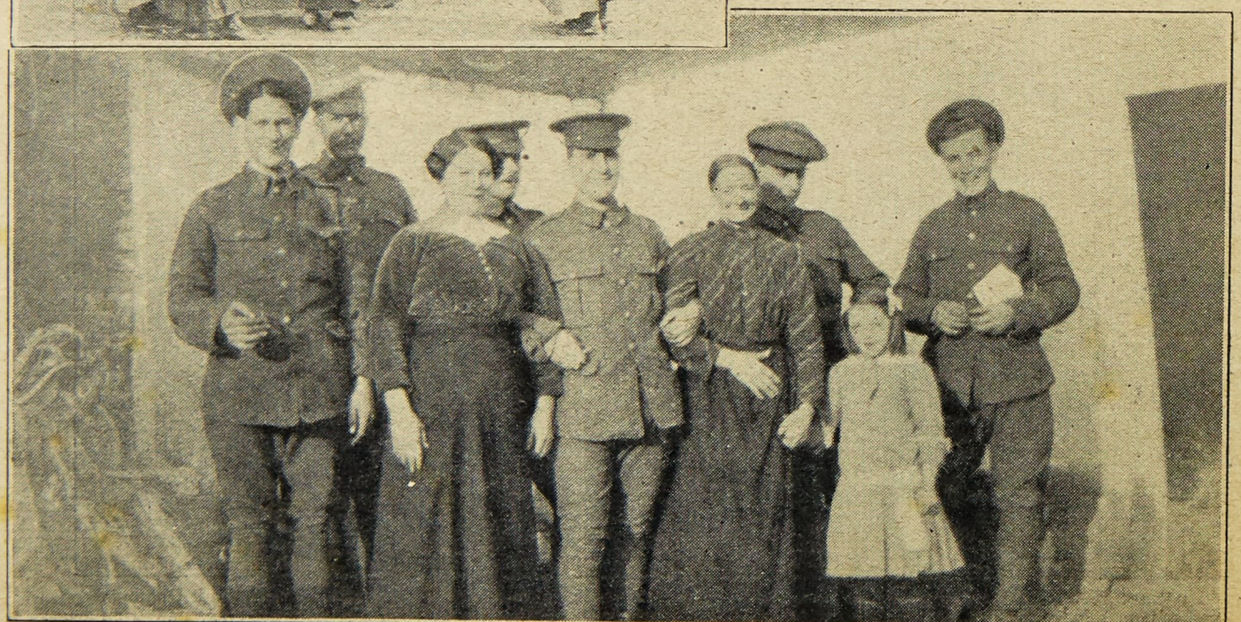
the gunners could not see their objective, accuracy of aim was assured them by seaplane scouts and other ships.

Apart from the great military significance of the opening of the Straits—for the fall of Constantinople is calculated to bring about a disruption in Turkey, and possibly her secession from Germany as an ally—the political effect on the Balkan States is likely to have far-reaching results. If Bulgaria, Greece, and Rumania are to benefit by the complete expulsion of the Ottoman from Eastern Europe, they cannot stand by indifferently neutral. The drawing on these pages shows consecutively the Cornwallis, Gaulois (French), Vengeance, and Suffren (French), actually within the Dardanelles, replying to the fire of the Turkish forts.

"Tommy" endears himself to the Frenchwomen

On the left: Frenchwoman names her canty "The Hearty Welcome," and serves British soldiers with coffee. On the right: "Tommy" and "Jeanne": A mild flirtation while examining his rifle.

THE average French peasant is of a retiring nature, not quick to make friends. But the jovial good-fellowship of the British soldier overcomes all difficulties; it is not long before he has firm friends in whatever part of France he finds himself. These photographs show various phases of our soldiers' popularity on the Continent. One might weave quite a charming little romance round the one above. The pretty French maiden is obviously much more interested in the gallant British warrior than in his rifle. The happy group below suggests a homely *bon camaraderie* that proves how contented are the soldiers in their farmhouse billet, and how pleased the country-folk are to have them as visitors. The fact that so few of our soldiers are sufficiently acquainted with the French tongue to be able to carry on a sustained conversation worries them not at all.

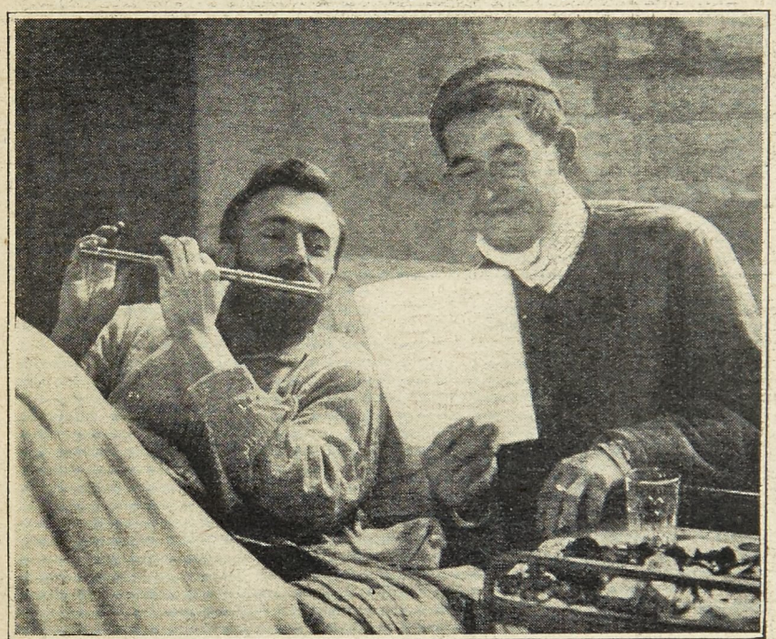


"L'entente cordiale" in being. A jolly group, showing a Frenchwoman, her daughter, and her granddaughter, with their khaki-clad friends. Inset: French apple-women find the British soldier a good customer, for he has a healthy appetite for fruit.

Impromptu Music at the Theatre of War

"Each a mighty voice." Germans in the Argonne greeting Field-Marshal Count Haeselar with song on his birthday.

Harmony midst war's discords. German band with home-made instruments. On the board is: "The Concert of War in France."

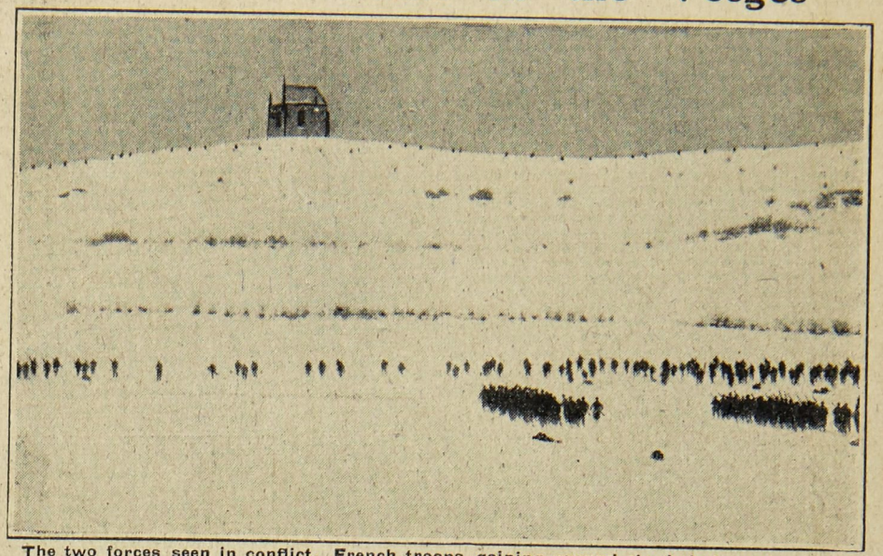


On the left: How to be happy though wounded. A cheery flautist in a French hospital playing a gay air. On the right: Music's more martial strains. The notes of the bugle are more fitting to the mood of to-day. Germans practising in a Belgian town.

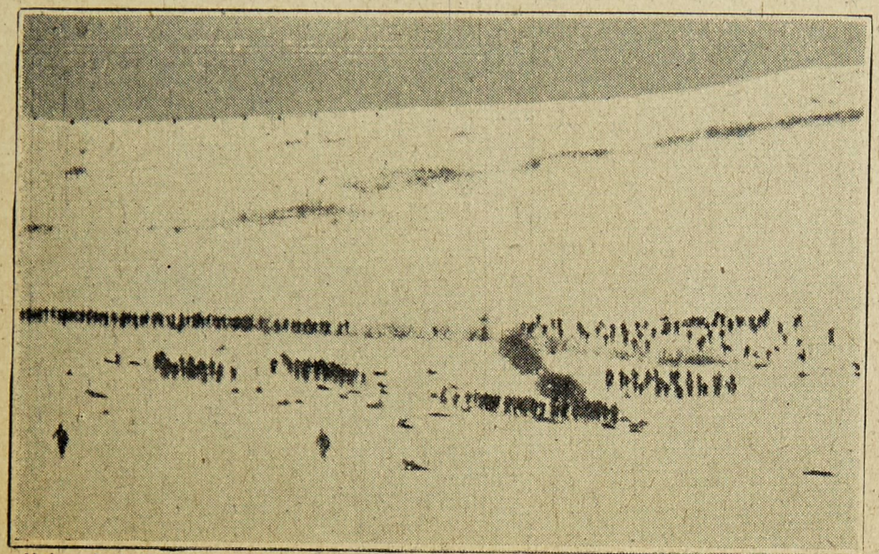
With the whistle of bullets, the hissing of shells and shrapnel, the spiteful crackle of Maxims, and the solemn booming of the big guns providing the warlike notes, the warriors fighting in Europe seek the soothing strains of sweeter music to hearten them on the way. French "terriers," with the drum they always carry, and a merry party of French aviators discoursing on home-made instruments.

Wonderful Film Records of Victorious French Assault in the Vosges

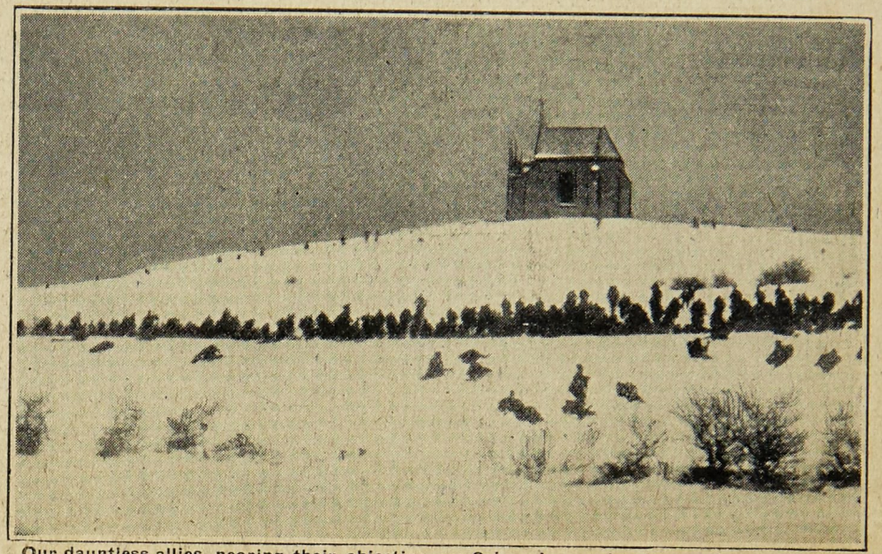
A main attack in progress. In the foreground, body of French infantry, with bayonets fixed, running to the support of their advanced forces assaulting the foot of the snow-covered hill.



The two forces seen in conflict. French troops, gaining ground slowly but surely, attack in open formation. The enemy's forces defending the position are silhouetted on the skyline.



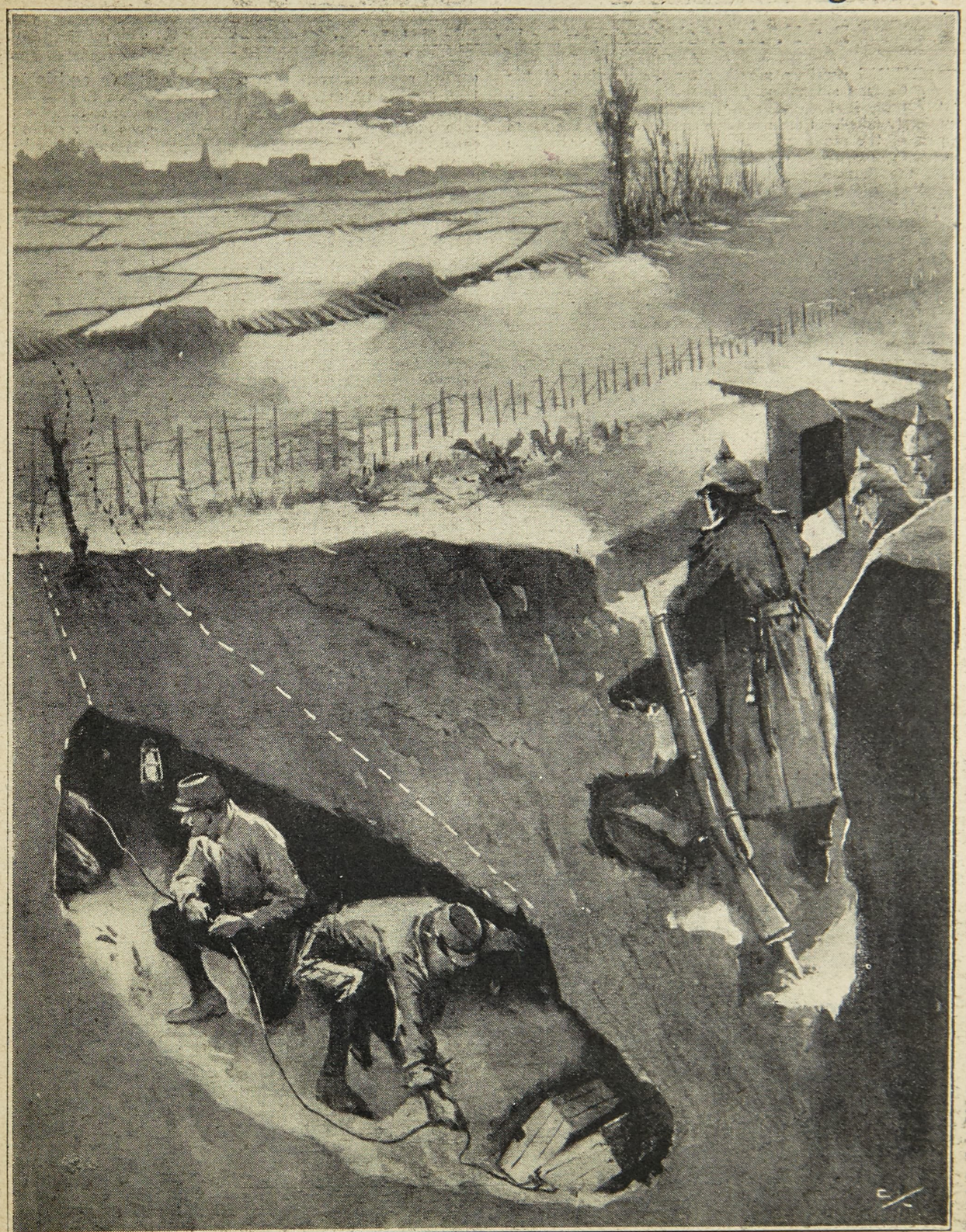
Unique impression of the deadly havoc caused by German fire in the French ranks. Heroic soldiers are seen falling and fallen to rifle and machine-gun fire from the heights.



Our dauntless allies, nearing their objective, are firing vigorously. Victory is within their grasp. The Germans are rapidly retreating over the hill.

(By courtesy of the Gaumont Co., Ltd., "The War Illustrated" is enabled to reproduce the above realistic scenes from a wonderful series of films which will be released for public exhibition on March 22nd.)

How the Trenches are assaulted Underground



Though never before has a war been waged on such a tremendous scale, the present conflict progresses slowly. It would seem that the highly-destructive agencies of science have over-developed man's instinct of self-preservation on the one hand and sharpened his ingenuity on the other. The difficulties of fighting above land being sometimes insuperable, trenches are assaulted underground. A subterranean passage (marked by the dotted line) is constructed to the enemy's trench. Dynamite is placed in position, the charge is exploded, and enemy and trench are blown up. The attackers then gain the ground.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

WRITING nearly a month after the opening of the German submarine blockade, it is possible to say that it has, from the military point of view, completely failed. I am not concerned here with the naval aspects of the move. The military danger was that the Germans would, by extensive mine-sowing and torpedoing, arrest the despatch of transports or the forwarding of munitions to the front. So far from our transports being stopped, they have been more active than ever. The first Canadian Contingent was sent across the water before the special campaign opened. The second Canadian Contingent has been brought safely to this country, and at the moment of writing news comes that the Australians have also arrived. It would not be prudent to attempt to estimate the number of British troops who have landed in France since February 18th. It must be enough to say that the numbers have exceeded all previous records.

"Victory as Usual"

Mr. Lloyd George's new national motto, "Victory as Usual," has been received with enthusiasm, and events are justifying it. Day by day good news continues to arrive from almost every part of the front. Russia is again facing a German attack, facing it in great strength and full of confidence. Great Britain is moving forward in the region around the La Bassée canal; France has gained splendid victories in Champagne; the battle for the clearing of the Dardanelles is progressing more rapidly than any dared to hope, and the opening of the Black Sea route to Russian ships will have important military and economic results. We cannot expect to avoid checks, disappointments, and hard blows. German diplomatists, having failed to turn the United States against us, are to-day seeking to win Italy, Rumania, and Bulgaria to their side. The campaign in Italy in particular is being very cleverly worked. Italy has 1,200,000 men under arms, and Fate seems driving her to strike a blow for one side or the other soon. Those who know Italy best declare themselves the least able to prophesy what she will do.

Fighting in Flanders

There is a very notable renewal of activity in Flanders. The Germans have been accumulating fresh troops there. The whole of the Yser front has been strongly reinforced, and it looks as though a determined German attempt at advance around Nieuport is pending. There has been equal activity among the Allies. The British have captured Neuve Chapelle, and taken 1,000 prisoners. Neuve Chapelle, four miles north-west of La Bassée, was captured by the Germans on December 19th, and has been the scene of constant fighting. The Belgian Army, now reported to be a hundred thousand strong, has renewed its equipment, and is burning to begin an aggressive campaign. From a military point of view there is very much to be said in favour of leaving Northern Flanders alone for a time, and pushing ahead farther south, in such a way that the Germans will be compelled to abandon their line on the coast or have their flank turned. I find a growing conviction, however, among those closest in touch with events, that the Allies will make a coast-sweeping movement as one of their earliest spring moves. The Germans certainly anticipate this, and have made elaborate preparations to meet an expected attack from the sea. Heavy guns have doubtless been mounted at different points, weapons of a calibre equal to our own naval 15 in. guns. Mines and submarines await our ships. The occupation of the coast will not be accomplished without a long and hard fight.

A humorous note in a serious profession. The smallest member of the French aviation corps walking with two confreres, each six feet high.

The French Forward Movement

It is doubtful if nearly enough attention is being given on this side to the very important fighting now going on along the French front. The dramatic campaign in Alsace has come to a pause, due partly to the weather, and partly to the fact that the Germans have succeeded in holding up for the moment the French movement there. But in the country fronting Rheims and Perthes there has been a month of almost day and night fighting. On February 16th the French started an advance in force. According to German official accounts they numbered six fully complete army corps, 250,000 men, supported by enormous masses of heavy artillery, which fired more than 100,000 shots in twenty-four hours. They caught the Germans unprepared, captured a number of prisoners, and succeeded in seizing important positions. German reinforcements were hurried up, and a furious battle has raged since. Each side claims that the other lost enormously. The Germans estimate the French losses at 44,000, and declare they were at least three times as heavy as theirs. The French, on the other hand, place the German casualties between February 20th and March 4th alone at 43,000. The French estimate of German casualties is confirmed by one statement in the German report describing the engagements, where it is admitted that the German loss in the Champagne fighting was heavier than in the Masurian Lakes battle. We know that in the latter conflict the Germans lost close on 40,000 men; their losses during the last month in Champagne have probably not been less than 50,000.

The New Frenchman

This long drawn out battle has given splendid proof of the efficiency of the French armies. Their artillery has proved its superiority at point after point; their motor transport—one of the most important factors in the battles of to-day—has come out successfully. Their men have shown that they possess in the highest degree the qualities that make for final victory—endurance, patience, dash, and the ability to endure heavy losses without affecting their fighting strength. To realise the meaning of what the French have done in the Champagne country during the past month one needs to contrast the conduct of the armies there with the conduct of the French armies in the war of 1870-71. One notes at every point a vital and fundamental difference in preparation, in temper, and in discipline. The work in Champagne gives the best of hopes for what will take pace when France advances, not with a quarter of a million men, but with a million and more.

Getting Fit for the Front at Breezy Brighton

Thousands of blue-clad recruits to Lord Kitchener's New Army are being trained in the art of war at Brighton. Parts of the beach are utilised for firing practice.

Rifle practice by keen recruits on the Brighton beach. The targets can be seen erected on the foreshore.

Other recruits learning to fire whilst standing. The eastern end of the lower parade is daily occupied by zealous soldiers anxious to qualify for the front. Inset: Practical shooting lessons from commissioned officers.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

WRITING in the issue of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED dated February 6th, I concluded as follows: "Compare the guns, weigh the situation, and the conclusion is that Germany will not worry us for some time to come, except with her submarines. If she does, so much the better for us and the worse for her." This forecast has been exactly verified. In the following week I dealt with the submarine menace, and the use merchant ships could make of the method of ramming submarines. I said, also, in regard to our patrols, that we were too much on the defensive, and that we must "go back to old-fashioned principles such as Farragut's 'the more you hunt the enemy the less he can hunt you.'" That was written during the first days of February.

Our Aim Against Germany

The public can now judge the results in less than four weeks' bag in the hunt since "The Day," or February 18th, when the German navy was supposed to commence the much-heralded campaign. Culminating in the sinking of U12 on March 10th by H.M.S. Ariel, our total bag is certainly more than one submarine a week, and probably more than two a week.

In the succeeding week, I returned to a favourite doctrine that, since supplies are the sinews of war, our aim must be the maximum of supplies to ourselves and the minimum to our enemy. We have yet to know what are the Orders-in-Council by which the Government hopes to achieve the complete cutting off of Germany's supplies through the operations of naval force. There can be no doubt as to the ability of the Navy to do it if the Orders-in-Council give full powers to our sailors. In one direction only were the enemy successful in cutting off the supplies of the Allies. Russia was temporarily blockaded in the White Sea by ice, in the Baltic by ice and the German Navy, and in the Black Sea by the Turkish control of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus. We are now, after a delay of doubtful wisdom, but probably due to a defensive caution as to the Turkish expedition against Egypt, hewing our way through the Dardanelles, and there is no room for the faintest doubt as to the success of the operations.

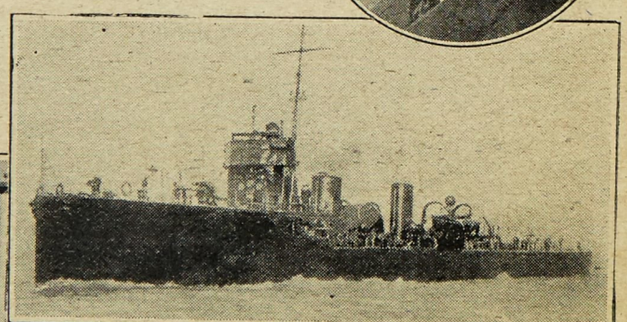
Are We Too Scientific?

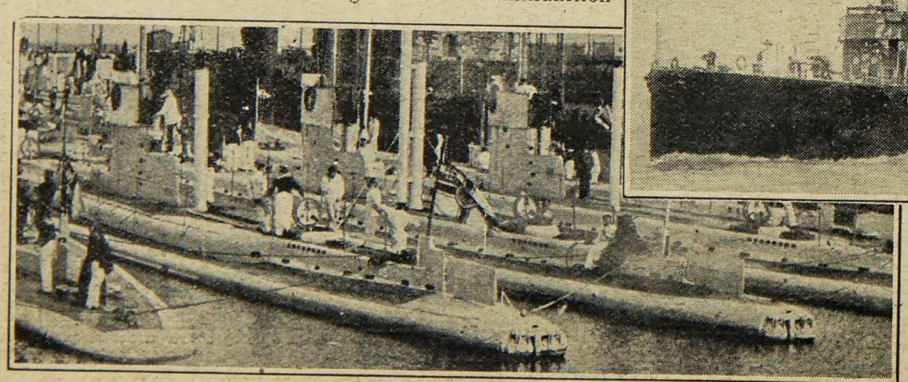
There is one criticism of a controversial character which I feel bound to make in regard to operations with modern ships. There is a danger in being too scientific in taking advantage of the wonderful ranges of modern guns when they outrange those of the enemy, and this criticism applies to certain ship actions, and is made with a view to future events in the Dardanelles. If one has better guns than an enemy, and can hit him from outside his own gun range, then it is all very well to sink him without hurt to oneself. But very often, from a range of 15,000 to 18,000 yards, one is not hitting him, or only occasionally doing so. At the same time one is being hurt by one's own gun fire, for it is taking a great many more shots to sink the enemy or to destroy a fort. The lives of the guns and the ammunition are being used up, and valuable time is lost. The answer that if one closed to a range where every shot was effective, the enemy's shooting would also begin to tell, is very plausible, but in practice it does not work out quite that way. With superior gun fire, you are pumping so much horror into his ship that his own firing becomes erratic, and his moral breaks down. The idea is that if you can finish off an enemy in half the time, and with half the expenditure of ammunition, by closing during the action to 12,000 yards instead of 16,000 yards, it is certainly worth doing so, at the cost even of extra casualties and some damage to the structure of the ship; though that is not a result I should anticipate if one has a great ascendency in gun-power.

A Mystery of the War

The contrary policy of not taking any risks is very suited, no doubt, to an admiral who, through insufficient provision of shipbuilding in the past, has to keep his fleet "in being." Torrington dared not fight a decisive action because there was no reserve behind his fleet. The Allies, however, have a great surplus of ships beyond what is required to give successful battle to the fleets of Germany and Austria. When Beatty fought the three German battle-cruisers the Admiralty had at their disposal ten battle-cruisers. It is, therefore, one of the standing mysteries of the war why, when Beatty's directing power was removed by the unfortunate crippling of the flagship Lion—at long range, be it noted — the action was suddenly discontinued.

This is in no way explained by the publication of the recent despatches. Here, if ever, was a case when an admiral could say, "Whatever happens, I am in a position to run risks to force a decisive action, since I have three battle-cruisers against an already badly-damaged and flying squadron, and the Admiralty have all these reserve battle-cruisers to replace us." He might have added that in a few weeks two or three of the twenty-five-knot oil-driven Queen Elizabeths would be ready. At first we were told in the telegraphic summary that it was because of the German minefield; then this was dropped and submarines were mentioned, and now no explanation of the breaking-off of the action is given at all.

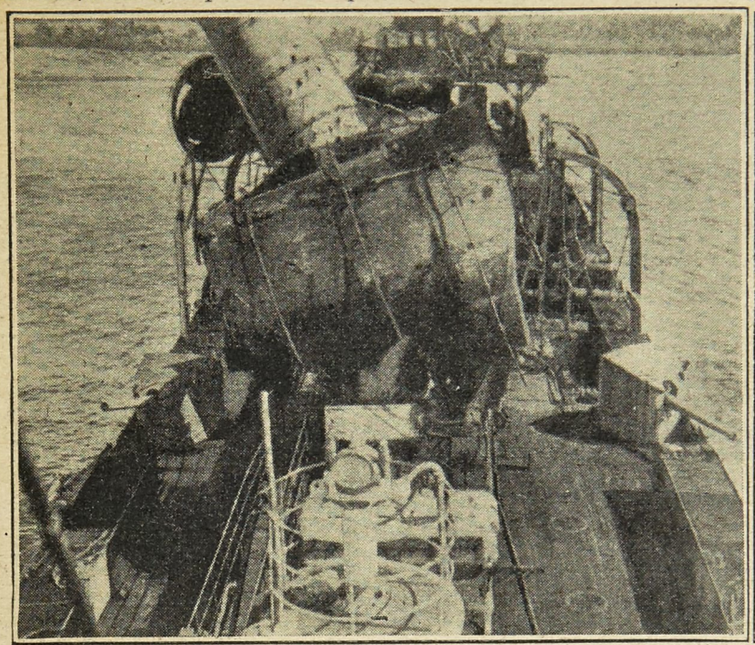




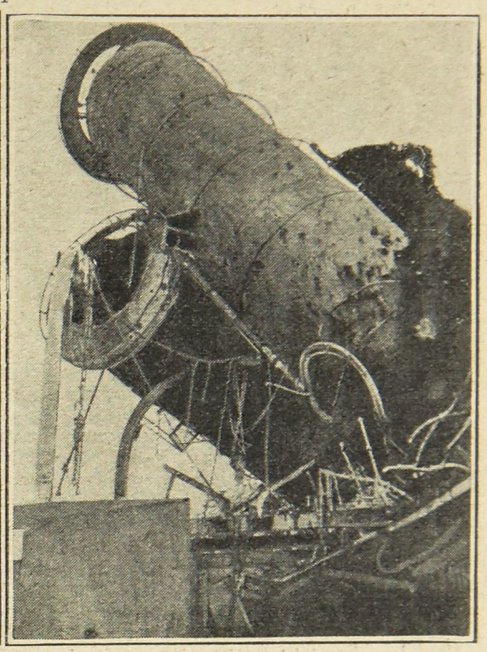
Another breach in the pirates' ranks. The U12, sunk by H.M.S. Ariel last week, was one of the most formidable submarines in the German navy. Our photograph shows the U12 in dock (third from right) with her sister craft. Insets: The Ariel, and Lieut.-Commander James V. Creagh, in command of the avenging destroyer.

Destructive Power of British Naval Gunnery

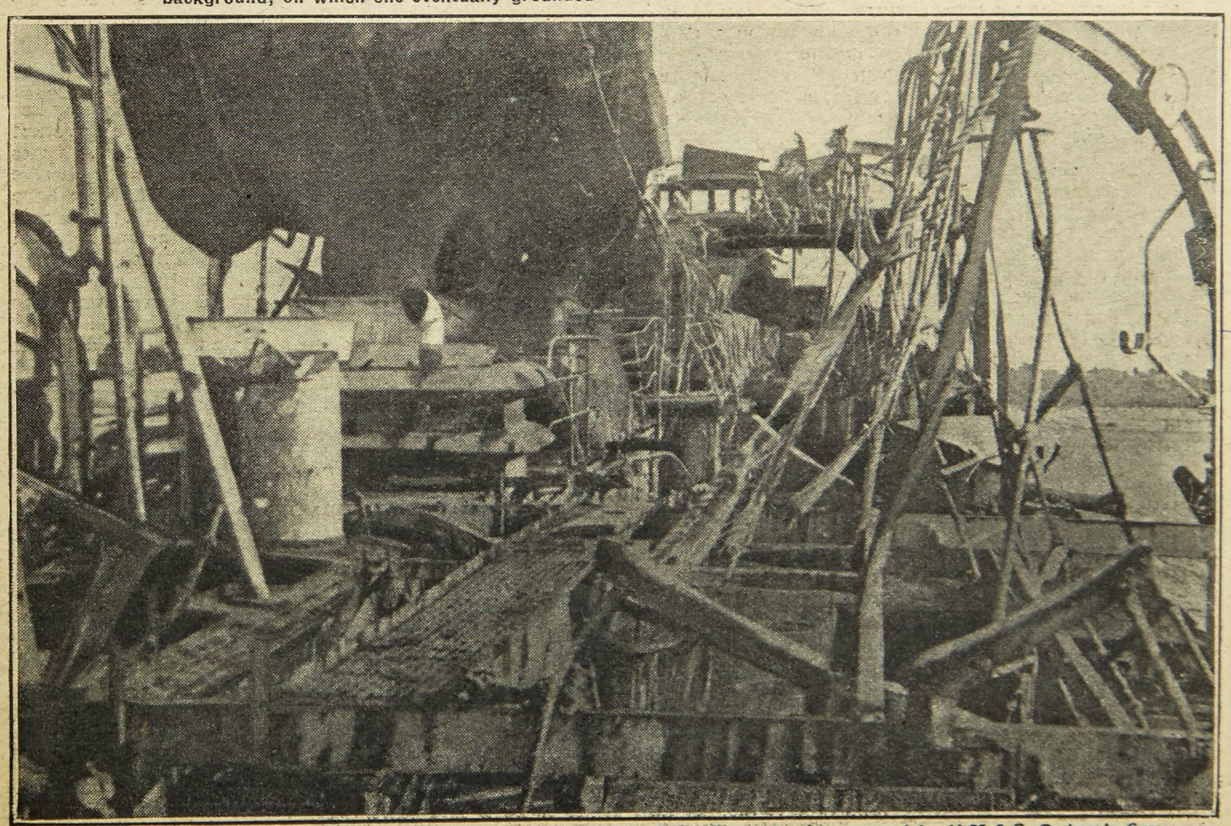
THE photographs published on this page are a special selection of the notorious German raider, the Emden, after its fatal duel with H.M.A.S. Sydney Although this subject has already been treated pictorially, and may no doubt be considered as ancient history, the exceptional merit of these photographs, just released by the Press Bureau, makes their publication imperative from an historical point of view. Here, for the first time, we get a really clear idea of the herculean power of British gunnery that tosses funnels about like shuttlecocks and reduces tempered steel to so much cindered scrap. And this was the work only of 6 in. guns. Conceive the destructive power of the Queen Elizabeth's 15 in. guns! Can it be wondered that the German Navy prefers to hide within the fastnesses of Kiel?



The battered Emden seen from the mainmast with Keeling Island in the background, on which she eventually grounded



A study in steely chaos. The Emden's funnels tossed about like shuttlecocks.



An impression of the fearful devastation on the starboard side of the German raider caused by H.M.A.S. Sydney's fire.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

SOMEHOW the Zeppelin airship, and, in fact, the bigger airships in general—such as the Schütte-Lanz, the Siemens-Schuckert, the Parseval, and Gross—always remind me of a friend of mine who, when reproached with being a failure in life, replied that it all depended on how one looked at the question. Regarded as a success, he admitted that he was a failure; but regarded as a failure, he claimed that he was a huge success.

Certainly the Zeppelin airships, and the others mentioned above, which are all called "Zeppelins" by those who know no better, are fairly futile when considered as serious weapons of war. Considering that a Zeppelin is as long as a super-Dreadnought, manœuvres about as slowly when turning, takes pretty well as much room in which to turn, needs a crew of several hundreds of men to handle it on the ground when starting or landing, costs about £50,000 to build, and yet can only carry a couple of tons, at the very most, of ammunition for the destruction of enemies below it, one would not be inclined to hail it a as huge success, even if it had no other obtrusive defects—which, in fact, it has.

The Futility of Big Airships

For example, it is so fragile that contact with an ordinary tree-top in a misjudged landing may break its back—as is reported to have happened in the case of L8 at Tirlemont recently. Also, its speed is so slow that it can make little or no headway against a breeze which would not trouble a modern aeroplane in the least. That is to say, a Zeppelin's best speed is fifty miles an hour, so that against a thirty-mile-an-hour wind it can only cover the ground, or water, at twenty miles an hour—which makes it slower than a modern battle-cruiser; whereas a ninety-mile-an-hour aeroplane would still do its sixty miles an hour over the ground against the same wind.

How much is to be believed of the stories of Zeppelins which have been destroyed since the beginning of the war no one can tell, but we have German official admissions of the loss of two during the first month of the war, and of two in the past month, and the various reports of the destruction of sundry others confirm one another to such an extent that one may reasonably assume that probably, at least, four or six more Zeppelins and Schütte-Lanzs have gone, not to mention the losses of minor craft of the Parseval and Gross type.

Zeppelins a Huge Bluff

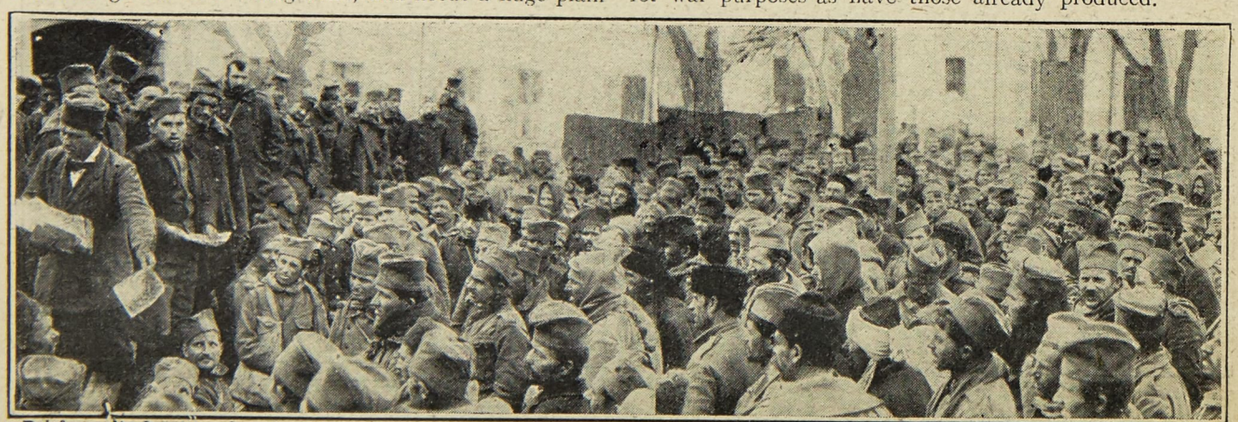
Already we are beginning to find out that while the German Army has unlimited faith in its aeroplanes, it has no belief in Zeppelins, and some of the German flying officers who have been captured freely told our own people that they regarded the Zeppelins as a huge bluff. Obviously, a machine which cannot be handled by a small crew is of little use with an army in the field, and is still less so when it cannot go out in a strong wind, and needs a huge plain to land on even in calm weather. Add to this the fact that it cannot rise high enough to get out of range of gun fire, and offers a huge, slow-moving mark, and one sees why the German Army has given up the use of big airships as scouts and has turned them all over to the Navy.

Under the peculiar circumstances in which the German Navy is working—or, rather, I should say, is lying idle—it finds its Zeppelins fairly effective, at any rate in fine weather. Working up in the North Sea and the Baltic, where there are no small, fast aeroplanes to bother them, the big airships make quite useful sea scouts, for they are faster than any sea-going craft, except against the wind, and as the prevailing wind sets from the west, they can generally go out slowly against it till they see something of importance, and can turn tail and get home quickly with the help of the wind if the something in question looks dangerous. Also, they can carry fairly powerful wireless apparatus, and keep in constant touch with their head-quarters, perhaps one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles away. Also, they can intimidate merchant ships which come within the sea area which Germany has declared to be blockaded, and can co-operate with submarines, spying out the victim at a great distance, and giving the submarine directions as to where best to lie in wait for it.

Possibilities of the Future for Airships

All this usefulness—from the German point of view, of course—depends on the weather keeping fine, and, as I pointed out recently, the absence of weather reports from the Atlantic makes it impossible for the airships to foresee what the weather is going to be a few hours ahead, so that big risks have to be taken, and the result of taking such risks was shown only the other day in the wrecking of the Zeppelin L3 and the Schütte-Lanz L4 on the Danish coast in sudden storms, not to mention the reported losses of the L8 in Belgium and the L9 in the Channel.

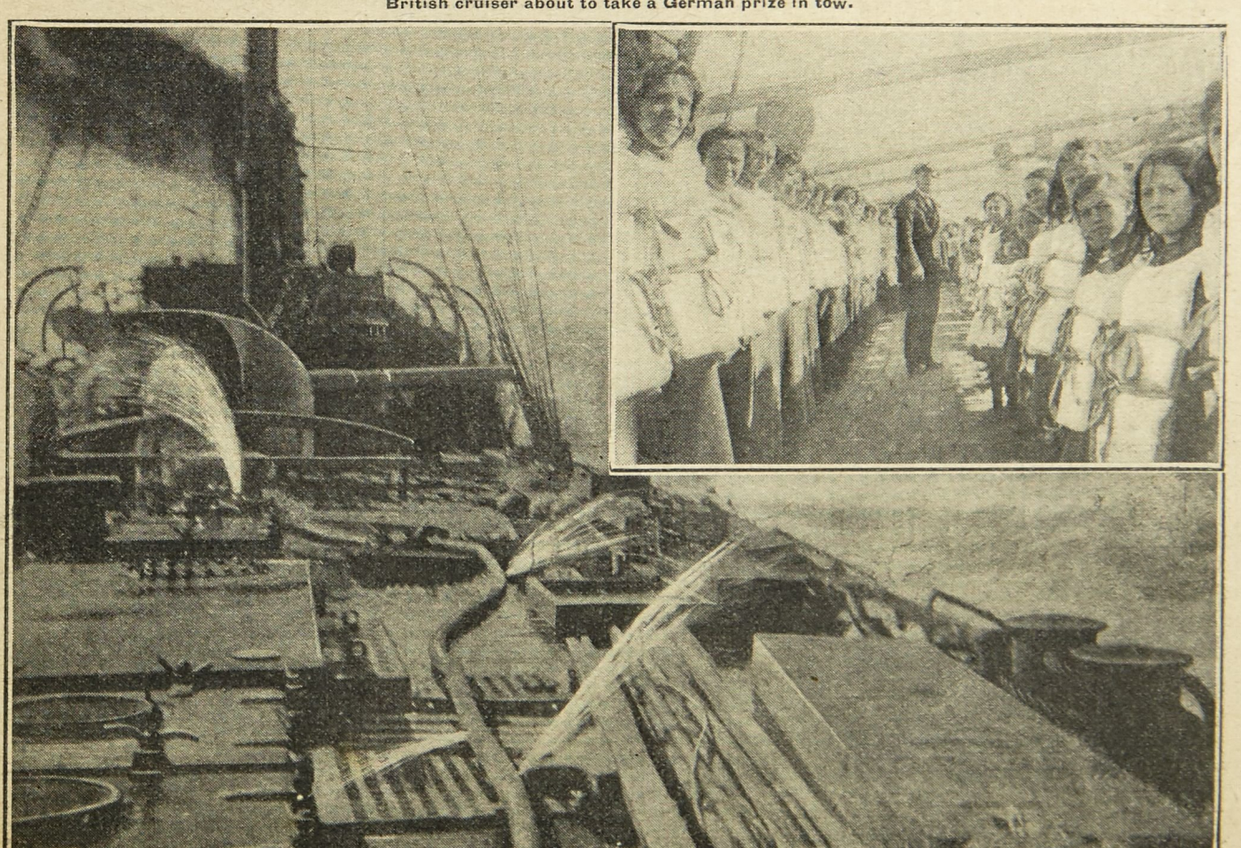
Thus, viewed in any aspect, the big airships seem rather futile; but it must not be imagined on that account that there is no future for airships. On the contrary, they have immense possibilities. It must be remembered that, so far, something less than forty Zeppelins altogether have been built, and that the later ones have been more or less exactly like those preceding them, so that there have not been, in all probability, more than a dozen different types built since the beginning, representing actually twelve generations of Zeppelins. On the other hand, there have been thousands of aeroplanes built, representing hundreds of generations. The £50,000 spent in building one Zeppelin would build, perhaps, one hundred aeroplanes; so, naturally, aeroplanes are much further developed, and are much more effective than are airships. It will be time enough to condemn big airships entirely when at least a hundred generations of them have been built and proved as futile for war purposes as have those already produced.



Brief respite from war's grim reality for some of Serbia's brave fighters. Passes being issued to Serbian soldiers to enable them to leave Nish for their homes on a few days' leave.

War-time Life on the Rolling Main

It is further proof that Britannia still rules the waves, because the Germans can only find room beneath the seas. The deserted docks at Hamburg and other enemy ports, too, bear witness to the ruin wrought on Germany's overseas trade by our Navy. Here is seen a British cruiser about to take a German prize in tow.



How H.M.S. Gloucester is bombarding the Dardanelles forts. Firing a broadside. The gun crew is almost obscured by jets of water from a burst hose-pipe. These keep the decks constantly wet, so as to guard against fire during an action. Inset: Timely precautions by ocean passengers against the pirates. War-time life-belt parade on board a liner.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, March 5th to March 11th

MAR. 5.—**British Squadron Shells Smyrna.** The Commander-in-Chief, East Indies, Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Peirse, arrived with a squadron of batttleships and cruisers off Smyrna. A methodical bombardment of Fort Yenikale was carried out, thirty-two hits secured; considerable damage to the fort, and there were two heavy explosions, apparently of magazines. The Euryalus, which flew the flag of the Vice-Admiral, shot with remarkable accuracy. Admiralty announce that the reduction of the Smyrna defences a necessary incident in the main operation.

Turkish oil depot destroyed at Said (near Kaba-Tepe) by French battleship in Dardanelles operations. Observation stations outside Straits on northern coasts destroyed by fire from a cruiser.

German attacks in Flanders hurled back twelve times by Allies. French capture a company of German Guards in Champagne, and gain ground on whole front.

Admiralty intimate good ground for belief that Captain Bell, of the Thordis, rammed German submarine off Beachy Head.

German Submarine U8 sunk off Dover by British destroyer.

Announced that during operations round Stanislau between Feb. 21 and Mar. 3, Russians took 18,522 prisoners.

MAR. 6.—**War Crisis in Greece.** The Cabinet of M. Venizelos resigns.

Operations in Dardanelles continued. The Queen Elizabeth, supported by Agamemnon and Ocean, attacked forts Hamidieh I., Tabra, and Hamidieh III. by indirect fire across the Gallipoli Peninsula, firing at 21,000 yards. Queen Elizabeth was replied to by howitzers and field-guns, and three shells struck her but without causing any damage.

German casualty list published by French Press Bureau gives total of 3,000,000 including killed, wounded, and prisoners.

MAR. 7.—British air raid on Ostend by six aeroplanes; 15 bombs dropped, doing great damage.

British Losses in Persia. Indian Office announces a force of 12,000 Turks and Arabs has inflicted a check on a British reconnoitring detachment in the Valley of the Tigris, 13 officers and 176 of the British and Indian rank and file were killed or wounded.

In the Vosges the French captured two important heights near Münster.

Petrograd announced that the fighting against the Austrians on the Pilica, in Russian Poland, was developing into a "great battle." In Eastern Galicia Russians continuing the advance which gave them possession of Stanislau.

In Dardanelles four French battleships covered the direct bombardment of the defences of the Narrows by H.M.S. Agamemnon and Lord Nelson. The French ships engaged Mount Dardanos Battery and various concealed guns, silencing the former. The two British ships advanced and engaged the forts at the Narrows at 14,000 to 12,000 yards by direct fire. Two forts replied, but were silenced after heavy bombardment. The Gaulois, Agamemnon, and Lord Nelson were struck three times each.

MAR. 8.—Admiralty reports the waterplanes employed in observation work with the Fleet in the Dardanelles suffered, as the pilots were compelled to fly low in order to detect Turkish gun positions.

Greece and the War. Crisis still continuing, M. Zaimis declines the task of forming a Cabinet, while Greek people and Parliament support M. Venizelos, who resigned owing to King Constantine's unwillingness to declare war on side of Triple Entente.

In Champagne enemy attempted to retake captured woods west of Perthes, but repulsed, and French counter-offensive gained ground towards the north and east. In the region of Perthes more than five hundred yards of trenches won by French.

MAR. 9.—**National War Workshops.** Mr. Lloyd George announced that Government is taking powers to commandeer factories and divert them, if need be, to make munitions.

German submarines sunk three British merchant ships.

Crisis in Greece relieved by new Ministry of M. Gounaris.

A Dardanelles casualty list published gives names of 23 killed, 28 wounded, and 3 missing, mostly in the Royal Marine Brigade.

In the Ujok-Munkacs region, Carpathians, Russians recaptured trenches previously taken by Austrians—officially described as "a desperate battle."

On the French front fighting continuing in region of Perthes, each side attempting to hammer a way to its opponents' railway communications. Violent bombardment by Germans in region south of Dixmude, followed by an attempted attack that failed.

MAR. 10.—**Striking British Advance** in La Bassée region, village of Neuve Chapelle carried and 1,000 prisoners captured. German casualties very heavy.

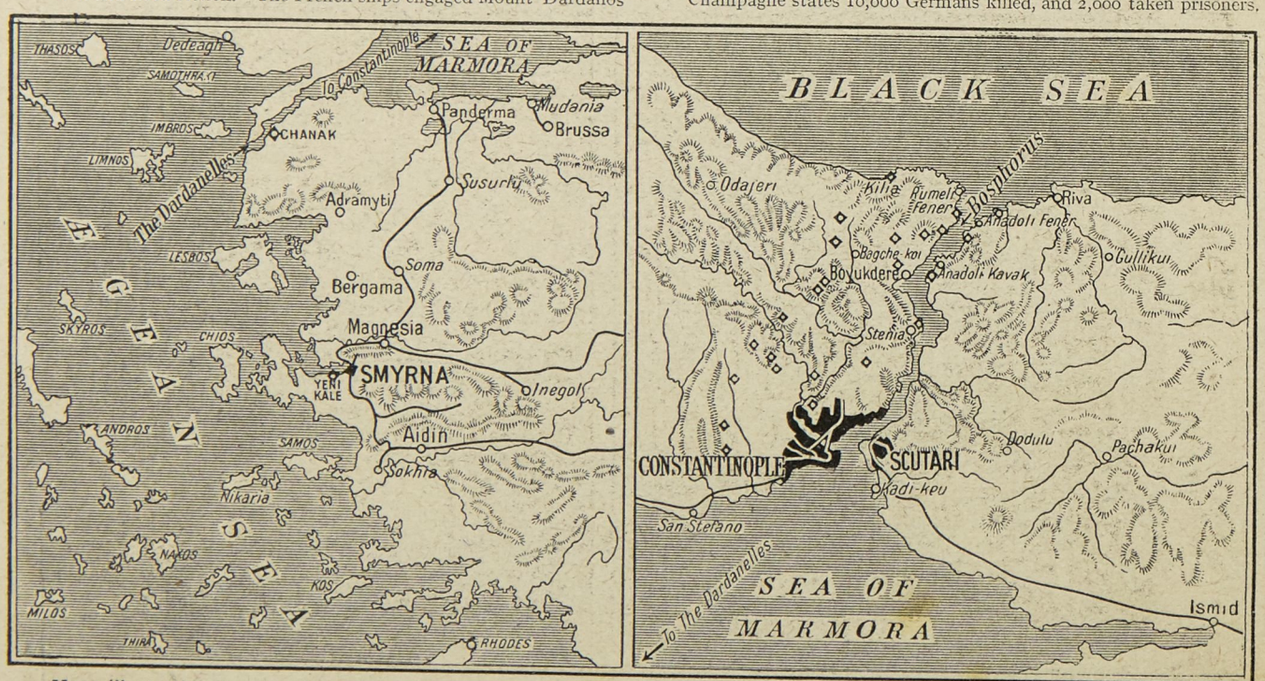
French gain a valuable success in Champagne.

German submarine U12 rammed and sunk by British destroyer Ariel; 18 of enemy crew drowned, 10 captured.

Latest situation on the Eastern frontier, according to official news from Petrograd, is that Russians are advancing along the front north of Osoviec, thrusting back the German left from the banks of the Niemen towards East Prussia.

German auxiliary cruiser Prince Eitel Friedrich puts into Newport News, Virginia, for repairs after sinking U.S. grain ship.

MAR. 11.—French official communique regarding recent operations in Champagne states 10,000 Germans killed, and 2,000 taken prisoners.

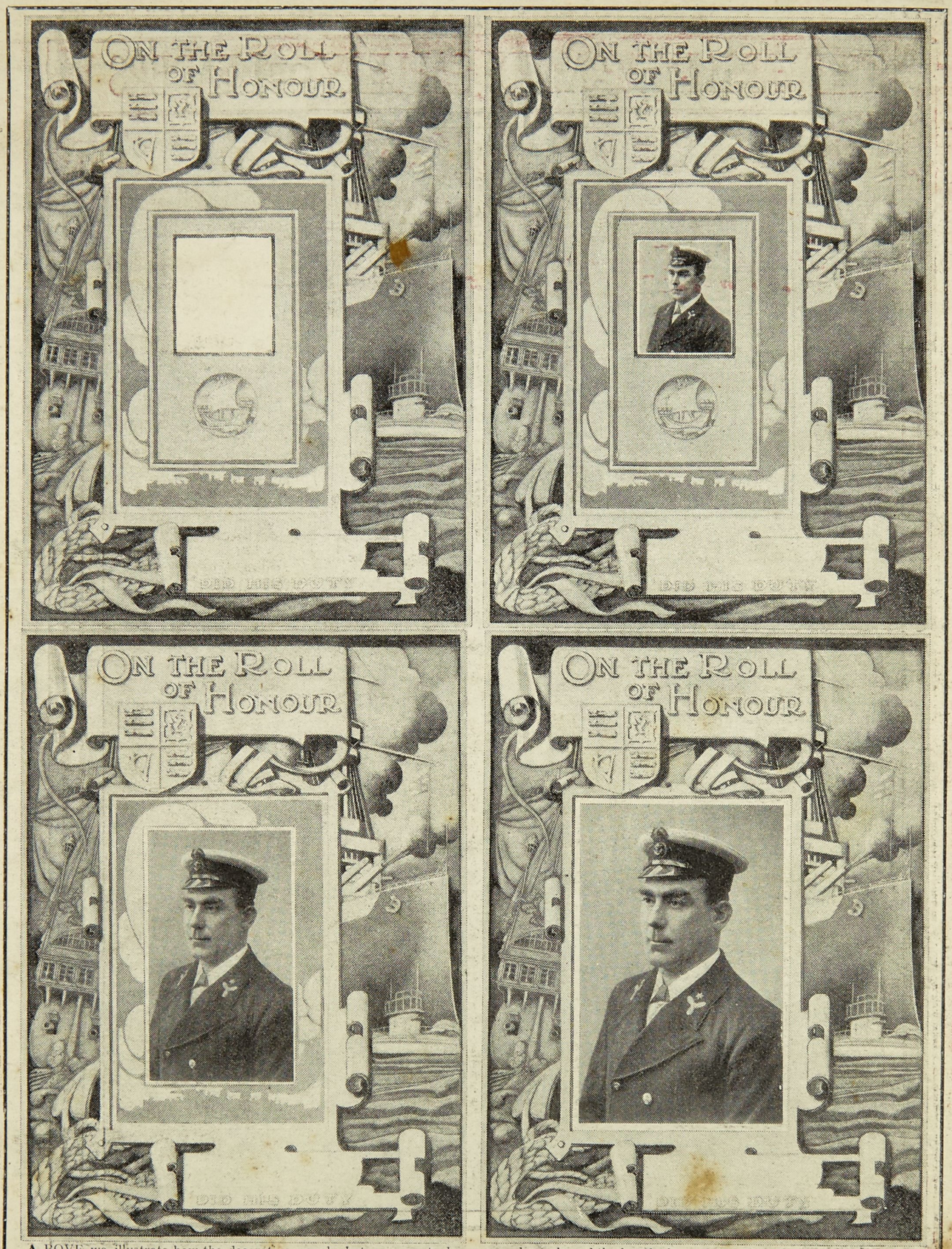


Maps illustrating the area of naval operations in the Near East. The extreme difficulties of the Allied Fleets may be gauged by the narrowness of the Dardanelles Straits. The bombardment of Smyrna has been proceeding in conjunction with the forcing of the Straits. Fort Yenikale was severely damaged on March 5th, and several subsidiary batteries silenced. The relative position of Constantinople will be seen from the second map. The Russian Fleet is trying to force the Bosphorus, but as it has not the superior gun-power of the British Squadron, the Russian ships cannot be expected to progress so rapidly.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

GENERAL SIR HORACE LOCKWOOD SMITH-DORRIEN, K.C.B., G.C.B., D.S.O.
IN COMMAND OF THE FIRST ARMY CORPS WITH THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

A magnificent photogravure plate of this fine painting by C. M. Sheldon, measuring 9¾ in. by 6½ in., is given free with Part 31 of THE GREAT WAR.



ABOVE we illustrate how the decorative naval photogravure, to be given away with next week's WAR ILLUSTRATED, may be used. The first shows the plate (reduced to less than quarter actual size) as subscribers will receive it. The second shows a "gem" photograph pasted in the smallest space; the third, a "carte-de-visite" in the second panel; and the fourth shows the whole panel occupied by a "post-card" photograph. Thus you can mount a photograph any of these sizes with most artistic effect, and when you have written the name of the sailor in the space above the words "did his duty," you will have ready for framing an ideal family memorial of patriotic service.

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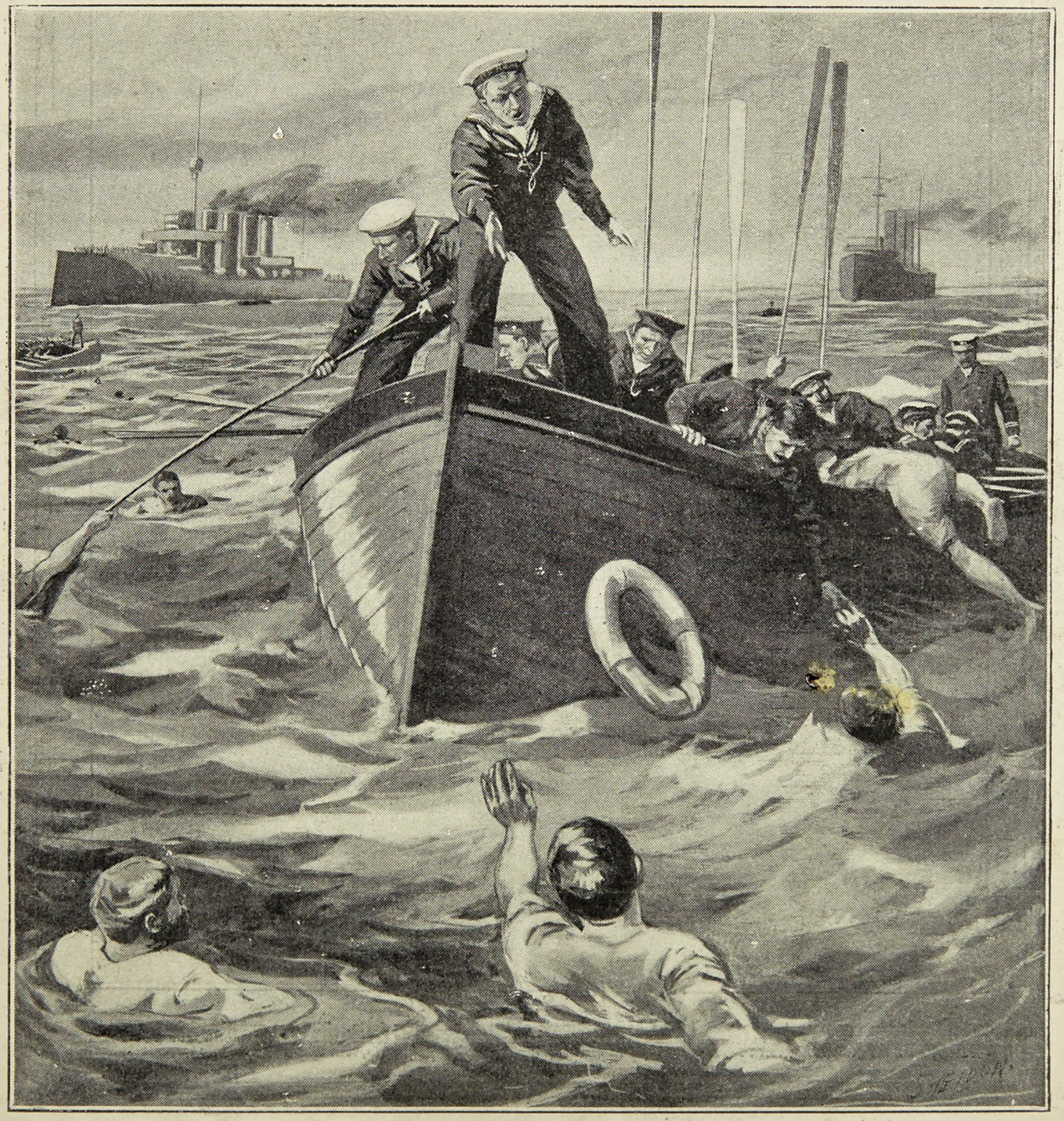
The War Illustrated, 27th March, 1915. *Regd as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

Another 'Roll of Honour' Plate with this part

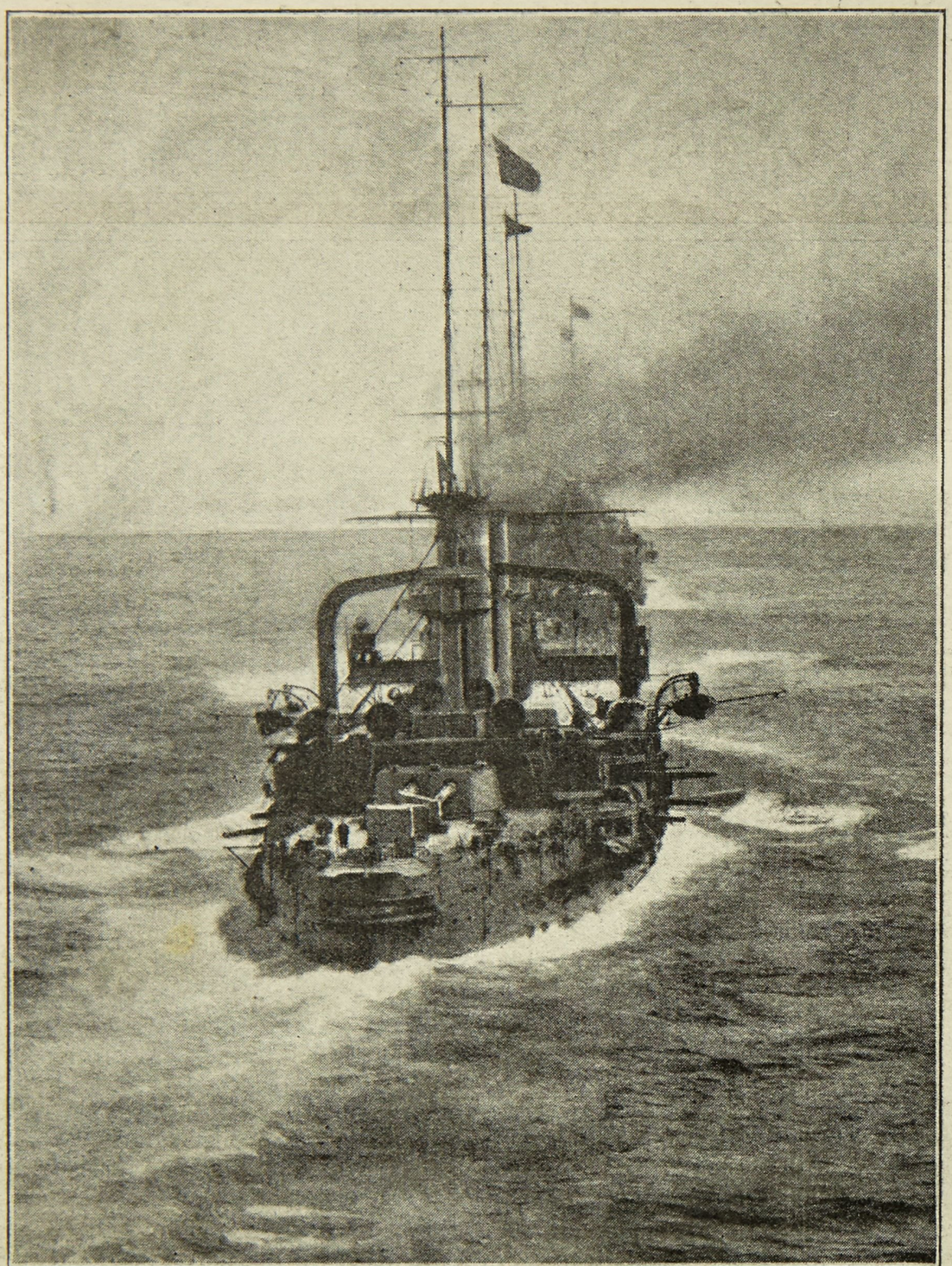
The War Illustrated

2d Weekly



Vol. 2. Returning Good for Evil: British Sailors rescue the craven crew of the Dresden **No. 32**

BRITAIN'S WATCH-DOGS OF THE DEEP



VI. H.M.S. TRIUMPH

This battleship has been taking part in the bombardment of the Dardanelles forts. She was purchased from Chili in 1903 for £949,900, is 470 ft. in length, and has a normal displacement of 11,985 tons. She is armed with four 10 in. and fourteen 7·5 in. guns, fourteen 14-pounders, one 12-pounder 8 cwt., four 6-pounders, four Maxims, and two torpedo-tubes.

These pages, numbered with Roman numerals, may be included or omitted from the bound volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *as the subscriber prefers.*

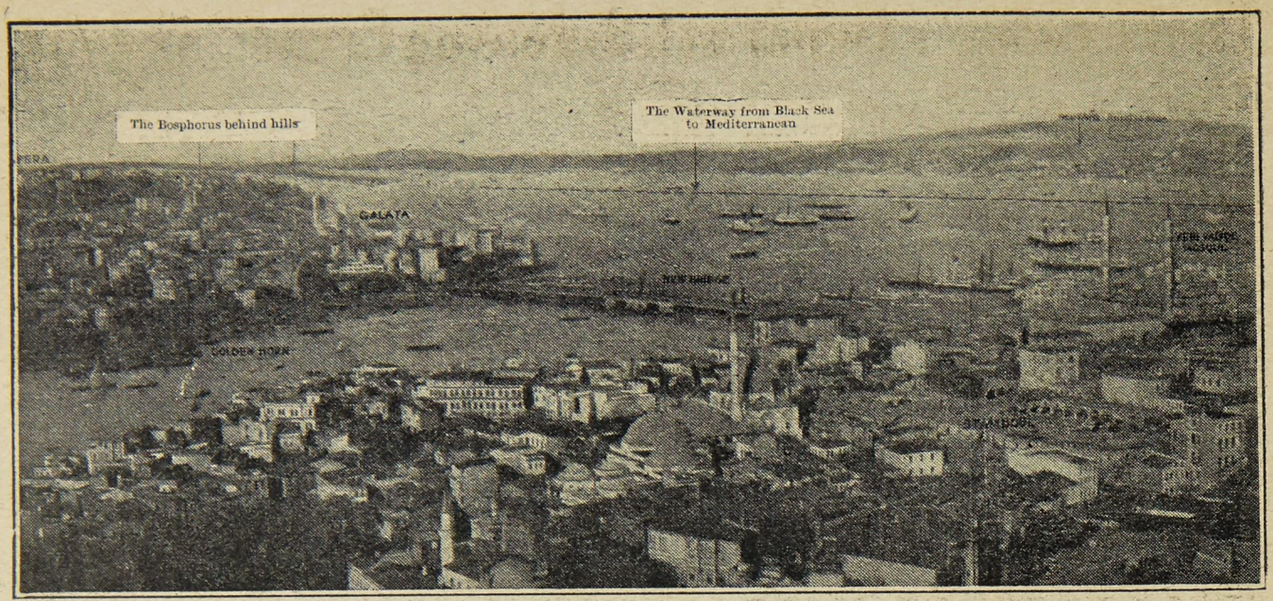
THE WAR Illustrated

No. 32. Vol. 2.
27th March, 1915

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

WITH THE ENEMY IN POLAND.—A small force of Germans, with two machine-guns, holding a barricade which affords but scanty cover in the snow-mantled fields of Poland. Even whilst fighting against the white background of snow, which makes them an easy target, the Germans persist in their method of massed formation, for here they are seen huddled almost on top of each other.



Who will have it? As the fall of Constantinople is only a question of time the problem of its future guardians looms upon the political horizon. This photograph shows various points in and around the capital of Islam, including the Golden Horn, Galata, and Stamboul in the foreground, and the position of the Bosphorus in the rear.

CONSTANTINOPLE

By JOHN FOSTER FRASER, Author of "The Land of Veiled Women"

THERE will be no pelting of Constantinople with half-ton shells, flung from ironclads so far away that they look like a pat of smoke on the skyline. The Turk is too sensible for that. He hates the dog of a Christian, but he accepts kismet and loves Stamboul.

It is the most beautiful city in the world—if you don't visit it. If our Jack Tars see it on a sunny afternoon, they will think it much better than the grand Bagdad scene in the Portsmouth pantomime. For it will be a heave of creamy white domes and slim minarets, and mysterious blank walls, and shuttered casements. It will be the enchanted city, laved by a sea that is blue and canopied by a sky that is bluer still. It will be so exquisite that middies will forget the glorious banging through the Dardanelles, and think of Oriental houris, and wonder about the charmers of the harem.

Where Distance Lends Enchantment

But if the British sailors want to have an abiding love for Constantinople, they had better not land; in the interests of poetry, shore leave should be prohibited. For the capital of the Caliphs—the Sultan is Caliph, and therefore a sort of monarchial hereditary archbishop of the entire Mohammedan world—is smelly; the streets are mean and unclean, and though you will meet folk who are simply enraptured with the quaintness of the East, you may take it as a pose, and that they are exercising the rhapsody with which they hope to make untravelled friends jealous when they return home.

Yet it is interesting, fascinatingly interesting, because it is an extraordinary jumble of East and West. There are bits of Asia and bits of Europe, and the whole thing is jumbled up like a broken kaleidoscope. The modern Turk, while he wears a red fez, also wears a frock-coat. He goes to music-halls and drinks beer. The modern Turkish lady likes to dress in Parisian gowns—or perhaps just now they are Berlin gowns—and she reads French novels. The rules of the harem still hold. According to the Prophet, women must hide their faces from strange men. In Constantinople the wealthier ladies obey in the letter only, for their veil is nothing but thin gauze stretched across the face below the lustrous eyes, and so piquancy is added to the features. The middle-class women rarely bother with a veil; their costume in the street is quakerishly demure, and, rain or shine, they all carry a cheap Austrian umbrella, as a shield against inquisitive male eyes.

Constantinople ought to be Eastern; but it is in Europe, and has got contaminated. It is not European and not Asiatic, but a bad blend of both. You will get a better idea of an Oriental market-place in the play "Kismet" than you will get in Stamboul, which is the Turkish name—its customary name being in commemoration of Constantine the Great. It has had lots of buffeting during the ages, and a catalogue of the sieges to which it has been subjected would fill half a column. But, up to the hour of writing, it has fallen only twice—in the fifteenth century, when the Turks got it, and in the thirteenth century, when the Crusaders got it. The place is full of mosques, three hundred of them. The most interesting is that of S. Sophia. I shall never forget attending the midday prayer, when there was a mighty congregation of Moslems, and they all knelt with foreheads on the ground and gave thanks to Allah. High on the walls of S. Sophia you see the cross, relic of the time when the Crusaders were here, and it was a Christian church. After being Mohammedan for five hundred years, will it revert to the Christian faith, I wonder?

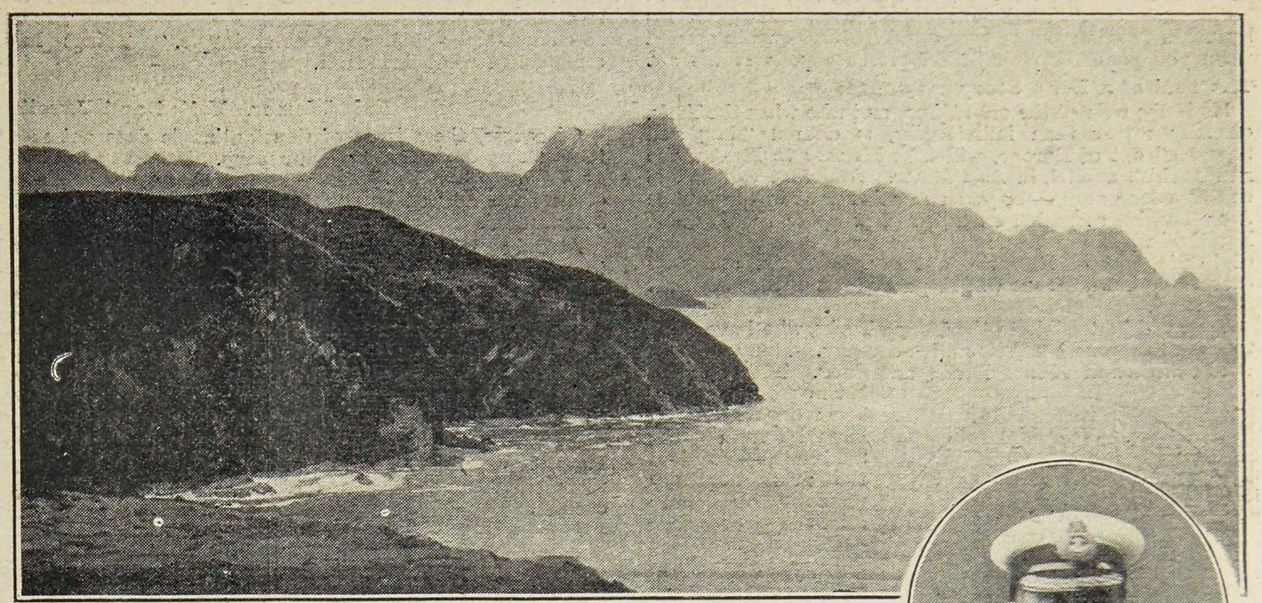
Fair Without, but Foul Within

The notorious Constantinople dogs have been got rid of. Generations of particular dogs lived in particular streets, and terrible was the uproar when any adventurous mongrel from a neighbouring lane strayed into a forbidden area. The dogs were scavengers, grew fat and presumptuous, refused to move, and bit humans who attempted persuasion. So most of them were put on board ship, taken to an island in the Sea of Marmora—and that closed the chapter. The folk who have the cleansing of the Constantinople streets will never get a diploma from an international health exhibition. There is ever a pervading odour of defective cesspool, garlic, and decayed Turk. Much of the city has crumbled to actual disappearance; huge uneven walls tell of its greater dimensions; up weird alleys are the ancient-type buildings, and behind the latticed windows you may be sure are peering eyes of the womenfolk.

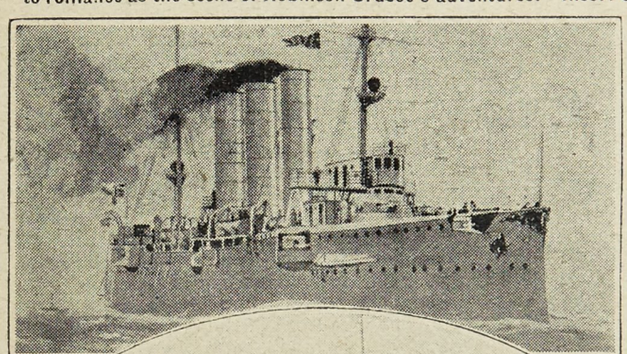
Now and then you will meet the old Turk, bearded,

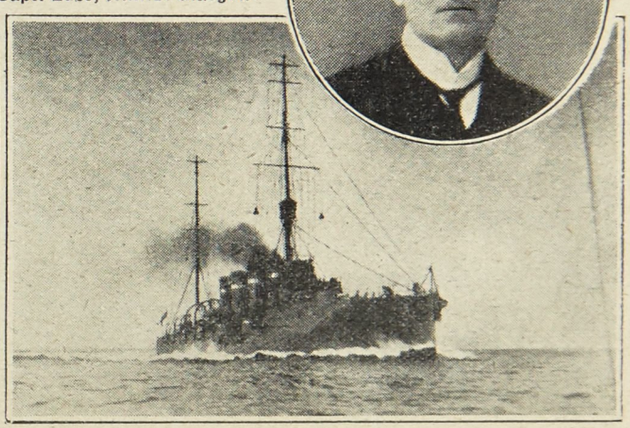
(*Continued on page* 124.)

The Dresden's Doom off Robinson Crusoe's Island

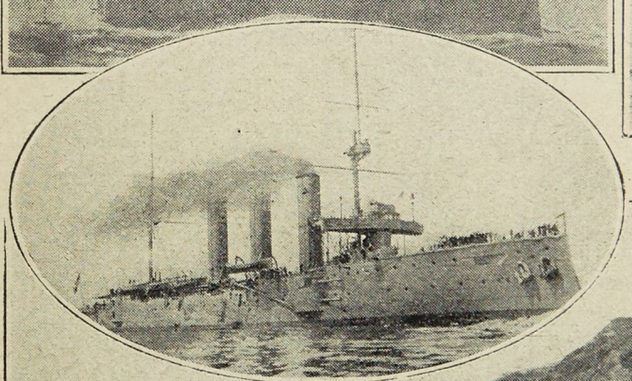


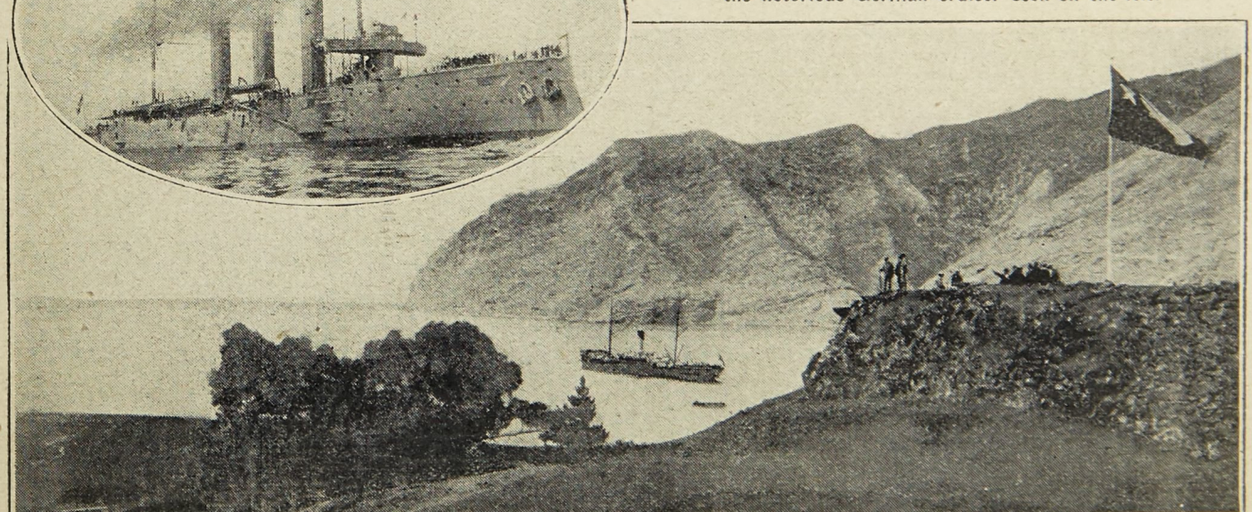
Near the scene of the sinking of the Dresden. View on the coast of Juan Fernandez Island, known to romance as the scene of Robinson Crusoe's adventures. Inset: Capt. Luce, H.M.S. Glasgow.





H.M.S. Glasgow, which took part in the sinking of the Dresden, the notorious German cruiser seen on the left.





Another coast scene on the beautiful Juan Fernandez Island. The Dresden, which escaped from the Falkland Islands Battle, eluded pursuit for over three months. On March 14th she was discovered in hiding off her temporary base, Juan Fernandez, by H.M.S. Glasgow, Kent, and Orama, and after five minutes' action, hauled down her colours. The crew, including several seriously wounded, were rescued from the sinking vessel. Inset: H.M.S. Kent, which assisted in the destruction of the Dresden.

CONSTANTINOPLE

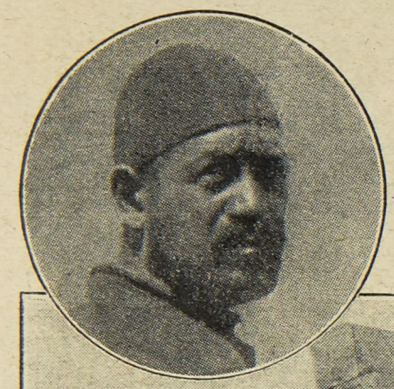
(Continued from page 122)

turbanned—a green turban if he has made the pilgrimage to Mecca—strict in religious observances, sitting on his haunches twirling amber beads and spitting on the ground when you pass, for your infidel presence pollutes the air.

The End of a Long Story

He is the relic of the old régime, and who when the Turk, officially rather than individually, is cleared "bag and baggage" out of Europe, will take his way to Brussa, the real Turkish capital, in Asia Minor. And that will be the end of a long story—for you remember that in the Middle Ages Turkish dominion extended right up to the Danube. For the last hundred years she has been pushed back, out of Serbia, out of Bulgaria, out of Macedonia, and now everything indicates she will be pushed out of the continent altogether.

That will be terrible to the Young Turks, who have come too late to regenerate their native country. Many of them were educated in Vienna, Berlin, and Paris. They imbibed European ideas. They deposed Abdul Hamid from the Sultanate — he had the most tragically unhappy face of any man I have ever seen —and they adopted that final evidence of advanced civilisation, a parliament. And wanting to be modern, Germany lent them its kindest aid, until Turkey got tied up in the German mesh, had to come into the war when the Turks did not want, and now the price will have to be paid. I can remember as a little fellow hearing the popular song, "The Russians shall not have Constantinople." Things have altered somewhat since then.



Minor effect of the Dardanelles forts bombardment. Ottoman porters removing petrol stores to a place of safety. Inset: Turk captured in Suez fighting.

Fair Women—Veiled and Unveiled

Of course, the seizure of Constantinople does not mean the clearing out of all Mohammedans. Russia has millions of Mohammedan subjects. But the changes which some of us have noticed during the last twenty years will be accentuated.

Already motor-cars meet the Orient Express to whiz you to your hotel — although, you understand, there has been no Orient Express from Paris to Stamboul since the war began. On the Galata side, where the Europeans live, there are as many uncovered ladies as there are those who are veiled. The gossamer-veiled ladies from the harem of a pasha, and in charge of flabby negro eunuchs, drive along the Grande Rue de Pera, and no doubt envy their infidel sisters who can go where they like. And these Turkish ladies, when they visit Europe—Vienna, Paris, London—cast their Orientalism behind them, and their enlightened husbands expect them to conform to custom.

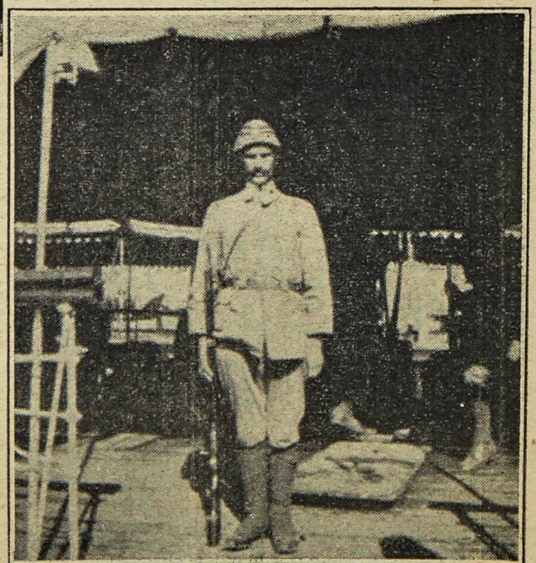
I have sat next to a Turkish lady at a London dinner-party, and a week before she was in the harem at Constantinople.

How Constantinople Will Change

When the fall of the city comes, without any destruction of property, and the inhabitants have got over their fright, the life of Constantinople will be resumed—with changes. The Turkish Government will have gone, and soldiers of Russia, France, and Britain will be in possession. The lovely palaces along the Bosphorus, including the Yildiz Kiosk, the residence of the Sultan, will become museums.

Other flags than that with the crescent will flaunt. Other sacred buildings besides mosques will lift their heads. The transformation of Constantinople into a European city will grow apace. The veiled women and the shutters of the harem will be matters left to story-books. Some of us who liked to roam the uneven causeways of old Stamboul may have a few regrets. We will have many regrets if the romantic view from the Sea of Marmora is destroyed—and that must never be.

"Allah be with us!" Typical Turks, too old to be Germanised into the Kaiser's service, discuss events on the steps of a Constantinople mosque.

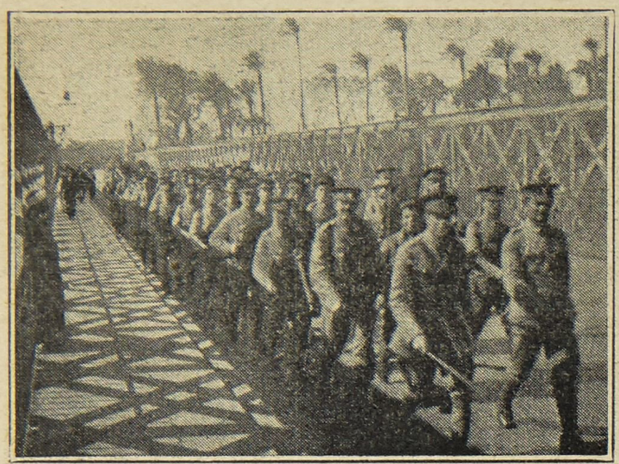


Ottoman sentry on duty on one of the large Turkish troopships from Anatolia to Stamboul.

Some heroes of Lord Kitchener's old regiment

No section of the British Army has distinguished itself more in the war than have the Engineers. Recently, at a certain point, they succeeded in digging a new trench under a fierce fire, and within only twenty-five yards of a German trench. The sappers had to crawl through the mud, shelled all the time, and stumble up to their waists in water to get to the place where they were to dig. Many of the men had been under fire only once before, but they stood firm and continued their work. Their heroism lost the Engineers their major, three other officers, a sergeant, and several sappers. But, as one of them said, they "did their bit."

With our Special Photographer in Egypt:

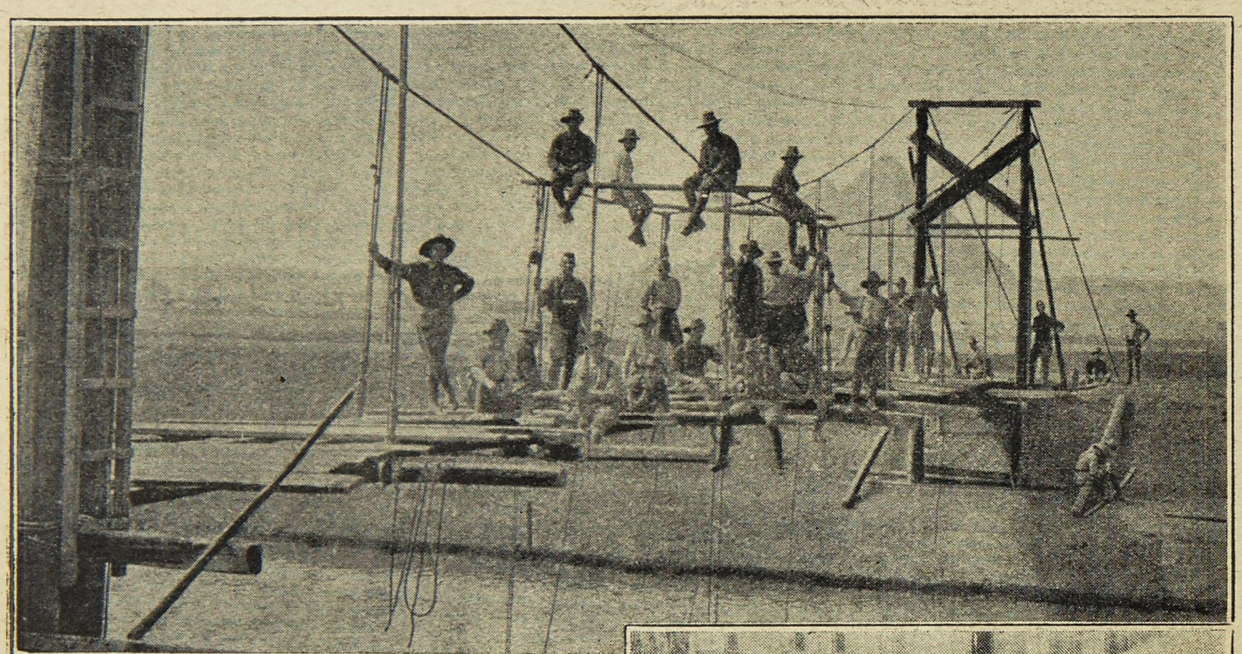


Members of the Lancashire Territorials, who have been training during the past months in Egypt, on a route march.

IT is now over five months since the lads from the cotton mills and collieries of Lancashire left home for the purpose of perfecting themselves in the arts of modern war on the spacious sands of the dead empire of the Pharaohs. Week in week out they have marched and manœuvred from five-thirty in the morning, or thereabouts, till the rapid sundown of the Orient. The work has been strenuous, but, from all accounts, the "Terriers" have done wonders in their vast, sandy training-camp during these few short weeks.

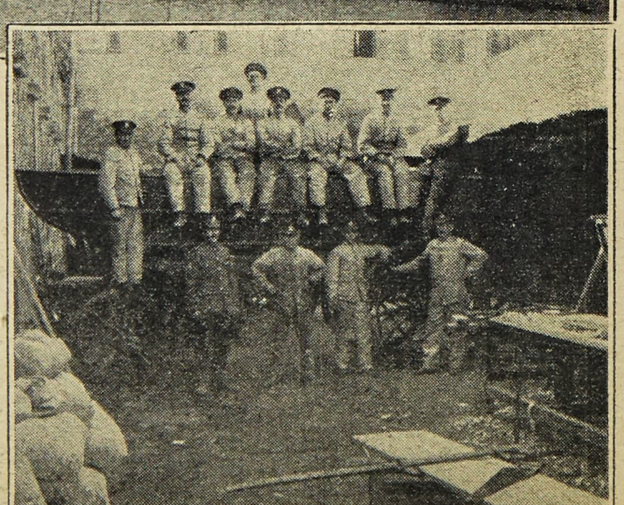
Twelve hours' mimic fighting daily in the desert, locating a friendly "enemy's" trenches, elusive as the Turk himself, in the yellow glare, have sharpened the Lancashire men's sense of war and developed a natural sense of humour. For an example of the latter, the remark of a cheery son of Wigan to an exhausted, perspiring, digging Australian. "Yon's not t'shortest waay t'Australia, laad," is very characteristic of Lancashire fun. Yes! The "Terriers" from Manchester and Wigan are now as keen as any regulars. They have learnt things during their winter "holiday."

The Turk will not go out of his way to meet them, but as events round Constantinople are moving fast, perhaps the Lancashire lads will have the opportunity soon of meeting him on his native heath.



New bridge construction near the ancient Pyramids. A military suspension bridge, the work of the 3rd Field Company of Australian Engineers.

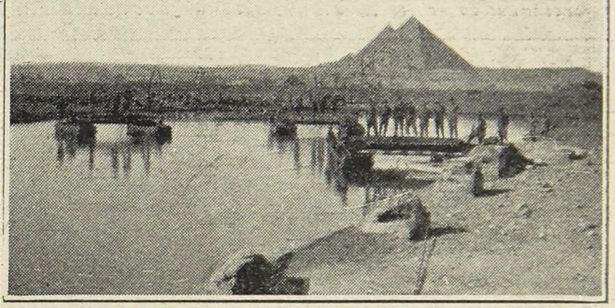
"Ships of the desert" come to safe anchorage after the storm of war on the canal. Camels returning from the front.



A group of the Territorial Engineers Section, and one of the pontoon boats that they have built.

Among Lancashire Territorials and Australians

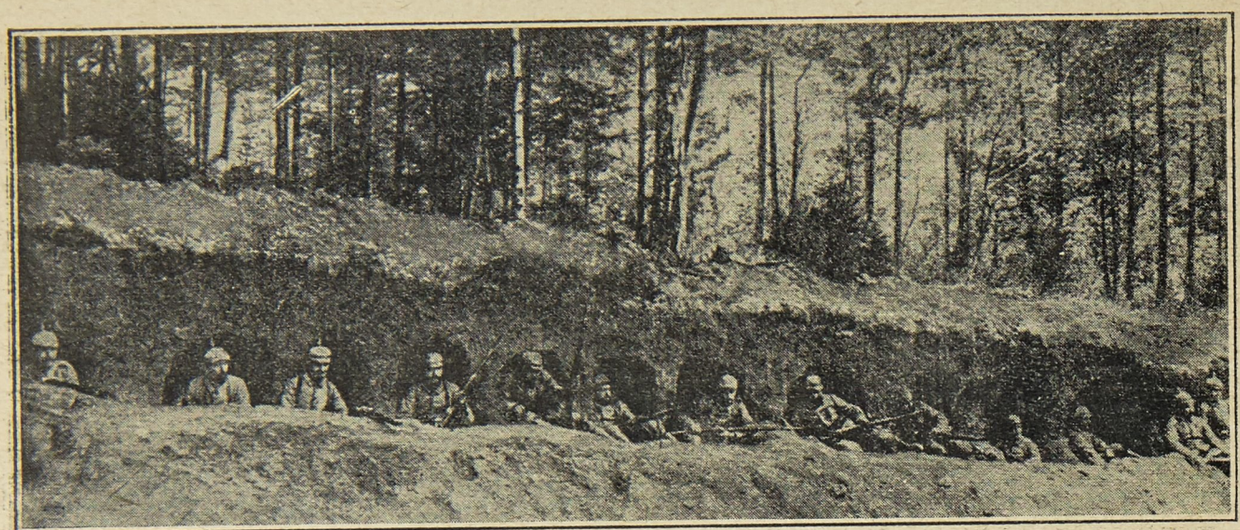
Members of the Territorial Red Cross marching out from Cairo. Inset below: Some of the Queensland Transport Service men, with stores, leaving the capital for their encampment.



Australian engineers engaged in pontoon-bridge construction over an irrigation canal near the Pyramids.

Imposing funeral ceremony in the streets of Cairo. The body of a loyal Arab sheik, or chief, is being conveyed to its last resting-place with the solemn pomp and custom of the East. Blind men are leading the procession, a curious Mussulman funeral rite.

Some More Curiosities of Mole Warfare:

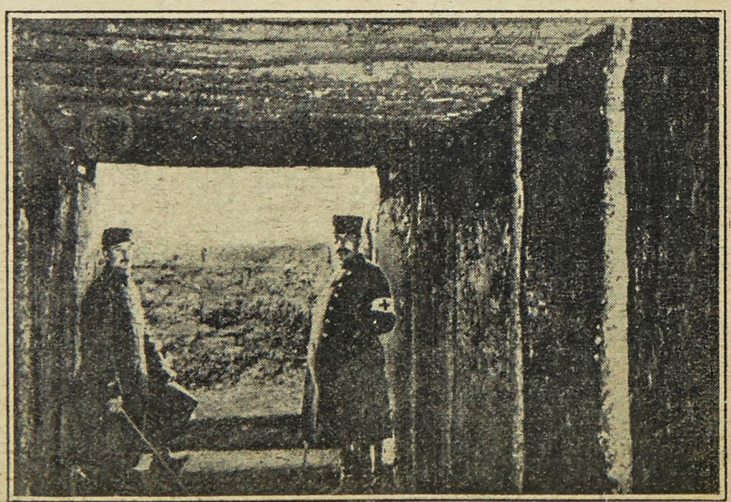


The sylvan glades of the Argonne bristle with spiked helmets and bayonets. Everywhere the beautiful forest is furrowed with trenches and dug-outs. Here is a row of strange bomb and shell proof dwellings in which hide the watchful Huns by day and night.

French dug-outs near Lille constructed alongside an avenue. The entrances to the shelters from bombs are covered with tarpaulins.

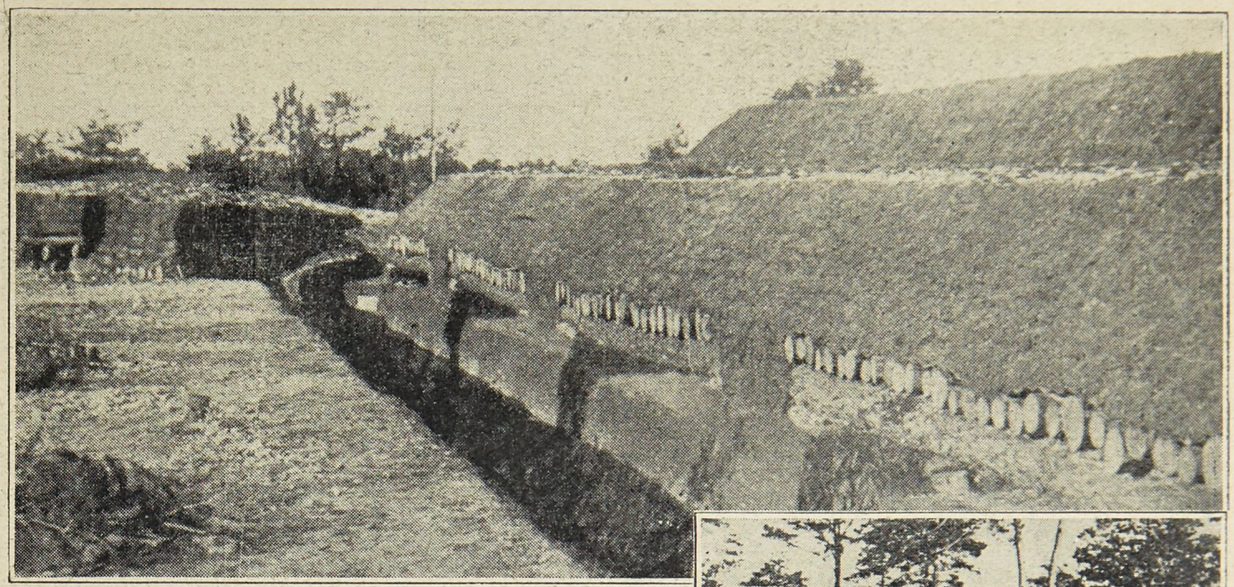
A palace among mud huts. French officer's picturesque and comfortable retreat in the Argonne.

Entrance to an underground refuge for wounded French soldiers in the Argonne.

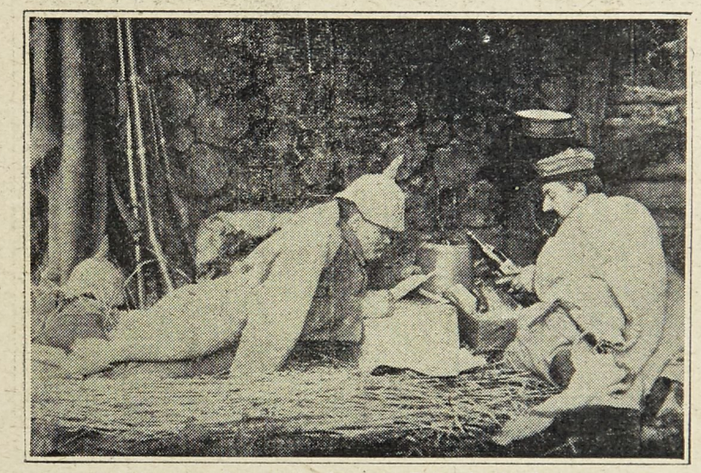


Interior of underground bomb-proof hospital which is used by our French allies as a temporary infirmary for treatment of wounded.

Soldier Troglodytes at Home in the Underground



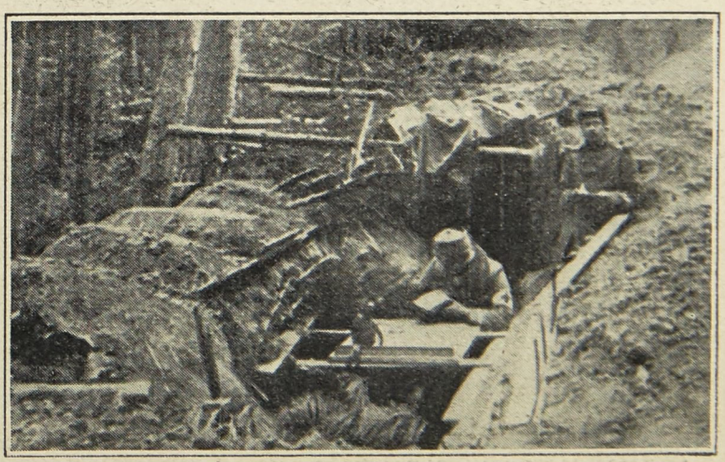
Elaborately-constructed French trenches, built one above the other, in the Argonne district. They are solidified with tree-trunks taken from the forest.



Letters, "delicatessen," and wine from the Fatherland. Prussian soldiers make themselves more or less at home in a dug-out. No German hamper would be complete without the inevitable Frankfurter sausage.

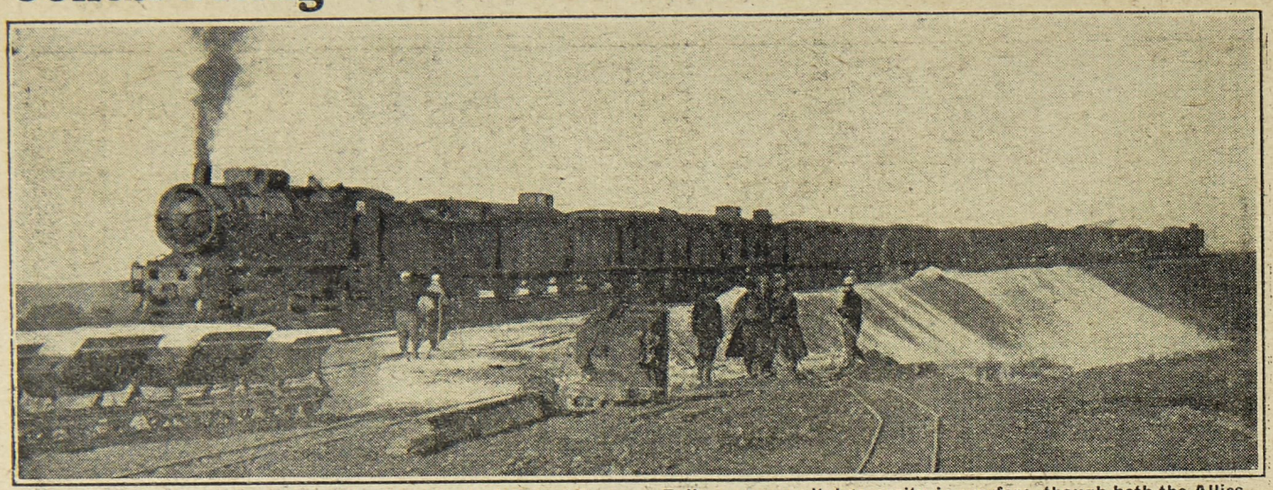
The Germans are supposed in Deutschland to be sweeping on to victory. Burrowing underground seems to be a particularly arduous way of getting there.

Look out! British soldiers crouching in a trench while a "Black Maria" whistles overhead.

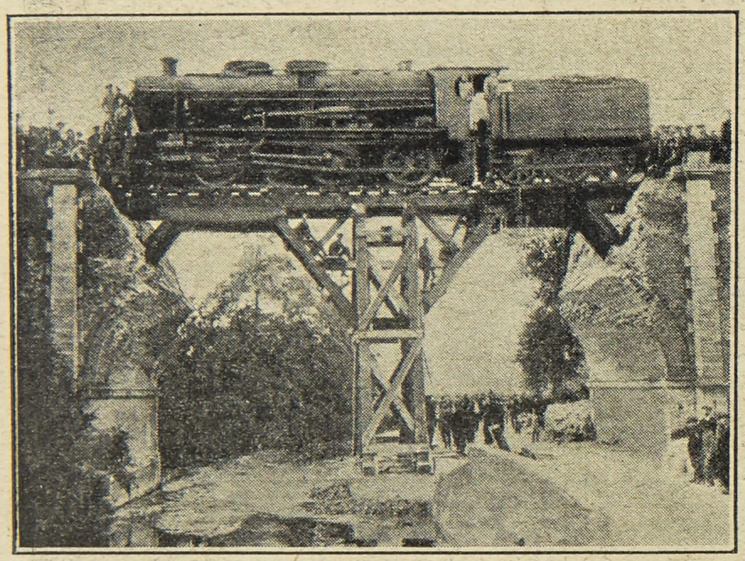


A quiet day in the Argonne. Another view of a French first-line trench, with bomb-proof shelters.

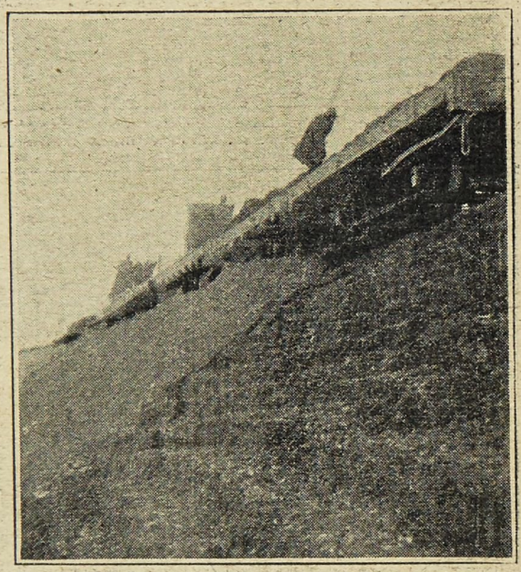
Constructing Main Arteries to the Battle Area



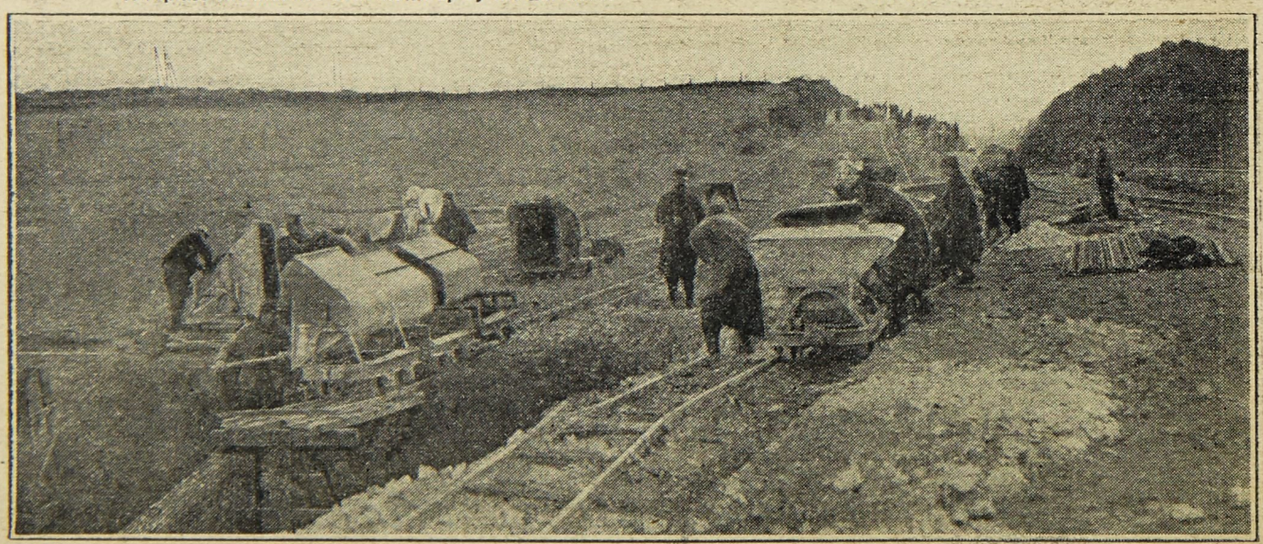
French sappers repairing a damaged railway in the North of France. Railways are a vital necessity in warfare, though both the Allies and the enemy make a point of destroying tracks once they have themselves used them. Thus railways have constantly to be rebuilt.



A hastily erected though perfectly substantial bridge built by French engineers to replace one that has been blown up by the Germans.



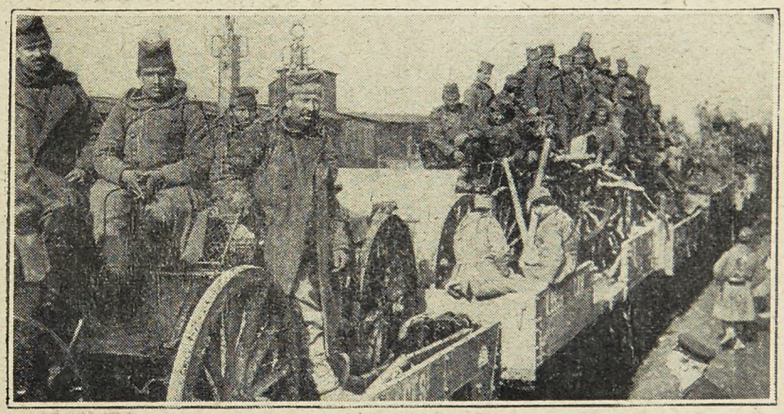
French sappers constructing a railway embankment somewhere in the North of France.



An entirely new railway track being laid down in the North of France by French engineers. This can be done very quickly, but, when it has been used for transports, the lines may be destroyed to prevent the possibility of them being of use to the Germans.

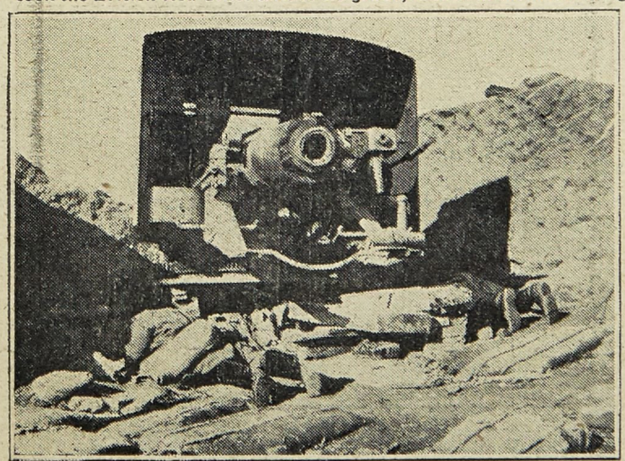
Typhus adds to War's Terrors in Serbia

Women who wait. The sympathy of all women who have menfolk at the front will be with these poor Serbians waiting outside a hospital for news of loved ones.

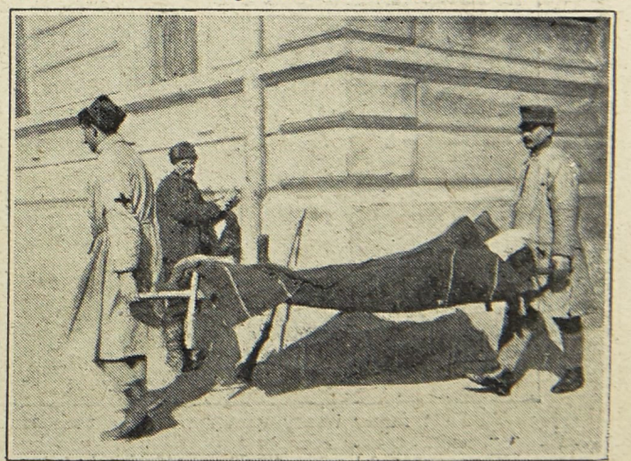


Serbian artillerymen travelling with their guns to the front. Sir Thomas Lipton, who took the British Red Cross unit to Belgrade, is seen in the bottom right-hand corner.

Prince Alexander, King-Regent of Serbia, talking to three Austrian prisoners in Nish.



Serbian gun that has been damaged by the Austrian fire. It is placed in one of the courts of Belgrade. Note the men on each side.



Shells and shot are not the only things our ally has to contend with; the ravages of typhus have caused great loss of life in Serbia.

Terrific Struggle for Neuve Chapelle — G

AFTER many weary winter weeks of comparative quiet, during which reports of ding-dong engagements in France and Flanders made rather monotonous reading, the order for a great advance in La Bassée was given. A glorious British victory ensued, constituting, in fact, one of the finest feats of arms yet performed. Elaborate preparation for the attack was made. On the 10th inst., early in the morning, the British guns began to speak. For one hour an extraordinarily severe bombardment literally pulverised the German trenches, tearing up the

Glorious Opening of New British Offensive

ground, and burying the enemy under a débris of timber and earth. The morale of some of the finest German troops was shattered, and they could not resist the subsequent charge of British and Indian infantry, which never before co-operated better with the artillery. The losses of the Germans during the few days' fighting amounted to between 17,000 and 18,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, while in proportion to the importance of the success, British casualties were small. Neuve Chapelle fell only after desperate hand-to-hand fighting in the narrow streets, bristling with every weapon and obstacle.

With Our Allies under the Tricolour:

From far Senegal to fight in the Republic's cause. French colonial troops on the quay at Marseilles. The Hun was quite convinced that the Allies could not rely on colonial support.

Picturesque early morning scene in a French artillery camp of the Woevre. Our Allies are busy preparing breakfast.

The latest news from the front. French soldiers entrenched behind barbed-wire entanglements eagerly reading the papers.

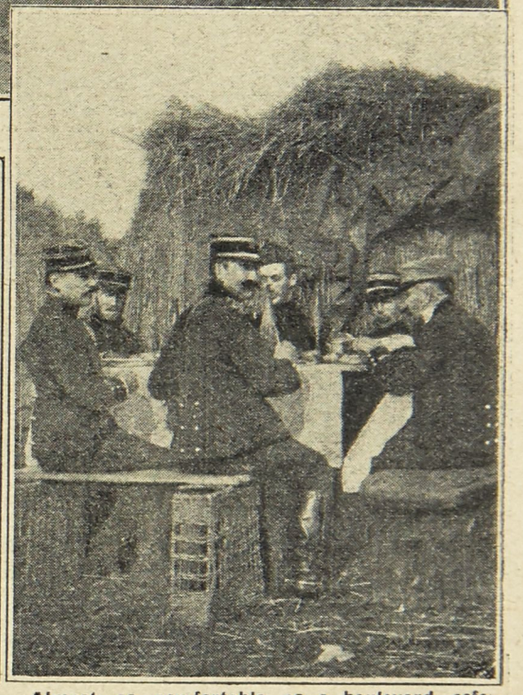
Patrol of Maroccan Chasseurs, another branch of French colonial troops, who impart a quaint Oriental atmosphere.

A road of tree-trunks constructed over the treacherous mud for the transport of a "75." French gunners about to load

Rallying to Succour "La Belle France"

Some of General Joffre's innumerable reserves. French infantry on the march past an aviation camp in Northern France.

After a good day of "Bosche"-hunting. Happy French Marines, with some captured German helmets, make merry over the defeat of a body of Huns.



Almost as comfortable as a boulevard cafe. French officers enjoy lunch behind the firing-line.

Serious "winter sport" in the Vosges. Some Alpine Chasseurs, a notable corps of France's diverse defenders, negotiating mountain torrents. They are specially skilled in mountaineering, and their knowledge of passes and routes is infallible.

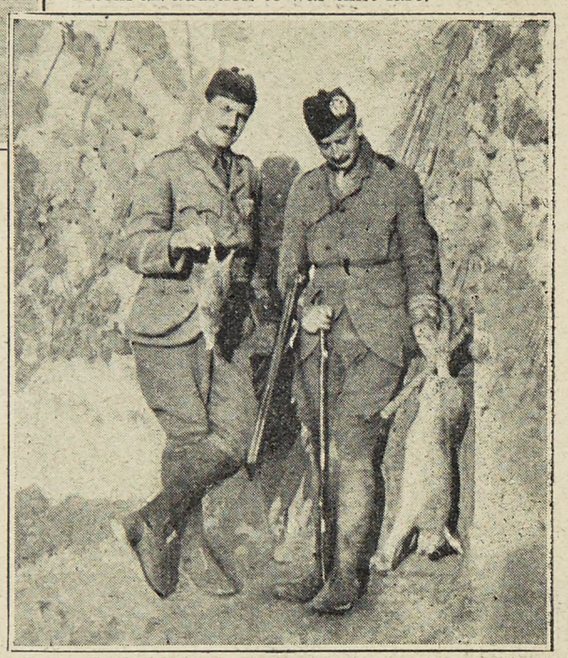
Unofficial Additions to Rations at the Front

RATIONS, unofficial rations, giving zest to the usual fare, are naturally welcomed by the men who are waging the world war. The soldiers take every opportunity of buying or "acquiring" appetising morsels. There is a story of a certain British officer who, receiving complaints that his men were killing sheep and game, addressed them thus: "It is to be clearly understood that I absolutely forbid the killing of sheep or game! The man who kills a sheep, a rabbit, or a bird will, in future, be severely punished, unless—er—he does so in self-defence!"

The Germans are adepts at commandeering additional food, but, unlike the Allies, they do it on a wholesale scale, and leave the civil population to starve! During the few opportunities for sport afforded them, some officers at the front go out with their guns in search of game to form an addition to war-time fare.

Germans returning from a foraging expedition in a Belgian village. One is carrying purloined fowls; the others have loaves of bread and cans of milk.

Captured by the French. A pig, unwise enough to stray into the French lines, is captured by the delighted soldiers, who are keen on roast pork.

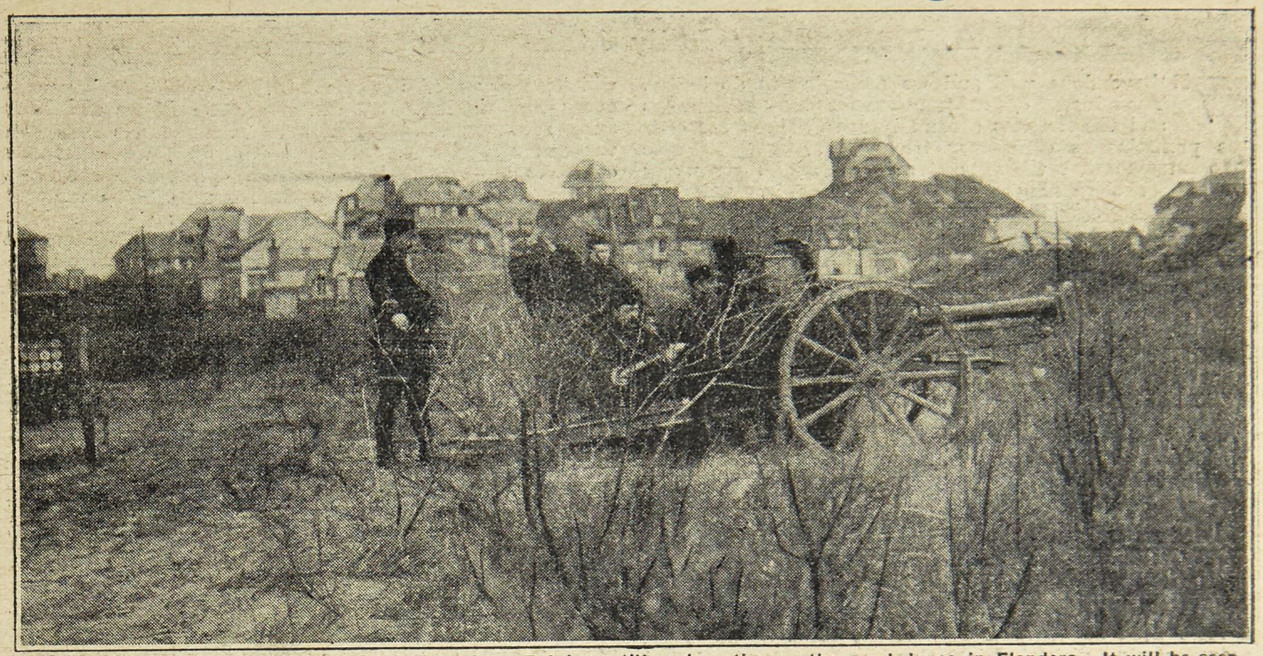


During a holiday from the trenches these officers of a Scottish regiment went in search of milder sport.

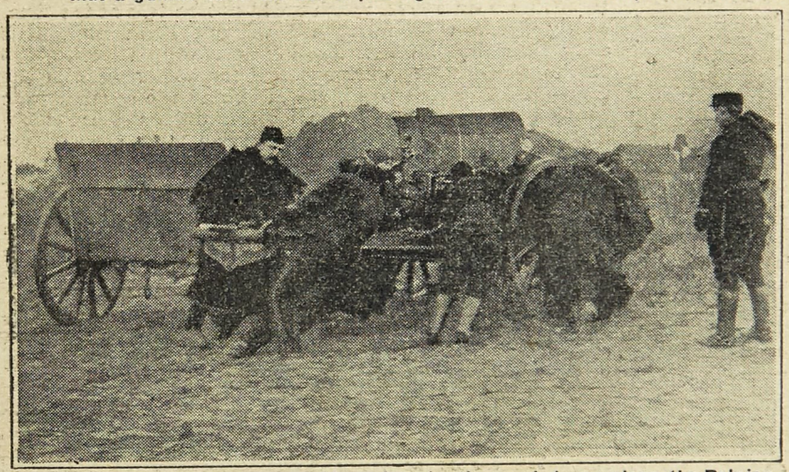
Beef for the Huns, who make a point of commandeering all the livestock they can lay hands on.

Youthful hostess serves wine and bread and cheese to French officers. They are glad of the opportunity of filling their flasks before hastening to the front.

Latest War Scenes from the Belgian Dunes

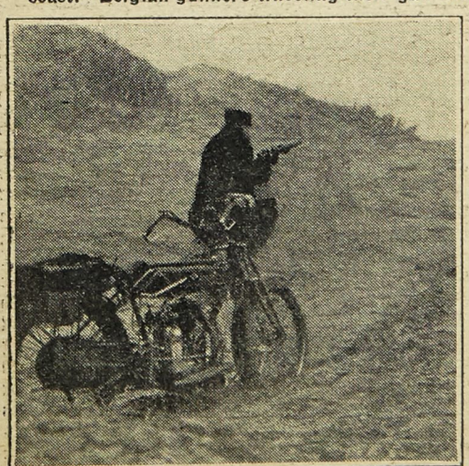


Grim war's reality in the midst of homely calm. Belgian artillery in action on the sand-dunes in Flanders. It will be seen that a gunner is in the act of placing a shell in the breech, whilst the officer stands ready to give the signal to fire.



Continuous fighting has been taking place in the sand-dunes along the Belgian coast. Belgian gunners wheeling their gun with difficulty into a new position.

On outpost duty. Belgian scouts watching for the glint of spiked helmets from a sand-ridge.



Belgian motor-cyclist scout on the look-out. The motor-cyclists have done great service.

Artillery in action on the sand-dunes. The gunner is sighting the gun, whilst his comrades are ready each to perform his part in sending death to the invader.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

WE have done well and we are going to do better. The advance of Sir John French's forces in Flanders and the victories around Neuve Chapelle are only the preliminaries of greater triumphs. But the people who imagine that the present state of affairs gives any excuse for slackening our endeavours or lessening our zeal are preparing themselves for very woeful disappointment. We are only at the beginning of the real fighting. The campaign before us in the coming spring months will make even the battles of last autumn seem small. For every man engaged then ten will be engaged now; for every man killed or wounded then there will be many killed or wounded now. The coming campaign will tax to the utmost our resources in men, in material, and in courage. Enormous fresh forces will be required to make up the unavoidable wastage in the ranks. War material must be had in quantities of which we can now hardly dream. The more successful we are the greater will be the need for fresh men, more guns, more ammunition. This is no time for slackening!

Are We Slackening?

The man who ventures to say that there has been a diminution of enthusiasm among some classes of civilians in England risks a charge of disloyalty to his own people. Well, I'll risk the charge! During the past few weeks I have been at intervals in different parts of the great manufacturing districts of England and Scotland. I find in city after city people are beginning to take the war as a matter of course. The keen excitement and the novelty have gone. The discomforts and losses which they anticipated have not taken place. Numbers of those who are left behind are better off than ever they were in their lives before. They have abundant work, food is cheap, and they feel absolutely safe. The lesson of Scarborough and the lesson of the darkened London streets have been forgotten. They are ceasing to worry, ceasing to believe that there is any necessity for special work, special sacrifices, and special preparation on their part.

The Decline in Recruiting

Recruiting has declined. People say in defence that all the young men who are available have volunteered. Yet one need only stand for ten minutes in the Strand, in Holloway Road, at Clapham Junction, or on Blackfriars Bridge at the evening hour when people are returning from work to see thousands of young fellows, physically strong, of the right age, able to bear arms with the best of them, but still content to keep on in a City office or behind a shop counter. Some young men, I know, cannot go, but they cannot *all* be kept back by special family affairs. In some great centres the recruiting offices are reducing their staffs because work has fallen off. At the beginning of the war more men volunteered than the authorities knew how to handle. Numbers were kept in camps without arms and without uniforms for weeks and months. These men have now been provided for and dealt with. The authorities are ready for great accessions of fresh recruits. How are they going to get them? Where are they coming from? Yet come they must if this war is not to end in stalemate.

What the Germans Hope!

Some time before the outbreak of the war I was discussing with a high German authority the possibilities of a coming European conflict. My acquaintance, like all Germans of position at the time, scoffed at the idea of an early war, but he made no secret of the fact that Germany was making every preparation for war if it came. Many of his forecasts of what might happen have been strikingly borne out during the past few months. One thing that he said is particularly apposite now. He believed that affairs would at a certain point result in a deadlock, where we would be unable to advance further against Germany and Germany would be unable to inflict vital harm upon us. "We are prepared to rest at this point and wait," he said. "We will keep our armies in the field. We will attack you in every way we can. We will worry you all we are able; and, meanwhile, although our manufactures will be wrecked and our foreign trade destroyed, we will make ourselves self-sufficient and self-supplying. After a time you English people will grow tired of this. You will say that it does not pay to keep on endless warfare. You will want to settle up, not because you are beaten, but because the vast masses of voters in your towns will be tired of fighting and weary of the sacrifice necessary for war. Then will come our opportunity. Your weariness, your unwillingness to endure a long course of sacrifice, will enable us to make peace on terms very advantageous to ourselves." Is this German forecast going to come true? Are those of us who remain at home willing to betray our brothers and sons at the front and to render of no effect all their sacrifice because we grow slack? I refuse to believe it!

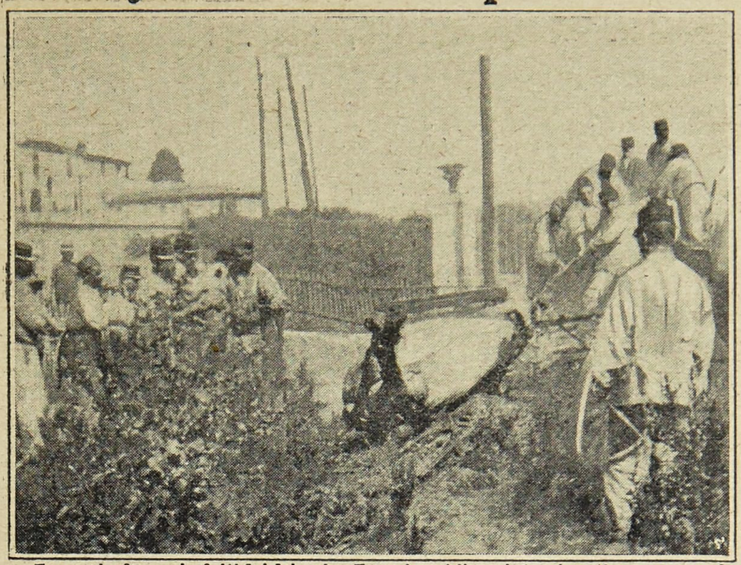
The British Advance

The British advance in Flanders had many features of unusual importance. It proved, in the first case, what those of us who have seen similar warfare elsewhere have always maintained—that it is possible, despite the most elaborate arrangement of wire entanglements and trenches, to storm and take an enemy's position if you are willing to pay the price. The official reports show that the Indians are once more back at the front, and once more at work. It was an open secret, which could not be told at the time, but which can be mentioned without harm now, that after their first brilliant fighting in Northern France the Indian troops were found unsuited for winter work in the trenches. The bitter cold, the mud, and the constant wet told on them more severely than it did on the British, and they were consequently withdrawn for a time. Now that the weather is finer they are back again, and they are likely to play a very important part in the summer campaign. There is good reason to believe that the British advance threw out of gear the very elaborate preparations the Germans had been making for some weeks along the northern coast for a fresh attack in the direction of Calais. It further prevented the strengthening of the German front against Russia, and enabled the Russians to complete their plans which have held Von Hindenburg again in check. Our soldiers in Flanders have had the most trying winter that can well be imagined. They have come through their experience not merely unbroken but stronger and fitter in every way than ever.

Lord Kitchener and the Canadians

Lord Kitchener's praise of the work of the Canadian Contingent at the front is timely. There has recently been, especially in Canada and to some extent in this country, a systematic attempt to depreciate the men of the first Canadian Contingent. Reams have been written about their disorderliness, their lack of discipline, their bad record, and the like. At one time we were told that the British authorities had threatened to send them back home if they did not behave themselves. All this is arrant nonsense. I claim to know the first contingent almost as well as any man who is not in their ranks. I was repeatedly with them at Salisbury Plain; I have seen something of them in France. Let me say here, what I have said before in this page, that they are a magnificent body of troops, splendidly equipped, of unquenchable spirit, full of initiative, daring, and dash. The very small proportion of undesirables who succeeded in enlisting when the contingent was hastily formed in Canada have been eliminated. Occasionally some of the Canadians got in trouble when on Salisbury Plain from sheer high spirits and super-abundant vitality. Such trifles can be forgotten. "They're about the brightest, liveliest, sturdiest lot that have struck this part," wrote one soldier. "They'll do!"

A Day's Diverse Impressions behind the Battle-line



Funeral of man's faithful friend. French soldiers interring the carcase of a horse killed by the explosion of a German shell.

Belgian soldiers near Oestkirk amid a scene of desolation caused by indiscriminate Hun fire.

Troop of Indian warriors on service duty, somewhere in France. Inset: Pretty French Red Cross nurse attired in campaigning outfit.

Complete devastation caused by German shells. All that was left of the church of Pervyse after "Kultur" had finished with it. The photographs on this page are exclusive to "The War Illustrated."

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THE removal of the Dresden and the impending fate of the Prinz Eitel Friedrich will reduce the surface commerce-raiders—and they are far more dangerous than submarines—to one cruiser and one armed merchantman. These latter are the two K's, the Karlsruhe and the Kronprinz Wilhelm. The importance of this reduction is obvious. If four enemy cruisers are operating far apart, four separate search or converging movements have to be made against each area in which they are operating. Thus three vessels came down upon the Dresden off Crusoe's island of Juan Fernandez, which the Germans were accused of using as a base some months ago. Now, if ten of our cruisers were used in each of these converging movements it follows that the four enemy cruisers, while at large, were locking up no less than forty of our cruisers. As soon as one is accounted for ten cruisers are released either to increase the severity of the hunt after the others or for other purposes. Though latterly these commerce-raiders were only accounting for an average of one British merchant vessel a week, still they were locking up a great deal of our fast fighting force, so it is a matter for considerable satisfaction that the Dresden is at the bottom and the Prinz Eitel Friedrich has probably ended her career. The bad state of the latter's hull and boilers is also of hopeful augury in reference to both the Karlsruhe and Kronprinz Wilhelm.

Foresight the essential to maritime success

Let no man say we have a redundancy of fighting naval force merely because the Allies are three times as strong as the Turko-Germanic navies. Possibly we erred on the side of caution in waiting until three events had happened before we undertook the attack on the Dardanelles. Those events were the destruction of Germany's naval power in the Pacific, releasing all our armoured ships for service in European waters; the crippling of Germany's battle-cruiser force, rendering it unnecessary to keep the Queen Elizabeths in home waters; and the final collapse of the Turkish expedition to Egypt, rendering it unnecessary to retain a large naval force near the Suez Canal.

The great thing in naval war is to see clearly ahead what it is vital for you to accomplish, and then to act as soon as possible before the enemy can prepare. The tyranny of sea-power is that it can strike in any direction, and if we are going to do so in certain quarters our ostensible preparations ought to indicate another quarter altogether. If any desultory operations which lead to no conclusions are carried out, they ought not to be in the quarter where your blow is going to fall. I have never been able to understand from this point of view the bombardments in the Dardanelles some months ago. The next important thing to bear in mind is that the preparations should co-ordinate all available weapons, and especially the latest, for they are the most unexpected. Germany's strength against Liège and Namur lay in the great howitzers being used to pave the way through the permanent works for the advance of the army. It has long been a favourite theory of mine in lectures and articles that all developments of invention add to the hold of an island's maritime power if her naval supremacy is preserved intact. In the Dardanelles we see the principle at work.

Modern inventions render forts obsolete

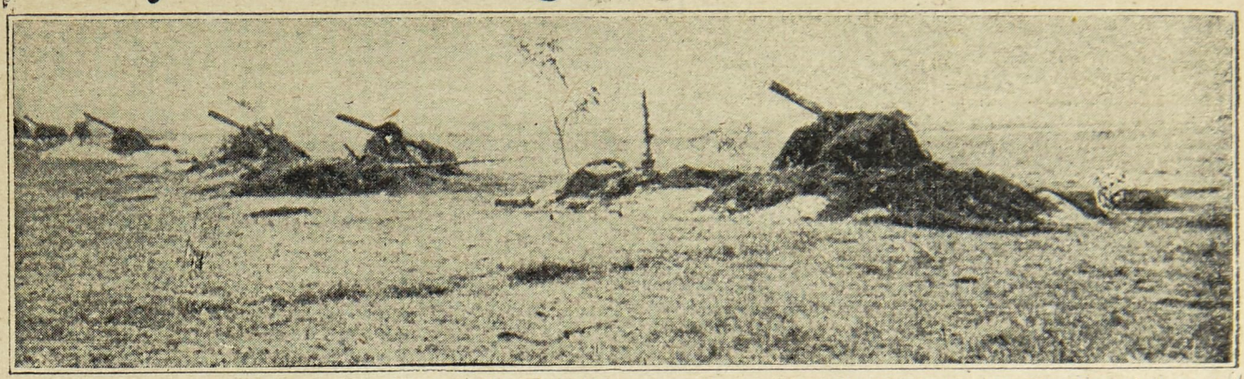
First we are using the development of the modern gun. Sixty years ago at Sebastopol the ship's short-range gun could not enable her to fight forts, and when Dundas did not approve of the bombardment the generals had persuaded him to undertake, he assembled his captains and said: "You can all go to the devil in your own way!" With the modern gun a ship can fire, if necessary, over the land, from twelve to fifteen miles away. This, however, would not be enough unless it were co-ordinated with two twentieth-century developments, viz., wireless telegraphy and hydroplanes. The hydroplane discovers the concealed battery, acts as a "spotter," and finally directs the fire by reporting the results of the shot by wireless. It is only fair that praise should be awarded to the Admiralty, which had the foresight to build the Ark Royal as a mother ship for carrying and repairing hydroplanes.

Dardanelles progress slow but sure

The sites of forts can usually be chosen so as to co-ordinate with shoal waters offering difficulties to warships. In the Dardanelles and on the Mediterranean side of the Gallipoli Peninsula these shoal waters do not exist, and ships can choose their positions for firing over the land. This is obvious after a very short study of the Admiralty chart and the published military map. The results of the operations are certain, for the batteries are overwhelmed one by one; they are slow because there are twenty fixed batteries or forts, and possibly some mobile batteries, and there are mines to be exploded or fished up in a channel broad enough to take the ships. The public must not be impatient if the process of advancing takes us into April.

Just before the Canadian Division left for the front they were inspected by the King on Salisbury Plain. Our photograph shows the Canadian cavalry cheering his Majesty as the Royal train steamed away. Inset: The King and Earl Kitchener watching the march-past of the troops

Deadly Guns in Hiding: "Dummies" in full View

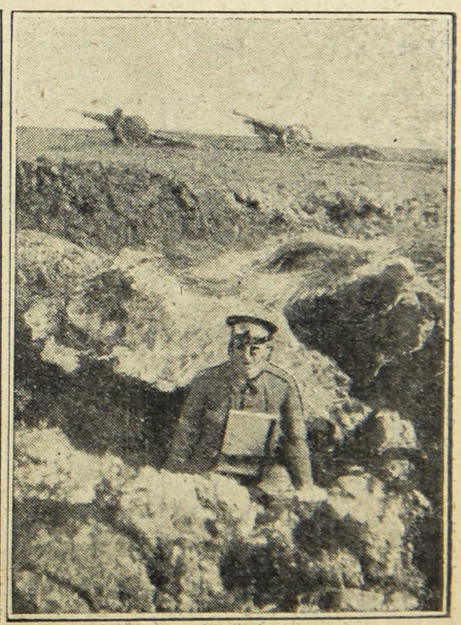


The Allies have displayed great ingenuity in erecting "fake" batteries with a view to misleading the enemy. The above photograph illustrates a favourite ruse. The guns are really trunks of trees covered with straw. An enemy aviator, sighting them from above, reports the position, the Huns' artillery thereupon waste ammunition, and also disclose their whereabouts to the Allies' gunners.

As elusive as a jigsaw puzzle. A British gun completely concealed from all sides and above by brushwood and small trees.

Another British gun in hiding, ready, however, to make its presence felt to the bewildered enemy at a favourable opportunity.

A deadly R.H.A. gun so cleverly covered that German artillery were unable to locate it, despite many aeroplane reconnaissances. The Allies always make very effective use of cover whenever possible.



Two more dummy guns which deceived the Germans during the recent Yser fighting. British officer in a hole caused by a shell.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

THE other day a despatch from Sir John French told us that an important railway bridge and a station at a junction at another place behind the German lines had been blown up by bombs dropped by officers of the Royal Flying Corps. In the former case the pilot came down to a height of 150 feet to make sure of his aim, and as no mention was made of his coming to grief, one assumes that he got safely home again.

Now, at the beginning of the war, none of the R.F.C. people would have thought of setting out on such a mission, for it was generally supposed that bomb-dropping from aeroplanes was a rather futile waste of time and material; and, anyhow, the notion of coming down so low would have been regarded as simply throwing away a perfectly good pilot and his machine. The R.F.C. used to fly at 6,000 feet or so above the ground, which is about the limit of vertical range for rifle ammunition; and, in the clear air during those autumn months last year it was found that the observers could see quite well from that height.

How Clouds Aid German Gunnery

Then, when the winter came, and the clouds hung about the thousand-feet level, the pilots found they had to come down low to obtain any information at all, and yet they and their machines were hardly ever hit. The clouds were a great help to the German gunners, who used to get the correct setting for the fuses of their shells by bursting trial shells just under the clouds, so that when the unfortunate aeroplane came through on the hunt for information the shells burst at about the right height, and it was only the inaccurate direction of the fire which saved the aeroplanes. As it was, some of them had astoundingly narrow shaves. It was a bullet from a shell aimed in this way under a cloud that wounded Mr. Robert Loraine, the famous actor—who, by the way, is now back in London again from his trip to South America, looking as fit and well as if he had never had a bullet through his ribs and lung and collar-bone.

British Aviators' Narrow Escapes.

Quite recently a shell, which was unusually well-aimed, burst directly under a biplane, and one bullet from it came through the floor, ploughed up the observer's puttees, went into his leather coat, and out of it through the upper plane — a near enough squeak for him. Other bullets drilled holes all over the planes, and one punctured the petrol-tank, which emptied itself all over the machine and stopped the engine. Fortunately there was a spare tank fitted, and by switching over to it the pilot was able to start the engine again and get back to the British lines, though when he landed an eye-witness said the machine looked as if there was more hole than aeroplane.

In another case a shell burst similarly directly under a Farman biplane, but without touching the crew, and when the machine came down over two hundred holes were counted in it. Of course, that does not mean two hundred bullets, because it is possible for one bullet to make six holes—as, for example, by going into the lower surface of the lower wing, out through the upper surface, into the side of the body-work, out through the top, into the lower surface of the upper wing, and out through the top surface of all. Still, even allowing for all that in the case of some few bullets, two hundred holes indicate a narrow enough escape for most people.

The Most Dangerous Height to Fly

As a matter of fact, between 1,000 and 2,000 feet is about the most dangerous height to fly, because it is high enough to give a shell time to burst, and it is so low that it is easy to aim. Therefore, the pilot who made the dash down to 150 feet was probably doing the safest thing, for at that height it would be practically impossible for a gunner to hit him with a shell, and he would be travelling so fast that only by a fluke could he be hit with a rifle bullet either. This dodge of doing a terrific dive before dropping bombs was first—and very successfully—tried by Flight-Commander Marix, D.S.O., R.N., when he destroyed the Zeppelin and its shed at Düsseldorf. He came over the city at 5,000 feet, and then dived vertically to 500 feet. So steep was his dive that the Germans thought he was hit, and ceased firing, while they waited to see him smashed up, and one can imagine their fury when they saw the bombs burst in the shed and set fire to their brand new airship, while the aeroplane shot up and away like a rocket.

L'Entente Cordiale humour. A delightful snapshot of Tommy and Jean seeing the point of an Anglo-French joke.

Following the Navy's Example.

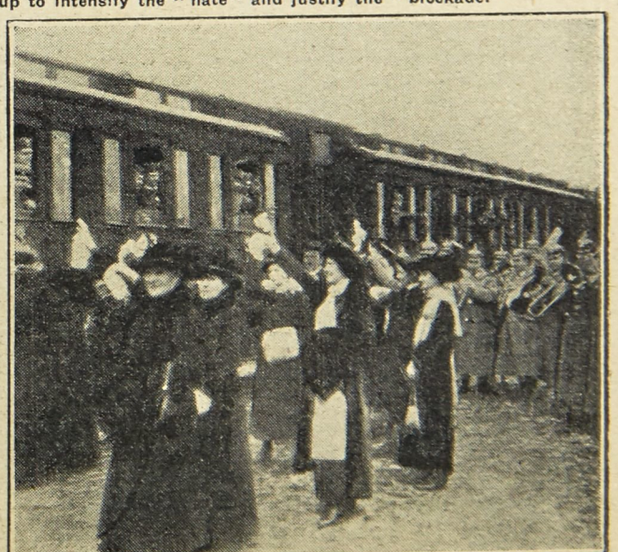
Since then the naval air-raiders have worked the same dodge very successfully at Ostend, Brussels, and elsewhere, for this side of the Flying Service has rather specialised on bomb-dropping, and it is only since the Navy has proved conclusively that serious damage can be done with bombs, that the Army has cultivated the art of being offensive from above.

Long before the war naval pilots at Eastchurch were experimenting with bombs of various sorts, and I well remember the joy with which the experimenters discovered on one occasion that a dummy bomb, fitted with projecting fins, had in its descent decapitated a small bird, whose headless body lay beside the hole the bomb had made in the ground. They seemed to regard the incident as a sign that they were going to clear everything out of the air which got in their way, and it looks rather as if they were right.

"Famine" fallacies and other things in Berlin

Owing to an alleged metal famine in Germany, Berlin school children are asked by the authorities to bring door-handles, baths, saucepans, etc., to be eventually shot as bullets at the impertinent enemy. Inset: Government official taking stock of the output of a Berlin bakery. The famine "farce" has been worked up to intensify the "hate" and justify the "blockade."

Wounded German soldiers on the Spree with their fair admirers. Steamboat excursions are run on Berlin's river for the benefit of convalescent sons of the Fatherland.



Troops off to the front from Friedrichstrasse Station to the accompaniment of, we hope, some sweeter or lighter strains than the "Hymn of Hate" and "God Punish England."

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, March 12th to March 17th

MAR. 12.—**Despatch from Sir John French** giving details of brilliant success achieved by British troops in capturing Neuve Chapelle on Mar. 10. All enemy's counter-attacks repulsed.

Following up success at Neuve Chapelle British again advanced a little towards Aubers; this new forward movement made by the 7th Division.

Germans claim minor successes in great battle proceeding in Poland on a front from Praznysh to Augustovo.

MAR. 13.—Announced that H.M. auxiliary cruiser Bayano torpedoed by German submarine; only 27 saved out of crew of 216.

French progress in Champagne continued on northern slopes of the ridge to north-east of Mesnil; 150 prisoners taken.

MAR. 14.—**Great British Advance.** War Office announced that enemy's losses in recent fighting at Neuve Chapelle very heavy, 10,000 men having fallen in three days; prisoners amount to 1,720.

A train at Don station blown up by British aircraft.

Sudden assault made Russians masters of the enemy's positions near the village of Malkovice, in the Przemysl region; an Austrian battalion captured.

In the Mlawa region the German advance has been stayed, while on the northern bank of the Vistula the Russians are again pushing forward towards Plock.

MAR. 14.—**German cruiser Dresden sunk** near Juan Fernandez island by H.M.S. Glasgow, Kent, and the auxiliary cruiser Orama.

MAR. 15.—**Important speech by Lord Kitchener** in the House of Lords, in which he reviewed recent British progress, commended the Bill to commandeer factories for war work, and spoke most gravely of the arrears of output. He praised the Indians and the Canadians, as well as the French, for last week's successes.

The "Real Blockade." Text of the Orders-in-Council as a reply to Germany's piratical submarine campaign issued. The effect is as follows: No merchant vessel may proceed to or sail from a German port. Goods for German ports must be discharged in an allied port; if not contraband or requisitioned, they will be restored to the person who has forwarded them. Goods from German ports will be seized and sold and the proceeds of sale retained till peace. Goods of German origin in neutral ships may be seized and sold.

British again engaged. Germans attacked our positions at St. Eloi, south of Ypres. The assault, which was very violent, at first succeeded, but British recovered most of the ground lost.

On the whole front in the Praznysh region, from the Mlawa railway southwards, the Russians advanced.

MAR. 16.—**Sir John French** in his bi-weekly bulletin, reports that in recent fighting about Neuve Chapelle, the German loss was between 17,000 and 18,000, and states that the fighting was very severe on Mar. 12. A casualty list issued gives a total of losses among British officers at 191 for the period of the Neuve Chapelle fighting.

French progress near Perthes.

Russians report advance on either flank of their immense front. In Northern Poland they pushed some miles north of Praznysh, capturing the tiny hamlet of Jednorozec after a fierce battle.

German prisoners arrive at Southampton—the largest batch yet received in this country, 1,000 in number—most of whom had been taken at Neuve Chapelle.

Escape of an interned German liner. Reported from Las Palmas that the Macedonia, which acted as collier and supply ship to the German commerce destroyers in the Atlantic, brought there in October by the Spanish warship Cataluna, has disappeared.

MAR. 17.—In Champagne, after many weeks of dogged fighting, the French reached a height commanding an important German area.

Russia's offensive in North Poland successfully continued; 17 German guns captured there.

List of 119 officer casualties incurred in British success at Neuve Chapelle published. With four preceding lists, the total loss of officers amounts to 310.

Admiralty issued list of casualties sustained in the Dardanelles operations. Twenty-two of the crew of the Amethyst killed.

Conference of representatives of trade unions held at Treasury.

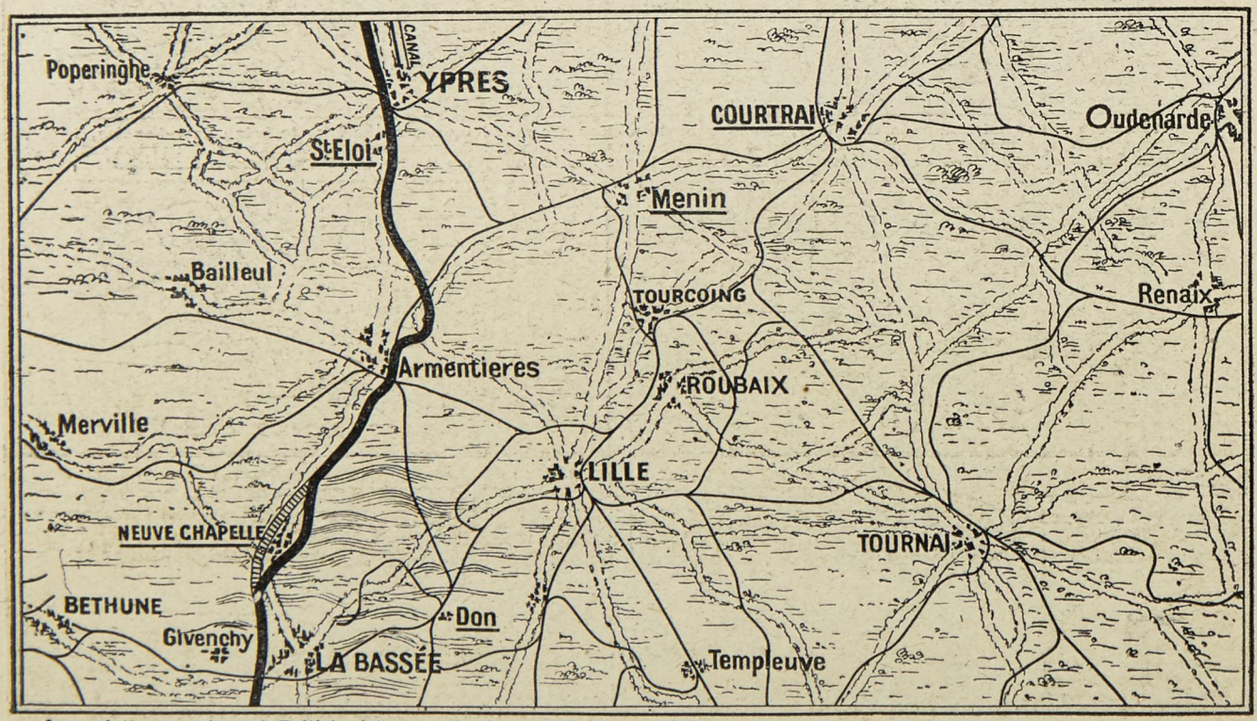
British Blockade Defined. A White Paper issued shows that American Ambassador asked Sir Edward Grey whether our reprisals are a blockade of Germany or not. Sir E. Grey replied that it is a blockade, "effectively controlling by cruiser cordon all passage to and from Germany by sea," but we shall not exact from neutrals full penalties for breach of blockade.

S. S. Primo.—Captain C. A. Whincop, who commanded the Primo, that was sunk near Havre by U21 on November 26th, calls our attention to a printer's error appearing in our issue of February 13th, in which it was stated that the Primo was a French steamer. She was in fact a Bristol vessel, owned by the Pelton Steamship Company.

On the Roll of Honour—Our New Plate

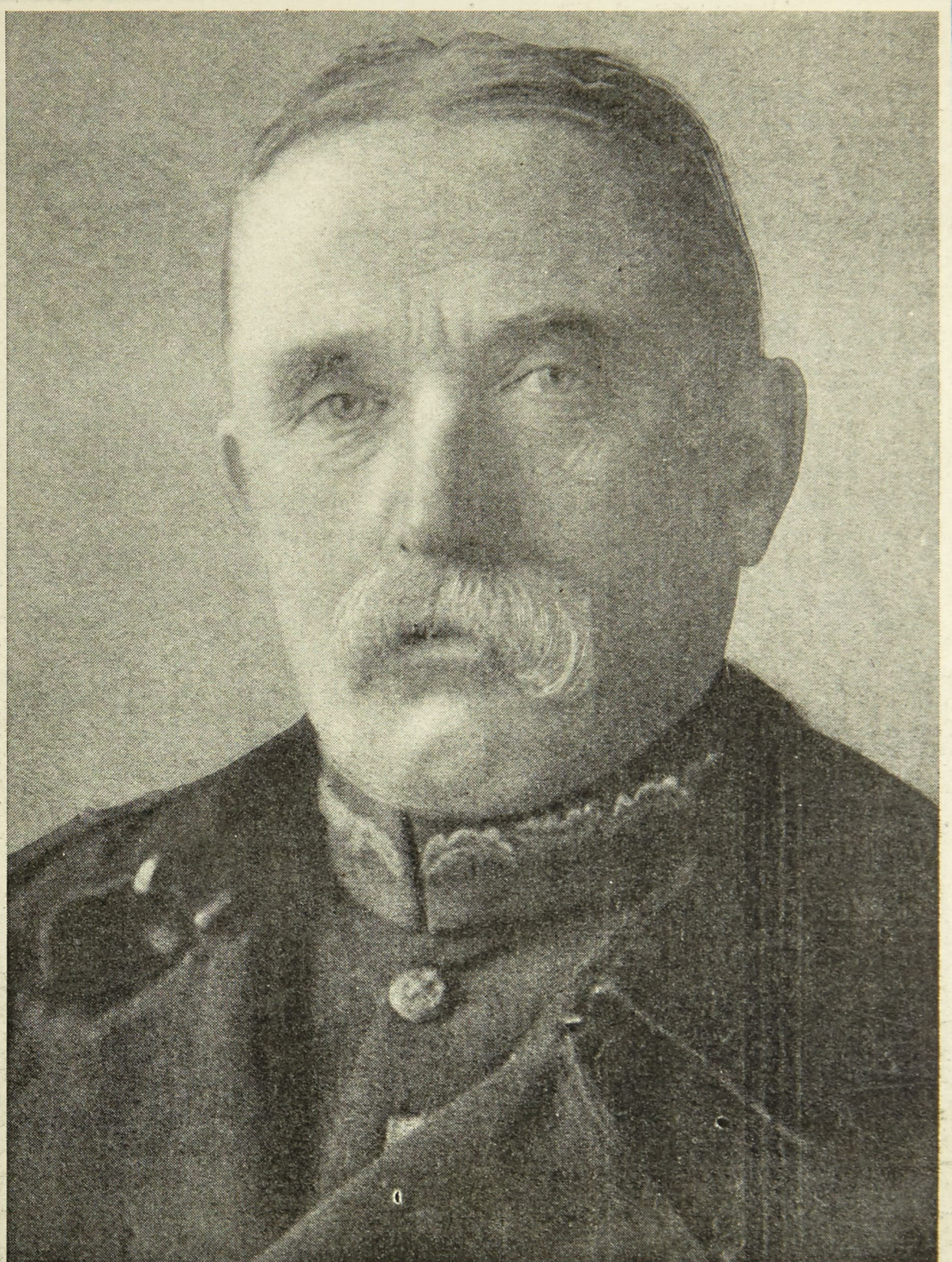
WITH each copy of the current number of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED the second of our two beautiful "Roll of Honour" plates is presented. No further instructions as to its use need be given, having already explained very fully the manner in which these plates may be preserved as family memorials of patriotism. The second plate is designed to take the photograph of a sailor or naval officer, and is in every way worthy of being well framed.

As far as possible the numbers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, containing these attractive presentation plates will be kept in stock, the publishers anticipating a continuous demand for some time, but an art supplement of this kind cannot be multiplied indefinitely, and all who wish to secure extra copies would be well advised to do so without further delay.



Area of the recent great British victory and capture of Neuve Chapelle, under the immediate personal direction of Sir John French. The Germans are stated by the Field-Marshal to have lost between 17,000 and 18,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. As a counter-attack, the enemy rushed and captured some of our trenches south of St. Eloi, but these were recaptured by us the following morning, with the village itself. British airmen destroyed the railway junctions at Courtrai, Menin, and Don.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

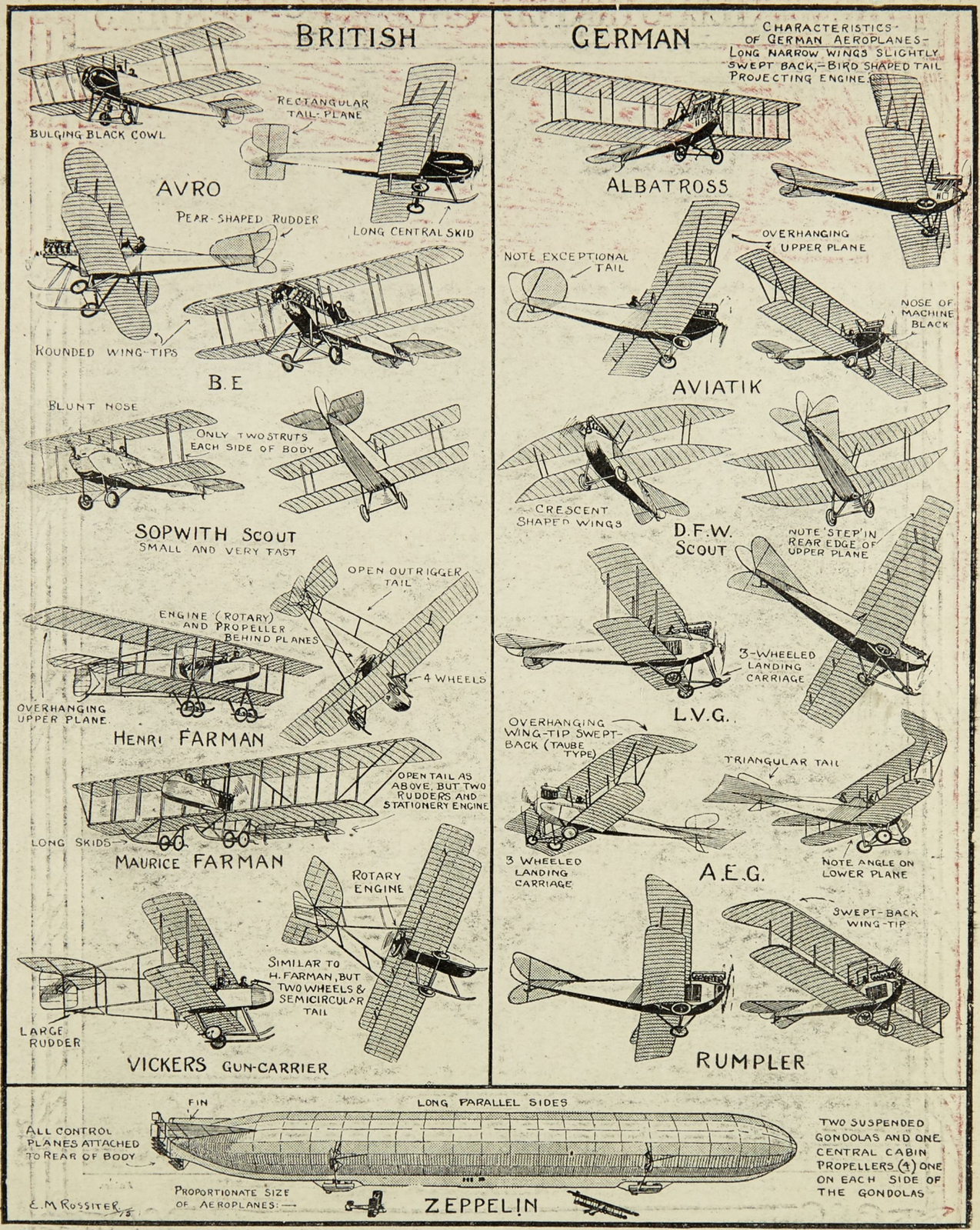


Haines.

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN DENTON PINKSTONE FRENCH,
K.C.M.G., G.C.B., K.C.B., G.C.V.O., A.D.C., Commanding-in-Chief the British Army in the Field.

These pages, numbered with Roman numerals, may be included or omitted from the bound volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *as the subscriber prefers.*

British and German Aircraft accurately Compared



These diagrams depict different types of British and German aircraft, and show the main distinguishing features of each. By a careful study of this page it will be possible for each reader to tell at once the make of an aeroplane and whether it is British or German. Our diagrams, too, should prove even of more use than the official posters that are now displayed in the streets, because, while in the latter the machines are shown only in silhouette, these clear sketches enable one to examine better the features of each machine. The letters D.F.W., L.V.G., and A.E.G. are the initials of the German words for "General Aircraft Works," "Airworkers' Company," and "General Electrical Company" respectively. It will be noticed that the chief characteristic of German aeroplanes is that they are more birdlike in their general appearance than are our own. The word Taube, meaning dove, is popularly applied to the A.E.G. and Rumpler types.

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On the Roll of Honour

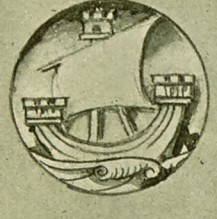
INSTRUCTIONS.

This decoration serves as a mount for framing with the photograph of a sailor - your husband, son, sweetheart or friend.

It takes varying sizes. "Post-card" fits in the largest panel; "carte-de-visite" in second panel, and a "gem" photo exactly fits smallest panel in which these words are printed.

The photo may be mounted on the plate, or a panel cut away and the photo placed under.

In space at foot write name and rank of sailor.



'DID HIS DUTY'

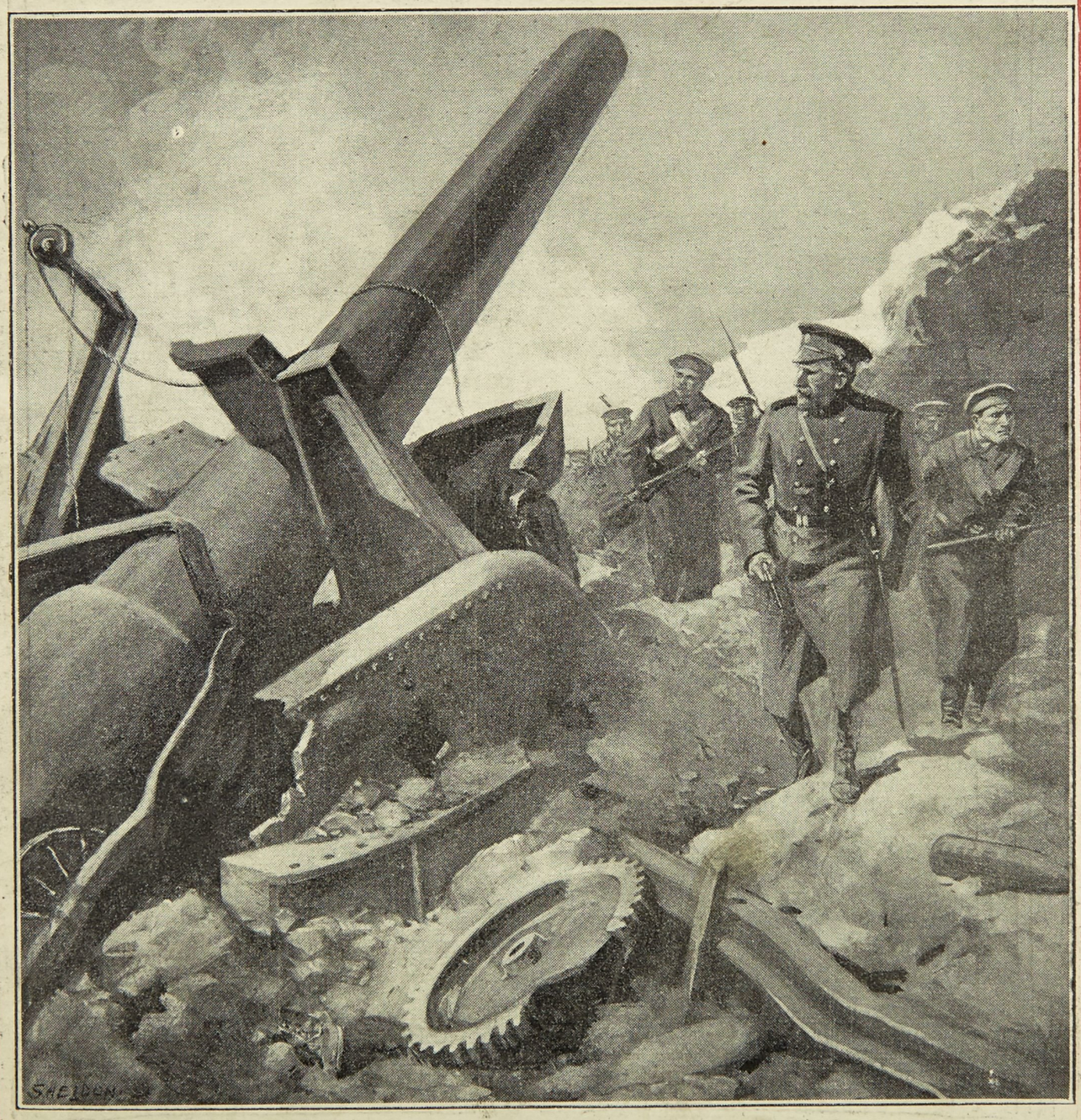
The War Illustrated, 3rd April, 1915. Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

15 Jul

Przemysl & Neuve Chapelle in Picture & Story

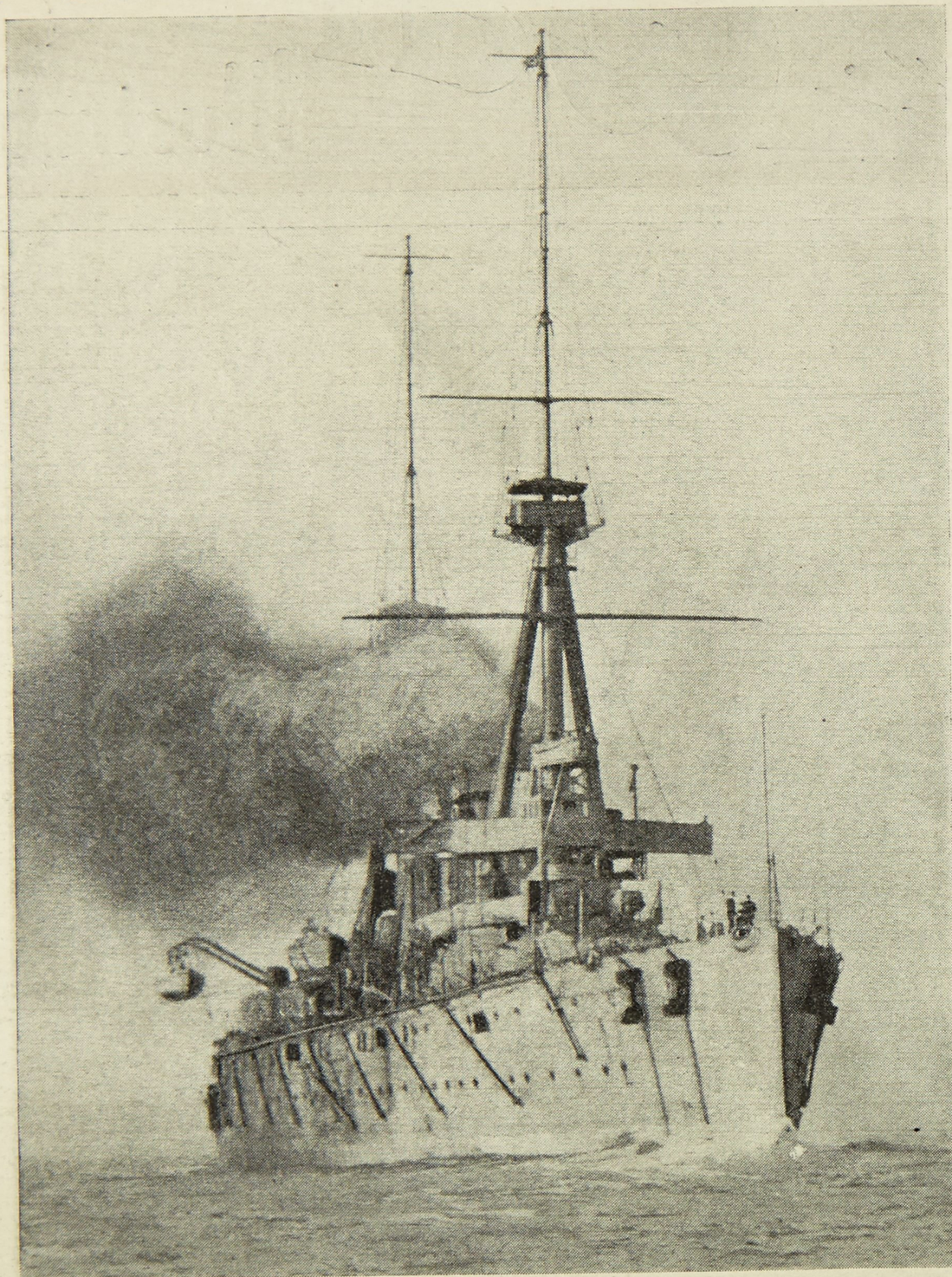
The War Illustrated

2d Weekly



Vol. 2 Przemysl at last! Austria's giant guns could not prevail against the hosts of the Tsar **No. 33**

BRITAIN'S WATCH-DOGS OF THE DEEP



VII.—H.M.S. INVINCIBLE

Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee's flagship now taking part in the Dardanelles operations. This battle-cruiser, completed in 1908, is 562 ft. in length, and has a normal displacement of 17,250 tons. She is armed with eight 12 in. and sixteen 4 in. guns, and three submerged torpedo-tubes (18 in.).

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 33. Vol. 2.
3rd April, 1915

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS NICHOLAIEVITCH, Generalissimo of the Russian Armies. The Grand Duke's strategic genius has been an outstanding feature of the Slav–Teuton struggle in the European War. In spite of stern topographical difficulties in the eastern area, his brilliant tactics have enabled his soldiers to hold the overwhelming Austro–German forces, and inflict upon them serious reverses. After the war with Japan the Grand Duke undertook the regeneration of Russia's military system. It is a good augury that Przemysl should have fallen at a time when Russia's great problem of Constantinople seems about to be settled.

THE SIEGE OF PRZEMYSL

Great Episodes of the War—XVII.

THE siege of Przemysl ranks with those of Sebastopol and Port Arthur. Its capture was a decisive event of the war. It was not, however, decisive in the straightforward, ordinary way. Some of the subtlest and most brilliant moves of the Russian Chief of Staff were concealed behind the ring of flame and steel which for four months cut Przemysl off from the Austro-German armies.

Przemysl was first attacked towards the end of September, 1914, by the Bulgarian general, Radko Dimitrieff, after he had swept through Lemberg and Jaroslav. He tried to take the great stronghold suddenly by storm, sending his infantry against the forts, without using siege-guns. But the only result was a heavy loss of life. And when Hindenburg, in October, relieved the pressure that Dimitrieff was bringing to bear upon Cracow, both that place and Przemysl were freed for awhile of the besieging Russian armies.

Hindenburg, however, was hurled back from Warsaw to the German frontier, and the besieging Russian armies returned to the two great fortress cities. In November Dimitrieff drew his lines partly round Cracow, and on the twelfth of that month General Brussiloff entrenched some of his troops on a thirty-mile circle all round Przemysl, under the command of General Selivanov.

Strangest Siege in History

It was then that the siege of Przemysl began. It was the strangest siege in military history, for the besieged troops were stronger in guns, ammunition, and numbers than the men who were trying to starve them out. General Selivanov had only about three army corps, with their ordinary field artillery. Their heaviest pieces were 6 in. howitzers, that could not reach the great concrete armoured forts defending the hill-town amid the Carpathian Mountains. The Austrians had 13 in. and 14 in. guns, mounted in nine large forts, and operated by electricity. There were also ten smaller forts, furnished with motor batteries, and sixteen concrete field fortifications, connected by a track, along which the mobile artillery moved.

It was no wonder that Radko Dimitrieff had failed to carry by storm so well-equipped a fortress with a garrison of 170,000 troops. Even in the middle of November the position of the besieging Russians was one of extreme difficulty, for they could not spare more than 72,000 bayonets for the investment of the stronghold. But General Selivanov, a veteran of the Russo-Turkish War, was a man of genius to whom a difficulty was an inspiration. He posted his guns on a ring of hills some ten to fifteen miles beyond the city, and entrenched his troops a thousand yards or so in front of the guns.

German Strength Wasted

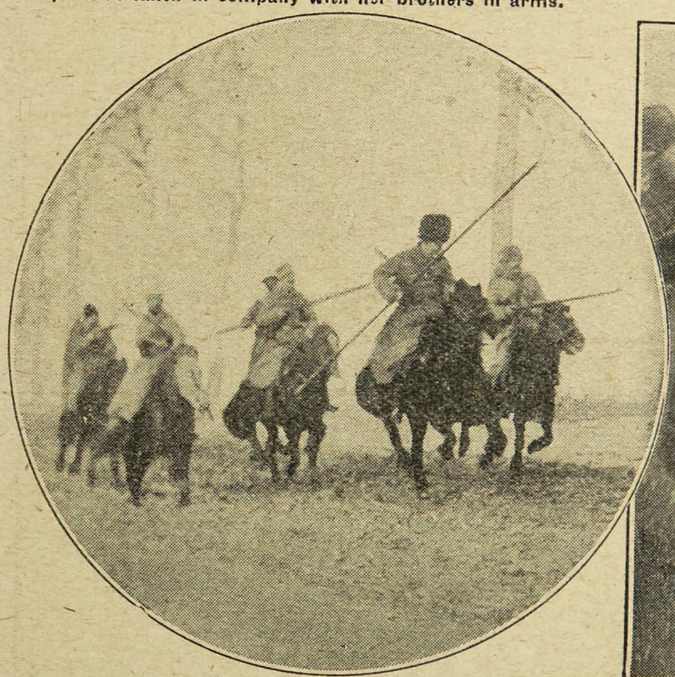
In this way he controlled every road, path, and railway leading to and from Przemysl, and waited, with terrible, imperturbable Russian patience, for famine and disease to do their deadly work. All the costly work of attack against guns, quick-firers, and machine-guns was left to the Austrian, German, and Hungarian troops, under the command of General Kusmanek. They were encouraged to waste their strength in continual sorties against the ring of heights held by the Russians. Neither the Austrians nor the Germans seemed to have relished the tactics imposed upon them; but the Hungarian militia, the famous Honved divisions, were of a more fiery and daring character. Under their gallant leader, General Tamassy, they began, towards the close of November, to try to storm through the distant Russian ring. To the very end they maintained their dash and intrepidity. For the last act of the Przemysl garrison was a violent and desperate attempt to cut through the Russian trenches, made by the 23rd Division of the Honved on March 20th, 1915. (*Continued on page* 148.)

Map showing the relative position of Przemysl, Cracow, and Budapest, emphasising the mountain barrier to the Dual Monarchy and the important passes Dukla, Lupkow, Uszok, the area of the protracted struggle which culminated in the fall of Przemysl on the 22nd ult. A careful study of the map tends to show the great advantages of the Austrians over the Russians in strategic railways. The former have at least seven main lines for the transport of men and supplies to the Galician frontier as compared with the two or three lines of our allies. Przemysl, as an important rail centre, will greatly help the Russian plan.

Victors of Przemysl in Action and at Rest

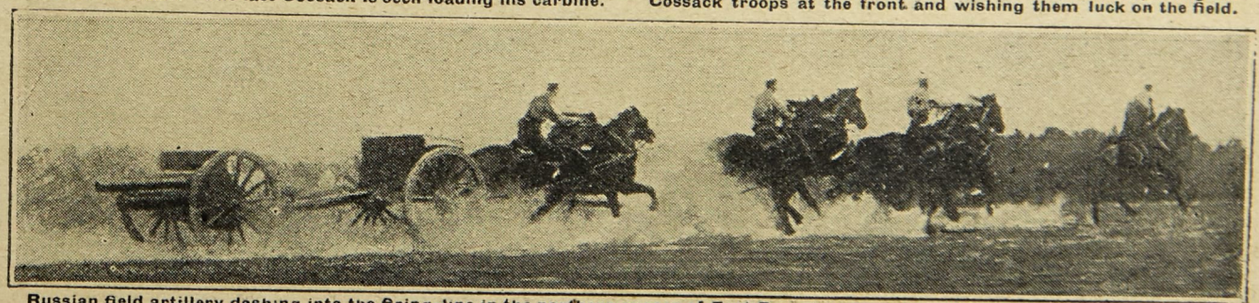
Tea (with lemon) in place of vodka. Russian soldiers drinking at a wayside stall. The pretty Russian girl is delighted at the opportunity of having her portrait taken in company with her brothers in arms.

Temporary burial of the hatchet. Russian soldiers laughing and joking with their German and Austrian prisoners round a field cooking-stove.



Cossack patrol galloping into action on one of the snow-covered Galician roads. The last Cossack is seen loading his carbine.

The "Little Father" among his soldiers. The Tsar inspecting his Cossack troops at the front and wishing them luck on the field.



Russian field artillery dashing into the firing-line in the northern corner of East Prussia, where our allies last week reached the town of Memel, and defeated two regiments of Landsturm. The Russians are still making splendid progress on the Vistula and in Galicia.

THE SIEGE OF PRZEMYSL

(Continued from page 146)

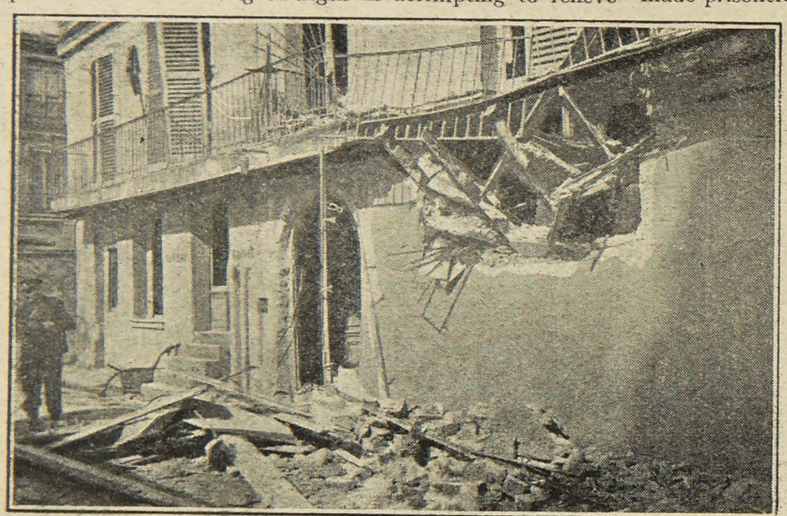
Except for these sorties, the siege went on very quietly for the first two and a half months. If the garrison had possessed a year's store of food and ammunition and supplies of typhoid and cholera vaccines, they might have lived in happy armed peace in the beautiful old garden city of the Carpathians. For a very curious thing happened at the headquarters of General Selivanov towards the end of January, 1915. By this time some fifty great howitzers, with a longer range and heavier shell than the Teutonic ordnance, were ready for use in the Russian lines. It would only have taken about a fortnight to wreck the forts of the eastern sector, and thus to blow a wide path for the advance of the Russian army into the doomed town.

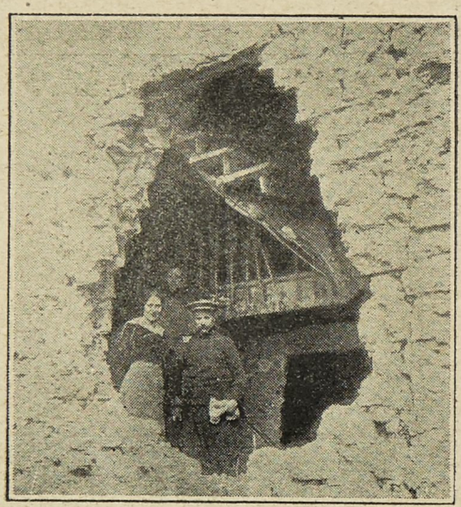
But General Selivanov had no need of the new monster howitzers. He advised that some of them should be used to strengthen the defences of the small Russian fort of Osoviec, on the Niemen front, where Hindenburg was again trying to break through. None of the great siege pieces was railed to Lemberg for use by the army besieging Przemysl until Hindenburg's attack on the Niemen front had broken down.

This was why the siege of Przemysl was so extraordinary. The Russians did not want to capture the fortress that they had invested! Their siege operations were designed to induce the Austrians and Hungarians to expend the best part of their remaining strength in attempting to relieve "the Gibraltar" of their almost lost province of Galicia. In between Przemysl and the Austro-Hungarian armies sent to relieve it rose the snow-covered, freezing, wind-blown heights of the Carpathian Mountains. General Brussiloff's main army held most of the passes and debouching valleys on the Galician side, and the nearer Przemysl approached to famine the more strenuous were the efforts that the Austro-Hungarian force made to cross the Carpathians. Terrible were the difficulties under which they had to fight. More of them perished from the rigours of the mountain winter than from the bullets and bayonets of the Russians.

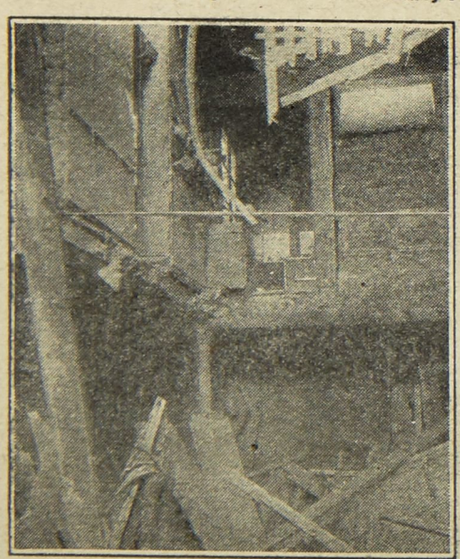
By keeping Przemysl as a lure to them, General Brussiloff and General Selivanov in the awful winter campaign, sapped the remaining strength of the Austrian and Hungarian peoples. About the beginning of March, 1915, the enemy's offensive movement across the Carpathians weakened, while the opposing Russian force increased to three-quarters of a million.

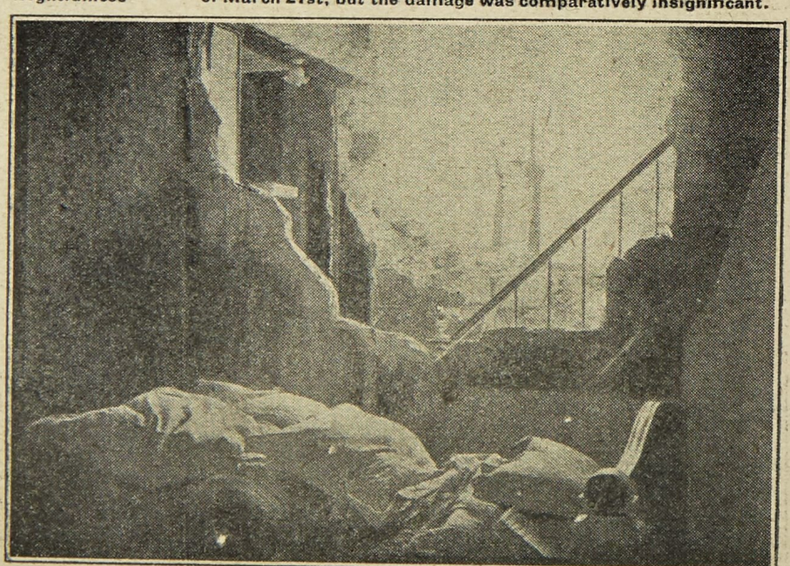
Przemysl had done the work that the Russians intended. So it could now fall. In the second week in March some of the big siege howitzers were brought up, and the chief hill forts in the eastern sector were bombarded. Then the Russian infantry began to storm over the field fortifications, and on March 21st General Kusmanek ordered his garrison to cut their way out, but only the twelve thousand Hungarians had the heart to attempt this magnificent adventure, and those of them who were not shot down were made prisoners. The next day Przemysl was captured.





All Paris, except those few people who suffered from the bombs, was laughing last week at Germany's "frightfulness" in the air. Forty-eight bombs were dropped on Paris in the raid of March 21st, but the damage was comparatively insignificant.

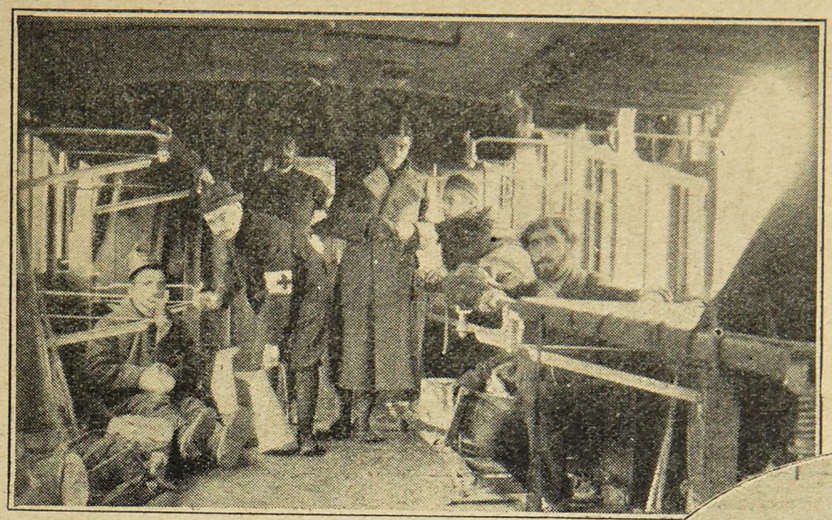




These photographs, show the extent of the damage done in the suburb of Levallois. (1) Portion of a business house shattered by a bomb. (2) Hole made in the wall of a house in the Rue du Congre. (3) Interior of a private house entirely ruined by the explosion. (4) Havoc caused in a bedroom where two persons escaped serious injury.

Allies Succour while Huns Terrorise War Victims

WHEN the day of reckoning is at hand the Allies will not forget the long list of crimes committed by the unspeakable Hun. The proven villainy of the nation which blasphemously considers itself appointed by the Deity to control the destinies of the universe has far exceeded anything chronicled in ancient or modern history. The starvation of valiant men, who are guilty of no other crime than that of having taken up arms in defence of the cause and country they hold dear, is pitiably tragic, but the shelling of Red Cross hospitals and vehicles is infinitely worse. These vehicles were conveying wounded from the danger zones to various base hospitals. The photographs on this page, the first three of which are exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, are further evidence of the enemy's inhumanity at its very worst.



Red Cross work on a hospital train. Interior of a carriage-ward and some doctors tending wounded Belgian soldiers.

Red Cross nurse seated amid the ruins of a Belgian hospital at Furnes shelled by the Huns.

Sufferers of the war brutally victimised again by the Germans. Wounded from the shattered Furnes hospital resting temporarily in the open.

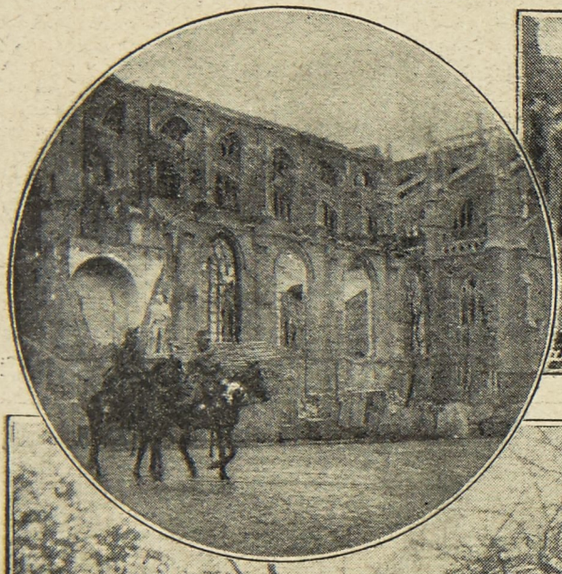
Could they possibly have taken it for anything else? British Red Cross car which had made a good target for German gunners.

Duchess de Noailles, who has converted her castle at Maintenon into a hospital, conversing with General Reverard.

After the Inferno of Ypres and Neuve Chapelle:

British soldiers drawing water from a well in the streets of Ypres. Nearly every building is ruined by shell fire.

After the glorious British victory of Neuve Chapelle. Wounded Britons being congratulated by French railwaymen at a station.



Cleverly masked British gun that did great damage to the enemy during the lengthy Battle of Ypres. It is disguised with a wicker covering.

On hallowed ground. British patrol halting to do honour to the memory of comrades who fell in the neighbourhood of Ypres. Inset: Ruined nave of the Cathedral of Ypres, which, with the historic Cloth Hall and other famous edifices, was wrecked by Hun fire.

Incidents, Grave and Gay, along the Battle-Front

Striking study of some Dragoon Guards resting awhile in the trenches. Much criticism as to the "levity" of Britain and Britishers has prevailed lately. If it is easier for our soldiers to fight and be happy at the same time, nobody, surely, can deny them the privilege.

The sergeants' mess in a firing-line farmhouse, which has been subjected to a severe bombardment. Breaches in the wall caused by enemy shells have been filled in with the earth sacks. Inset: Keeping the invisible eye on the enemy. British officer making observations with the aid of a periscope from behind a wall strongly barricaded with sacks of earth.

NEUVE CHAPELLE'S IMMORTAL STORY

The Great Episodes of the War.—XVIII.

ON February 15th, 1915, General Joffre made his first offensive movement since the British advance on Menin was checked in the autumn of 1914. Neither the French nor the British armies were ready, in the middle of February, to resume the offensive. For though their new formations were arriving in vast numbers, the ground was still in a very bad condition between the opposing fronts. If it had been left to General Joffre there would have been no serious movement against the Germans until the March winds had dried the soil.

The Plan to Smash the Russians

But a cry for help came from Russia. All through the winter the Russians had been fighting at a heavy disadvantage. The closing of the Dardanelles and the freezing of Archangel port had interrupted the munitioning of the armies of the Tsar. Meanwhile, the German Commander-in-Chief was profiting by the condition of the ground in France and Flanders, and withdrawing army corps of first-line troops there and launching them, with new levies, against the Russians. The plan was to smash the Russians by an overwhelming concentration of force before the warm weather and the guns of the Queen Elizabeth opened the channels by which war material could be poured into Russia. When Russia was thoroughly defeated, most of the tremendous forces operating on the eastern front would be swung over against the French, British, and Belgian lines.

This was why General Joffre ordered an advance against the western German front before his armies were ready for the spring campaign. At any cost of men the first-line German army had to be tied to the French and British trenches. The German Commander-in-Chief had to be induced not to send any further reinforcements to Hindenburg. General Joffre proceeded to point out to General von Falkenhayn exactly where any further new levies that Germany had ready for action should be placed.

How Joffre Checkmated von Falkenhayn

In the chalky, absorbent soil of the heath of Champagne the winter rain and frost had not made such a bog between the opposing fronts as in other places. There was a stretch of three and a half miles of trench by the village of Perthes held by some 20,000 infantrymen of the Rhine. General Joffre resolved that a quarter of a million of the German reinforcements, destined for the grand attack against the Russians, should be brought instead to Perthes.

Very simple was the method by which the French commander imposed his will upon the German commander. He secretly collected 200,000 troops in front of Perthes, with a vast store of large howitzer shells and howitzers. On Monday, February 15th, there opened abruptly a terrific bombardment of the trenches held by the 20,000 Rhinelanders. Something like a hundred thousand high-explosive shells were pitched into the German trenches.

Under the hurricane fire of their siege ordnance the French troops charged the shaken and surprised enemy. They did not shoot. Rushing towards the German trenches, they pitched hand bombs into the ditches, and then leaped down and used the bayonet. Then they dug for their lives, to re-shape the captured, battered earthworks for protection against the fire of the German guns and the infantry counter-attack that was certain to follow.

General von Einem was the German commander in this region. He brought up his reserves, but they were defeated. He weakened his line at other places to strengthen the Perthes position, but the overpowering force of French troops and French guns continued to batter down all opposition. The struggle went on for twenty-six days.

Always the French made steady and continuous progress against the fortifications which the Germans had been constructing for five months. Despite innumerable counter-attacks, they were never forced back on any day behind the line they held in the morning. In each counter-attack the Germans lost heavily, and the spirit of their troops began to decline. Part of the re-formed Prussian Guard was brought up to recapture a small height—Hill 196—held by the French, but they broke against the defence.

The French picked up and buried ten thousand Germans as they advanced, and the German Great Staff was moved to make the extraordinary confession that they had lost more troops on the front of three and a half miles at Perthes than in the Prasnysch-Niemen campaign against the Russians.

But, at any cost of life, the French advance had to be stayed. Otherwise, the German front would be broken and a general retreat would be brought about. The entire line from the North Sea to Switzerland was therefore weakened, in order to mass 300,000 or more men, with a vast park of heavy ordnance, behind the bulge at Perthes.

As we have seen, a division of the Prussian Guard was railed up to reinforce Einem's men. Now it was known to French and British Headquarters that the Prussian Guard had been holding the trenches at Neuve Chapelle village, a hundred miles to the north of the Champagne pine waste.

The War's Most Devastating Bombardment

At Neuve Chapelle was the Fourth British Army Corps, under Sir Henry Rawlinson, and the Indian Army Corps, under Sir James Willcox. They were ordered to co-operate with the French army round Perthes by making an attack upon Neuve Chapelle. A day or two passed in stealthy preparations for this new move. Many of our heaviest pieces of ordnance were massed a few miles in front of Neuve Chapelle. A huge number of shells were collected round the guns, while our airmen constantly patrolled the sky above, and drove away any hostile aerial scout who might have discovered the vast, secret preparations.

At half-past seven in the morning of Wednesday, March 10th, the process of stopping German reinforcements to Hindenburg in East Prussia was continued at Neuve Chapelle, while the French at Perthes were still holding the enemy in increasing number. We had some four hundred guns and howitzers massed against the two and a quarter miles of German trenches round Neuve Chapelle. At half-past seven all these pieces of ordnance began raining shells on the enemy's lines. The bombardment only lasted thirty-five minutes, but it was the most devastating outburst of artillery power in the war. Earth and sky seemed to rock with the continuous, eardrum-shattering roar. Each detachment worked at extreme pressure to get as many shells as possible out of their great tubes. It was hell-fire gunnery in the British naval style rather than a military bombardment — like forty battleships working as a gigantic sort of machine-gun against little more than two miles of sodden earthworks.

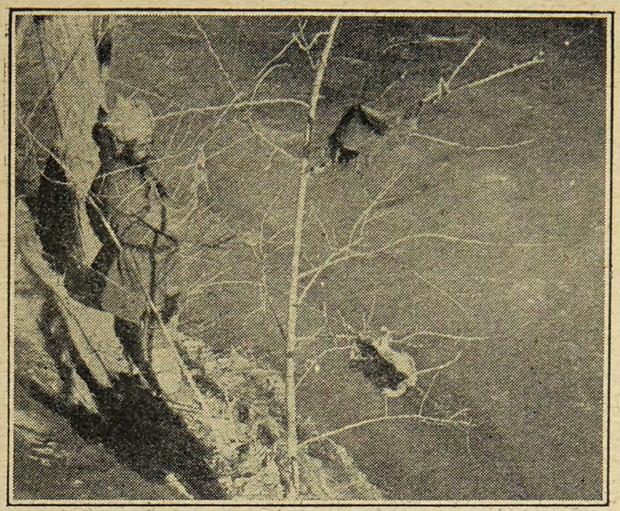
The Charge of the Overseas Troops

The German front line of entrenched troops had no chance of resistance. Many of those who were not blown up, buried, or stifled by the great lyddite shells, were so dazed by the explosions that they sat half-stunned till taken prisoners. In the meantime the British and Indian infantry, with a Canadian division, rushed over the muddy space between the opposing fronts, without being shot at by the enemy, while our terrible gunfire was going on. Sir John French was directing the operations in person, and he surprised even the French by his originality.

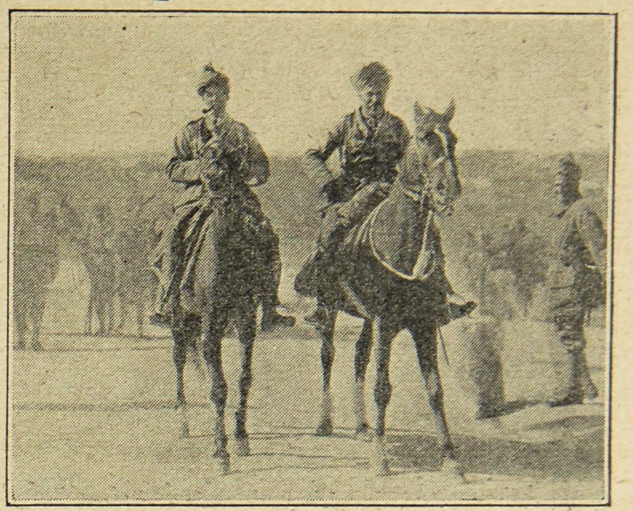
There were no dense masses of Divisions of Death rushing out to be slaughtered in the Kluck and Hindenburg method of attack. Field-Marshal von Heeringen had recently observed that British troops were terrible when on the defensive but not powerful enough in the offensive. Every German general once thought that only by massed forma-

(Continued on page 154.)

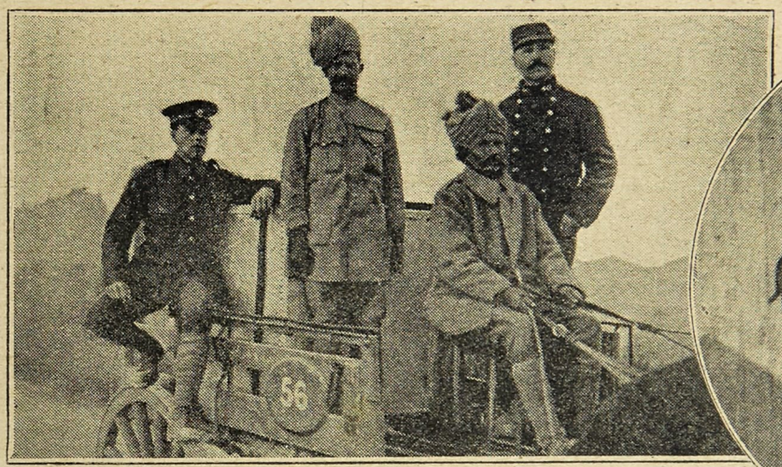
Neuve Chapelle Heroes resting on their Laurels



One of the Indian warriors at the front finds distraction in the gentler sport of fishing during a brief respite from fighting.



Anglo-Indian officers of the native troops who rendered such signal service to their King-Emperor at Neuve Chapelle.



East and West as comrades. Soldiers from India, with a British "Tommy" and a French "Piou-piou," posing for their portraits on a water-cart in France.

Resting after the charge. Two of the Indians seem anxious for another shot at the foe. Inset above: Fierce fighter from the East in happier mood. The little French child is frightened, not of her dusky friend, but of our photographer. (These photographs are exclusive to "The War Illustrated.",

GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

(Continued from page 152.)

tions could a position be stormed. They now had another lesson in the handling of infantry. Our men advanced in rushes in open order, with their reserves and supports a considerable distance behind them. But the unexcelled, unequalled power of their rifle fire—a well-aimed shot every four seconds from every man—more than compensated for the thinness of the leading fighting-line.

Indians' Prowess and Deadly Skill

Our guns and howitzers had shelled the enemy's barbed-wire entanglements as well as his trenches. This was, indeed, a most important work of preparation, and our first losses chiefly occurred in the spots where no gap had been blown in the German wire defences. Here and there the assault failed through our troops getting hung up on the wire, giving time for the Germans to bring their machine-guns into action. But while our held-up troops gallantly fought on, the German trenches were stormed through the gaps farther south by the Indians, and the Germans, working the machine-guns against our wired-out men, were taken by surprise in flank or rear and killed or captured.

The Indians were heroic. They had given ground to the Germans in this part of the front some months before, when the enemy had the advantage in the artillery power. Now that the horrible, shattering force of heavy ordnance was largely on our side, the Indians were able to display fully their prowess and deadly skill in hand-to-hand combat. Winning the trenches, they rushed with the Britons and Canadians to the ruined village, where the hottest, fiercest fighting took place. The Germans had placed machine-guns in the houses. Sometimes there were six machine-guns in one house, commanding every line of approach. A shell from our light quick-firers would have cleared them out; but this was a battle at express speed. Having bullet and bayonet at hand, our men did not wait for their guns to come up, but gave the machine-gun men the mad minute and cleared the house with the bayonet.

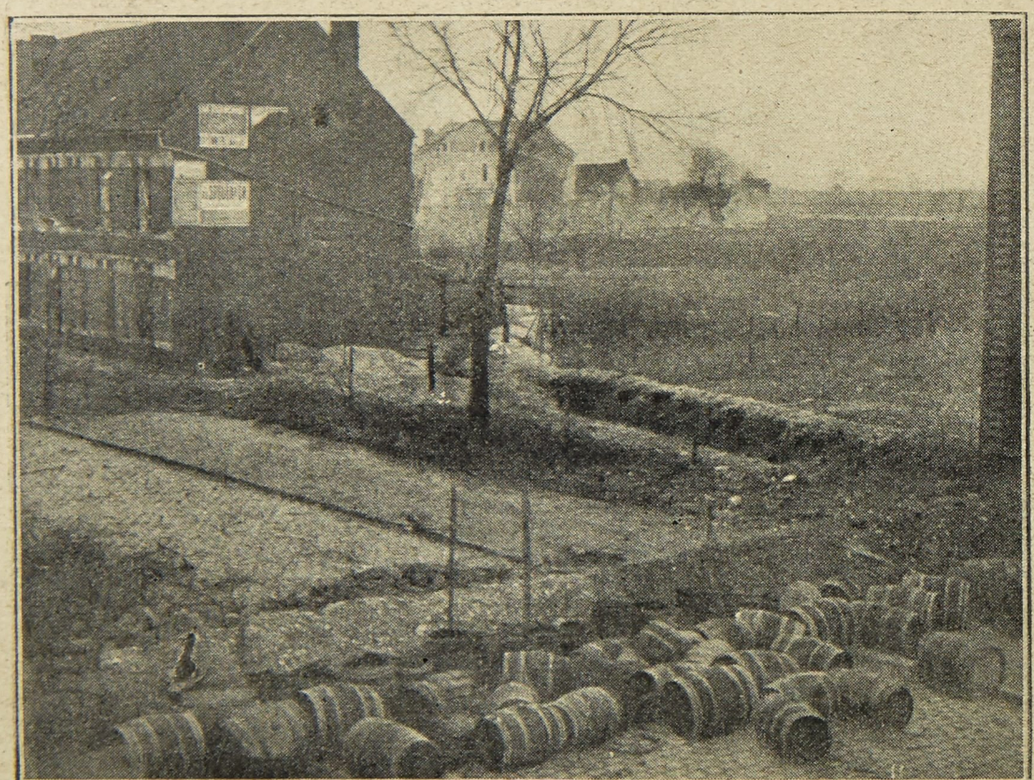
The Immortal Division—the Seventh—which had tried in October to save Antwerp, and had saved the Belgian Army and then held the trenches of Ypres for nineteen days, got back on the enemy at last at Neuve Chapelle. Since losing nearly five men out of every six, in the greatest achievement in our history, it had reorganised, and its scanty veterans filled the new drafts with their high spirit, as the division, with the other bayonets of our Fourth Army Corps, drove against the German position from the north. The German trenches were taken in an hour. Three hours afterwards the fortified village houses were captured, and by half-past five in the afternoon the last defences of the Germans, a mass of wire entanglements and pits known as Port Arthur, were carried by storm.

The British Airmen's Part

In ten hours our 48,000 infantrymen at Neuve Chapelle had won more ground than their more numerous French comrades at Perthes had gained in ten days. This, of course, was largely due to the French troops. By their tenacious attack in Champagne they had drawn away many of the Germans defending the Neuve Chapelle position, and had thus prepared for our success. Yet this is not the full explanation. Our assault was a masterpiece in tactics. The bombardment was as short as it was intense. It did not last long enough to enable the Germans to bring up reinforcements. They were blown out of their trenches and bayoneted before help could arrive. For while our infantry was attacking in overwhelming numbers our airmen were bombing the neighbouring railway centres—Menin, Courtrai, and Don—breaking down bridges, wrecking stations, and hindering transport of reinforcements to the endangered position.

Had it not been for the fog that gathered in the evening, preventing our artillerymen and their aerial scouts from blowing a longer path of advance for our infantry, the great German fortress of La Bassée might have been assailed from the rear. As it was, our men, though stopped at the height east of the village, held Neuve Chapelle against all counter-attacks, and advanced more northward towards Lille and upset the entire plans of the Kaiser and his Chief of Staff. A council of war had to be held at Lille to decide whether troops should be drawn from Russia to strengthen the German line in France and Flanders.

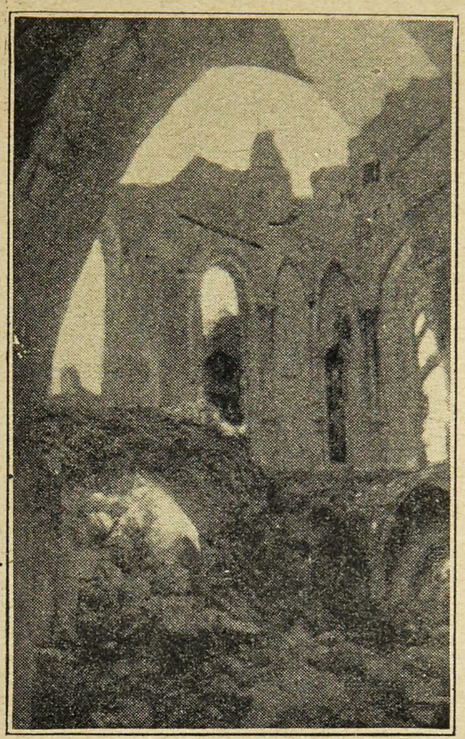
General Joffre had imposed his will upon his opponents, and his Staff made a most remarkable statement. "*At a given time and at a given place we can do what we will*," they said.



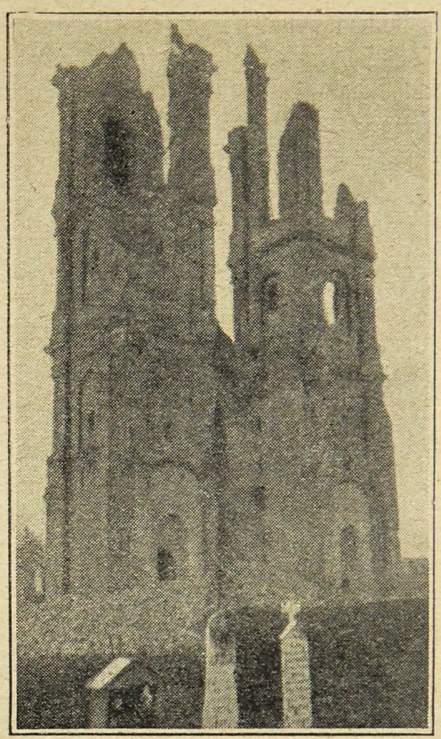
WHAT SIEGE WARFARE MEANS.—Unique photograph illustrating the amazing proximity of the conflicting forces, which is a feature of modern siege warfare. In the foreground a trench is constructed across a village road in the French war-area simply for purposes of communication. So near are the Germans that it would be fatal to cross the street other than by this subterranean passage. The barrels are placed in the trench parapets by way of further protection from the enemy's shots. In front of the houses the first-line trench is discernible.

Hunnish Devastation in & around Historic Arras

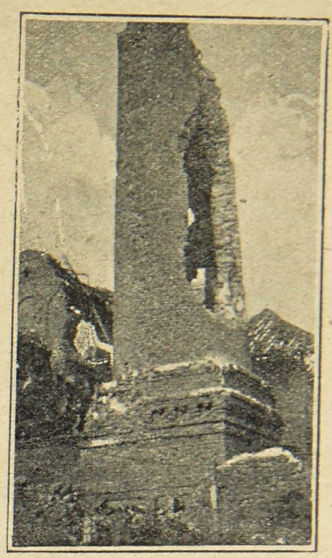
THE photographs on this page form a specially interesting set, sent us by a French officer, showing the latest destruction in and around Arras, an important fortified town in the Allies' line. For many weeks the enemy has tried to break through at this point, but apart from branding the most beautiful architectural landmarks with the foul imprint of "higher civilisation," his efforts have been and are likely henceforth to be vain.



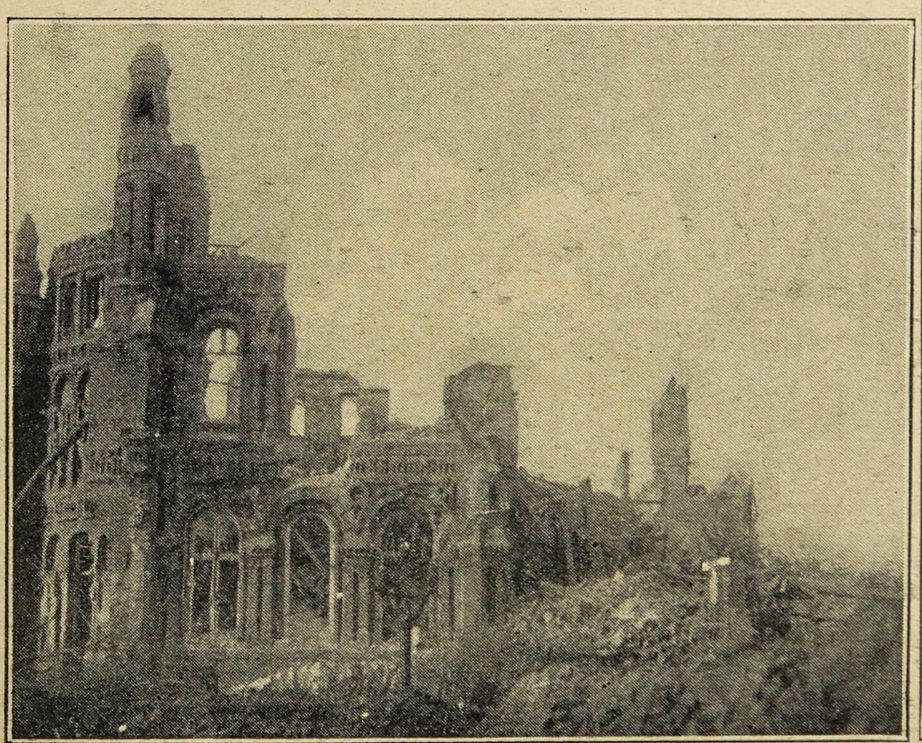
A shattered gem of Gothic art. The Hotel de Ville (or Town Hall), at Arras.



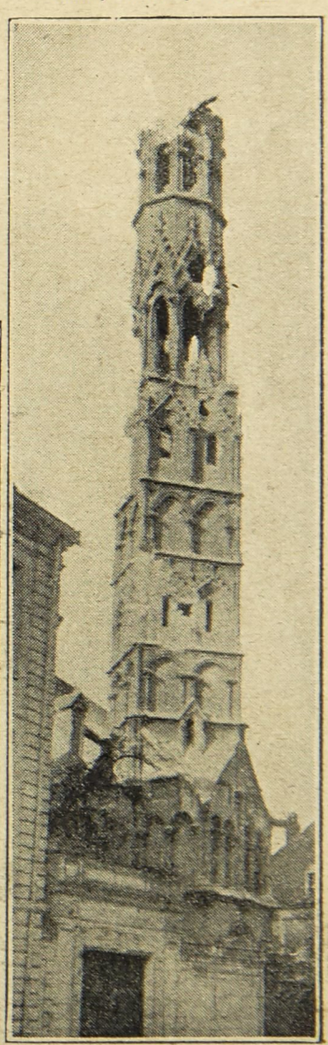
The towers of Mt. St. Eloy, a prominent French landmark, now in ruins.



Devastating effect of shell on factory chimney in Arras.

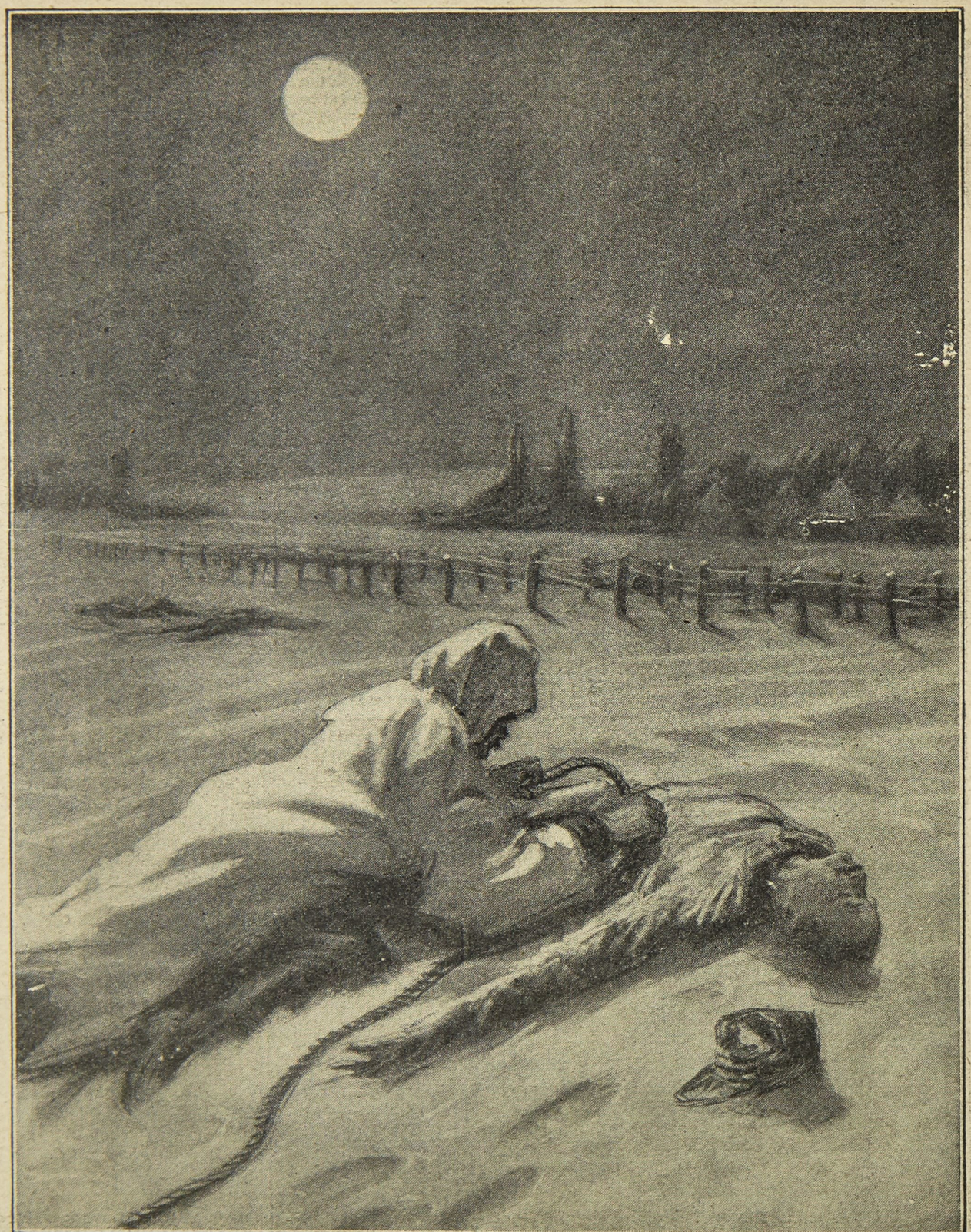


An irresistible target for the enemy whose lust for destruction is insatiable. The debris of the Chateau de la Malterri, two hundred yards from the German lines.



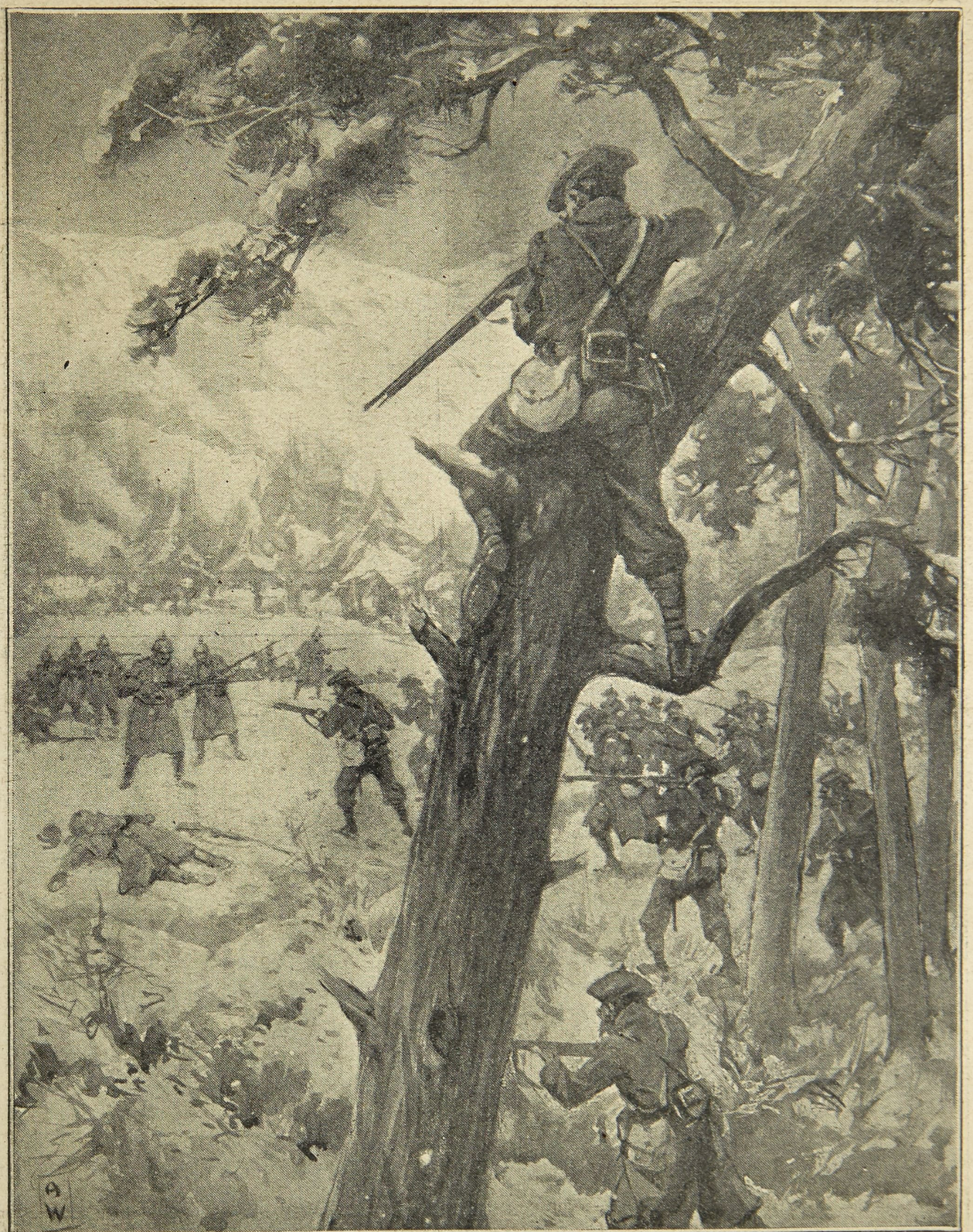
Elegance in ruins. Beautiful tower of St. Ursula, Arras.

French Soldier's Devotion to his Fallen Colonel



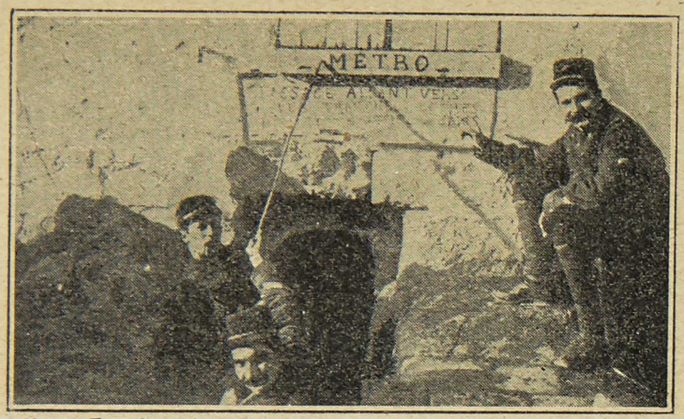
A popular French colonel was killed in an attack on the enemy's position. Though the body lay only five yards from the German trenches, several soldiers volunteered at nightfall to recover it. All attempts failed, however, until one private, ingeniously draped in a white sheet to make himself more or less invisible in the moonlight and snow, crawled out over the frozen ground. Passing a rope round the body, he tried to move it, but the noise drew a promiscuous fusillade from the Huns. The soldier retired to his trench temporarily, but ventured out again, this time to succeed in his perilous task.

Alpine Chasseurs: The Terror of the Vosges



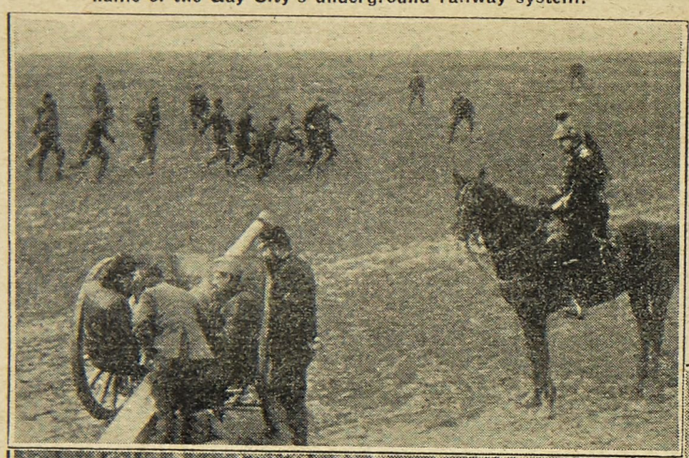
That admirable body of troops, the Alpine Chasseurs, has been named by the Germans who have had to face them in the Vosges the "Blue Devils." For the past seven months the Chasseurs have regularly beaten the foe back by their methodical stubbornness. They wage a guerilla warfare, and carry out all important operations in deathlike silence. Like phantom warriors, the "Blue Devils" glide silently through the forests, and fall upon the Germans in their own hiding-places. Perfectly trained and in splendid condition, the Chasseurs are seldom fatigued; they can climb like cats, and often fight from the tree-tops.

Fun and Frolic Among our French Friends



Happy French engineers boring a tunnel under a house towards the enemy's trenches. They have christened it "Metro," the popular name of the Gay City's underground railway system.

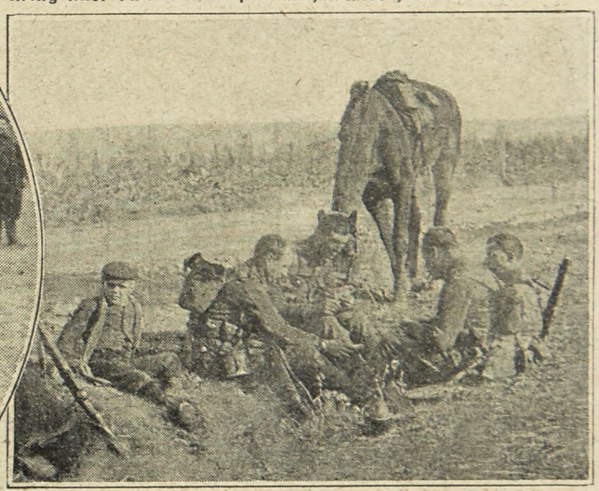
Airmen dancing a jig. Lieut. Brindjonc the well-known French aviator, and a sergeant keeping up their spirits and circulation though the thermometer is at zero.



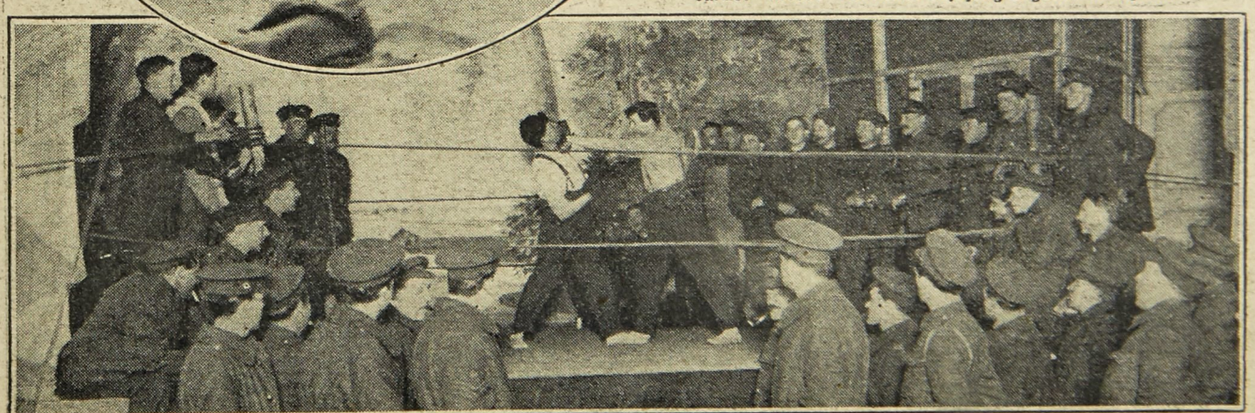
Wounded French soldiers amusing themselves in the grounds of a convalescent home in the Seine and Oise district. Inset: French gunners playing football, the Entente Cordiale game, when the "75's" are not working. Hence the startling proximity of the gun.

Sports and Pastimes near the Firing Line.

Officer varies Hun-hunting with a little fox-hunting behind the firing-line. This form of sport has, however, now been forbidden.



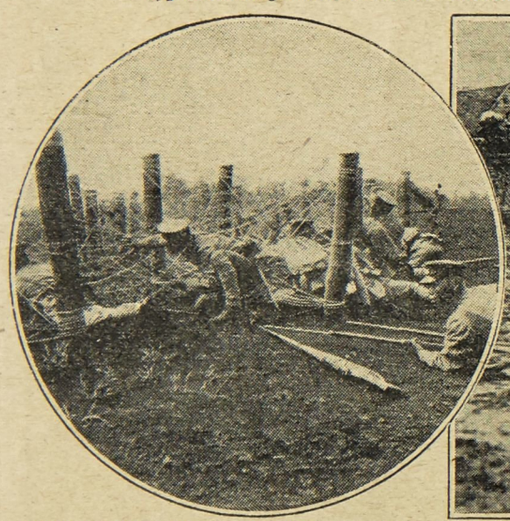
Another attraction for an easy day. H.A.C. outpost playing cards. Inset: Tommies enjoying a game of football.

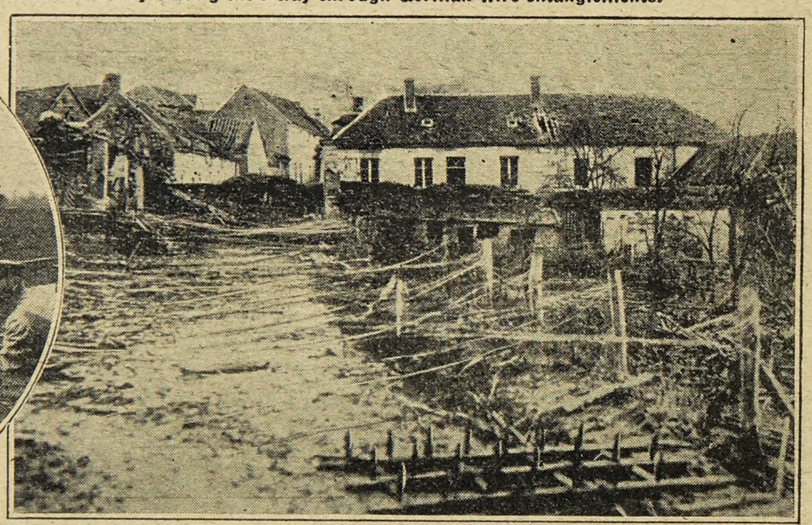


A turn with the gloves. The all-absorbing sport of boxing in a cinema theatre of Northern France. The spirit that can enjoy itself so spontaneously in healthy sport, that can so freely forget the cares of war during spare moments in a ride to hounds, a game of ball, or cards, a glove contest, is undoubtedly the spirit capable of conquering an enemy implacable and malicious to a degree.

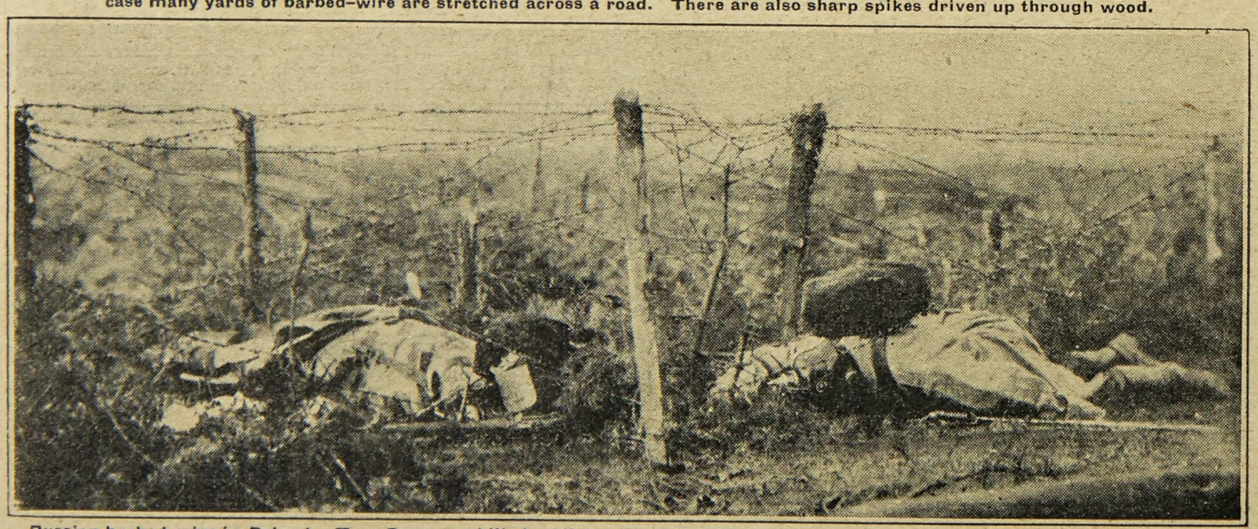
Barbed-wire adds to the Barbarism of War

Of all minor modern war inventions, barbed-wire is probably the most useful in trench fighting. By daylight it is almost invisible, at night it is impossible to locate. French infantry cutting their way through German wire entanglements.



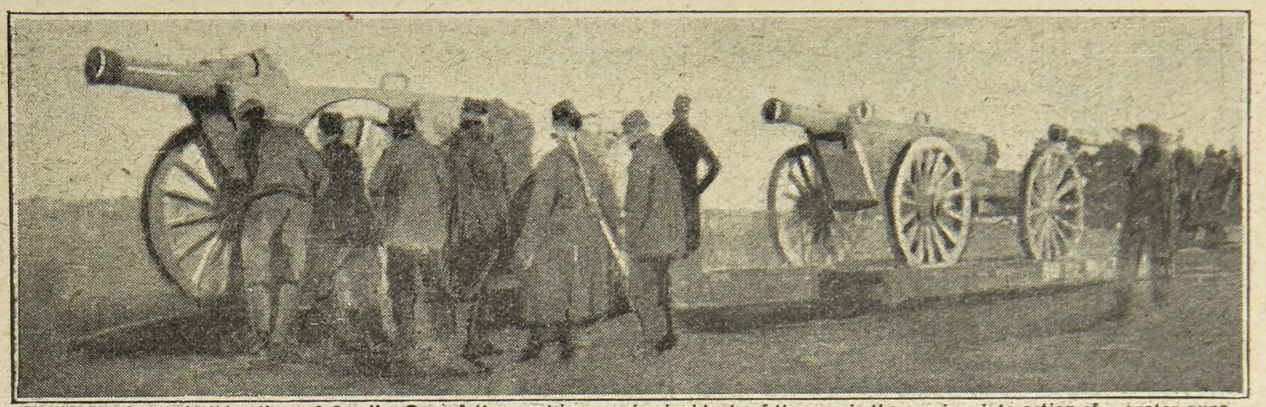


There are two classes of wire entanglements—high and low. On the left are high entanglements, the barbed-wire being fixed horizontally and diagonally to stout stakes. Low entanglements erected by the French at Craonne are seen on the right. In this case many yards of barbed-wire are stretched across a road. There are also sharp spikes driven up through wood.

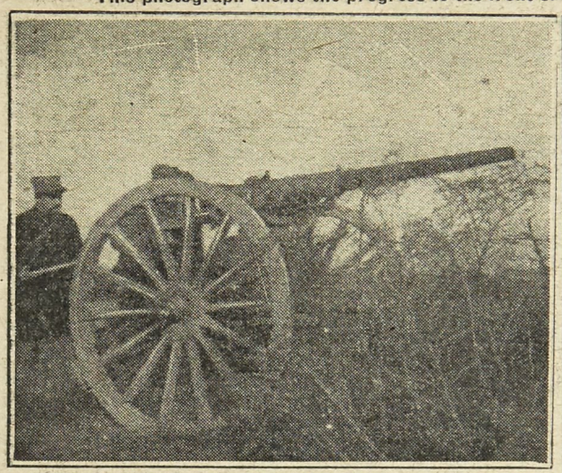


Russian barbed-wire in Poland. Two Germans killed whilst entangled. Although the most elaborate arrangement of wires can be demolished in a few moments by men using pliers, the work has to be done under almost point-blank fire, and costs many lives.

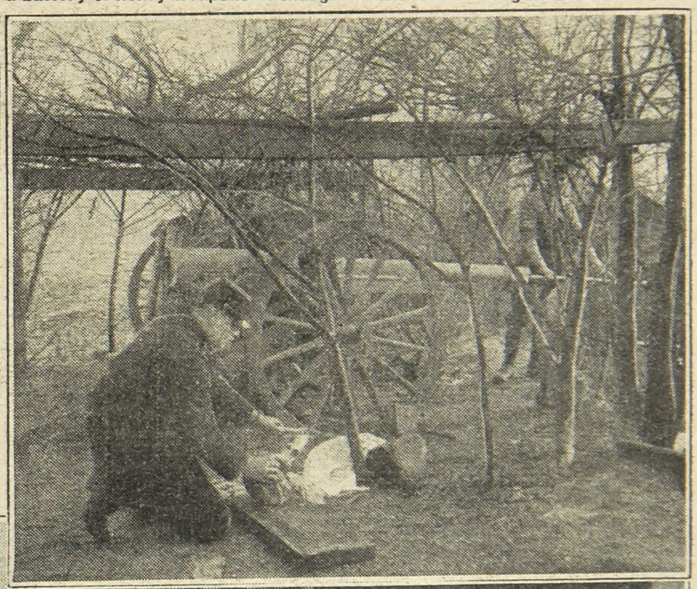
The Toilet of the "75". Other Guns in Action

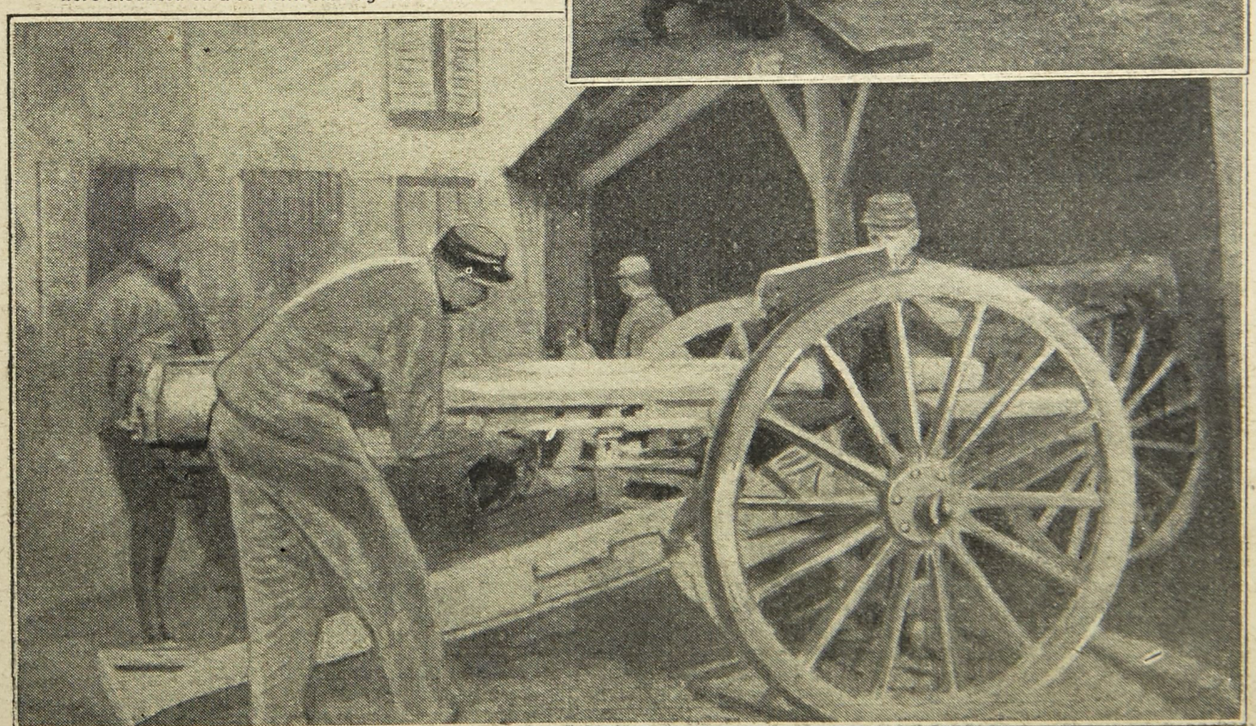


Rolling up for their "baptism of fire." One of the most impressive incidents of the war is the coming into action of monster guns. This photograph shows the progress to the front of a battery of heavy weapons in charge of some of our Belgian allies.



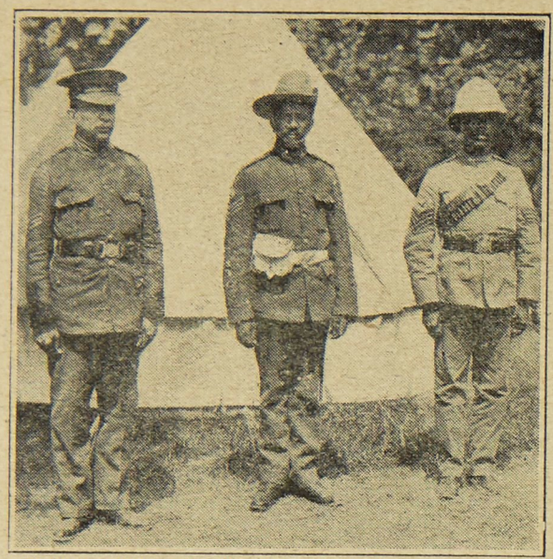
French gun of 47 mm., generally used in the Navy, but here mounted on a 90 mm. carriage for field use.





The mechanism of a gun, though of enormous resisting power, is delicate to a degree—especially in the "75's"—and the least inattention is liable to throw it out of gear. The two last photographs on this page show the toilet of the "75" on the battlefield and in a French town. (These photographs all exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

New Patriots from Far Parts of the Old Empire

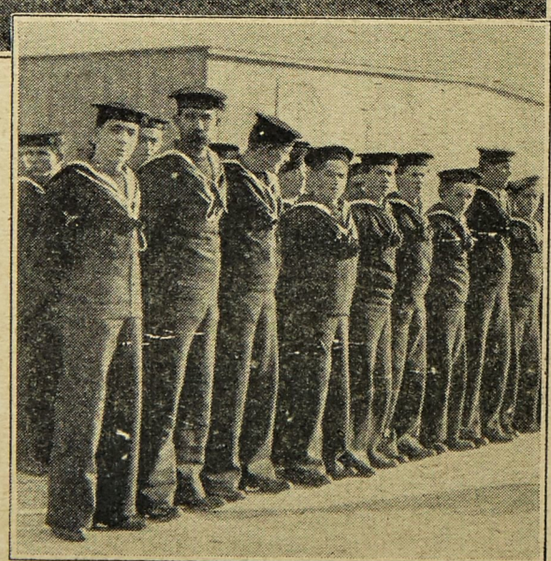


British native colonial soldiers who have volunteered for service under the old Flag. Left to right, representatives of British Guiana, Trinidad, and Barbadoes.

Sturdy Maoris of Auckland, New Zealand, who, it is understood, are on the way to Egypt to fight for the Empire. They are seen expressing their pleasure at the prospect by doing a war-dance.

Native troops of Fiji drilled by British officer. Formerly given to cannibalism, they are thoroughly reformed, many being Wesleyan Methodists!

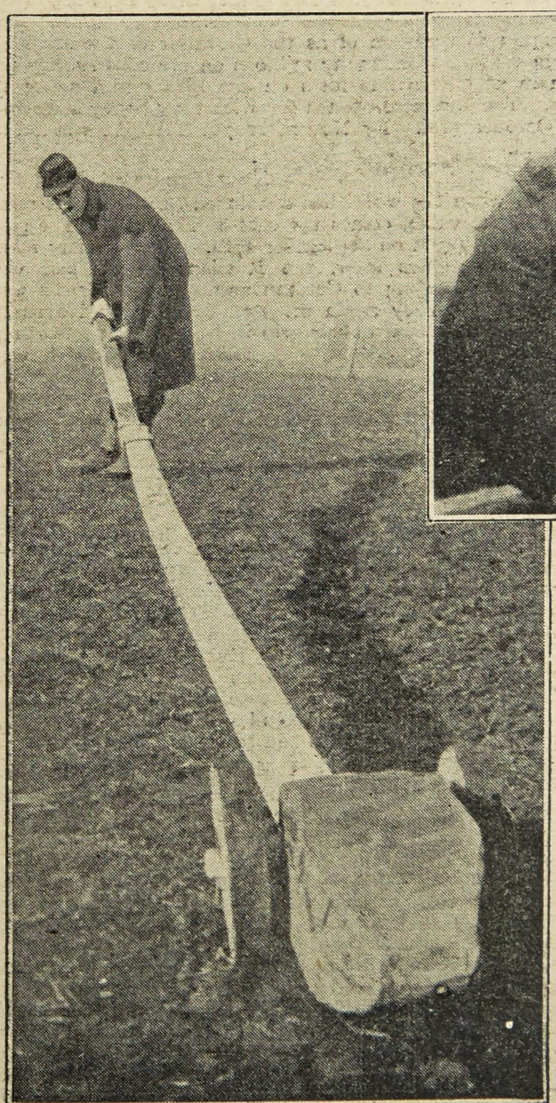
Patriotic corps of volunteers at Gibraltar, mobilised in the service of their King and Empire to hold the "Key of the Mediterranean" if attacked at any time.



A branch of the senior service from Britain's oldest colony. Naval reservists before leaving Newfoundland to serve in the Empire's cause.

Ancient Weapons revived for Modern Warfare

With the latest weapons devised by science those of bygone days are in use against the Germans. British with rifle grenades, and Mr. Marten-Hale, their inventor.



The revival of an ancient weapon. Catapult that is used by the French for hurling bombs into German trenches.

In ancient times a stone or arrow—now a bomb. This picture shows how it is fixed to the end of the modern catapult.

Another type of catapult. French soldiers about to send a bomb hurtling into a German trench which is only thirty yards away.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

ARMY doctors tell me that they find they have to learn to-day from almost forgotten books of twenty and thirty years ago in treating the victims of war. Old diseases of which they had no experience have come to the fore again, and old remedies, once regarded as hopelessly out of date, have been rediscovered. In the business of fighting, on the other hand, so far from going back to old ideas, we are finding to-day that the settled principles of even a year ago no longer held. We are learning a new art of war. New explosives, new guns, aerial reconnaissance, and submarines have revolutionised old ideas and plans. Then, when we think we have learned our new lesson, some fresh chain of facts comes up, and we have to start learning over again. The fall of Przemysl is an example of this. The one lesson driven home by the war over most of the field has been the uselessness of fortified positions to resist strong and determined attack. Yet Przemysl has succeeded in resisting the Russians for over four months. Why could this place hold out so long when Namur fell in a day and Antwerp in a week?

The French Theory of Defence

France built her theory of defence around the principle that an enemy could be held back by a chain of strongly protected positions while the nation was given time to mobilise and bring up its armies. The lines of eastern defence—Belfort, Epinal, Toul, and Verdun—was perfect.

There was a vast and intricate network of forts, trenches, and elaborate defences from Verdun to Toul, the direct point for a German advance, and Verdun itself had a ring of detached forts around it. Farther north there was the fortress of Maubeuge, facing Belgium. Paris itself was supposed to have learned the lesson of 1870, being regarded as one of the most strongly fortified positions.

Belgium, following the same theory as the French of defence by fortifications, slept secure, confident in her three strong points—Liège, Namur, and Antwerp—which it was considered even the most eager German general could not capture and would not dare to leave behind. Antwerp, in particular, was supposed to require half a million men and a six months' siege before it could be taken.

Fortifications *versus* Men

All of this may sound very absurd to-day in face of our knowledge gained by experience, but it did not sound absurd then. The example of previous wars could be quoted in defence of this position. Plevna resisted for one hundred and forty-three days, and then only fell through hunger. Port Arthur stood out for over five months against one of the most impetuous and brave of enemies. The advocates of fortifications knew, of course, that a besieged position, unrelieved from outside and unsupported by a strong field army, must eventually surrender. That is an axiom of war. But they held that fortresses would keep an enemy back for a long time. The usual estimate was that it would require at least one hundred and twenty days for an army very much superior in numbers to reduce a modern, properly-prepared position.

The German Theory of Attack

Against this French theory of a nation defending itself by holding the enemy back, we had the German theory of being always ready for war, and immediately and overwhelmingly advancing and attacking when war was declared. German military experts held that in the race between guns and fortresses guns had won, and they made no secret of their belief. Everyone with any knowledge of military matters knew seven years ago the German claim that their new howitzer would enable them, by the destruction wrought by its fire, to rush any position, however strongly prepared, within a few days. Unfortunately, most of us did not give sufficient value to the German claim. Up to now the German theory has proved right.

Six great fortresses—apart from the fortified position on the Dardanelles—have been besieged since the beginning of the war, four by the enemy and two by the Allies. In every case the result has been the same. Liège fell a few days after the German 17 in. howitzers opened their fire upon it, the chain of strong forts crumbling like paper castles before the bursting shells. The defence of Namur was a matter of hours in place of months. Maubeuge, from which the French hoped much, checked the German advance no more than a great rock on the beach checks the advance of the sea. The Belgians had weeks, after the outbreak of the war, to perfect the defences of Antwerp, a city often spoken of as the strongest in Europe.

The land was swept for many miles in front of the forts, and every approach covered with mines, pits, wire entanglements, and a multitude of devices to slay an advancing enemy. The Germans brought up guns with a longer range than those of Antwerp, placed them in safe positions, and shelled the city into surrender in a few days, with comparatively small loss. The defences of Paris were found to be so feeble that had General Pau's army failed in its attack on the flanks of the oncoming Germans, Paris would probably have surrendered within a very short time. Tsingtau was spoken of as the Gibraltar of the Far East. Germany had spent many millions on the construction and armament of the fine forts on the hills commanding the city. The Japanese opened fire with their heavy siege-guns on October 31st. By November 7th Tsingtau was forced to yield.

How Przemysl Held Out

Now, when the world has convinced itself that fortresses are of little value, comes the case of Przemysl. The siege of this city began on September 27th. It was partly raised twenty-three days later, the Russians having lost very heavily. According to German accounts their losses were 70,000 men. They again invested the city on November 12th, and maintained their grip in spite of all sorties from the inside and of attempts at relief from without, until March 21st. The Hungarian forces under General Kuzmanek thus held their ground for four months and nine days, a feat worthy of high praise. They are a brave enemy who have done well, who, according to all accounts, have fought fairly and chivalrously, and whom we gladly honour.

There are several reasons why the Hungarians were able to keep the Russians back for so long. They had positions of great natural strength, Przemysl being partly surrounded by practically impregnable mountain ranges. The defenders had good artillery, and in the early days of the siege their guns and howitzers were apparently better than those of the Russians. They had a splendid system of aeroplane reconnaissance which enabled them to discover the approaches of the Russians. But once the Russians got their heavy siege-guns into position, operating against the weaker sides of the defences to the north-east and the east of the town, the end was certain. Fort after fort fell, and Przemysl soon had to yield.

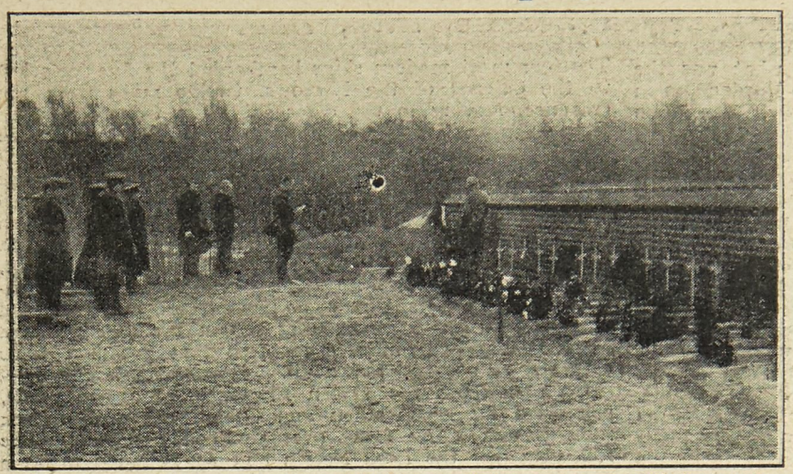
The Next Move in the Dardanelles

We have not yet reached the most difficult part of our work in the Dardanelles. The forts that await us a little further on are well known to be the most formidable points in the defences of these narrow waters.

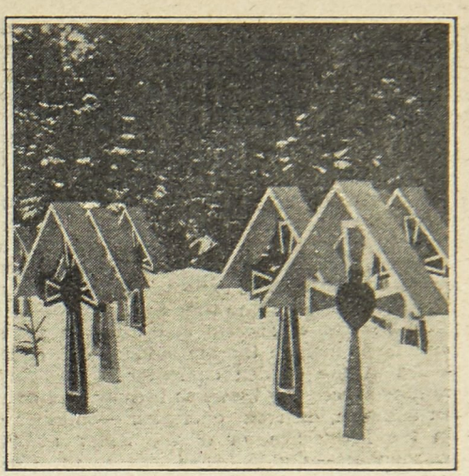
It is almost certain to be necessary to land a strong force to co-operate with the Navy, and if this has not already taken place I shall be very much surprised if it does not follow in the immediate future. The allied expeditionary army will have to be a strong one. The Turks are certain to have concentrated very large forces around this part, and the Allies will have to attack elaborate fortifications.

Enver Pasha's German advisers have had ample time to lay their plans. They would be mad if they did not fight with every resource at their command. Those who count on an immediate forcing of the Dardanelles are exceedingly optimistic.

Friends and Foes pay Tribute to their Fallen



Mounds of earth in rows, and marked by rough-hewn crosses, with here and there some wild flowers—these form the shrines where Britain's heroes sleep. A soldier's funeral in the cemetery of heroes.



"Iron Crosses" won in death. Novel memorials marking the graves of German soldiers who have fallen for their Fatherland and Kaiser.

"Eyes, look your last!" This Serbian father, mother, and daughter have given their loved one for the cause of honour, and kiss the cross that marks his grave.

Britons and Frenchmen paying tribute to their fallen comrades, with the Flag that stands for all that we hold dear. Graves of some of the British soldiers who fell on the Marne.

A lonely grave in the snow-clad fields of Poland, none the less pathetic because it is that of an enemy soldier who has been called by "this fell sergeant, Death." This photograph, showing an Austrian officer visiting the grave of his comrade, tells a story better than could any words. "There are some things," wrote Meredith, "that language is too gross for."

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

MANY people must have been asking what was the reason of the bombardments of the Dardanelles in the early days of the war with Turkey. The Allies had certain information in their possession which told them that it was of vital moment to force the Dardanelles. It follows that we should have acted for some time as if the Dardanelles was quite outside our plans, since in our discretion we had settled to wait until the naval situation was even more secure in home waters; the invasion of Egypt was "scotched," and the Goeben had ceased to be a menace to a Russian expeditionary force by sea. All these things happened some time ago.

The secret of success in operations against the shore—and these include the amphibious one of landing an army—lies in the sudden character of the first blow, and in raining succeeding blows as heavily and quickly as possible. In addition, different operations—whether of the Russians in the Black Sea, or of the Allies at Smyrna and the Dardanelles—should take place as simultaneously as possible. One cannot detect all this in the news since the first genuine operations commenced, though much apparent confusion may be due to the initial political error of a belief that Greece would send 50,000 men.

Vital Operations Wait for Hydroplanes

In the purely naval operations we seem to have had phenomenal bad luck in the weather; but that appears to have been largely due to seeking the particular kind of weather for hydroplanes to watch indirect fire over the land in order to direct it on to a target which cannot be seen from the ship. The result has been delays which have enabled defensive plans to be perfected and damaged forts to be repaired and brought into action again. Inventions should be the servants and not the masters of strategy.

As a straw which shows the way the wind blows, let me take the very plucky exploit of H.M.S. Amethyst on March 7th, and assume that her losses were incurred, as stated in the Press, for the sole purpose of cutting a telegraph cable across the Narrows.

Such an exploit could only have a value of any kind if it was to be followed by an immediate bombardment. And why? Because an ordinary mining cable, or any old repaired armoured cable, would serve perfectly well for telephones or telegraphs, and could be laid across the 1,400 yards of the Narrows in from one to two hours. As a matter of fact, some days elapsed before naval operations were resumed, so that the mere cutting of a telegraph cable was a futile piece of work. The objective of the Amethyst, to be of value, must have been of assistance—commensurate with the cost—to subsequent operations.

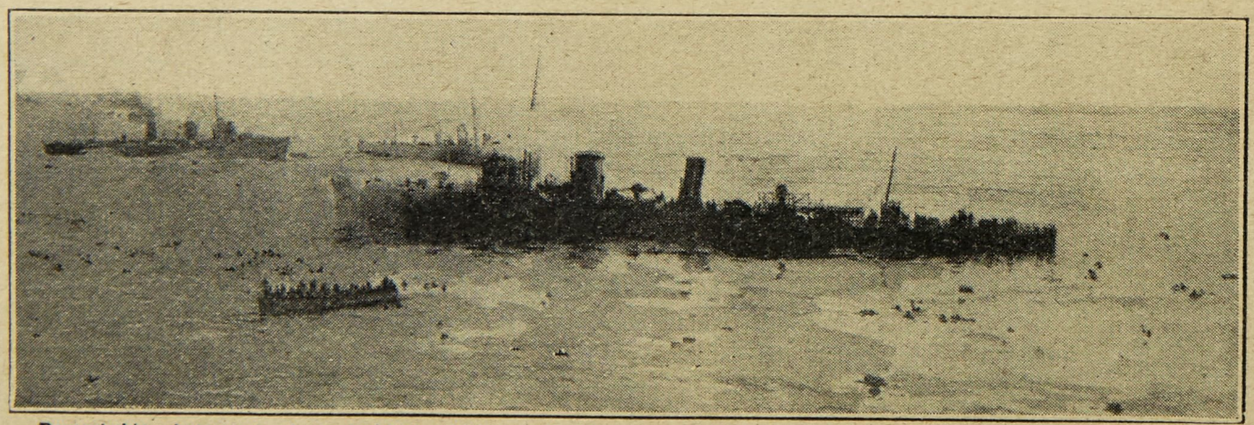
To understand the brief Admiralty statement of the operations on March 18th, a few details must be added. The four most modern ships bombarded the five forts left to the defence of the Narrows, twelve miles from the entrance, leaving to the older ships the three remaining forts defending water nine miles from the entrance. This shows that thirteen forts and batteries had been disposed of prior to this action, and that sixteen remained, apart from Army howitzers and mobile batteries. Of these sixteen, exactly half, or eight in all, were engaged on March 18th. Of the five forts bombarded by the Queen Elizabeth and her three consorts, J, L, T were on the European side, and U, V on the Asiatic side. In dealing with the armaments of these forts, it must be remembered that J, L, and T were bombarded by indirect fire in the first week in March, and the Admiralty reported that J and T were damaged and L had blown up.

On March 6th the Queen Elizabeth, at 21,000 yards, supported by Agamemnon and Ocean, began to attack forts U and V by firing over Gallipoli Peninsula. The following day the Lord Nelson and Agamemnon made a direct attack at 14,000 to 12,000 yards range on J on the European and U on the Asiatic side, and both were silenced after heavy bombardment. Explosions occurred in both forts. Fort L has not fired since the explosion on the 5th. Nevertheless, we find J, L, T, U, and V all taking part on March 18th—or eleven days later. Repairs must then have been effected, and magazines replenished at the expense of other forts, or guns have been taken from the Turkish ships and the Goeben. As regards the Goeben's heavy guns, I do not think the feat was possible in the time.

Guarding against Drifting Mines

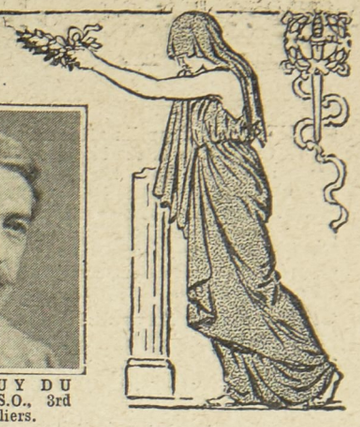
The Bouvet was destroyed by a drifting mine when going out. The thirty-six-fathom sounding mentioned north of Aren Kioi village reveals from the chart that the French must have fought inside 6,000 yards. There was probably a connection between the appearance of the Turkish ship in the Narrows and the drifting mines which destroyed the Bouvet about two o'clock, the Irresistible nearly two hours later, and the Ocean just after six o'clock.

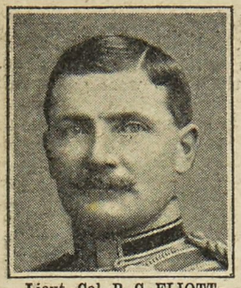
I must confess that though from the first it was obvious that drifting mines would be employed, I have never thought them a danger that could not be guarded against. Unlike the anchored mines, some fifteen to forty feet below the surface, which can only be seen with the assistance of hydroplanes, the drifting mine can be seen in daylight, unless the vision is obscured by fog or smoke. I feared that the time given to preparation would lead to the Whitehead torpedo-tubes being landed from ships and concealed submerged positions prepared in parts not searched by the gun fire of the ships, such as the Straits of Gallipoli. Certain vessels, accompanied by destroyers, might rush to the Sea of Marmora in the night and establish a blockade.



Remarkable photograph of an incident which brands the German nation with immortal shame. After an action in the North Sea, in which a German warship was sunk, British sailors, obeying the promptings of humanity, attempted to rescue their foes. The destroyers had, however, to abandon their task owing to cowardly German aviators dropping bombs on their drowning comrades and rescuers alike, with callous indifference to all laws and to all humane instincts.

The Toll of Britain's Bravest

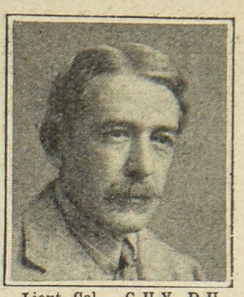




Lieut.-Col. P. C. ELIOTT-LOCKHART, D.S.O., 59th Scinde Rifles.

Lieut.-Col. WILFRID MARRYAT BLISS, the Cameronians (Scot. Rifles).

Lieut.-Col. LAURENCE ROWE FISHER-ROWE, Grenadier Guards.

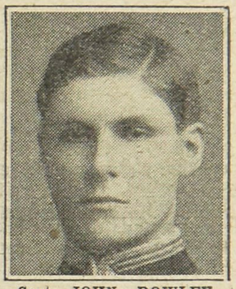


Lieut.-Col. GUY DU MAURIER, D.S.O., 3rd Royal Fusiliers.

Major C. [illegible], D.S.O., King's Own Scottish Borderers.

Major FRANCIS GRAHAM RICHARDS, R.A.M.C.

Capt. E. M. GRANTHAM, 1st Lincoln Regiment



Capt. JOHN ROWLEY LUNELL HEYLAND, 9th Gurkha Rifles.

Capt. Lord BRABOURNE, Grenadier Guards.

Capt. CHARLES EDMUND WOOD, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Lieut.-Col. Percy Clare Eliott-Lockhart, D.S.O., late Q.V.O. Corps of Guides, commanded the 59th Scinde Rifles, Frontier Force, in Flanders, and died of wounds. Lieut.-Col. Laurence Rowe Fisher-Rowe, Grenadier Guards, served through the Boer War, was mentioned in despatches, received the Queen's Medal with six clasps, and the King's Medal with two.

Lieutenant-Colonel Guy du Maurier, D.S.O., 3rd Royal Fusiliers, became suddenly famous as a dramatist by his three-act play, "An Englishman's Home," produced at Wyndham's in January, 1909. His only known previous work was a comedietta, "Charles I. and II.," produced at St. George's Hall about eight years earlier. He was the brother of Mr. Gerald du Maurier, and an amateur actor of repute.

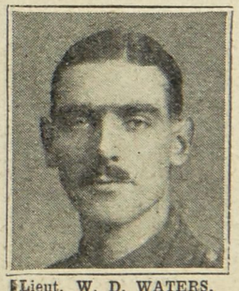
Captain E. M. Grantham, 1st Lincolns, was killed by a shell that dropped into a dug-out in which he was sitting. Some of his men wept when they found him dead. Captain John Rowley Lunell Heyland, 9th Gurkha Rifles, was killed near Neuve Chapelle; he was the eldest of four brothers serving with the Army, two of whom have been wounded. Captain Lord Brabourne, Grenadier Guards, was the third Baron Brabourne, succeeding to the title in 1909. Captain the Hon. George Henry Douglas-Pennant was the son of the second Lord Penrhyn. He entered the Grenadier Guards in 1897, and served through the Boer War. He was a noted sportsman. Captain Sir Edward Hamilton Westrow Hulse was the seventh baronet, and a grandson of Lord Burnham.

Capt. the Hon. GEORGE DOUGLAS-PENNANT, Grenadier Guards.

Lieut. ROGER CHAS. NOEL BELLINGHAM, R.F.A.

Lieut. J. C. TYNDALL, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Capt. Sir EDWARD H. W. HULSE, Bart., Scots Gds.



Lieut. W. D. WATERS, Sherwood Foresters.

Lieut. F. A. H. CASTBERG, 2nd Middlesex Regiment.

Sec.-Lieut. R. G. R. HOGAN, Royal Berks Regt

Sec.-Lieut. A. C. FOSTER, Grenadier Guards.

Lieut. ERIC GILBEY, Rifle Brigade.

Sec.-Lieut. C. F. BURNAND, Grenadier Guards.

Sec.-Lieut C. R. G. VANCE, Cheshire Regt.

Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Lambert Weston, Barratt, Russell, Downey, Chancellor, Heath, Swaine.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

THE recent Zeppelin attack on Paris seems rather to confirm the futility of the big airships to which I referred recently, and must have been something of a disappointment to believers in the "lighter-than-air" craft; for, be it remembered, your true enthusiast for any arm likes to see it succeed, even at his own expense. Our own airship officers, who believe faithfully in their own craft, would, I feel sure, like to see the big ships have some sort of success, provided it did not hurt us or our friends too much.

Object of the Zeppelin Raids

However, judging from all accounts, it seems that the lack of success in the Paris raid was due rather to the Zeppelin crews being afraid to take any serious risk of being brought down. It appears that there was a west wind blowing at the time, and the two ships which reached Paris came round the north-west of the city over to St. Germain, and here they turned to the east and hurried down wind across Paris, the obvious object being to drop their bombs on the factory districts of Levallois-Perret, Neuilly, and Clichy, which are all western suburbs. In these districts one finds most of the big motor works and general engineering shops, where, of course, everyone is busy turning out war material of some sort or other. The big armament firms like the Schneider gunworks at Creusot, are some distance from Paris, but otherwise the places named are rather like Woolwich, Greenwich, and Dartford. So it is quite natural that the attack should have been made there rather than on any other part of Paris, for if any serious damage had been done it would have been certain to delay deliveries of some material or other needed by the French Army.

Apparently, however, either the wind was stronger than the Zeppelin commanders expected, and carried the ships rapidly over the doomed suburbs, or else these officers were afraid to turn their ships head to wind and remain stationary over one spot to get a perfectly certain shot at it—which is the great advantage that an airship has over an aeroplane, that can seldom fly slowly enough to keep exactly still in relation to the ground. Anyhow, it is certain that they passed quickly from west to east and disappeared—so quickly, in fact, that none of the anti-aircraft guns got a fair shot at them.

It is said that the searchlights only managed to keep them in view for a few moments at a time, which rather suggests badly-worked searchlights, for a Zeppelin does not manœuvre so handily that it can dodge out of the beam of a searchlight without it being possible for the beam to follow its movements. The only other explanation is that the ships were going full steam ahead straight down wind and, consequently, were moving so fast that they simply ran out of range of the beams, dropping their bombs as they raced over their objectives, which is exactly what they would do if they were to avoid being hit.

From this one may deduce that their real object was to scare Paris and do some damage if possible, but to take no risks either from guns on the ground or from aeroplanes above; and that they hoped to take Paris by surprise, and so hurried over their job so as not to give the aeroplanes, of which a certain number are detailed for the defence of the capital, a chance of starting out to catch them.

However, warning had been given of their coming when they were as far north as Compiègne, and the aeroplanes were there to meet them, though apparently they nearly all missed seeing the Zeppelins in the darkness.

How Aeroplanes should attack Airships

Apparently they dropped nearly all their bombs in the manufacturing suburbs, for only two or three in all were dropped in Paris proper. Taking it all round, the raid may be written down a fiasco, for the net amount of damage done was very slight, and not to be compared with that done at Calais, where the former of the two recent raids resulted in serious damage to a railway line outside the town, and the latter made a mess of the railway-station in the town itself. At Calais, I am told, the Zeppelins worked much more slowly, and actually stood immovable for an appreciable time over their marks.

How much truth there is in the story I cannot say, but it is rumoured that not very long ago one Zeppelin shot down two French aeroplanes which went up to attack it. If so, the big airships are not quite such helpless monsters as we have been led to believe, though it is also clear, if the story is true, that the aeroplane pilots must have been needlessly reckless to let themselves be lured within the range of the Zeppelin's machine-guns. The only safe way for an aeroplane to attack a Zeppelin is to get well above it and drop hand grenades or petrol bombs on to it. There is no sense in firing at it with a machine-gun such as an aeroplane could carry, for it would take thousands upon thousands of bullets to make enough holes to sink the ship, and the only chance would be to hit the petrol tank.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS FROM MARCH 18th TO MARCH 23rd.

MAR. 18.—French Staff report further progress by Belgian Army on the Yser.

Appreciable gains made by French in Champagne and trenches taken in the Consenvoye wood, north of Verdun.

Zeppelin attack on Calais, seven people killed.

First neutral vessel arrested by British cordon of cruisers under the Order-in-Council—the Swedish steamer Geheland, laden with cargo of provisions, alleged to be consigned to a German port.

Secretary of State for India publishes evidence of German intrigues in Persia and Afghanistan.

Fresh Russian invasion of Prussia. On the right bank of the Niemen battles raging near Tauroggen, and on German territory, on the roads from Garzda (on the frontier) to Memel.

Battle of the Narrows. An action between the combined squadrons of Great Britain and France and the great fortresses of the Narrows in the Dardanelles fought. Great damage to forts done, four of them silenced. Three vessels of Allied Fleet sunk by drifting mines—Irresistible and Ocean, of British Fleet, and the Bouvet, of the French squadron; British casualties not heavy, but practically whole of crew of the Bouvet lost with ship.

MAR. 19.—**Fighting in Forest of Consenvoye.** French repulsed German counter-attack, and maintained ground gained on 18th.

Reported that Russians have occupied Memel, seaport in Northern Prussia.

Officially confirmed that Russian Black Sea Squadron has approached the northern end of the Bosphorus, and that its arrival has caused a great panic in Constantinople.

MAR. 20.—Admiralty announce that there is every reason to believe that German light cruiser Karlsruhe was sunk in neighbourhood of the West Indies at the beginning of November.

German aeroplane appeared over Deal, and dropped bombs, which fell harmlessly into the sea.

New Chief of the General Staff. Announced that Lieut.-General Sir W. R. Robertson, who has done brilliant work as Quartermaster-General, appointed Chief of General Staff. Lieutenant-General R. C. Maxwell, who has been Inspector-General of Communications, becomes Quartermaster-General.

MAR. 21.—**Zeppelin Raid on Paris.** Four German airships visit Paris early in morning, a few bombs dropped upon the north-west district, but only cause trifling damage.

Vosges Heights lost. French Alpine Chasseurs lost the Great and Little Reichackerkopf. The second retaken and battle for recovery of first continuing.

Admiralty announced unfavourable weather interrupted operations in the Dardanelles, and that "power of the Fleet to dominate the fortresses by superiority of fire seems to be established." British casualties to date 61 killed, wounded, and missing.

Russians take 3,954 men of the Przemysl garrison, which made an unsuccessful sortie from that fortress.

Occupation of port of Memel notified officially by Russians.

Lord Kitchener's Grave Warning. At conclusion of review of troops at Liverpool, Lord Kitchener sent a letter to secretary of the Dock Labourers' Union, in which he stated: "I am surprised to find that there is a section among the dockers of Liverpool who still refuse to work overtime during the week and on Saturday. I feel sure that these men can hardly realise that their action in thus congesting the docks and delaying munitions of war and food required by our men at the front is having a very serious effect, and must be stopped. If this appeal has no effect," he added, "I will have to consider taking other steps."

MAR. 22.—**Fall of Przemysl.** The great Austrian fortress surrenders after a six months' siege to General Selivanoff. The prisoners numbered 126,000.

In the Argonne the French inflicted two severe reverses on the enemy. Near Bagatelle three German mines blown up, and a trench stormed and maintained. Five hundred yards from there, the Germans hurled back with very heavy losses.

Important speech by Sir Edward Grey on the origin and objects of the war. One essential condition of peace, he said, must be the restoration of Belgian freedom and reparation to her.

MAR. 23.—Russians withdraw from Memel.

Turk raid on Suez Canal. Turkish force 1,000 strong attacked and routed by a British detachment under Sir G. Younghusband.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

Elliott & Fry.

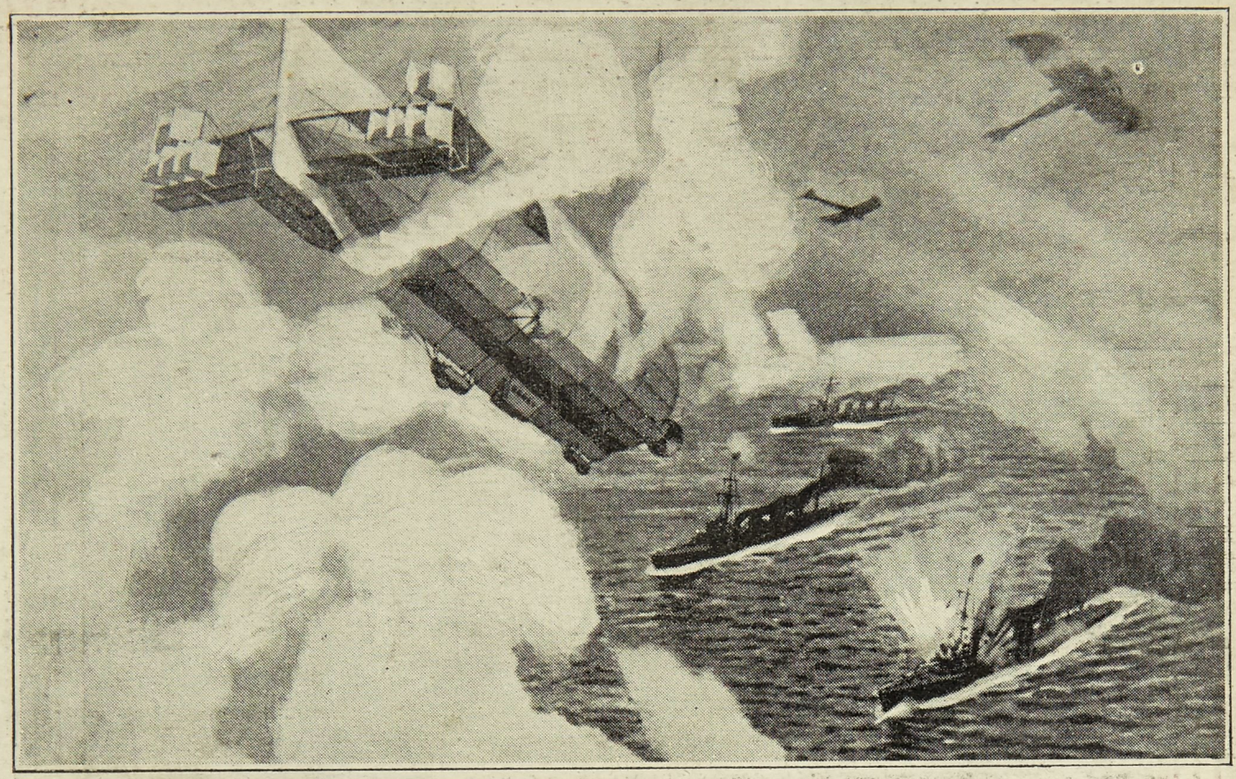
LIEUT.-GEN. SIR HENRY SEYMOUR RAWLINSON, C.B., C.V.O.

Commanding the 4th Army Corps, and leader of the brilliant attack on Neuve Chapelle

These pages, numbered with Roman numerals, may be included or omitted from the bound volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *as the subscriber prefers.*

THE WAR AS SEEN THROUGH GERMAN EYES

PICTURES FROM THE PORTFOLIOS OF ENEMY ARTISTS



The innocence of the average German is quite touching! Our top photograph (reproduced from a picture in a German journal) is what he believes took place in the North Sea recently. Beneath this picture was the title: "German airships and aeroplanes foiling an English attack on the Bight and damaging four torpedo-boat destroyers!" In fact the Zeppelins have done even less damage to our Fleet than they did to Paris last week. The Pirates of Potsdam are at last realising the gasbag's futility.

Huns always triumph with the greatest ease——in the pictures by their own war artists! These flights of artistic fancy are doubtless inspired by Germany's "liarless." This fantastic picture was drawn by the well-known German painter, Richard Aszmann. It purports to show a desperate fight in a birch plantation, near Limanova, between Hungarian Nadasde Hussars and Russian infantry. Of course, the latter were routed! There was no account of this "repulse" in Russian reports.

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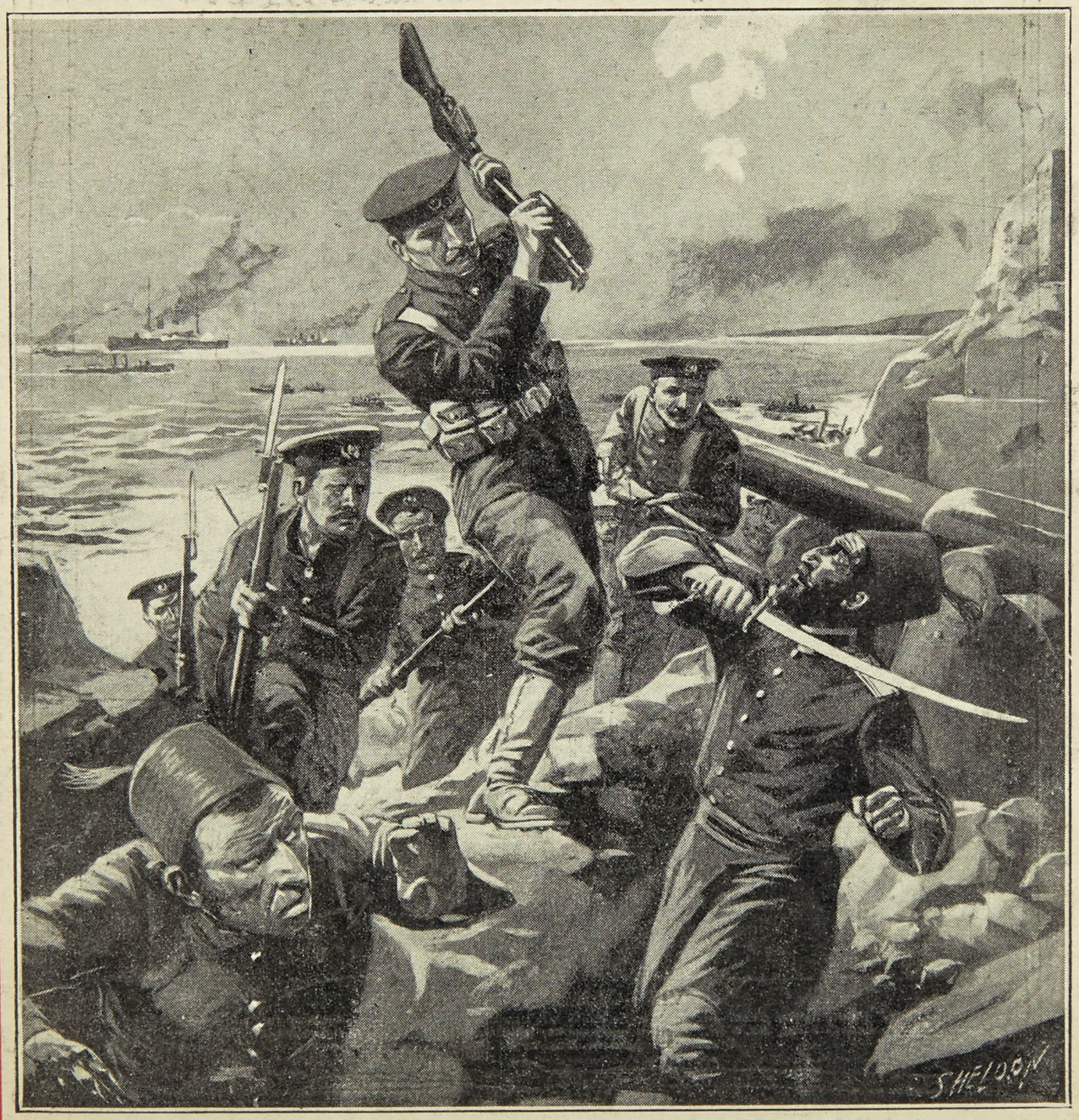
The War Illustrated, 10th April, 1915. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

Full of Exclusive Photos of Real War Scenes

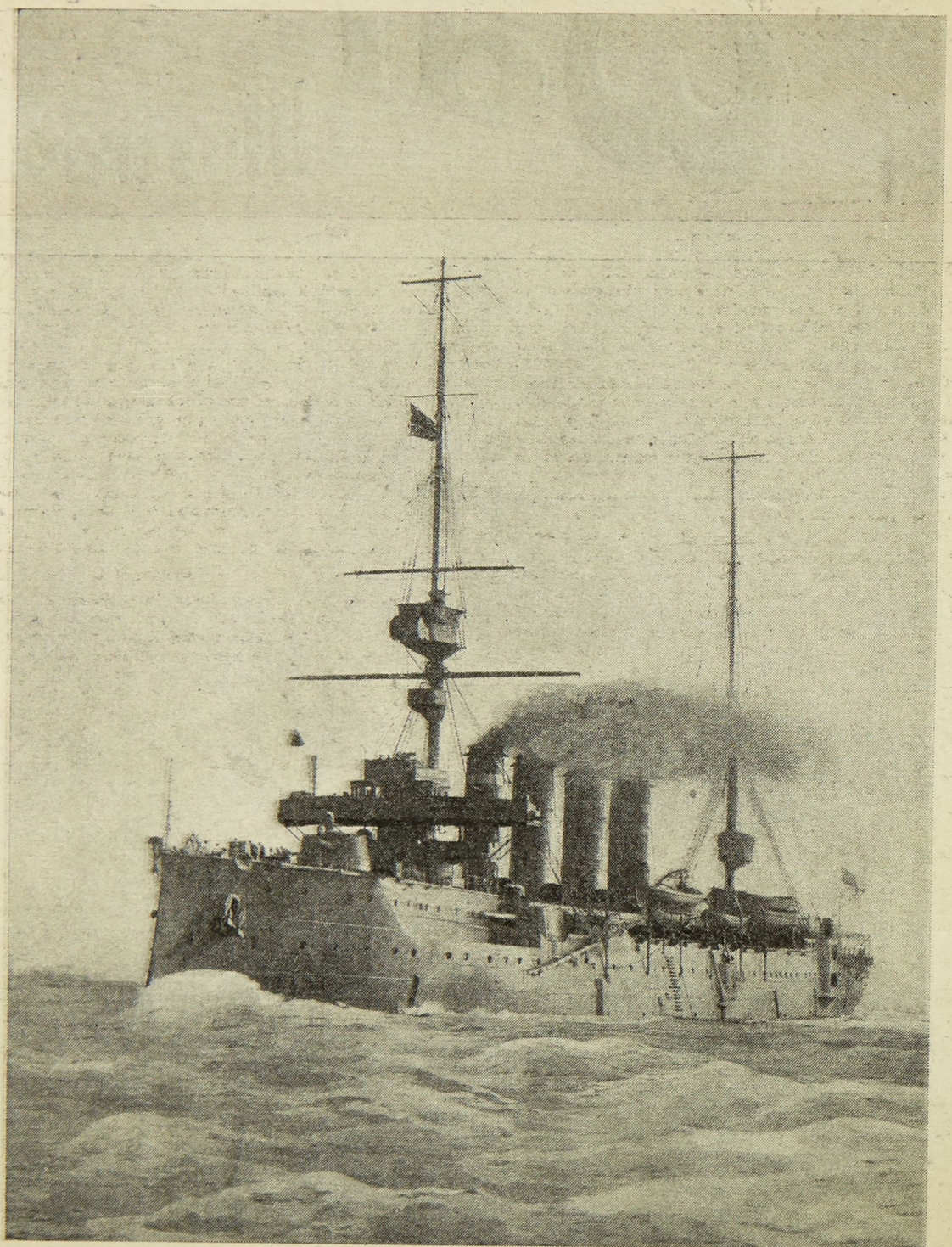
The War Illustrated

2d Weekly



Vol. 2 Our Amphibious Heroes : Gallant Marines do good work on the Shores of the Dardanelles **No. 34**

BRITAIN'S WATCH-DOGS OF THE DEEP



VIII.—H.M.S. HAMPSHIRE

Cruiser of the Devonshire class. Completed in 1905, she has a length of 450 ft., a displacement of 10,850 tons, and is armed with four 7·5 in., six 6 in., twenty 3-pounders, and two submerged torpedo-tubes. Her sister ships are Carnarvon, Antrim, Roxburgh, Argyll, and Devonshire.

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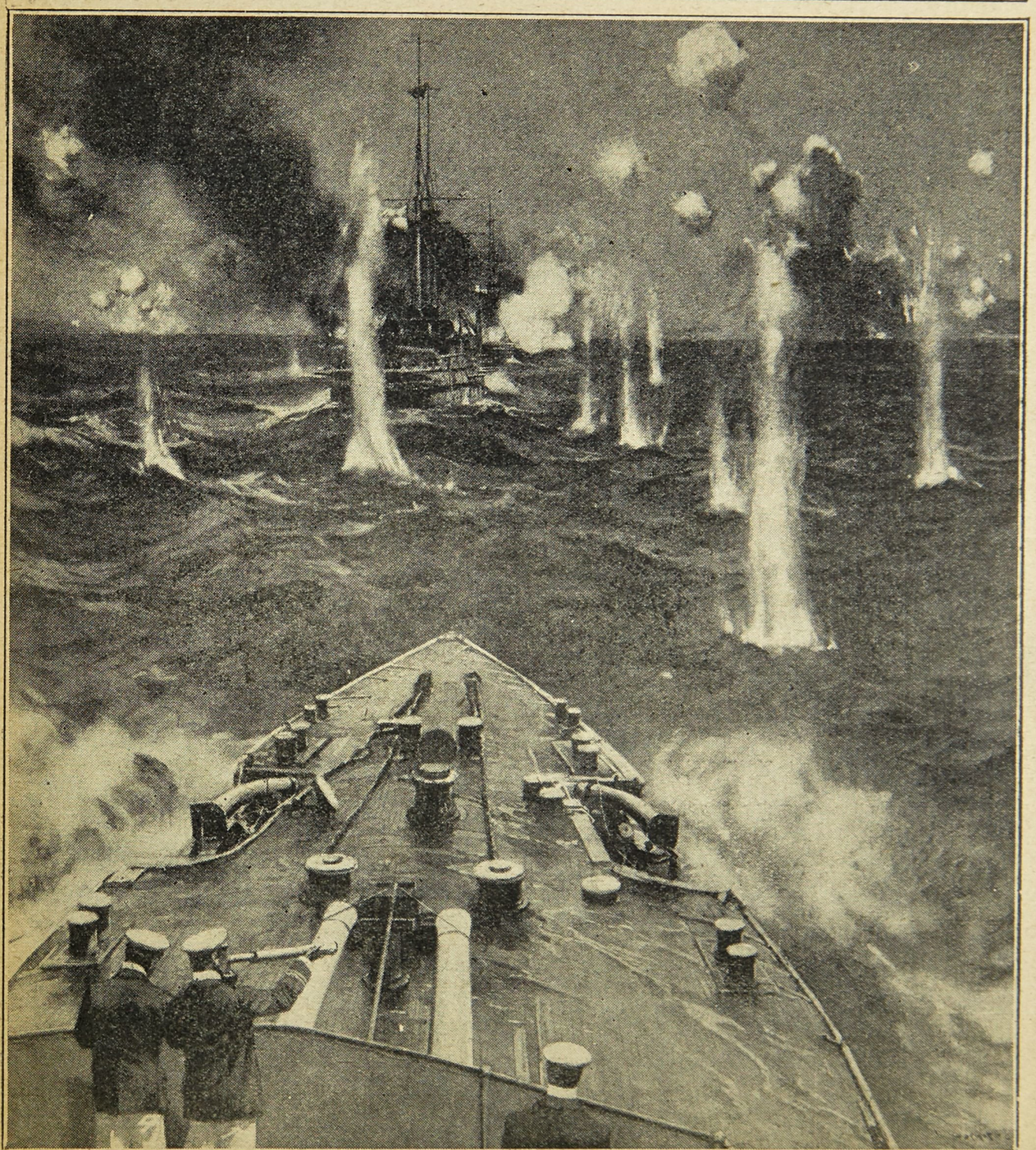
THE WAR Illustrated

No. 34. Vol. 2.
10th April, 1915

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton



FORCING THE SHELL-SWEPT PASSAGE OF THE NARROWS.—Though the work of the Allied Navies in the Dardanelles has several times been interrupted by bad weather, victory is only a question of time. The general belief is that when, or even before, the Allies enter the Sea of Marmora, the Turks will surrender. This illustration is a birdseye view of H.M.S. Triumph, which destroyed the forts at Smyrna, with another battleship ahead, moving up the Straits behind the mine-sweepers and under heavy shell fire. It is now understood that eight more ships are on their way to join the Allied Fleet

FIRST IMPRESSIONS UNDER FIRE

By an A.S.C. SERGEANT

"The War Illustrated" is pleased to be able to offer its readers the first of a series of exceptionally interesting contributions by a member of the Army Service Corps with our Expeditionary Army. They are the views of one who is daily playing his part in the greatest tragedy of the world's history. His thoughts on going into action; his feelings under fire; on being wounded; his comments and criticisms on the methods of warfare—all are set forth with impressive clarity. They are in fact the voice of an individual from the wilderness of war, and bring the realities of Armageddon home to us far more vividly than the official megaphone of Headquarters.

HERE, looking from the one undamaged window of the house where we are located, war seems very far away. A few green buds here and there are bringing the promise of another spring. The almond trees are throwing out clusters of pink blossom. A decrepit and shot-scarred oak seems to regard the buffeting of foe or season alike with stolid indifference. The lately frozen earth melts and moves under the influence of the rapidly growing sun. A yellow dandelion stars the greenness at irregular intervals. Life strains and heaves expectantly. Here, war seems very far away.

There—to the north and south, for mile after mile—men, with the most diabolical instruments yet invented, are doing one another to death every second of the day. Hour after hour great shells hurtle through miles of space to fall with mathematical precision on the desired spot. Hour after hour, in snow, mud, rain, and sleet, men sit patiently waiting in a hole in the ground to rend each other to death. All day long the rifle bullets zip!—zip! The great guns vomit flames, the shells scream through the air and fall with a crash that brings all the terrors of death before the mind. One can get used to the rifle bullet, to the boom of the distant gun, but the fear of the shell remains.

The Terror of the Shell

One is always very much surprised to find oneself alive after a shell has burst. There is an indescribable feeling of relief which no words can make apparent. A modern shell gives two distinct warnings of its approach. There is the high screaming note which denotes the forward movement of the missile—a peculiarly demoralising and terrifying sound. There is, too, a kind of "zooning," humming noise—like a million mad bees—caused, I understand, by the rotating of the shell at a terrific speed from the rifled barrel of the great guns. There is a crash like thunder! One can hear the bullets and fragments of the shell casing go "phit!—phit!" among the leaves. The smoke clears. You see a huge hole in the ground some fifty yards away. Round the edge of it a few figures lie still and motionless. An officer waves his sword; a body of men rise from the ground, race madly forward for ten—twenty—thirty yards. Again the shrill scream; the "zooning" noise. The men fling themselves on the earth as the shell falls almost in their midst. Crash! The earth seems to heave at the contact.

Waiting—for What?

You have been here two days; you have not seen a German yet. You have fired when you have been ordered to fire. You have waited patiently in the mud and the rain. It has all seemed very stupid. You came here to kill Germans. If this is a war, why are you not being used? Why are you not fighting?

It appears to you at times that a terrific mistake has been made. There are no Germans near; the Belgian and British have driven them back for miles from where you are—and you, and the others with you in this particular trench have been overlooked, been forgotten! Such things have happened. Mistakes—mistakes that cost lives—are being made all the time. There appears to be no method to the unit. Men are sent aimlessly here and there. A company is ordered to leave a trench and move forward for no apparent reason. Later it is ordered back to the trench it previously occupied. No action has taken place. No useful purpose has been served. What does it all mean?

Occasionally a fusillade of well-aimed shots comes from a totally unexpected direction—later you hear that the 10th Blankshires mistook your trench for a German one!

The waste of life is prodigal to the point of madness. No time or consideration can be given to the man who falls under fire. Where he is he must lie. The R.A.M.C. performs the impossible every minute of the day, the Red Cross nurses and the Red Cross vans are ever near at hand, the little field hospital behind the firing-line deals efficiently with every case brought in.

Yet, withal, the aimless cruelty of the whole thing makes one raise one's eyes to heaven and wonder!

The wounds, too, caused by shell and shrapnel are very terrible. The bullet—the rifle bullet—fired up to a mile or two usually passes right through a man, and "stops" him, without the wound necessarily being fatal or even hurtful. It is when the bullet or fragment of shell fails to pass through the body that the worst aspect of the matter arises. The "punch" is often far worse than the actual wound. It will be readily understood that in the case of a bullet or splinter of shell remaining in the body, the blow, or "punch" is equivalent to being hit at close quarters with several hundredweights of metal. This is the reason of so many deaths from shock. One may recover from the actual wound made by the bullet, but the shock of the "punch" has completely destroyed the nerves and brain.

Impregnability of the Trench

The trench is the most effective defence in modern warfare yet invented by the mind of man; but as a country-conquering asset it is absolutely valueless. It is fairly safe to say that if the Belgians had entrenched themselves, instead of relying on useless and expensive forts, the enemy would still be outside Liège. Nothing can move men from a properly-manned and efficiently-equipped trench. Nothing that is to say, but lack of courage. Big gun, small gun, rifle, or bayonet—the man in the trench can defend himself from all. For every move he has a counter; for every lead a trump card.

But he must stay in his trench. Therefore, for attack or invasion, he is comparatively innocuous.

One's blood boils at the insensate system and unspeakable stupidity that sends these lines of grey-blue coats against us. A mass of men suddenly appears, somewhat blurred to the eyesight at first, a mile or so away. At once hell is let loose upon the face of the earth. Big shells from the great guns fall in their midst, shrapnel from the quick-firers shower bullets over their heads, Maxims rain lead in a continuous stream, rifles from every trench and particle of cover burst into flame. The whole world has gone mad.

Exhilaration and Death

One suddenly discovers that one is yelling and swearing and howling for all one is worth. Nearer and nearer they approach, sadly depleted but unwavering. Nearer and nearer. The yelling and exhilaration of the last few minutes is replaced by something very different. Faces grow stern and set and cold. The men are taking careful aim now. Grey-coat after grey-coat pitches forward and lies still. The big guns have lost the range now, only the Maxims and the rifles are effective. The carnage is awful. One feels sick.

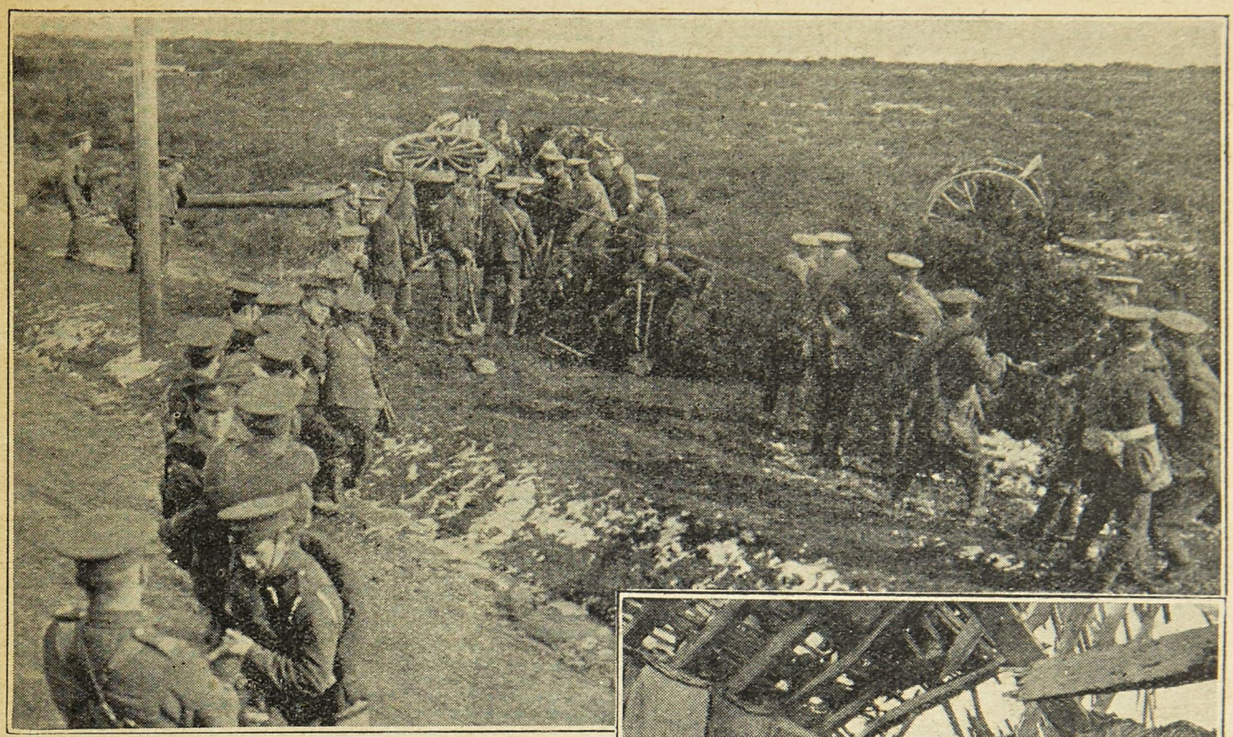
And then the line wavers. It turns a little, and great gaps and lanes are seen. There is much waving of arms at the back of the mass. There officers are exhorting and threatening. Again they face the bullet-swept prospect. Slowly, very slowly. It is a great stupid animal obeying the behest of one as stupid. We are afraid of this animal, but it is so stupid that we pity it.

Again the Maxims speak. Another clip of cartridges, and the bullets rattle out till the rifle grows too hot to hold.

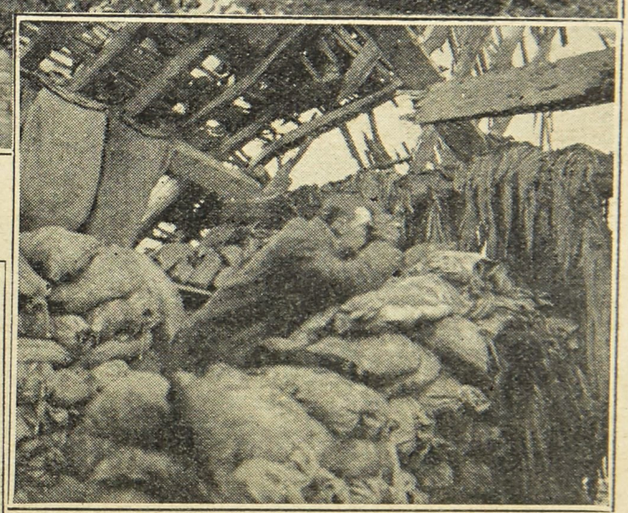
Flesh and blood can hold out no longer. Even stupidity—and the German is very stupid—breaks down before the awful avalanche of death it must face. They break and run—what is left of them. The movement was entirely futile. Why did they come out?

What did they come out to do?

The Tug of War and Some Individual Efforts



British soldiers hauling a heavy garrison gun into position. Recent despatches from General French and "Eye-Witness" have confirmed the Allies' ascendancy in artillery. Even the Germans themselves have admitted that the bombardment of Neuve Chapelle was unprecedented.

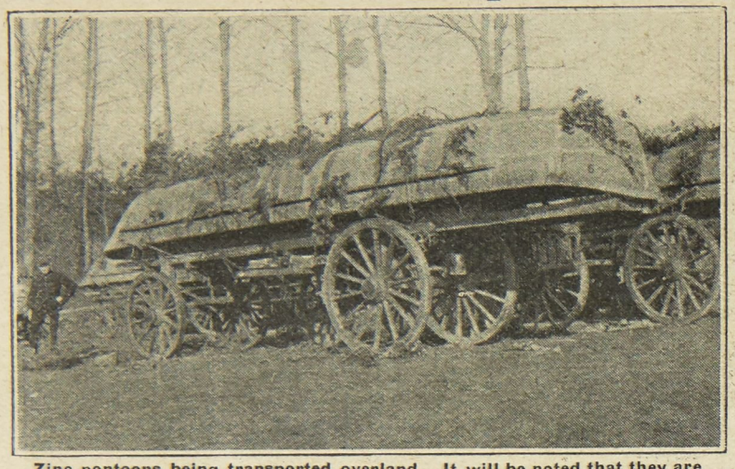


Lonely scout, surrounded by earth-sacks and hidden under the tottering shell-swept roof of a French farmhouse, keeps watch.

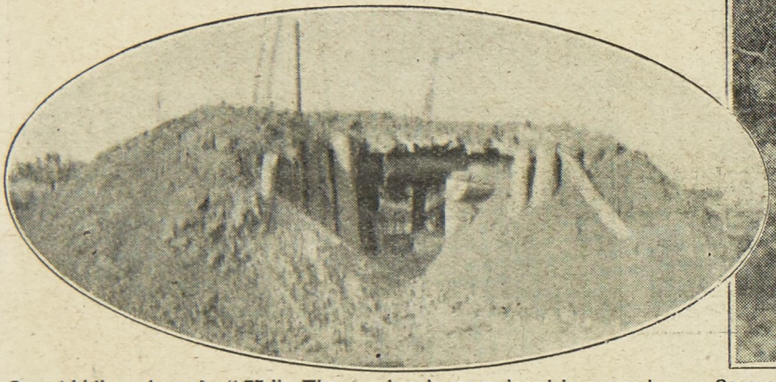
Vigil in a ruined chateau. Another sentry, rifle in hand, strains every nerve to catch sight or hear sound of the lurking foe.

Training the machine-gun on the enemy. British soldier in a first-line trench takes aim with a well-placed Maxim.

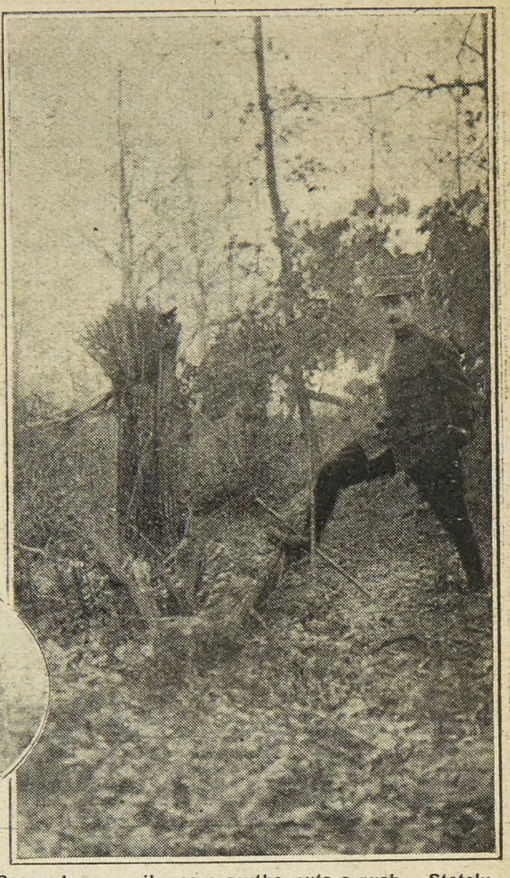
Our Camera Correspondents in the French Lines:



Zinc pontoons being transported overland. It will be noted that they are disguised from aircraft by twigs and dead leaves.



Secret hiding-place of a "75." The gun has been enclosed in a wooden shed covered with a sand-heap, through which the muzzle protrudes. Effective cover for a gun is an essential to successful artillery work.

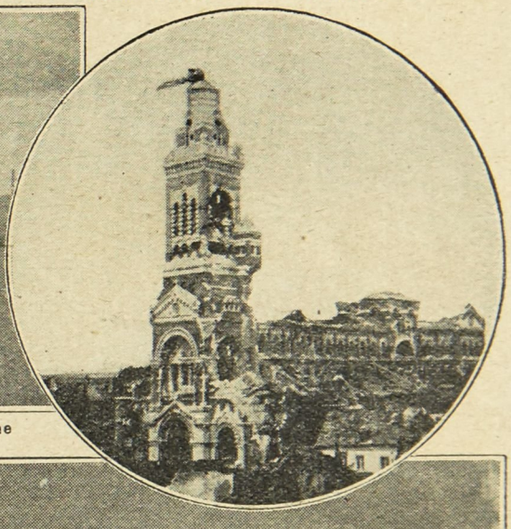


Severed as easily as a scythe cuts a rush. Stately oak, in a French forest, which has been sectioned by a German shell.

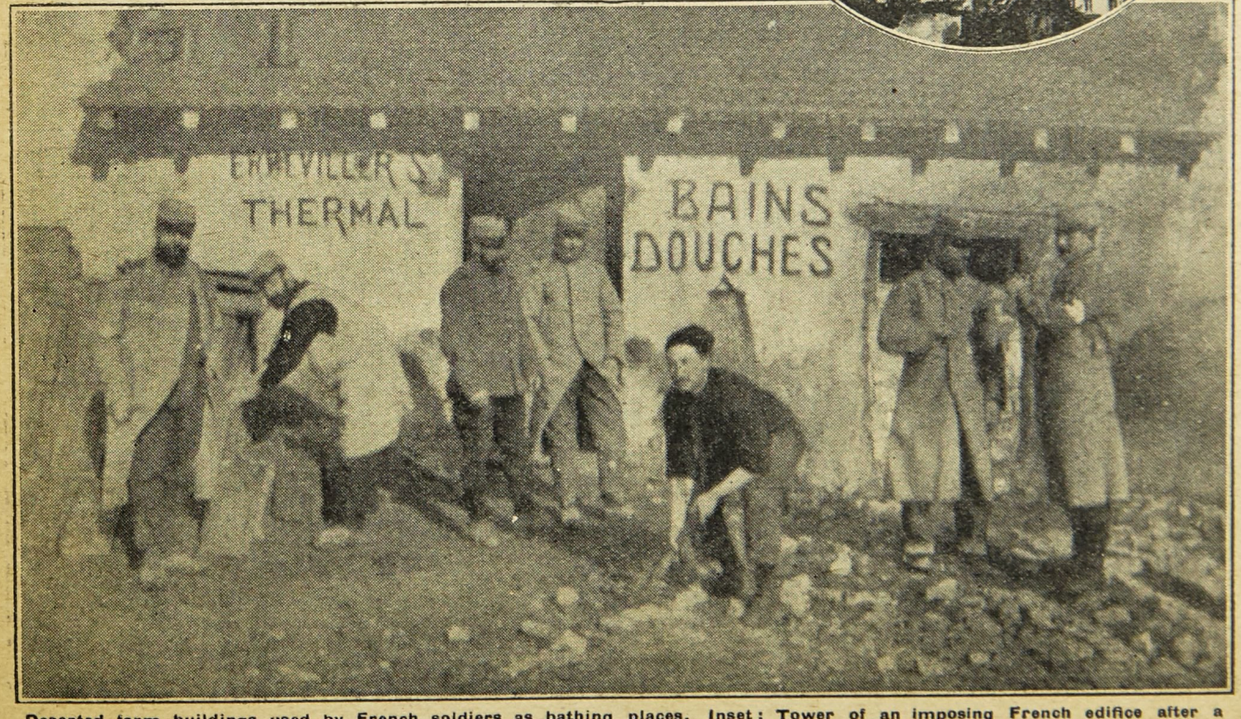
New French cannon of 155·5 mm., or a little over 6 inches. This is probably an answer to the German gun of similar calibre which has a range of six miles. It is fitted with wheel-pads, a detail necessary for the transport of these heavy weapons.

Unique Film-Records of the Daily Round of War

Inset: An innocent victim of German rifle fire! A hare found shot on a battlefield. After French provisions and munitions have been taken to a base by rail they are transported to the front in waggons that are drawn by mules.

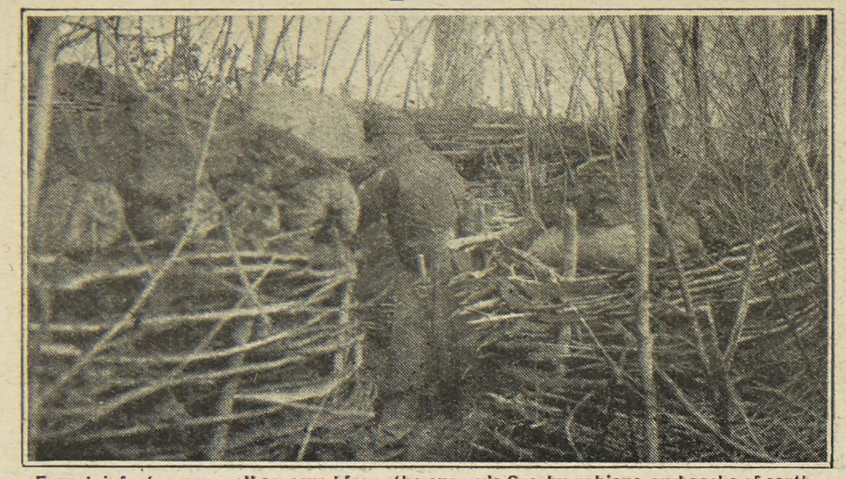


Mule transport in France. This photograph was taken under fire, for the mules, laden with food, are traversing an exposed position.



Deserted farm buildings used by French soldiers as bathing places. Inset: Tower of an imposing French edifice after a bombardment. (These photographs are exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

Sons of the Republic keep watch along the Aisne

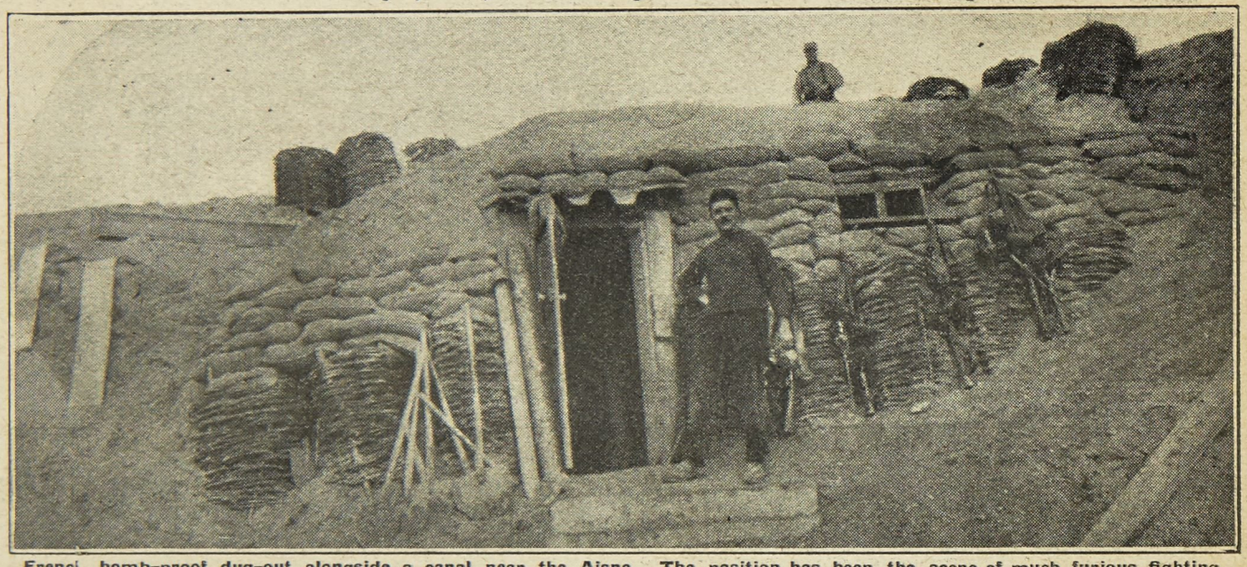


French infantryman well screened from the enemy's fire by gabions and sacks of earth. It will be noted that he is wearing top-boots, the trench being inundated.

IN some parts of the French line, notably the Aisne district, save for the risk of being struck by a stray bullet, life during the recent bad weather has been comparatively uneventful. The fact of the matter is that the two opposing forces have so strongly fortified their positions (it is now known that the Germans have solidified their trenches with concrete) that an advance would entail losses in men disproportionate to any possible gain.

As the spring advances and the ground hereabouts hardens with drier weather, the conditions will be more favourable to general forward movements on the part of the belligerents.

These photographs show various incidents in the life of French infantrymen holding the Aisne. During the slack days some of them have converted their crude dug-outs into what appear to be fairly comfortable quarters.



French bomb-proof dug-out alongside a canal near the Aisne. The position has been the scene of much furious fighting. Standing on the elevated ground is a sentinel on guard. Rifles of soldiers at lunch inside are seen piled against the shelter.

Some members of the 36th Regiment of French Infantry photographed while waiting to dine al fresco within a few hundred yards of the German trenches. The tables and chairs are constructed with wattles. ("The War Illustrated" exclusive photographs.)

The Kaiser's Huns in various Moods and Places

Soup being served to Germans at the Polish front. By dint of ruthless commandeering, which has meant starvation for the helpless peasantry, the Huns have managed to live well in Poland.

Snug dug-out in an elaborate German trench on the East Prussian front. The officers are seen at luncheon.

Before the war these caves, near Soissons, were the homes of peasants. Now the German soldiers use them as retreats for shells and bombs. Inset: Humane Huns! German soldiers feeding a puppy from a bottle in the hope that it will become a regimental mascot.

Peace and War Contrasts in the Lands of Conflict

The time is not yet ripe when men "shall beat their swords into ploughshares," but in the fair fields of France and Flanders strange contrasts are seen, depicting scenes of Peace with those of War. These photographs remind us of our English country-side; the above might be of a harvesting scene. It shows British soldiers cutting a new road in France.

The calm, contented oxen do not know friend from foe. Germans plundering a French farm and about to drive the oxen to slaughter.

Serbian peasant women have been very kind to wounded Austrians after retreats. Country-folk taking the disabled men to hospital.

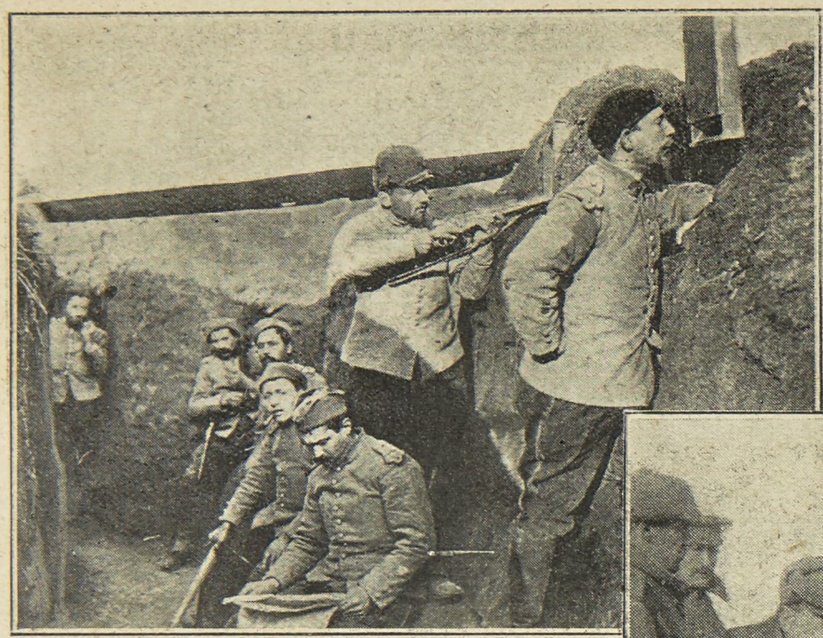
Peace and War. A striking contrast: A ploughman calmly tilling the soil in Northern France and a French armoured motor-car engaged in the sterner work of war. Military map in hand, the officer is surveying the country and watching keenly for signs of the enemy, while the gunner stands ready behind the machine-gun.

The Fateful Moment before the Charge

Dramatic moments just before the victorious British infantry attack at Neuve Chapelle. The soldiers, waiting anxiously to charge, were watching the bombardment. As the artillery fire grew hotter and hotter, and the time drew nearer for our men to rush forward to the bayonet assault, their excitement reached fever pitch. Some of them jumped up on the parapets, brandishing their rifles towards the Germans and shouting challenges and taunts, which were drowned in the roar of the guns.

On and off Duty in the First-line Trenches

MOST of us can have but a hazy idea of what it is really like to be in the trenches. These splendid photographs, especially the one below of a British trench, give an excellent idea of trench life. Here, side by side, are seen soldiers calmly fighting and resting, watching the foe, or cooking a meal. While one Frenchman reads his newspaper, another, within a few inches of him, is about to fire at a German; while the curly-headed British "Tommy" promptly takes aim at a head protruding from the German trench, a sergeant, pipe in mouth, unconcernedly cooks his bacon over the brazier fire. The details shown in the photograph below are specially fascinating. Note the cooking utensils, and how they are fixed to the wooden wall of the trench.



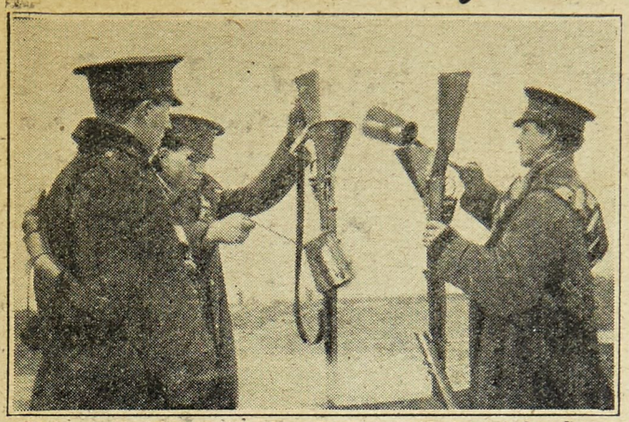
In a French first-line trench. While some of the soldiers are reading or resting their comrades are firing and watching.

German trench near the Yser. Cleaning up their cartridges, gentle work for a slack day.

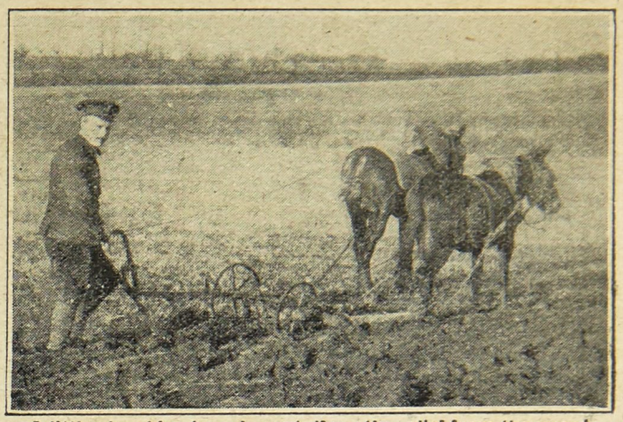
Whilst a "Tommy" is trying to "bag" an unsuspecting Hun in the opposite trench, the sergeant is more interested in his bacon.

Fighting and resting in a Russian trench in the eastern war area. Slav soldiers in Poland elaborately garbed against winter's cold.

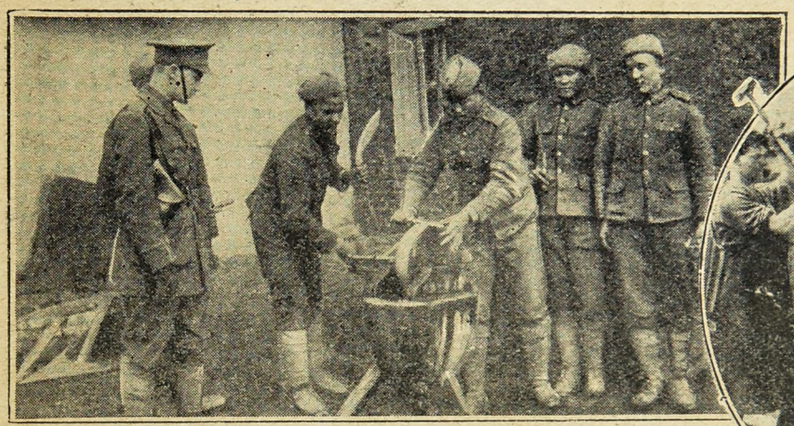
Atkins as "Handyman" while on Active Service



Giving their rifles a bath. In order to keep the barrels free from dust boiling water is run through them.



A little ploughing is a pleasant, if poetic, relief from the sword. Tommy is apparently equally efficient with both implements.



Kukris to grind. Soul-inspiring occupation on the part of Gurkhas, Inset: Brawny British blacksmiths working at a French village forge.

Destruction for the purpose of construction. British soldiers unroofing a house at the front, which somehow or other has escaped the inevitable bombardment, to make their dug-outs waterproof with the tiles.

Dummies! Simple Ruse to mislead Enemy Airmen

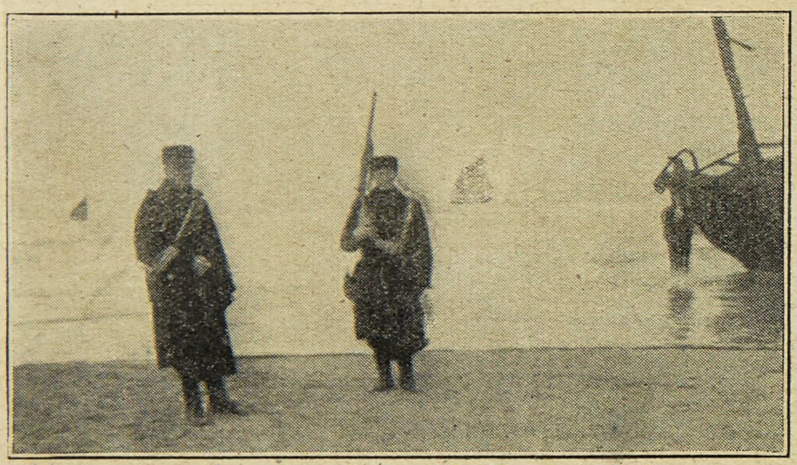
Of the innumerable tricks in use in this war, probably the most popular is the use of dummy men and guns. These are placed in a position where they can easily be seen by hostile airmen, who, not daring to fly sufficiently low to detect such ruses, give misleading information. The result is often a lavish waste of valuable ammunition either on straw figures or logs covered with brushwood to represent guns. Sometimes an enemy is even induced to make a false charge. This photograph (exclusive to "The War Illustrated") shows four dummies in a French trench. At a distance they appear wonderfully lifelike.

The Flame of War along the Flemish Waterways

The fact that small canal boats, armed with quick-firing guns, have been taking part in the fighting along the Flemish coast has been common knowledge for some time. These speedy and mobile craft have fully done their share in keeping the Germans from the Calais goal. The still waters of Flanders, which for centuries have reflected only silent barges, beautiful mediæval belfries, and world-forgotten convents, are now turbulent with the wash of these deadly gunboats. Just as the armoured train is able to harass the enemy by rail, so are these craft able to do so by water. (Exclusive photograph to "The War Illustrated.")

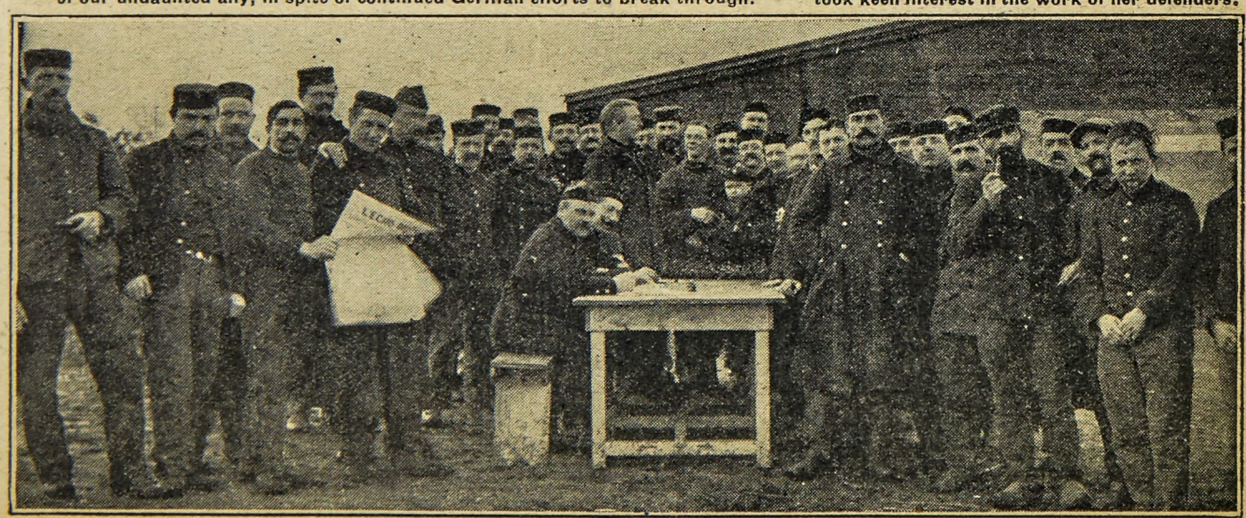
Brave Belgians in Holland and along the Coast

Some soldiers of King Albert's forces hors de combat for the moment. Group of Belgian warriors in the detention camp at Oldebrock, Holland.



Belgian sentry guarding a point on the sands at La Panne, which is still in the hands of our undaunted ally, in spite of continued German efforts to break through.

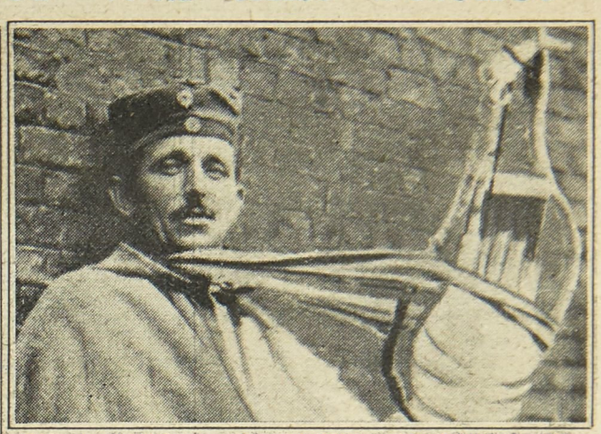
Dug-out visited by the Queen of the Belgians, who, resting awhile on a case of cartridges, took keen interest in the work of her defenders.



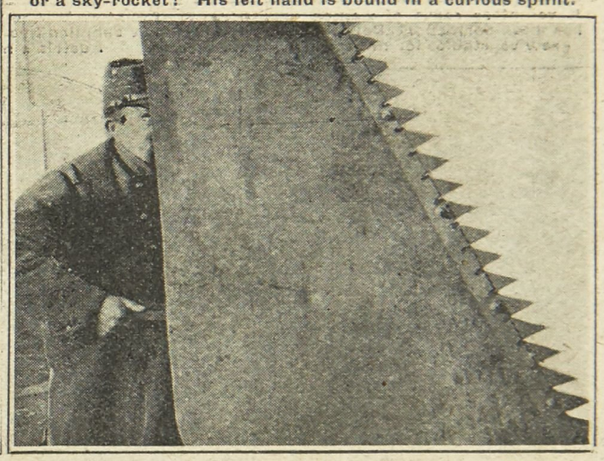
British sailors who escaped from the siege of Antwerp are not the only alien fighters detained in Holland. Many Belgian soldiers, cut off from their regiments, have been compelled to seek refuge in neutral territory as an alternative to gaol-bird life in Germany.

Some Minor Marvels of War-time Science

Surgery's latest aid. Telephone probe that conveys to the wearer of the receiver a noise like falling coals when it touches a piece of metal in the flesh.



This wounded German is not holding a telephone apparatus or a sky-rocket! His left hand is bound in a curious splint.



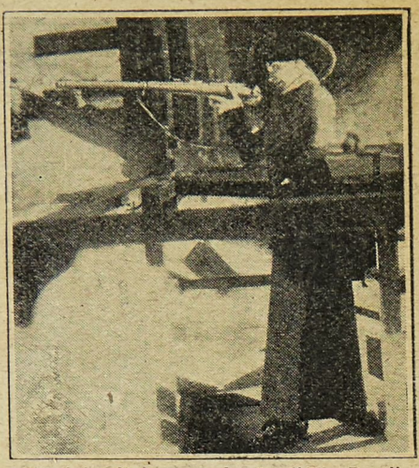
Ingenious machine, on the principle of a saw, used in the French Army for cutting barbed-wire entanglements. It has proved exceptionally effective against such obstructions.

The Cossacks are brave men at all times. This one had the pluck to stand, clad in a new bullet-proof waistcoat, whilst a comrade fired at him at close range, so that the efficacy of the invention could be thoroughly tested. Still, bullet-proof coats are hardly needed in the Russian Army—Austrians so seldom score a "bull"!

War's Diverse Effects on Feminine Temperament

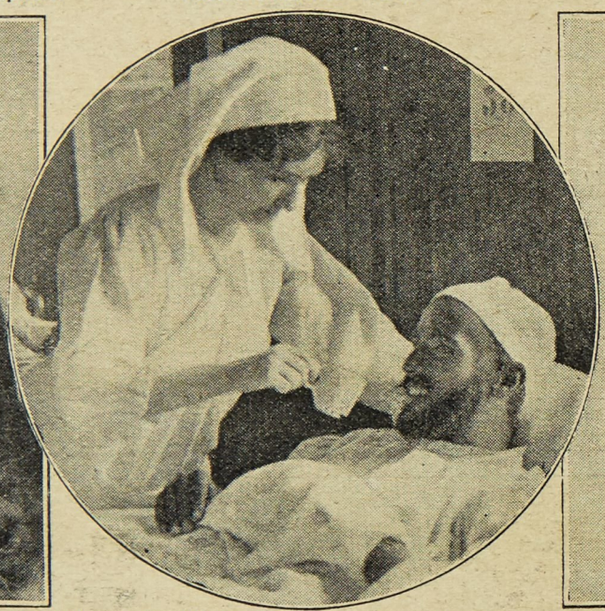
A voluntoer corps of women gardeners has been formed at South Norwood to grow vegetables for military hospitals.

Countess Manon von Drumreicher, who has supplied five thousand cork legs for Austria's maimed soldiers.



Feminine Italy preparing for "The Day." A member of a Milan corps of militant Italian women–shots.

Baroness Reitzes, who has sold her pearl necklace for £17,000 to buy bread for Vienna's poor.



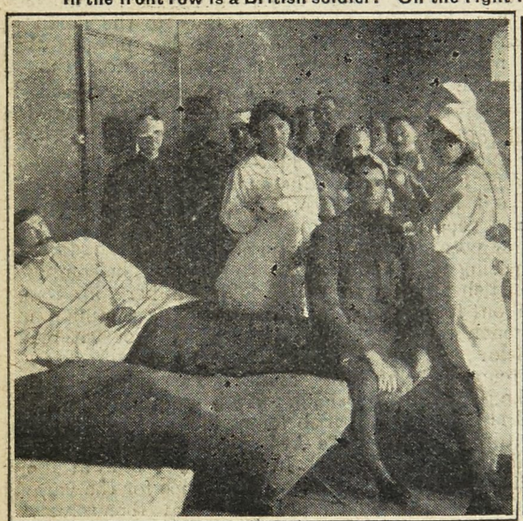
The most noble form of woman's wartime work. French nurse tending a wounded Turco in a hospital in Paris.

Austrian millionaire's wife, Frau Luise Elrich, who for charity entered a circus lions' den and fed them.

The women of Italy are in militant mood. A Corps of Amazons has been formed, and the women drill and practise shooting. These women are being instructed in the mechanism of the rifle. Women all over Europe are acting diverse parts in the War of the Nations. But the noblest and most beautiful sphere of womanly activity is surely that of bringing relief to the wounded.

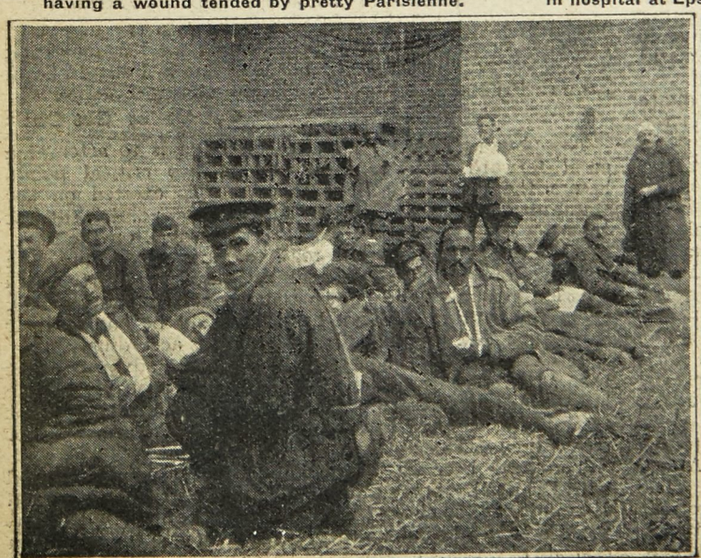
Worn and Broken in War: Allies in Adversity

Next to the common enmity against Kaiserism, nothing brings the Allies, of diverse nationalities and colours, closer together than the comradeship of suffering and misfortune. Allies from various climes fraternising in the German prison camp near Berlin. In the front row is a British soldier. On the right: A French "angel of the ward" playing draughts with her British patient.

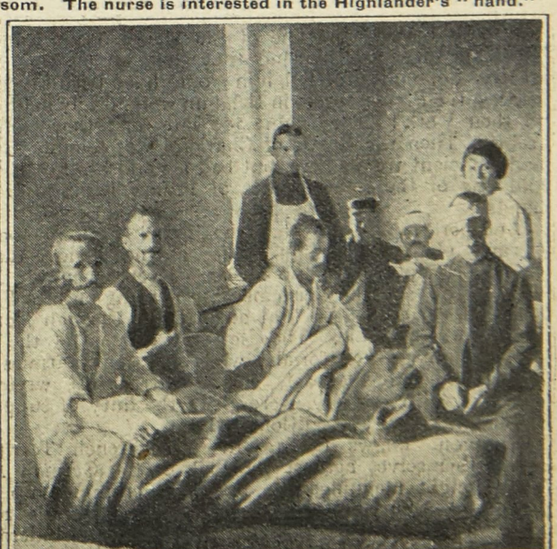


Britons and French in hospital. British soldier having a wound tended by pretty Parisienne.

A cheery game of cards between wounded British, French, and Belgian soldiers in hospital at Epsom. The nurse is interested in the Highlander's "hand."



East and West meet as comrades in adversity. British and Indian warriors resting and chatting together outside a hospital in France.



These French and Belgian soldiers in a Paris hospital have played their part in "La Revanche."

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

THE recently issued French Official Review of the War is a satisfactory and encouraging document. The French General Staff have recognised that they are dealing with sensible men and women, and have not attempted to produce a merely partisan statement. They do not try to convince us that no mistakes have been made.

On the contrary, faults are frankly admitted. The Review shows—what everyone knew—that at the beginning of the war France was ill-equipped for her great trial, and some of her generals were unfitted for their task. But we are shown how France discovered her mistakes, reformed her positions, completed her laggard preparations, eliminated inefficient generals, recovered the initiative, and is to-day on the high road to victory.

How France was Caught Napping

We can now openly admit the fact that at the beginning France was caught unprepared. For forty years her sons had talked of revenge for Alsace. For two generations the mind of the nation had been directed to one end—war with Germany. New France arose—a France shorn of much of the old frivolity, with strenuous ways, lofty ambitions, and stern purpose.

We knew the spirit of the French soldier, and the excellence of certain arms of the French service, notably the field artillery, the cavalry, and the aircraft corps. What the world did not fully recognise was the curse of France, the power of the politician over the soldier. War Minister succeeded War Minister, each with his favourites and his partisans, and the hangers-on he forced into high office. Men were promoted to supreme commands because of their politics; good officers were hunted out of the service because they attended Mass. The soldier was worthy of the best days of France. The military machine became clogged.

War came, as war usually comes, with very brief notice. It was then found that vast numbers of Reservists flocking to the colours could not be dealt with. There were not sufficient uniforms, rifles, or guns for them. There were not enough boots. It was expected that the French armies would pour into Belgium to help King Albert's little force. Day by day during mid-August the Belgians waited.

The German Plan of Campaign

Reassuring statements were issued. The two armies, French and Belgian, were in touch, we were told. It was whispered that strong French armies had arrived eastwards, and were holding the line of the Meuse, from Namur to Liège, in great force. Had they done so, as they ought to have done, most of Belgium would have been saved.

Alas, the French forces in Belgium were totally inadequate to their work! They came too late, and they came too feeble. Then the Battle of Charleroi was fought. France had sufficient troops here, but bad generalship lost the day, and one of the richest parts of France fell into German hands.

Another trouble was that the French Staff mistook the German plan of campaign. They did not believe that the Germans would cross the Meuse. Even when the Meuse was crossed, and the Germans were pushing on into France, they would not believe that an invasion through Northern France was possible. They left the defence of the north to ill-equipped Territorials, while the main armies were concentrated to the east. These Territorials, wretchedly equipped with artillery, were given the duty of supporting the flanks of our Expeditionary Force.

Everyone knows the result. The French Territorials found themselves against the pick of the German Army. They fought magnificently, but were crumpled up. The Battle of Mons and the heroic and disastrous retreat followed. Meanwhile, obsessed by political considerations, a great French force had made a futile excursion into Alsace.

The net result of the first month of the war was that most of Belgium was overrun. Germany occupied a large part of Northern France, and Paris itself was in danger of capture.

How is it that those of us who know these facts have yet to-day supreme confidence in the French Army? There are two main reasons. We believe in the French soldier, individually, and we believe in the high military qualities of the French Commander-in-Chief.

The Death of Political Intrigue

The faults that almost wrecked France in the beginning of the war have been wiped out. The old, political generals have been retired. Young, able men, chosen for nothing but their military fitness, have succeeded them. The equipment of the Army has been renewed. Vast quantities of guns and munitions of war have been prepared, and to-day the famous French "soixante-quinze" holds its own—and more than holds its own—against the best output of the Krupp yards.

Northampton can tell you of the millions of pairs of boots bought. France has had time to mobilise and place in the field her reserves. The French private soldier is magnificent. Day by day since the dark hours of August the national strength has increased, and from Alsace to the north of Furnes, in Belgium, the French are to-day proving that in arms, men, and in generalship they are more than a match for their foes.

The Strength of the Armies

General Joffre has proved in many ways that he possesses the chief qualities required of him—stubbornness, unflinching courage, an obstinate adherence to his own purpose. He has kept his armies together, he has kept them unbroken, and each week sees his position improving.

It is now possible to form some estimate of the strength of the opposing armies on the western front. The combined Franco-British-Belgian forces should number, in round figures, about four million men, not including a million and a half French reserves, many of whom are not yet ready for the field.

The French fighting army numbers two millions and a half. The gallant little Belgian force is now over a hundred thousand strong. The British forces include the Regulars, the Territorials, Kitchener's Army, the Dominion Contingents, and the Indian Army. In placing my total at about four millions, I am making liberal allowance for the various gaps and shortages which always reveal themselves in war time.

The total German Army forces that will be available in the west this spring cannot well exceed between two and three millions, for Germany must help to hold the Russians back in Austria, besides defending her long line in Poland and in Eastern Prussia.

"Get On or Get Out"

The obvious German plan of campaign is to attempt a great forward movement on one or two critical points before the full strength of the Allies is exerted on her simultaneously from every side. Two points suggest themselves—Paris on the west, Brest-Litovsk on the east.

An attempt to force the road to Paris would leave the Germans open to crushing flank attacks. For thirty years Russian generals have known that should Germany attack them the capture of Brest-Litovsk would be one of their early aims, and they have laid their plans accordingly.

If Germany does not attempt an early advance, what then? In that case she must fall back, probably to the line of Antwerp-Namur. If the opposing armies attempt to continue on their present lines, when the warm weather comes they will be stricken with pestilence.

The lines between them are, at many points, choked with the dead. Some of the old canals, particularly around Dixmude, are so choked with the bodies of the fallen that when a shell falls among them it sends up into the sky, not a cascade of water, but a mass of human flesh. "Get on or get out" must be the motto on both sides in the days ahead.

Ingenuity and Courage overcome Barbed-wire Defences

Scientific warfare reduces itself to an eternal conflict between human ingenuity in the nature of offensive and defensive machines. Barbed-wire, one of the chief obstacles of an attacking force, is overcome by various devices, shown in the illustration on this page. French troops are seen in the foreground armed with specially strong shears. They advance to do their perilous work under cover of a sheet of steel similar to a gun-shield, and, of course, darkness. Another method is the use of a grappling-iron fired from a cannon, and attached by a long wire rope to a wind-lass, which enables the iron, once it is hooked in the barbed-wire, to be pulled back, dragging with it a section of the obstruction. Finally, the mitrailleuse is used to blast a passage.

THE WAR BY SEA

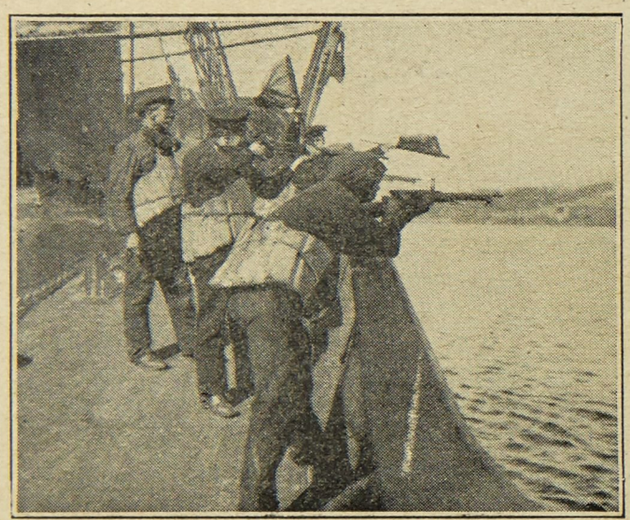
By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THERE have been many ingenious calculations as to the monetary cost of Germany's Zeppelin craze, her attacks on coast towns, her cruiser attacks on commerce, and her last disastrous failure in the submarine attack on shipping. To my mind, these little essays in arithmetic are very futile. Since an expenditure of a few thousands sterling in peace on the reserve of ammunition may make the difference between victory and defeat, those few thousands may be worth millions in war.

So far as the Navy is concerned, we may say in regard to the provision of any vital matter, the people of this country have always recognised that by the Navy they stand and fall, and so it has always been the case that if the Sea Lords have been resolute in demanding what was required they have obtained it. In regard to the Army, the contrary has been the case. Historically we have always had to improvise an army and its equipment in face of a war, the traditional suspicion of the people being illustrated by the fact that Parliament passes the Army Annual Act year by year, and without it the existence of the Army would cease to be legal.

Mr. Churchill's Boast

This simple fact means that in the nature of things a strain of an enormous character is inevitably thrown on the labour market by the Army the moment a big European war breaks out. Mr. Churchill has recently boasted about the adequate reserves of the Navy, brought about by increases in recent years.



Heroes seldom in the limelight. Some of the crew of a mine-sweeper firing with rifles to explode a floating mine. These men daily risk their lives searching the seas for these infernal machines. They have been doing good work in the Dardanelles.

There are two criticisms I have to make on this boast. From 1904 to 1909 there were very large reductions in the armaments votes and reserves of the Navy, and we have yet to know that the subsequent increase made good the depletion. The second point is that, when war broke out, the Admiralty, which could always have obtained large supplies in peace, placed their additional orders on the market, and thereby intensified the strain.

Had those orders been given in peace time, the supply of munitions of war to the Army and our Allies would have been simplified to that extent.

It is an indication of our hand-to-mouth system that after seven months of war we are for the first time tackling the problem of mobilising industry to cope with the insistent prayer of our soldiers in France for munitions, more munitions, and yet more munitions. When the war broke out, neither the War Office nor the Admiralty knew what relations our actual armament-making resources bore to their probable united demands.

My earnest hope is that the situation in the first week in August will be laid bare without any attempt at extenuation, for that is the only way to make our people resolve that it must never happen again. That is not all. By Orders-in-Council and King's Proclamations we altered our minds some eight or nine times as to what we should permit to enter Germany by sea, and thus showed that we had not clearly thought out what was of main assistance to our enemies in the field.

Wanted—A Strategist

The difference between what is thought out in advance and what is improvised is illustrated by the entire success of the transport of our expeditionary forces to France.

Now, it is possible to point to repeated indications of want of clear thinking in this war on matters that ought to have been thought out before even the war commenced. This arises in the Navy from the want of a strategist at the head of affairs, a man who should have been as entirely freed from the details of administrative work by one whose forte is departmental control, as Moltke was by Von Roon prior to 1870.

Take a simple little matter like the Pacific cable, which has remained cut for months. I can point to repeated warnings prior to the landing of the cable, warnings conveyed both to the Government and the Admiralty, that if this cable was landed at Fanning Island it would be cut on the outbreak of war.

It was the same in regard to the inadequate naval forces abroad and the abandonment of the policy of shadowing a prospective enemy cruiser during the crisis before war.

The Navy's Proud Achievement

It is only now, after eight months of war, that all the enemy raiders abroad have been destroyed except the Kronprinz Wilhelm. It is an achievement of which the Admiralty has reason to be ashamed, and the Navy very proud, for the latter wrestled with difficulties which were certainly not of its own creation. I maintain that these errors of policy would be reduced to a minimum if the strategist were at the head of the Admiralty, and that no War Staff, however large, will succeed if it owes allegiance to a mere administrative head of the Von Roon type, and not to a strategist of the Moltke class.

But the converse is equally true that the administrative work of the Von Roon will suffer if he is expected to concern himself with the strategical questions. He will be informed of the needs of the situation, and it is his business to organise the means of supply to meet those needs. To develop, to simplify, and to standardise the weapons of naval war are among the most important of his functions, and to consider these questions also in conjunction with the Army, with especial reference to the rapid augmentation of our resources and supplies in times of foreign crises and of war.

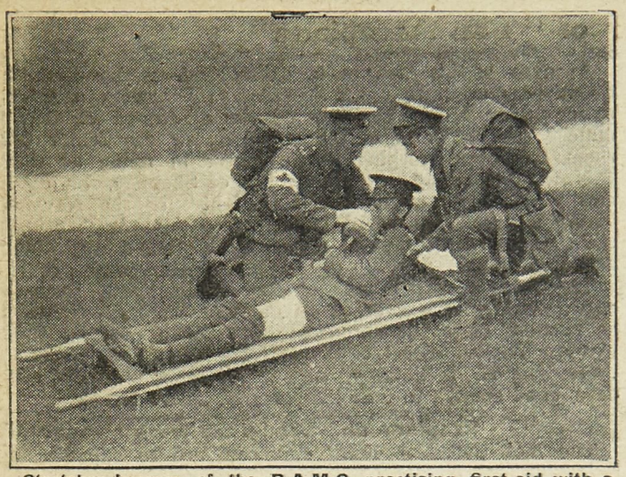
Need for Standardisation

The public will understand what I mean by standardisation if it will reflect on the history of certain huge American undertakings, such as the Ford motor-car. It might take eighteen months to turn out an improved type of vessel, when twelve will suffice for a standardised type.

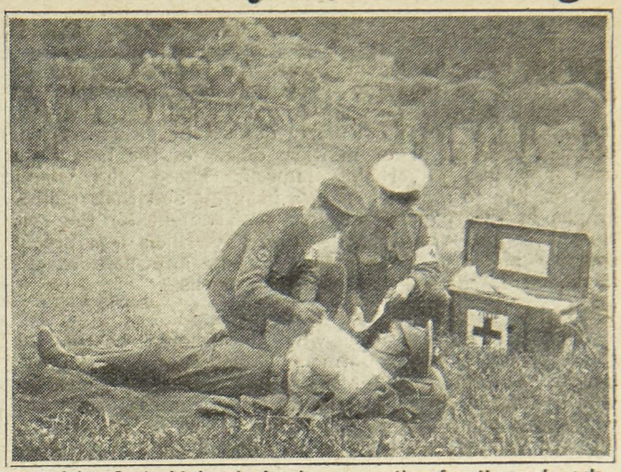
This factor of standardisation, for instance, will determine the rate at which Germany can turn out submarines. Under a high degree of organisation and preparation it would be possible to turn out a large number by about eight months after war broke out.

The public need not, however, be in the slightest degree alarmed by this fact. Germany is losing one submarine a week manned by trained crews. With partially trained crews the loss would certainly be increased. In the meantime, we have lost to them only twenty-two merchant vessels in five weeks since the official date for the submarine war of February 18th, and during that time there have been 7,401 arrivals and sailings in and from our "blockaded" ports.

Four Branches of the New Army in Training



Stretcher-bearers of the R.A.M.C. practising first-aid with a "wounded" comrade. He is supposed to be injured in the arms and leg, and so must be lifted very carefully.



Practising first-aid bandaging in preparation for the real work at the front. This is a most important duty, for many wounded men owe their lives to their first bandaging.

Cavalrymen of the New Army. Troopers cleaning their kit and harness in anticipation of a general inspection. The New Army has to maintain the British soldier's reputation for smartness.

The men "behind the grub" are as important as the men behind the guns. Often troops are able to make good progress without firing a shot for days; but at all times they must have food.

Artillerymen burnishing the harness of their gun-team in one of the camps of the New Army. (These photographs are exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

THE WAR IN THE AIR

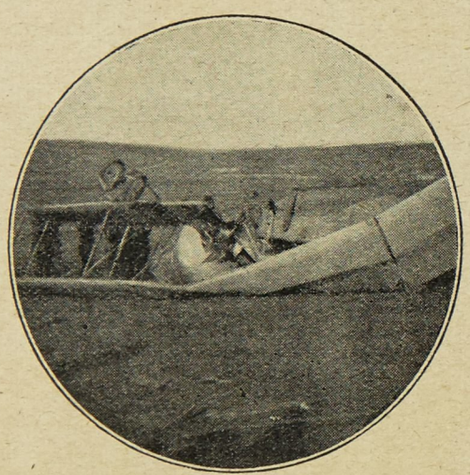
By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

SOMEHOW the Royal Naval Air Service seems to collect considerably more of the limelight of publicity than does the Royal Flying Corps, which, incidentally, is not particularly desired by either service, because your naval or military officer of the best class does not like advertising himself. Those who would perhaps like to see their names in print and their photographs in the papers are very soon taught by the rest that it is not "good form," and have their legs pretty severely pulled if their names appear anywhere except in official despatches or in the casualty lists.

Why the "Limelighter" is unpopular

There are good reasons why this should be so. In the first place, the confirmed "limelighter" or "glory hunter" is liable to upset the regular work of his men by wild and futile dashes in search of opportunities for deeds which will bring him to the notice of the public—dashes into the enemy's lines which may cost a good many lives without any appreciable results. And in the second place, he may, by talking about his deeds, give away information of military value to the enemy. Hence the unpopularity of us poor journalists in the neighbourhood of his Majesty's forces, and the *raison d'etre* of that necessary, but journalistically noxious person, the censor.

All the same, one wishes that some departments would be a trifle more generous with their information. For example, one would like to know more of the anonymous hero, mentioned in the "Eye-Witness's" report, who descended to one hundred and fifty feet in order to blow up a railway bridge behind the German lines in France during the Battle of Neuve Chapelle. One would like to know what machine he was flying, and the weight of bombs he was carrying, and—like the children's request when one tells them a story — what happened next? Naturally, the facts of the adventure would have to come from the officer himself, because it is unlikely that there was anyone else of our people there to see him do it, and the Germans had the whole performance to themselves. Still, if they knew all about it, why should not we also hear something?



Debris of a French aeroplane which fell while on a reconnaissance. The two occupants had a miraculous escape from death. Neither was seriously injured. One sustained some bruises, which necessitated a few days' rest.

On the other hand, the Admiralty is remarkably prompt in telling us of the work of the Royal Naval Air Service. In the case of the raid on the Cockerill Works at Antwerp the other day, we were told within twenty-four hours that five pilots started, that two—unnamed—lost their way in the fog and came home again; that one—Flight-Lieut. Crossley Meates—landed in Holland owing to engine failure; and that two, whose names were given—Squadron-Commander Courtney and Flight-Lieut. Rosher—did damage to submarines on the slips and got away safely.

News of the R.F.C. wanted

All that local reports were able to add afterwards was confirmation of the fact that damage had been done, and the announcement that one officer came down to three hundred feet to make sure of his aim—a piece of work as daring as that of the unnamed soldier already mentioned, for when an aeroplane is below fifteen hundred feet or so, a couple of hundred feet one way or the other makes little difference to the chances of being hit. However, the point is that if the Admiralty can tell us so much, the War Office might be equally generous in disclosing facts without unduly advertising any particular officers—for where all are so good it would be unfair to distinguish between them.

Apropos of this damage to submarines on the slips, it shows how accurate bomb-dropping is becoming, thanks to regular training. The two officers mentioned represent almost the extremes of the R.N.A.S., for the senior of them has been working as instructor in flying at the R.N.A.S. School at Eastchurch, Isle of Sheppey, for over two years, and commanded a "flight" of the Navy's land-going machines which were lent to the Army during the autumn manœuvres of 1913. He is thus a very able and experienced flier.

The other officer is one of the newest draft, having only joined since war broke out, and having been trained at Hendon since the aerodrome was taken over by the Navy. Yet, so sound is the training which he received there that he is already, with many other pupils of his date, good enough to take his place on active service.

Seaplane and Landplane work compared

The fact that the younger officers are so capable is naturally very encouraging, for it indicates what may be expected as their numbers increase. Also, the fact that it was possible to damage submarines on the slips, gives one a hint as to what may be taking place at sea.

So long ago as the naval manœuvres of 1913 the comparatively slow seaplanes of that period showed how useful they could be in giving warning of the presence of hostile submarines, and there is no reason to suppose that the more numerous and efficient seaplanes of to-day are less effective.

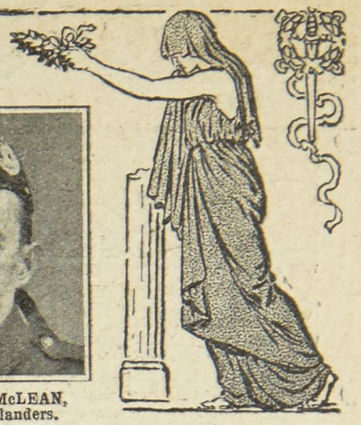
A seaplane attacking a submarine at sea has many advantages over the land-going aeroplanes which attacked the Cockerill Works, though, naturally, it has more trouble in finding its mark. On the one hand, the Antwerp raiders had a fixed point to go for, but they had to run all the risk of being hit by fire from great numbers of rifles, machine and anti-aircraft guns. On the other hand, the seaplane patrol may have to fly for weeks without ever finding a submarine on the surface, or running with only the periscope showing. But when it does, it has, if anything, a better chance of hitting and less chance of being hit. If the submarine is caught right on the surface, and has not time to submerge, the best it can do is to turn half a dozen rifles, or perhaps a machine-gun, on to the seaplane, and that is much less alarming than the fire most of the land-going aeroplanes have to stand every day they go out.

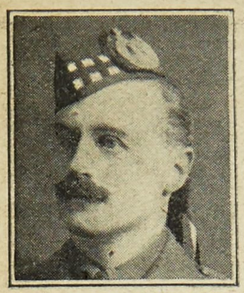
Easier to hit a moving target

If the submarine is caught running semi-submerged it is not likely to see the aeroplane, and the noise of wind and water would prevent the look-out from hearing the aeroplane's engine.

As the boat is on the move it is actually making the aeroplane's work easier, for by flying along behind it, the pilot of the aeroplane has a mark which is moving in the same direction as himself. For example, if the aeroplane can slow down to, say, fifty miles an hour, the bomb when it leaves the machine will also be travelling horizontally at fifty miles an hour and will shape its course downwards accordingly, which makes it difficult to hit a stationary mark. But if the mark and the aeroplane are both travelling at nearly the same pace, the conditions are nearer those of dropping from a stationary point on to a stationary mark, and therefore any variation which reduces the difference in speed between the bomb-dropper and the mark makes it easier to hit.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead



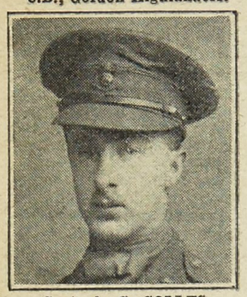


Lieut.-Col. H. P. UNIACKE, C.B., Gordon Highlanders.

Lt.-Col. G. B. McANDREW, Lincolnshire Regt.

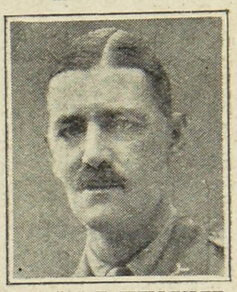
Maj. GREY W. DUBERLEY, Grenadier Guards.

[Col. COLIN McLEAN, Gordon Highlanders.

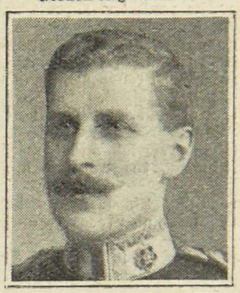


Capt. A. G. COLLES, 4th Batt. Royal Dublin Fus.

Capt. HENRY L. HOMAN, Middlesex Regt.

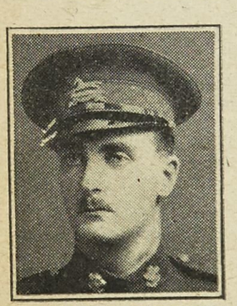


Capt. C. G. V. WELLESLEY, 2nd Batt. Lincolnshire Regt.



Capt. W. A. GALLAGHER, East Lancashire Regt.

Capt. C. A. LAFONE, D.S.O., Devonshire Regt.



Lt. T. H. O. B. HORSFORD, West Yorkshire Regt.

Lieutenant-Colonel G. B. McAndrew, Lincolnshire Regiment, served through the Boer War, was mentioned in despatches, obtained the brevet rank of major, and was awarded the Queen's Medal with three clasps and the King's Medal with two clasps.

Major Grey William Duberley, was a nephew of Lord Sandys, and a brother-in-law of Lord Nunburnholme. He joined the Grenadier Guards in 1897 from the Militia. During the Boer War he took part in many engagements, was mentioned in despatches, and received the Queen's Medal with six clasps and the King's with two. Last July he married the sister of Lord Nunburnholme, who was formerly the wife of Earl Cowley.

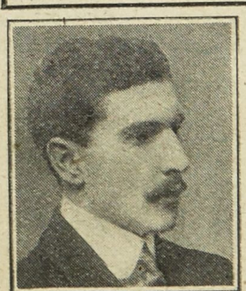
Colonel Colin McLean, of the Gordon Highlanders, commanded the 6th (Banff and Donside Battalion (Territorial). He served through the South African War, and obtained both medals with five clasps.

Captain Henry Leslie Homan, Middlesex Regiment, entered the Army in May, 1900. He was employed with the West African Frontier Force from 1908 to 1912, took part in the Southern Nigeria Expedition, was mentioned in despatches, and awarded the medal with clasp.

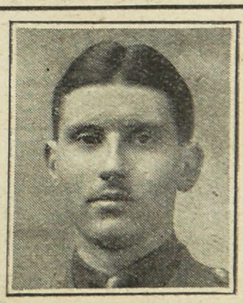
Captain Cyril Gerald Valerian Wellesley, 2nd Batt. Lincolnshire Regiment, was killed in action near Neuve Chapelle. He served in the Boer War, was attached to the Mounted Infantry, and became A.D.C. to General Sir Neville Lyttelton. He received both medals, with five clasps. Captain Wellesley also saw active service in West Africa in 1906-7, and had a medal with clasp. He was thirty-five years of age, and was the husband of the daughter of the late Mr. J. W. Summers, M.P.

Capt. HUBERT B. DIXON, Sherwood Foresters.

Lieut. R. E. C. WEIGALL, Sherwood Foresters.



Capt. WILFRED G. HOARE, 3rd Batt. Durham L.I.

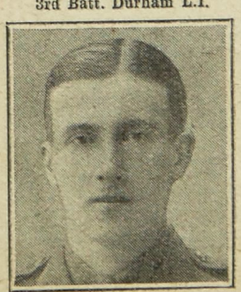


Sec.-Lieut. J. T. BENETT-DAMPIER, Cheshire Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. J. O. G. BECKER, East Surrey Regt.

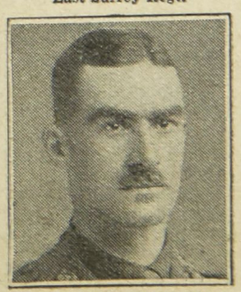
Lieut. G. C. B. LOOS, Worcestershire Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. C. H. CAMERON, Royal Horse Artillery.



Lieut. W. H. CLARKE, Worcestershire Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. W. H. COXON, 3rd Batt. Sherwood Foresters.



Sec.-Lt. H. A. HOSEGOOD, 5th Batt. Royal Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. GUY BARNETT, Worcestershire Regt

Portraits by Lafayette, Russell, Speaight, Elliott & Fry, Barnett, Heath, Lambert Weston).

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, March 24th to March 29th

MAR. 24.—**Naval air raid on Antwerp.** Five machines of the Naval Wing operating from Dunkirk, flew to Hobpken, a southern suburb of Antwerp, and bombarded the submarine building. Two pilots had to return owing to thick weather, a third descended in Holland through engine trouble. The other pilots—Squadron-Commander I. T. Courtney and Flight-Lieutenant H. Rosher—dropped four bombs on the submarines. It is believed considerable damage was done to the works, which took fire, and to two of the submarines.

A division of the Belgian Army made progress on the right bank of the Yser. Another captured a German trench on the left bank

At Hartmannsweilerkopf. French captured a second line of trenches.

In the Carpathians Russian troops seized several fortified heights on the front between the roads leading to Bartfeld and Uzsok; 4,000 prisoners captured.

MAR. 25.—**German submarine U29 sunk**, with all hands. She was commanded by the officer who sank the three Cressys, and had distinguished herself as "the polite pirate."

Russians claim decisive success in the Carpathians, in the Lupkov Pass; 5,700 prisoners taken.

Artillery combat in Champagne, French repulsing three attacks.

German submarine U28 sank Dutch steamer Medea off Beachy Head. The crew brought to Dover by the British destroyer Teviot.

King George paid a visit to Harwich and inspected the naval training establishment at Shotley, the training-ship Ganges, and the fortress and harbour.

MAR. 26.—French air raid on Metz. Six airmen "bombed" Metz station, the German airship sheds at Frescaty, and the barracks east of Strassburg.

French carried and occupied a farm north of St. Georges, in advance of their lines.

In the Carpathians, on the front between Bartfeld and Ujok directions, Russians continue to advance successfully, although enemy reinforced. In a bayonet fight for possession of height No. 389, east of the village of Mlimarocz, three Austrian battalions destroyed.

MAR. 27.—**Capture of Hartmannsweilerkopf.** In Alsace, after an energetic engagement lasting several days, French troops reached the summit of this important mountain, which was taken from Germans, at the same time advancing on the north-eastern and south-eastern slopes of the hill, enemy abandoning important material and leaving numerous dead on the field.

British liner Falaba torpedoed to the south of the St. George's Channel by German submarine, and sank in ten minutes. About 140 survivors picked up; 136 persons missing.

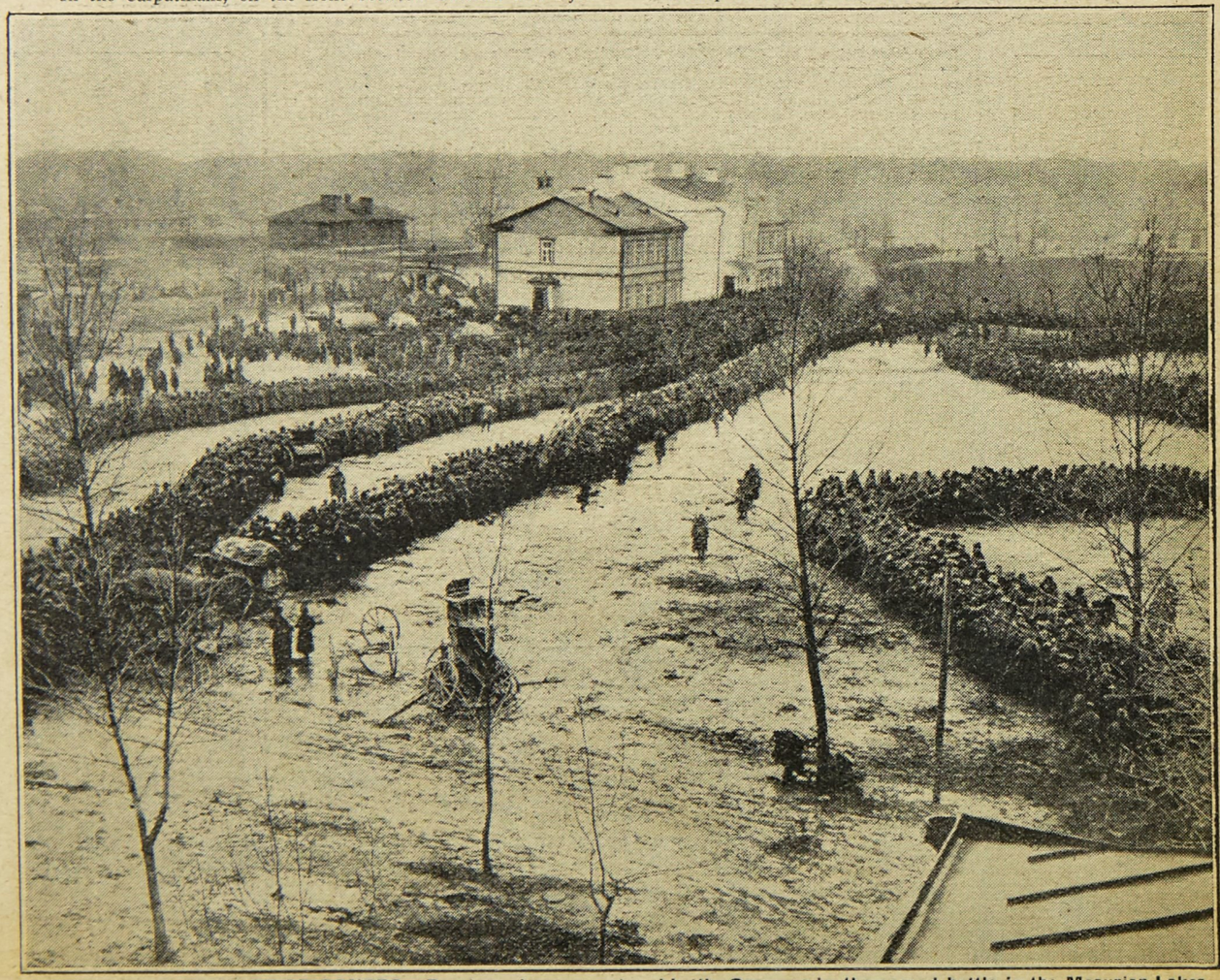
MAR. 28.—Black Sea Fleet bombarded the outside forts and batteries of the Bosphorus, on both sides of the Straits.

MAR. 29.—Announced that General von Kluck, the commander of the First German Army, has been slightly wounded by shrapnel.

At Les Eparges (east of the Meuse) the Germans tried to retake the trenches which they lost on the 27th inst; but after a violent engagement French gain was maintained. Germans bombarded Nieuport town and Nieuport butts.

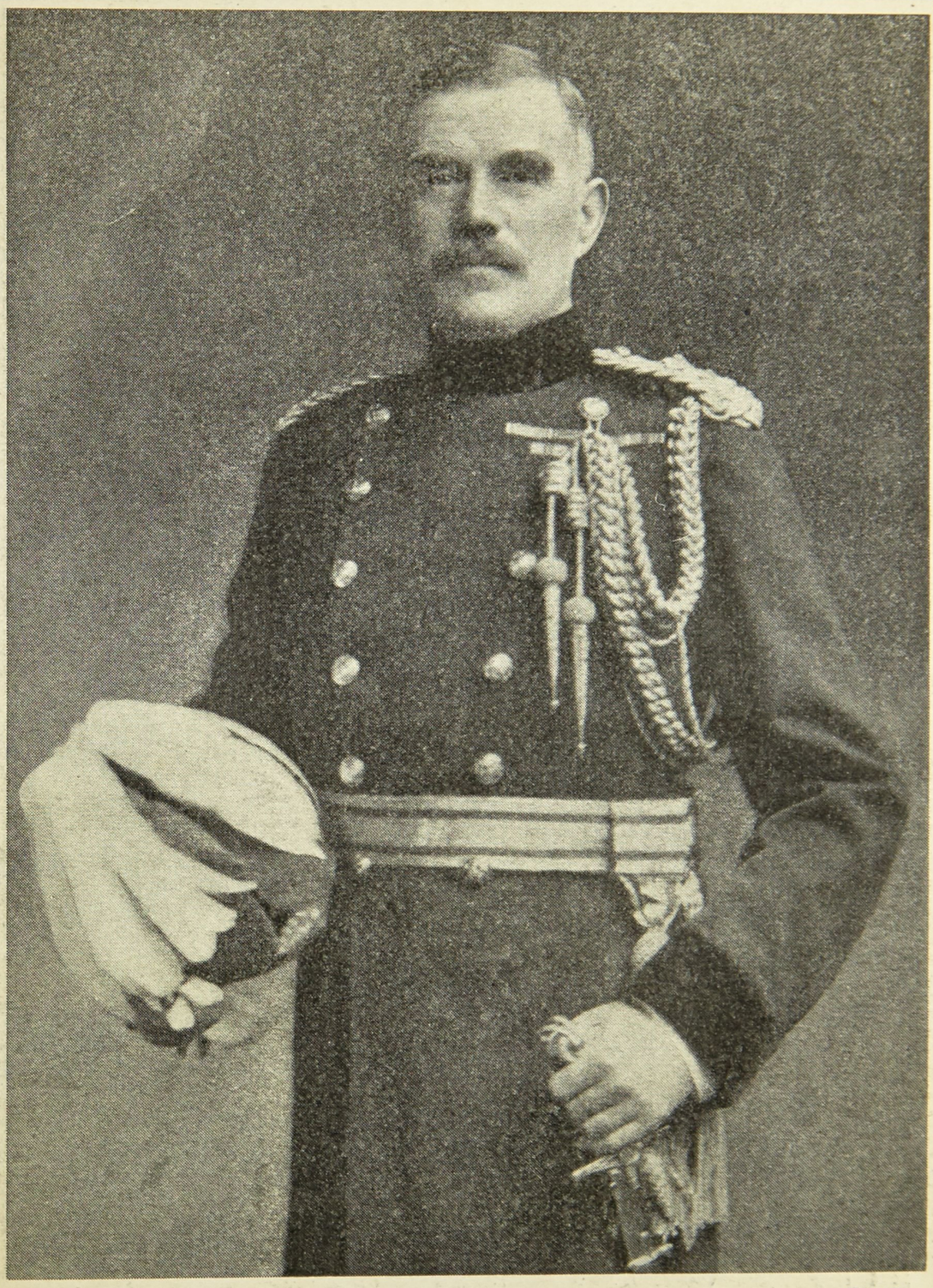
The War against Drink. Mr. Lloyd George received a deputation, representative of the leading shipbuilding firms, who urged total prohibition during the war of the sale of liquor, owing to the injury done to the national interest through the excessive drinking by those employed in dockyards and elsewhere. Mr. Lloyd George replied that the output of war munitions was being seriously interfered with, and nothing but root-and-branch methods would be of avail in dealing with the evil.

Great Battle on the Ice. Germans made prodigious efforts to envelop Russian right wing on the ice of Lake Doussia. In two instances, near the villages of Zebrziski and Welelitza, Russians developed counter-attack and annihilated Germans entirely.



GERMANY'S ARMY OF PRISONERS.—Russian prisoners captured by the Germans in the second battle in the Masurian Lakes district of East Prussia. They are here seen awaiting removal to Augustovo. The Germans claim that they captured 105,000 Russians in this battle, but Wolff is notoriously haphazard in his calculations for the consumption of the Fatherland.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS



Elliott & Fry.

LT.-GEN. SIR WILLIAM ROBERT ROBERTSON, K.C.V.O., C.B., D.S.O.
Formerly Quartermaster-General with the Forces, now Chief of General Staff.

These pages, numbered with Roman numerals, may be included or omitted from the bound volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *as the subscriber prefers.*

Prepared by "Geographia," Limited London.

One of the most carefully prepared maps yet issued to illustrate the whole of the Western areas of the war. It is a revised and reduced reproduction of the larger-scale map originally given as a separate supplement to "The War Illustrated," and is here reprinted at the request of many readers. Other maps, equally detailed, are in course of preparation for publication on this page.

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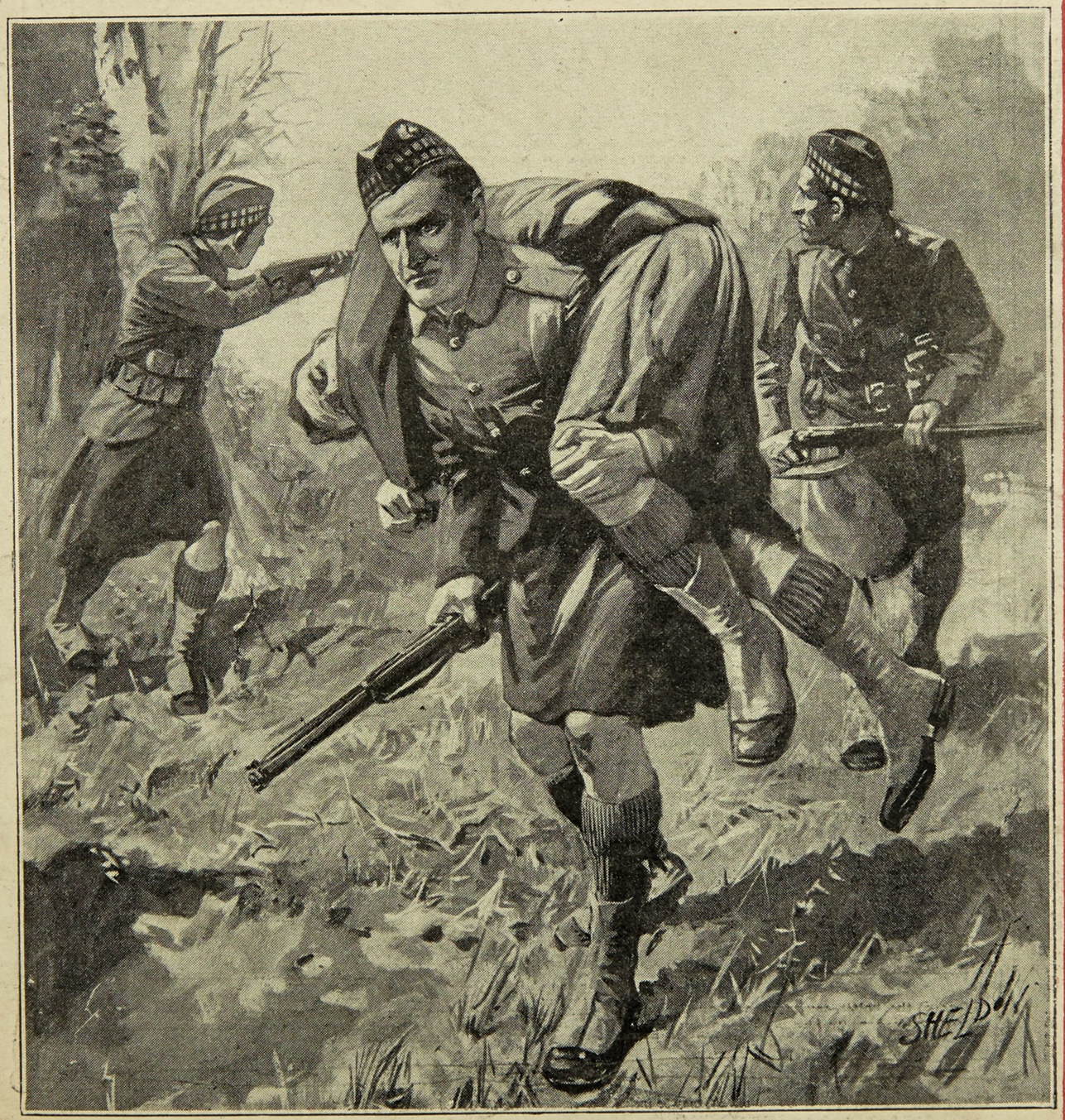
The War Illustrated 17th April, 1915. Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

Miss Marie Corelli writes for us Next Week

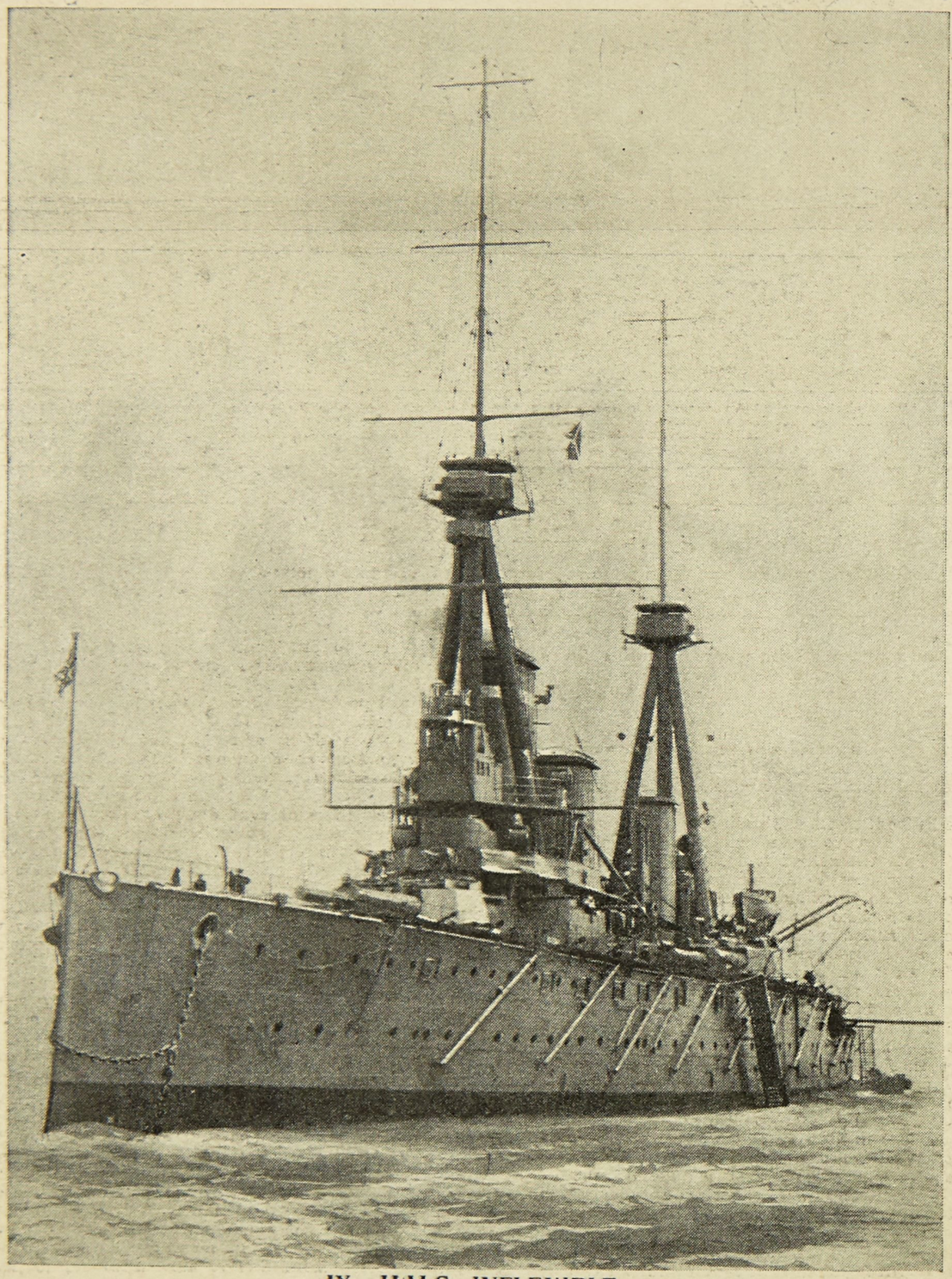
The War Illustrated

2d Weekly



Vol. 2 The Wounded Comrade and the proper method of carrying him out of action No. 35

BRITAIN'S WATCH-DOGS OF THE DEEP



IX.—H.M.S. INFLEXIBLE

One of the battle-cruisers now bombarding the Dardanelles forts, and Admiral Carden's flagship. She is armed with eight 12 in. and sixteen 4 in. guns, and three submerged 18 in. torpedo-tubes. She has a displacement of 17,250 tons, a nominal speed of 28 knots, and is 562 feet in length.

These pages, numbered with Roman numerals, may be included or omitted from the bound volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *as the subscriber prefers.*

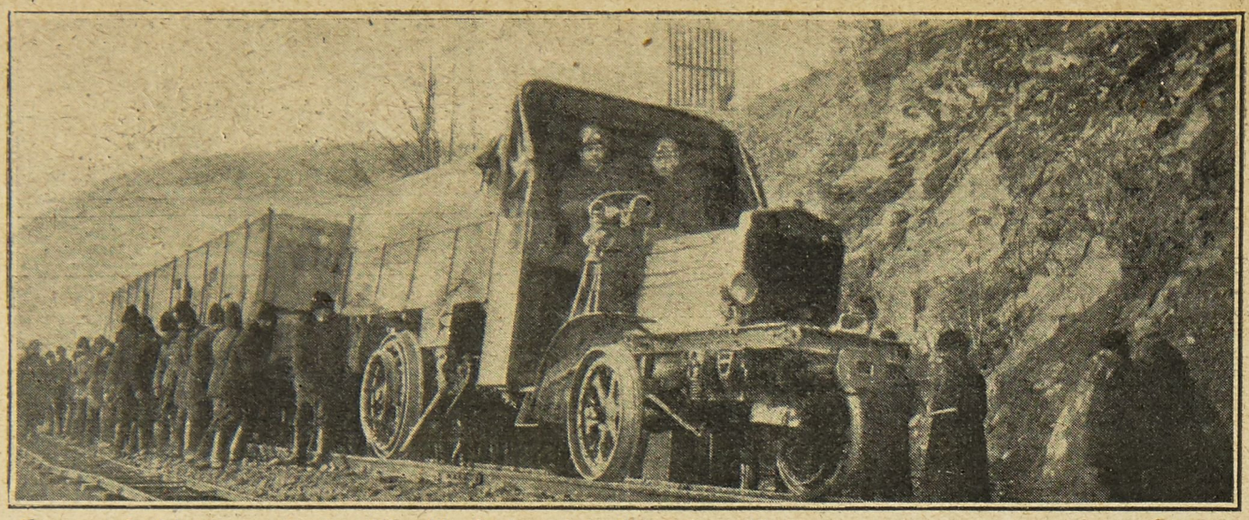
THE WAR Illustrated

No. 35. Vol. 2.
17th April, 1915

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

THE LAST PHASE.—Seldom has the camera expressed the pathos of war with stronger appeal than in the picture reproduced on this page. The lonely scout, on a reconnaissance over territory infested with lurking foes, has paid the capital price of honour and patriotism. While walking cautiously in front of his horse, a well-aimed shot has laid him low across the deserted rail track. In falling the soldier has retained the reins of his charger, which stands by its prostrate master in nervous anticipation.



Enormous Austrian transport automobile with wheels made to fit the Carpathian railways. A feature of Austria's part in the European war has been her gigantic accessories, all of which have proved comparatively ineffective. For the Hapsburg realm mammoth tools of war have only brought about colossal defeats.

THE BRAIN OF THE FIGHTING MAN

By Bart Kennedy

WHETHER or not it is better for soldiers to be as absolute machines when operating in the field, is a matter to be considered most carefully. It depends upon the kind of operations in which they are engaged. The trooper who forms one of the "point" of a patrol—i.e., who is one of the two men who are in advance of the main body of the patrol—must, if he is to be effective, be alert and intelligent and used to making decisions for himself. He must have the eyes and ears of a poacher. His mind must be on the stretch through the whole of the time. Though he is working with his mate, he must depend altogether upon himself. He is, so to speak, his own officer.

It is an odd statement to have to make, but the fact is that there is such a thing as soldiers possessing too much courage. I mean that their bravery may be so great that it takes away from their fighting value. This was proved not very long ago at the front. The men of a certain regiment would not obey the order to retire. They would not turn their backs to the Germans. And, in consequence, they were nearly wiped out.

It is difficult to make soldiers such as these understand that there are times in the field when a retreat may be as effective, for the purpose of winning, as an advance. If a man is fighting a duel, there are times when he must give ground to his opponent. It is the same way with an army. And if the temperament of soldiers is such that they refuse to realise this, it discounts their fighting value.

II.

Different races have different fighting qualities. The Russians are wonderful men in trenches. They can perhaps stand being shot over longer than any other soldiers. They are slow and fatalistic, and accept all happenings as a matter of course. Months may pass, and they still will be as they were. Defeats and victories are much the same to them. They go on and on till they either overwhelm, or are themselves overwhelmed.

French soldiers are at the other end of the pole from the Russians. They are quick and intelligent and full of go and fire. It must not be forgotten that with French troops Napoleon virtually conquered the whole of Europe. Granted certain mental conditions, they are unequalled for offensive operations. Like other soldiers they have, of course, the defects of their qualities. The ideal soldier would be one who possessed the Russian stubbornness, the British steadiness, and the French dash. Such a soldier does not exist.

Obviously the most effective army possible would be one of mixed races whose military qualities complemented one another. The Allies possess such an army.

And it is now facing the might of Germany in the field.

III.

Undoubtedly the German soldier is at his best when he is trained as nearly as possible to be an absolute machine. Bernhardi's ideal is that the German soldier should be at once a machine and an individual. But this is not possible. A machine cannot have individuality. A soldier who is trained to depend utterly upon his superiors gets into a set habit of mind that kills the power of initiative. He is, therefore, practically helpless when his officers are put out of action.

In this respect it is quite different in the British Army. If the captain of a company is put out of action, the command devolves upon the first lieutenant. If he goes, the second lieutenant is in command. After him the command is transferred to the non-commissioned officers in accordance with their grades. If all the officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, are put out of action, the command is transferred to the oldest soldier. Thus, whatever happens, the company is never without its officer. In addition to this, every soldier has a clear idea of the general object that has to be attained. The general in command gives out the order, which passes down through all the grades of officers till it reaches the sergeants, who explain it clearly to the men of their section. This system of explanation converts, in a sense, the whole operating force into a democracy, the individuals of which co-operate for the accomplishing of a definite end. And the system is followed as closely as possible even in the unlooked-for changes that come up during the battle. The general mental effect of it upon the soldiers is to give them a sense of responsibility and to make their minds alert.

Soldiers such as these are adapted for grappling with the unexpected.

IV.

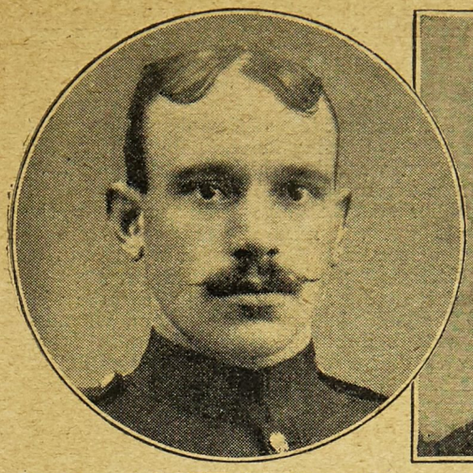
Let it be admitted. The German Army is the most perfect fighting-machine the world has known. But the fact that it is a machine is as the spot in the heel of Achilles.

A perfect machine can only properly perform its functions under perfect conditions. If it is to attain to the fullness of its power of accomplishment, things must be just so. In fact, its very perfection gives to it a certain vulnerability. It is easier put out of gear than a machine that is more simple and has less power.

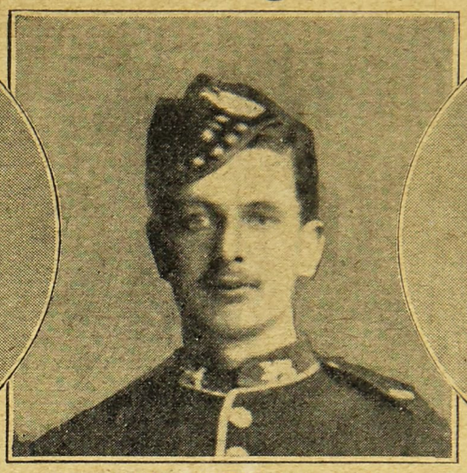
The Germans had made a perfect plan of campaign. They had mapped out with exactitude every foot of the

(*Continued on page* 196.)

New Heroes of the Distinguished Conduct Medal



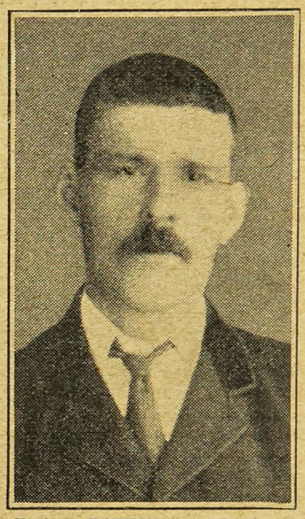
Lance-Corporal J. SMITH, 2nd Batt. South Staffs Regt., who has earned the D.C.M. for taking a message over six hundred yards of fire-swept ground on which there was not an atom of cover.



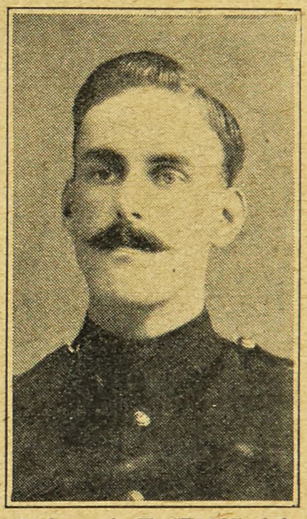
Sergeant ROBERT THIRD, 1st Gordon Highlanders, awarded the D.C.M. for carrying fourteen wounded men off the field in face of a withering machine-gun fire.

Corporal W. ANDERSON, 48th Battery Royal Field Artillery (Indian Expeditionary Force), who received the Distinguished Conduct Medal for extreme bravery while in action.

Lance-Corporal A. E. SETON, 9th Lancers, who has gained the D.C.M. for remaining in action with his machine-gun, after his squadron had retired, until the Germans were within twenty yards of him.



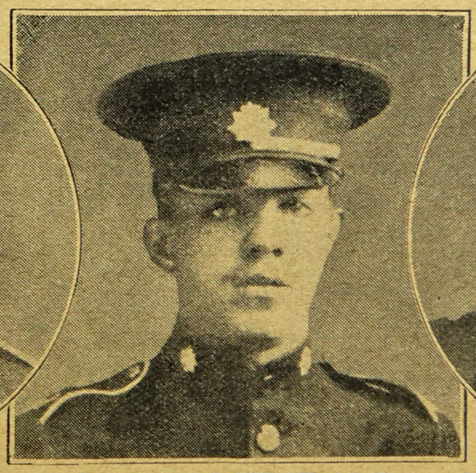
Engineer ROBERT GRAY has been honoured with the D.C.M. for his services in the minefields off the East Coast. He kept his station in heavy weather, standing by the s.s. Gallier after she had been mined.



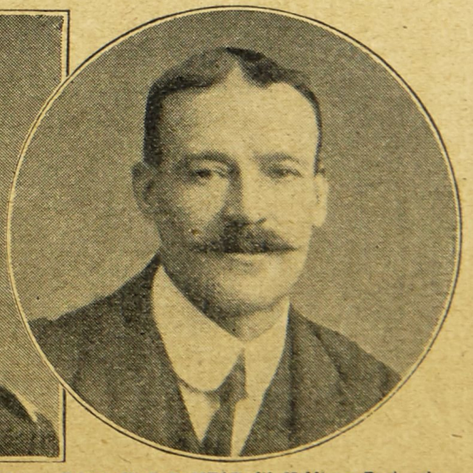
Bandsman A. W. SHARPE, 2nd Norfolk Regt. (Indian Expeditionary Force), awarded the D.C.M. for rescuing a wounded officer under heavy shell and machine-gun fire at Bussa

Comp.-Quartermaster-Sergeant J. W. CROUCH, 1st Northumberland Fusiliers, who earned the D.C.M. by saving a critical situation. He repaired a damaged machine-gun under fire and brought it into action.

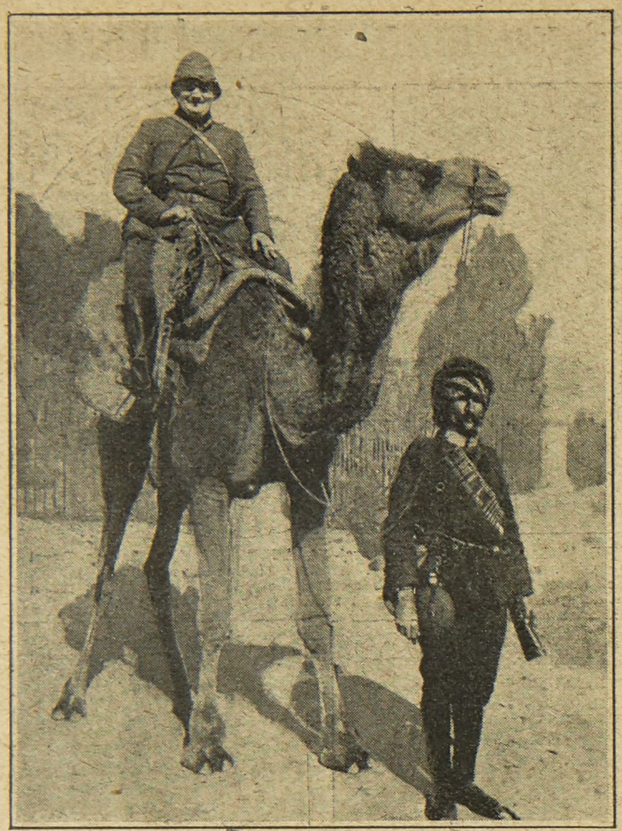
Private W. DUNSTER 1st Devon Regt., who has been honoured with the D.C.M. for diverse acts of gallantry and devotion to duty on the field of battle.



Acting-Corporal J. ENTICOTT, 3rd King's Own Hussars, who gained his D.C.M. for conspicuous bravery in remaining in a most dangerous position to gain important information.



Private H. G. F. MEAD, 4th Middlesex Regt., who lost his life while winning the D.C.M. This hero rescued a wounded comrade who was lying helpless near the German lines.



Orientalised German professor. Dr. Jungels, chief of the Turkish medical staff. The Huns can easily adapt themselves to any nationality or religion—in their own interests.

THE BRAIN OF THE FIGHTING MAN

(*Continued from page 194.*)

territory they intended to invade. They even went to the length of having concrete emplacements made for their guns in or near the great cities they intended to occupy. Their spy system was so effective that the countries they intended to vanquish were to them as open books. They provided for absolutely all contingencies save one.

The unexpected!

That they were unable to provide for this is not to be put against them.

For the Germans, with all their power and their prescience, are but human, after all.

V.

The soldier is often blamed because he sometimes gives expression to the feeling that his profession is the most important of all professions. But in fairness to the soldier of British nationality it must be admitted that he very rarely indeed gives offensive expression to this feeling. Whether he be a soldier of the sea or a soldier of the land, he is generally one who can be got along with.

Soldiers of all kinds, and of all nationalities, and of all times, have felt the vital importance of their profession to the existence of the State. And quite naturally. The world has always been more or less in a state of war, and the country whose soldiers could not protect it has invariably gone under. This being so, it is only human that soldiers should form a high estimate of themselves. More is asked from them than from the men of any other profession. They must be ready at all times to give their lives so that their country shall endure.

A country may be great in art and literature and science, but if it is not also great in its fighting power it will cease to exist. This is a truism, but it is a truism that cannot be too often repeated. For we have here in Britain dangerous people who either will not or cannot face the fact that we live in a world of war. These people say that war ought not to be, that it is obsolete, that it is unspeakably wicked, that even to prepare for it is wrong.

This is what they say, but the fact remains that the greatest war the world has known is raging here in Europe now. And the fact also remains that if Great Britain were unable to fight she would go under.

Say what one will, the fighting man is the man upon whom the existence of Great Britain now depends.

VI.

That the political aspect of affairs should appeal to the soldier when he is fighting in the field is more than doubtful. The stern work in which he is engaged will drive all else from his mind.

Before the soldier goes into the field the causes that have brought the war will naturally enough engage his attention. But afterwards the work at hand drives what is, in effect, non-essential from his thoughts.

It is difficult for a soldier to be fervidly patriotic when he is lying on the battlefield suffering from a wound in the stomach. Indeed, fervid patriotism is as bad for a soldier as anger would be for a pugilist who was fighting in the ring. The soldier gives it a wide berth. He is cool and self-possessed, and does not bother his head as to the righteousness, or otherwise, of the cause for which he is fighting. If he were unable to get into this mental state he would not be a good soldier.

The soldier learns things in actual battle that it is utterly impossible for a man to learn in any other way. The human imagination cannot realise the full import of certain vital experiences if it does not know of them at first-hand.

The soldier learns to respect the men against whom he is fighting. For they are as he is. They are staking their lives in the game. And such men deserve respect, it matters not on what side they may be.

Taking them in the great mass, there is about soldiers a magnanimity induced by the dreadful splendour of the game in which they are engaged. Cruelty is usually the attribute of the non-combatant.

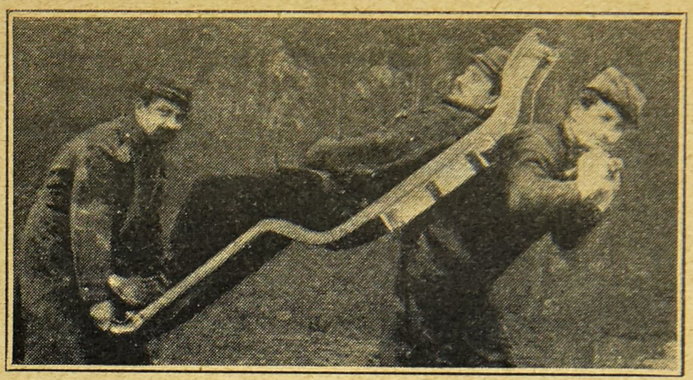
We may not always live in a fighting world. The soldier may pass. He may become extinct.

But it is conceivable that a much worse man might take his place.

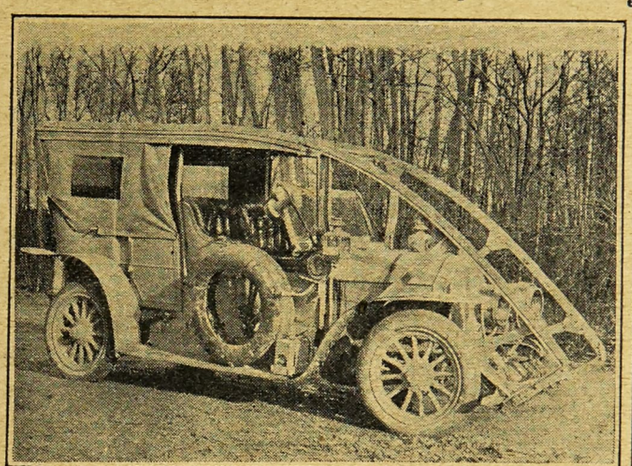
Living statues in place of a shattered effigy. Cheery British and Indian soldiers fill the space on a pedestal in a war-stricken town, caused by enemy shells.

The Ingenuity of the French in War Devices

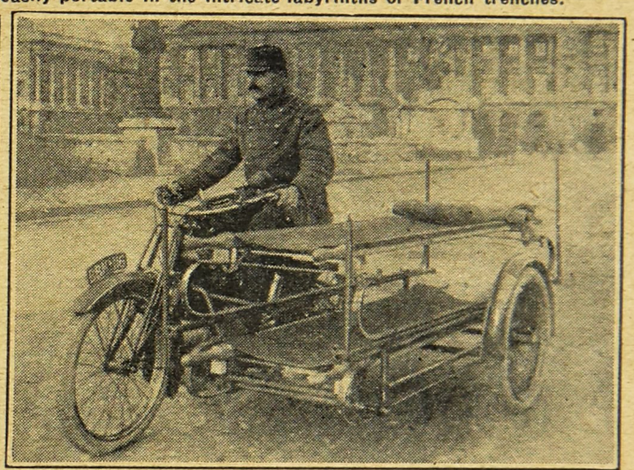
OUR French ally is certainly not behind us in ingenious enterprise; in fact, the numerous new inventions and novel adaptations that have come into use in the French Army since the commencement of the war would seem to place them ahead of us in this one respect; and ahead, also, of the Germans, despite the enemy's thorough preparedness in all directions. The inventive genius of the French mind is well known, and the Government of the Republic is always ready to make good use of suggestions for adapting or improving the smallest detail. The new stretcher, for instance, invented by a young lieutenant named Cleret, is a simple idea, yet is ideal for the purpose of conveying wounded along the zig-zags of the French trenches. The other ingenious devices illustrated here, though apparently only of small moment, are all wonderfully effective in their various spheres.



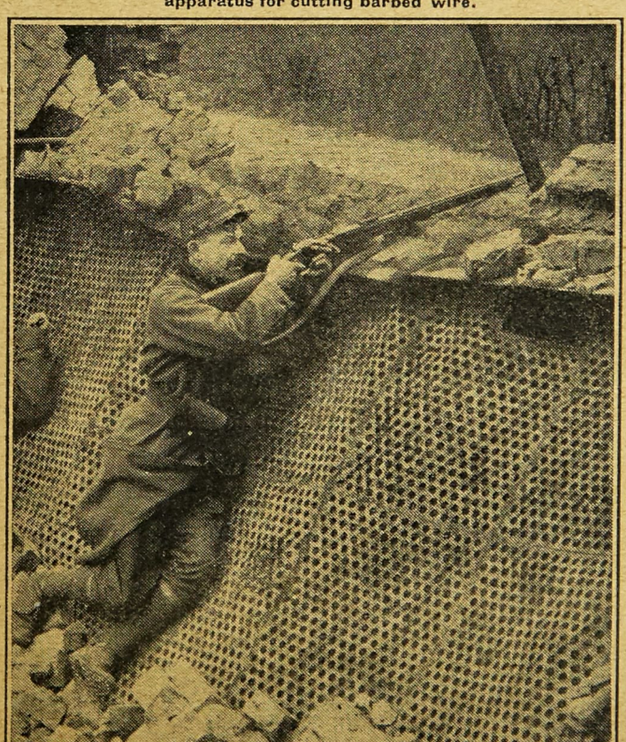
Simple adaptation of the conventional stretcher. Its value lies in being easily portable in the intricate labyrinths of French trenches.



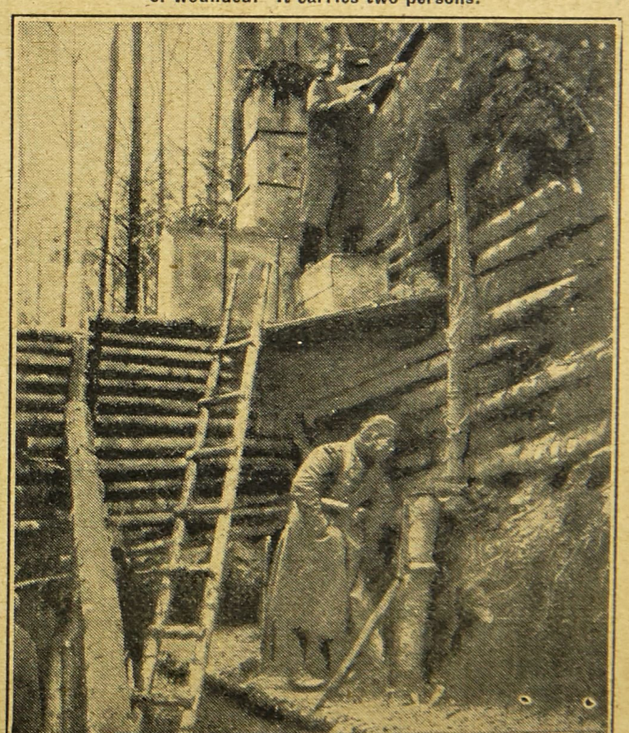
French Staff officers' car fitted with a special sharp knife-like apparatus for cutting barbed wire.



Motor side-ambulance adopted by our Ally for rapid transport of wounded. It carries two persons.



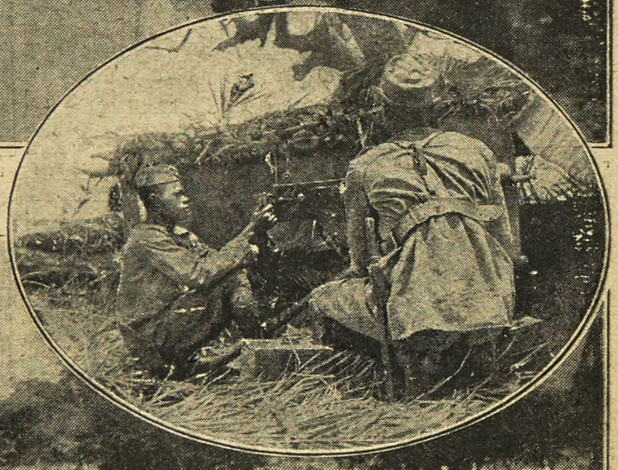
The trench is considered the most effective defence conceived. This one has been further strengthened by iron reinforcements.



Ingenious two-storied observation post in the Argonne, cleverly fortified with logs and sheets of iron.

The Sun never sets on Britain's Fighting Forces

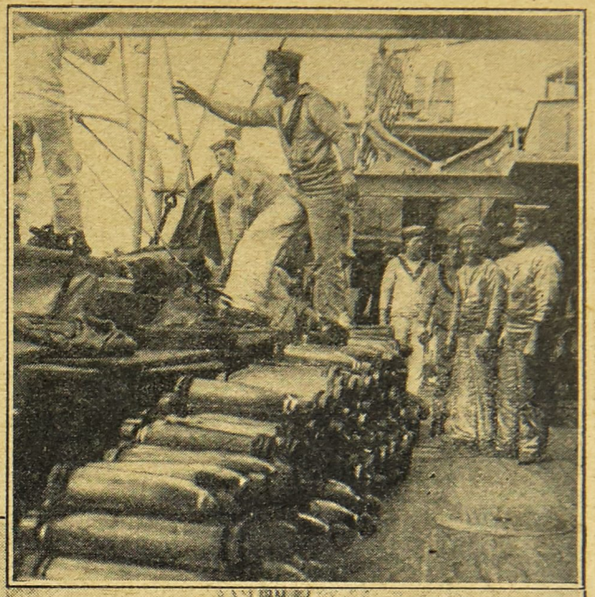
Outpost of loyal citizens from the Island Continent enjoying a "spread" on an upturned pontoon in the sand. Along the beaten track which skirts the adjacent Nile swarthy natives move forward on their "ships of the desert" with true Oriental leisure.

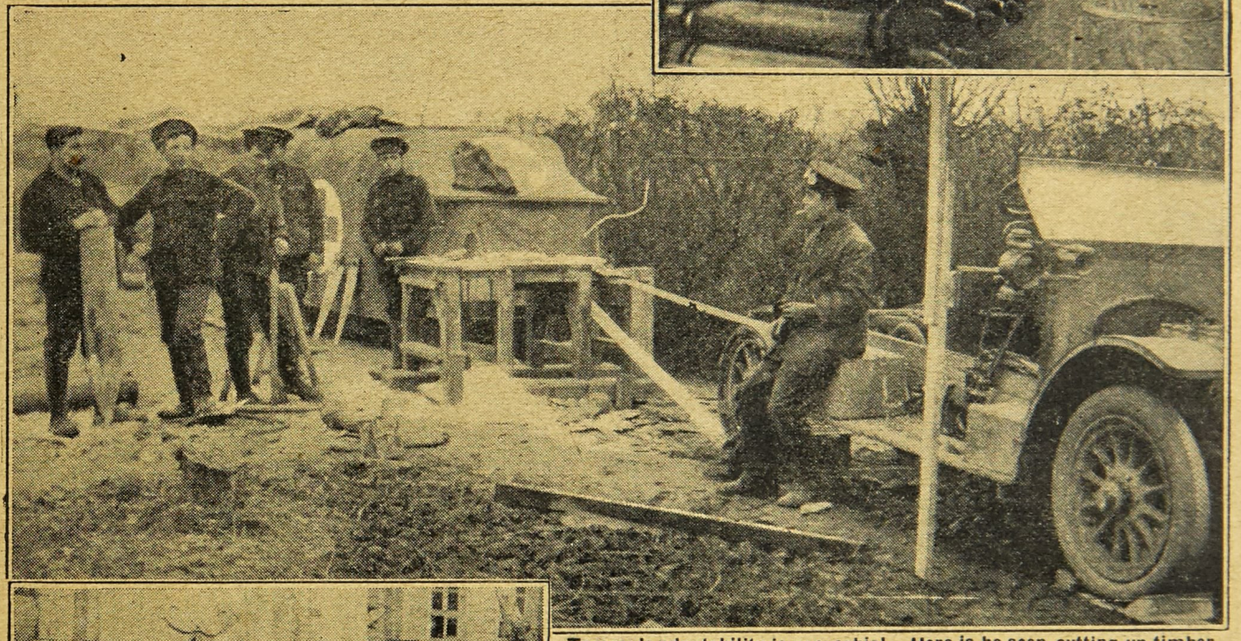


The campaign against barbaric "Kultur" in the "Dark Continent." British troops entrenched behind sandbag defences hold the Germans at bay. Inset: Native soldiers working a well-concealed machine-gun in the trenches of the East African Rifles.

Far-flung Episodes in Freedom's World-wide War

Teetotalism on Egypt's sunny sands. Colonials refreshing themselves with milk and soda in the desert. Right: Scene on a British battleship during a shipment of shells.





Tommy's adaptability is proverbial. Here is he seen cutting up timber with the aid of a circular-saw worked by the wheel of a motor-ambulance.

"Jack" on leave makes friends very rapidly. During a lull in the Dardanelles operations he impresses the natives favourably with his cheery personality.

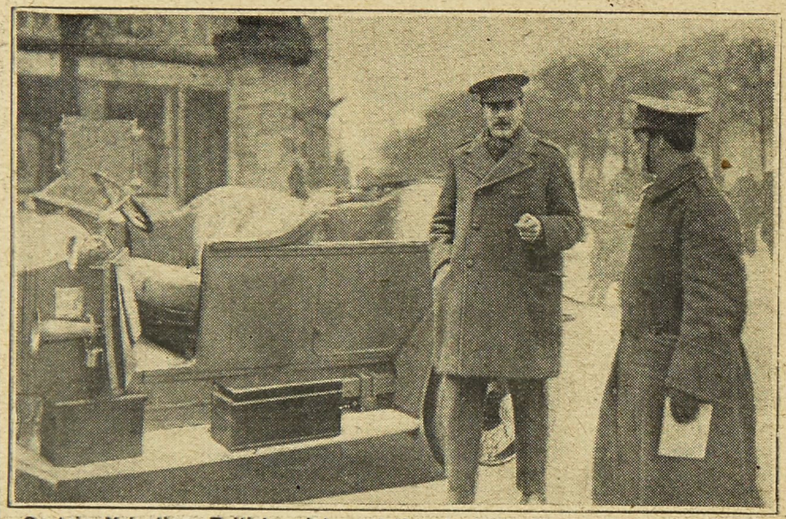
Dinner-party arrives at the "Savoy Hotel," in Northern France. Guests are arriving, apparently bringing their own "tiffin." The little French boy is peeling potatoes with hungry concentration.

British Officers on Leave in our Allies' Capital

Well-known British aviators in Paris on a few days' leave. Lieuts. Isaacs and Marix leaving the Ritz Hotel for a reconnaissance on terra firma.

PARIS, known before the war as "La Ville Lumière," the cynosure of pleasure, art, and fashion, the most enlightened centre of the Occident, is now a sort of anteroom of the war, where the only "lumière" is the blinding glare of searchlights, and the only visitors stray uniformed allies on leave from the front. The change that has come over the Gallic temperament since August, 1914, is quite one of the most interesting features of the European struggle. It is because the whole French nation is fighting—every individual man, woman, and child is vitally concerned in the cause of France against an enemy as powerful as he is ruthless—that Paris has discarded the mask of frivolity, and disclosed her true character to the world.

The Paris expression is not one of anxiety. The capital knows that the Allies will win, but it knows also exactly what sacrifices must be made before the Prussian Eagle on the Alsace-Lorraine frontier posts is replaced by the Tricolour. The snapshots on this page were taken haphazard by our representatives in the French capital.



Captain Valentine, British aviator, stationed at the Boulevard des Invalides, giving orders to his chauffeur. On the left: An ugly souvenir for a pretty Parisienne. French soldier presents a friend with a portion of a Zeppelin.

British officers on leave from the front passing through Paris on their way to England. Lieut.-Col. Ponsonby (formerly private secretary to King Edward) giving instructions to his secretary.

Lord Castlerosse, who is an officer in the Irish Guards, poses for our photographer on the Grands Boulevards.

Will they Ever be Good Friends Again?

Too happy to want to escape. Contented German prisoners, glad to be out of the firing-line, make friends with their French guard at a wayside station.

Working together with a good will. German prisoners and French captors pushing a truck into a siding.

Preliminaries of a better understanding. German prisoner gives his French guard a light.

Sons of the Fatherland in charge of a French soldier who is about to fill their pans with soup. Are the German and French temperaments reconcilable? Despite all theories to the contrary, Frenchmen and Germans can, under certain circumstances, be friendly.

With Hindenburg's Huns on the Eastern Front

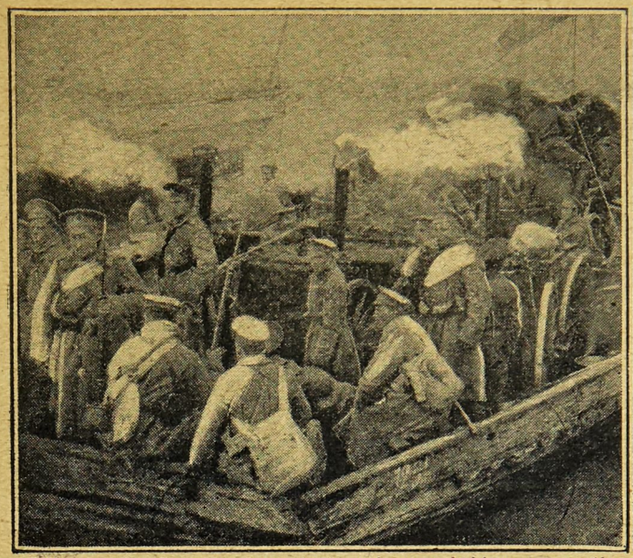
Germans bringing in a Russian spy who, disguised as a peasant, was captured while using a telephone within the German lines in Poland.

Jewish priests passing through a Polish village before the German occupation. They are carrying their Talmuds with them.

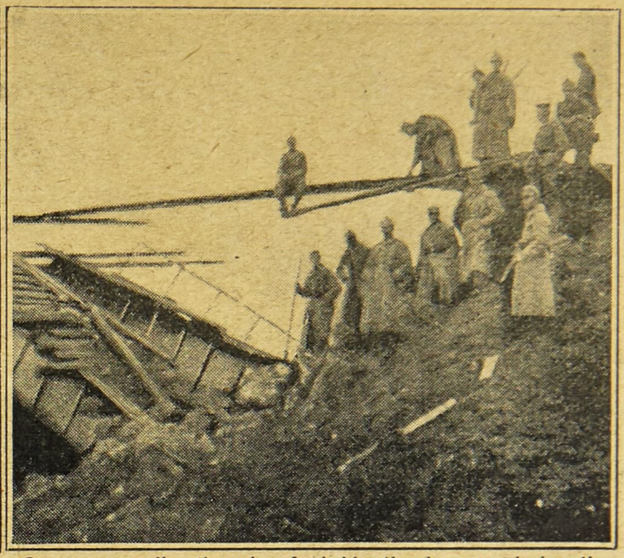
Definite proof of the Huns' abuse of the rules of war. German ghoul actually caught in the act of robbing a fallen Russian. This snapshot would not have reached England had the culprit seen it being taken.

Open-air granary along a strategic railway. Store of flour destined to help feed part of the Tsar's mighty Armies. Inset above: German barricade in Poland, constructed of logs of wood. The officer is seen with his field-glasses about to watch for signs of Russian troops. (The last three photographs are exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

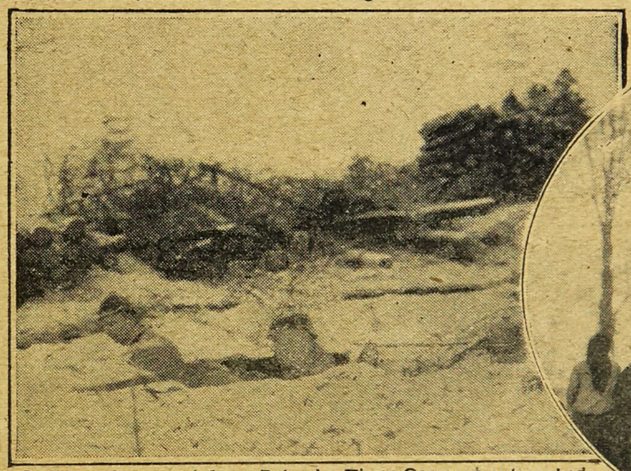
Scenes from the Battle-lines in Poland



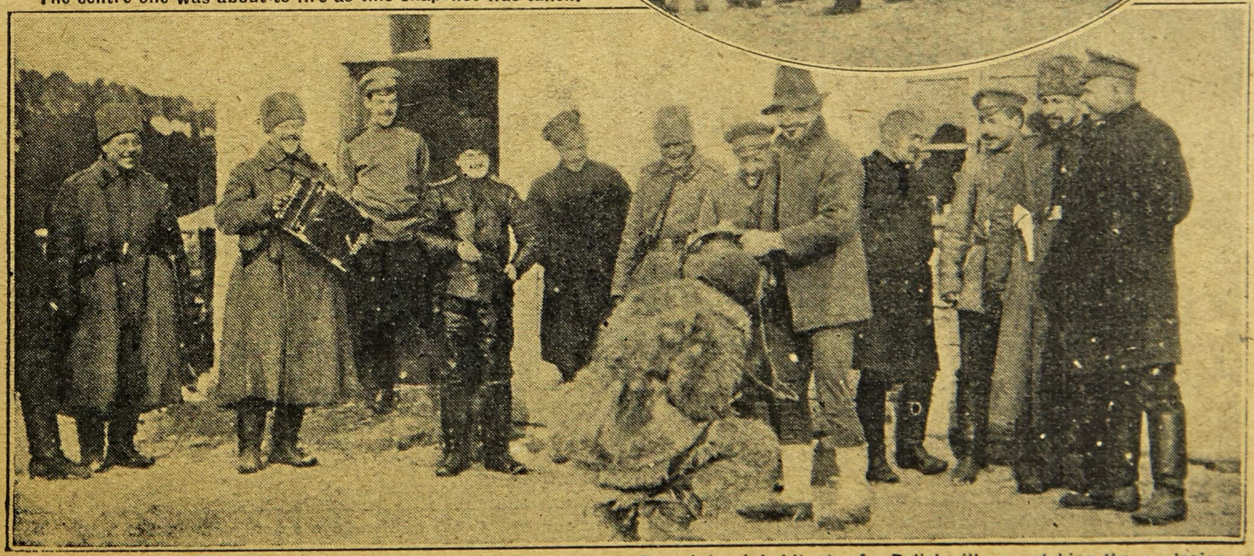
Although the Germans have destroyed many bridges across the Vistula, they have not prevented the Russians from crossing. A number of soldiers are here seen being ferried with field kitchens.



Germans guarding the ruins of a bridge they have wrecked on the Vistula. This photograph was taken by a captured Russian officer, who managed to escape the following day.



Striking photograph from Poland. Three Germans entrenched. The centre one was about to fire as this snapshot was taken.



Russian soldiers display the same cheery spirit that is shown by our own men. The foremost figures are soldiers "made up" as a bear-man, and "bear," who is about to dance. (Inset above): Remaining inhabitants of a Polish village watching the explosion of a German shell in the distance. (A Russian soldier is pointing to the spot where the shrapnel is bursting.

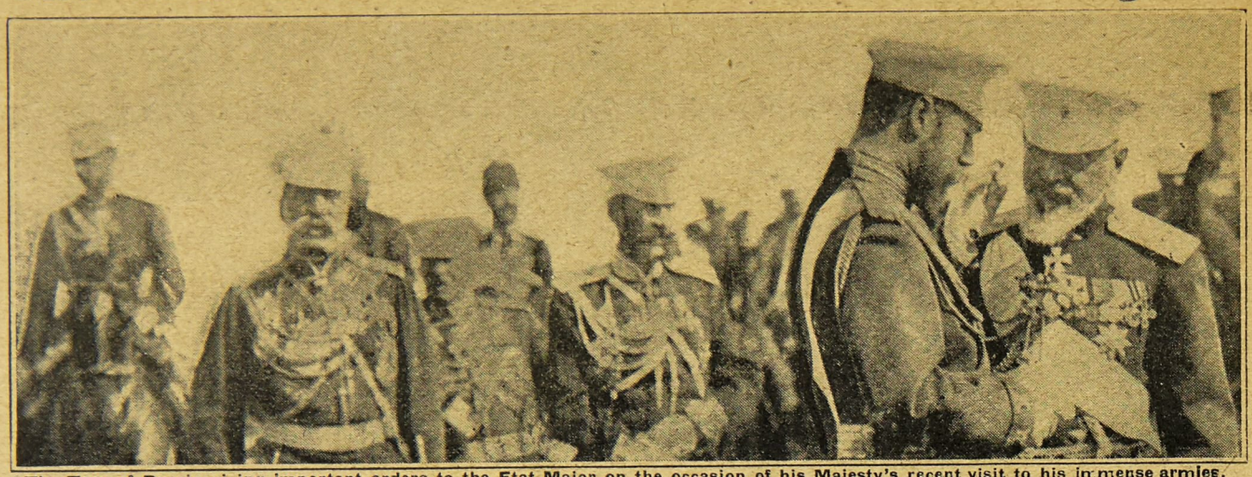
Triumphant Russians forcing Carpathian Passes

Russia is fiercely determined to bring Austria to the knee as speedily as possible. Less than a fortnight after the fall of Przemysl the Austrians sent to relieve the fortress had been driven across the Carpathian Mountains and forced to retreat many miles, with the victorious Russians harrying their communications. Great battles have taken place in the mountain regions, and the important victory in the centre of the zone of conflict—the capture of the Rostok Pass—enabled the Tsar's troops to advance south, and provided an opportunity for them to form a wide front on Hungarian territory.

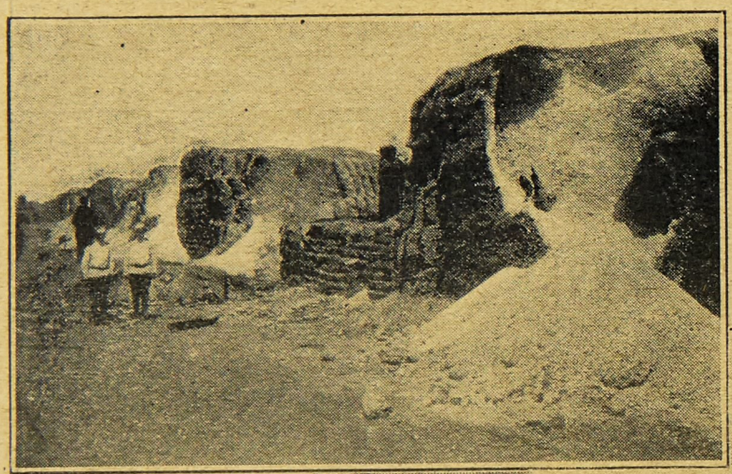
A Stirring Feat of Mountain Warfare

The capture by the French of the Hartmannsweilerkopf is one of the finest achievements of the mountain warfare. From the middle of January to the last day of March the height was contested stubbornly. Until the beginning of March the French, handicapped by the fog which is common in the Vosges hills in winter, were unable to oust the Germans, whose fire swept the valleys, from their invisible fortresses. After a full month's preparation, a great attack was launched. Alpine Chasseurs and a regiment of infantry pressed furiously forward to the summit, capturing trenches and redoubts, until at last the crest was gained.

The Tsar assures Himself of Russia's Progress



The Tsar of Russia giving important orders to the Etat Major on the occasion of his Majesty's recent visit to his immense armies. The "Little Father," as the Tsar is known throughout his Empire, is now one of the most popular of royalties.

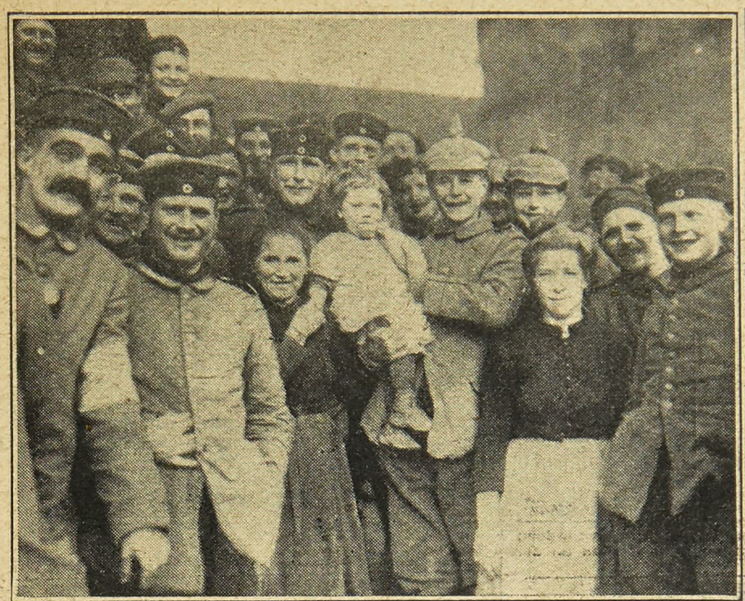


WHILE the Germanic "humorists" are still overworked in the manufacture of vulgar cartoons, purporting to represent the complete annihilation of the forces of Grand Duke Nicholas, and the frustration of his strategic plans by the inimitable Hindenburg, our Russian ally is making sure progress towards the domination of the Eastern front.

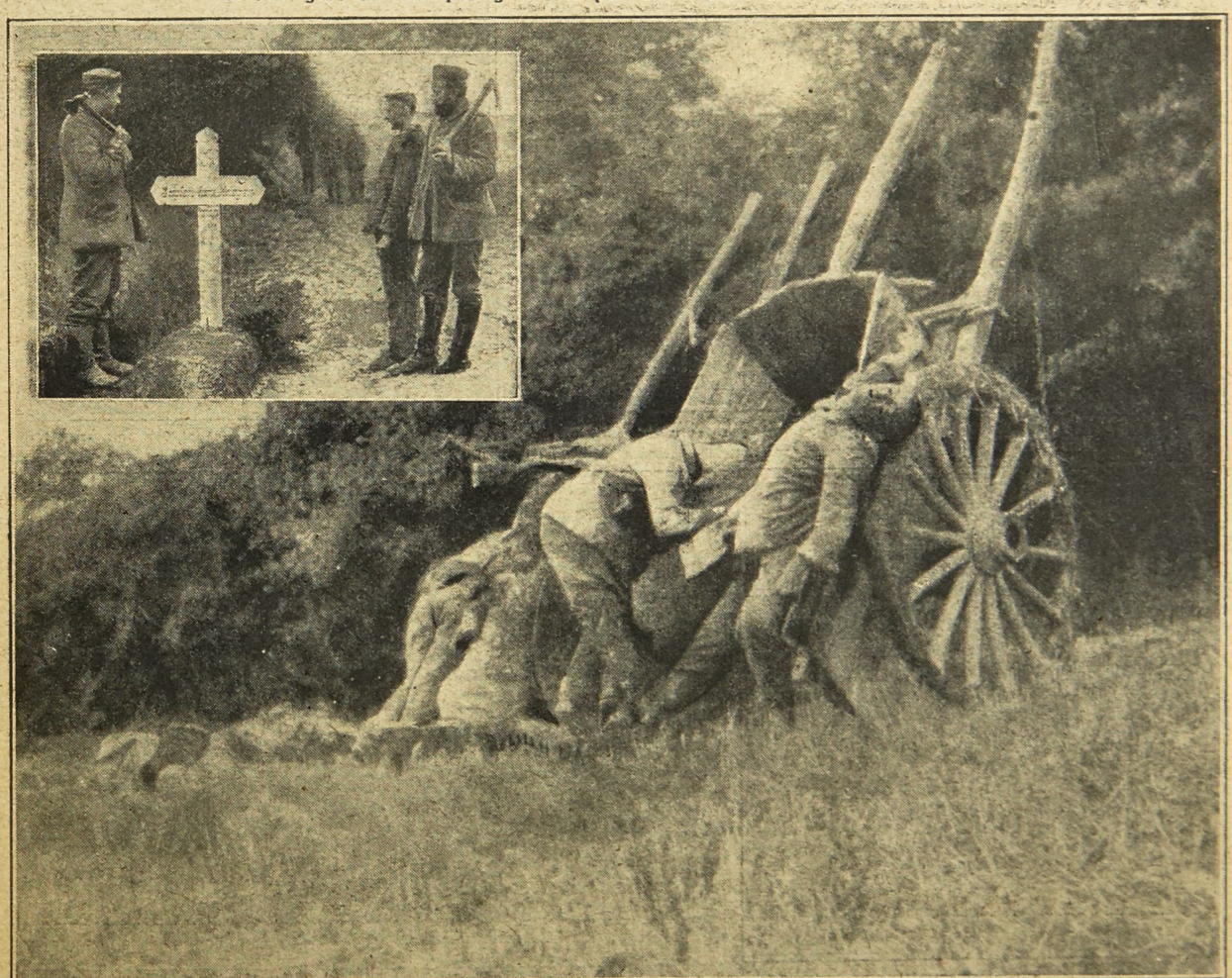
The photographs on this page are evidence of undoubted Russian progress. They both represent desperate acts of destruction on the part of retreating Teutonic forces. The inset on the left is remarkably interesting. Frequently an army in precipitate retreat is compelled to destroy war stores whose transport would retard its progress, even if they be essential food supplies, such as are seen in the snapshot.

Scene of desolation in a town on the East Prussian frontier. The debris was once an imposing railway-station. This, together with the supply depots, was destroyed by the Germans in a retreat from the Russian forces. Inset: Remarkable photographs illustrating one of the most bitter ironies of war. The rocklike substance is in reality the cinders of thousands of sacks of flour burnt by the Austrians at Suwalki as an alternative to leaving them a prize to the victorious Russians following close on their heels.

Comedy and Tragedy with the Germans in France

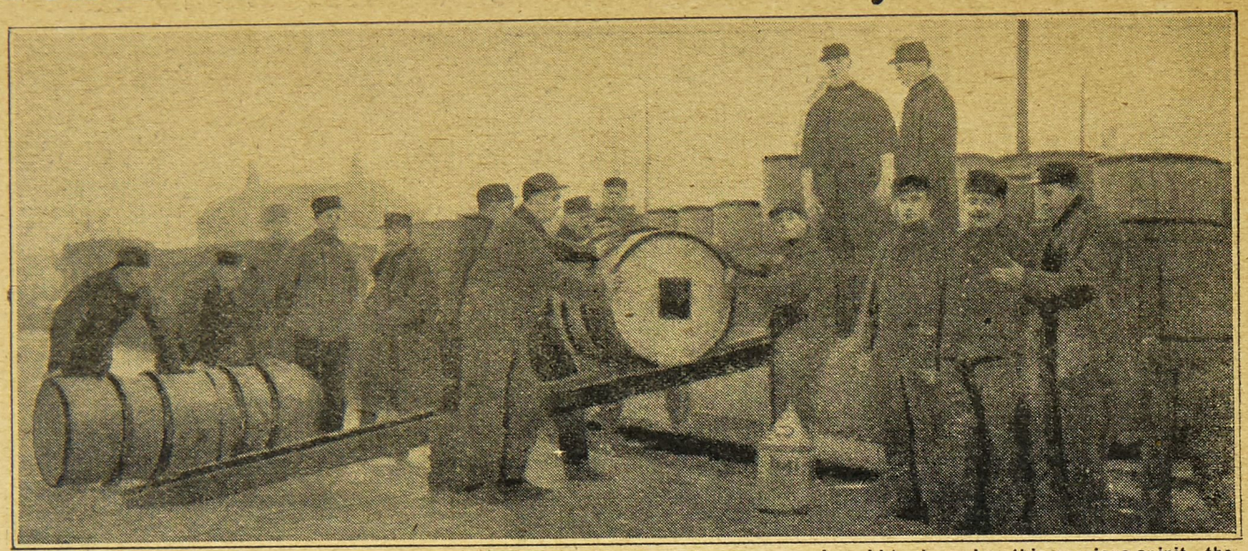


This photograph was taken in a village near Soissons, the scene of so much heavy fighting. The Germans are anxious to appear friendly to the few remaining inhabitants. Doubtless they will circulate this picture in an attempt to refute charges of barbarity. On the right: Germans posing for their portraits in one of their trenches near Rheims.

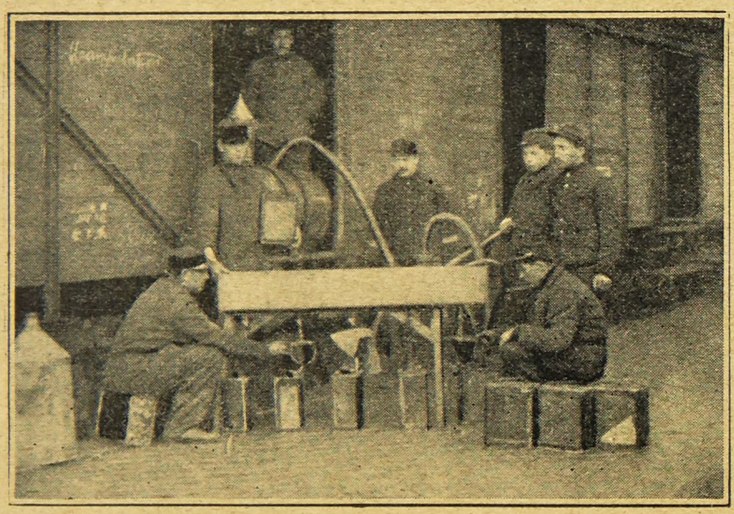


The grim harvest gleaned by a single French shell. These Germans were pulling the transport cart against which their bodies are seen postured, when they were located by the gunners of a "75." A single well-placed shell took death to everyone of them. Inset: Well-carved cross erected by a few (camera) reverent Germans to "Brave French Soldiers" they have buried.

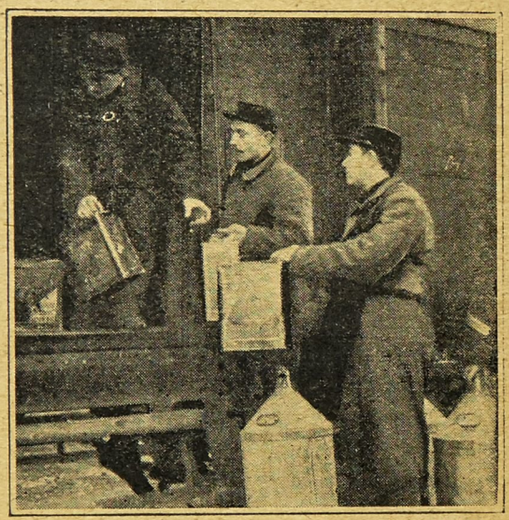
Petrol—the Life-blood of an Army on the Move



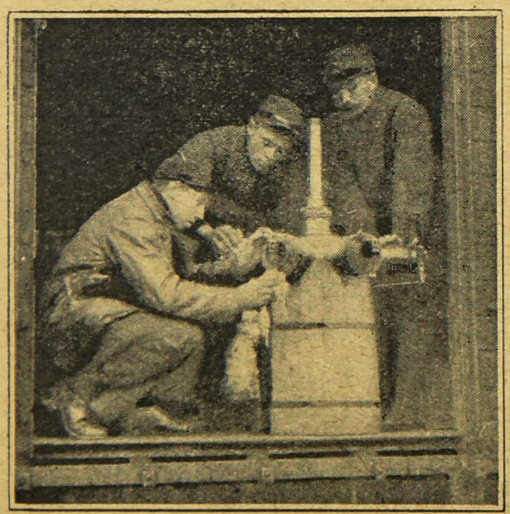
Belgian soldiers unloading petrol from a supply train. Everything in modern war may be said to depend on this precious spirit—the transport of food, of ammunition, of wounded, and of even an army itself where rapid movement is essential.



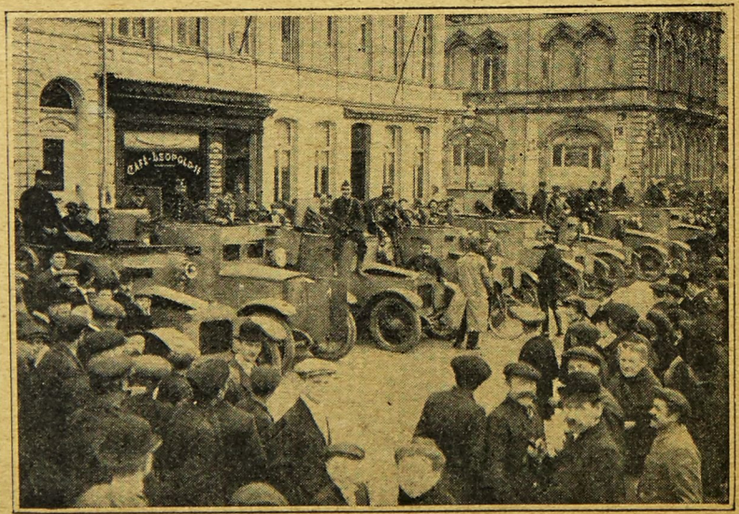
Belgian soldiers filling petrol cans for use of aeroplanes from the tank of a supply train at a frontier station.



Unloading large tin cans of petrol for consumption by our ally's aeroplanes.



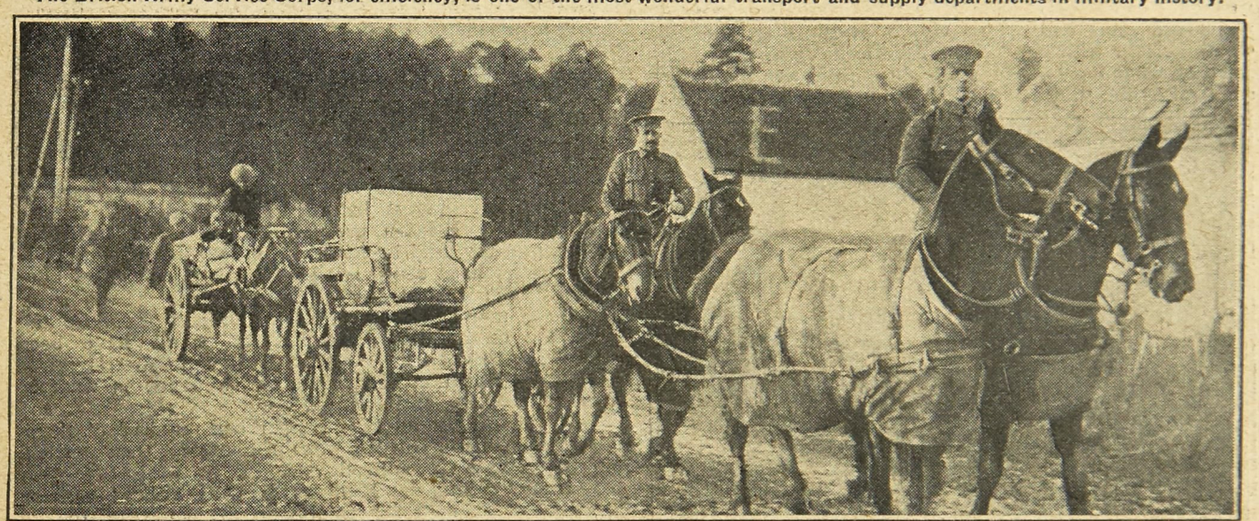
Belgian soldiers cleaning and repairing an aeroplane motor in the petrol train.



A feature of the Belgian Army. Fleet of petrol-driven cars which go out daily on sniping excursions, causing the Germans considerable trouble.

Our Army Service Corps at Work in France

Some members of the corps, which is the "universal provider" of the Army, taking stock of supplies in a town behind the firing-line. The British Army Service Corps, for efficiency, is one of the most wonderful transport and supply departments in military history.



Bringing up a tank of water. The huge responsibility of keeping the army supplied with everything from a battery of guns to a side of bacon devolves upon the Quartermaster-General, Major-General Sir John Cowan, whose organising skill is beyond all praise.

Army Service men unloading sacks of provender at a base. Mechanical transport has been a great boon to the soldier in the field. With the aid of quick train service to the railhead and motor-lorries, a supply of fresh food is guaranteed over an unlimited area.

THE WAR BY LAND

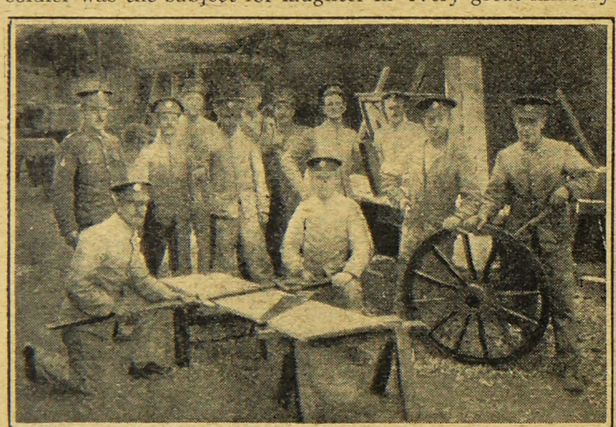
By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

PEOPLE are in a somewhat sombre mood. The wave of high spirits and confident anticipation caused by the first news of Neuve Chapelle have been followed by a reaction. The casualty lists came as a shock; and the stories and rumours that followed them added to the public uneasiness. Men are disappointed at the sustained pause over the Dardanelles, inevitable as that is. A careful veil is drawn over events at sea, and little or nothing can be said in print of the splendours and triumphs of the anti-submarine war. All this is having its effect on the public temper. Above all, men are tired of the pauses, the uncertainties, and the long delays of the war.

"What does it matter what the public feel?" some impatient fighting man may ask. "Let them worry their little hearts if they want to. We are not going to win out on people's feelings." But it does matter what people feel, and feelings may ultimately very materially affect the issue. It is just like us as a nation that, at the very moment when our spirits might well be rising, we are suddenly tinged with pessimism.

How America Estimates our Chances

"At the beginning of the war the betting in New York was three to one on Germany," a prominent American told me a few days ago. "To-day, it is three to one that Great Britain will win." The Americans form their judgment on what has happened. Eight months ago the British soldier was the subject for laughter in every great military



Lancashire Territorial Engineers at work in Egypt. The "Terriers" have been in training on the hot sands of the desert.

nation of Europe. Who laughs at him now? Our bitterest enemies admit to-day that he is one of their most dangerous foes.

The public are uneasy because they believe they are not being told the whole truth in the official despatches. This uneasiness has grown to a marked extent since fuller details of the fighting around Neuve Chapelle have been allowed to transpire, and since the casualty lists have told their message. No one doubts but that the officials who handle the news from the front are actuated by the best of motives. They are attempting, however, an impossible, unnecessary, and harmful task.

Trust the People! Tell all the Truth!

Trust the people! Let them know the real truth and the whole truth, save when it would directly and obviously injure military operations to have facts known. This would be the simplest and wisest policy. Unfortunately, everything points to the policy of naval and military secrecy growing. The result of the present methods is that rumour takes the place of reasoned statement.

It is easy to cut out a reference to some unfavourable incident from a report of a battle. It is impossible to silence the hundreds and thousands of men who know about it. Every wounded soldier returns home with the tale on his lips. Every man on leave hints it to his friends. In the end, a small incident, suppressed officially, grows by gossip to a tale of crushing loss and cruel disaster. It is better to tell the real facts right away.

The March forward movement did not go so far as was expected on the British side, but generally the story of the Allies east and west is one of progress. The French offensive between the Meuse and the Moselle immediately threatens the German advanced position at St. Mihiel. It gives, further, an indication of French intentions in the immediate future. This offensive is the necessary preliminary to a French attempt to advance north-eastwards in the direction of Luxemburg.

France wants to do her fighting in German territory. The way there lies north of Metz, along the banks of the Moselle. It is too early yet to discuss the strength of Metz—one of the most splendidly fortified positions in the world—the resistance it can offer, and the possibility of containing and capturing it. That, however, may be a leading issue in the immediate future.

Meanwhile, one fact has to be kept in mind all the time. The real military difficulties of the Allies on the western side will not begin until they have driven the German armies back into their own territory, and until the invasion of Germany is attempted.

Down the Carpathians

The position of the Russians in the Carpathians is steadily improving. The long fight with the pick of the Austrian armies has turned in their favour. They have captured pass after pass, and at some points they are driving the Austrians down the mountain slopes into Hungary. They are on the edge of the great Hungarian Plain, with Budapest before them. Since the fall of Przemysl the Russian pressure in the south has been steady, growing, and irresistible.

I do not join in the sneers at the Austrians. They have fought better than many of us expected. Theirs is an Empire of many races, with often divided sympathies and mutually unintelligible speech. Its people have been caught in the web of the ambitions of their more resolute neighbour, and find themselves overwhelmed in what is, to many of them, an unwanted war.

They have done all that honour has required of them. Now that Russia holds the gates of Hungary, their position is going to be a very difficult one.

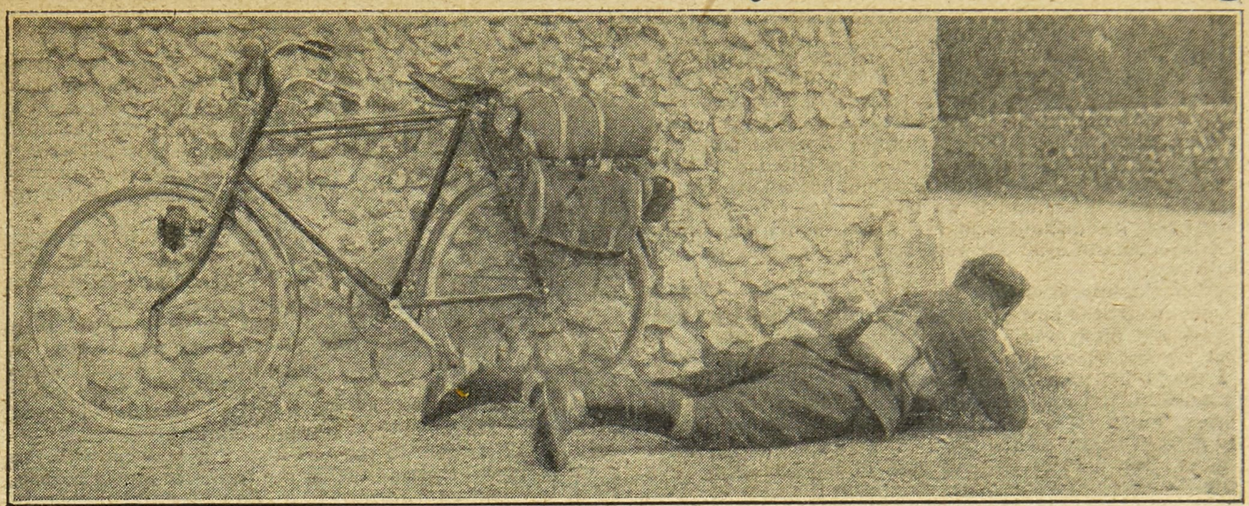
Germany cannot see Hungary invaded without making some effort to help her neighbour. A counter-stroke at the Russian lines farther north will not be sufficient. German troops will have to be poured into Hungary to check the flood. Many of these troops must be drawn from the German western front. Then it is that the Allies will have their chance to strike in on to the weakened German lines along France and Belgium.

What will Holland Do?

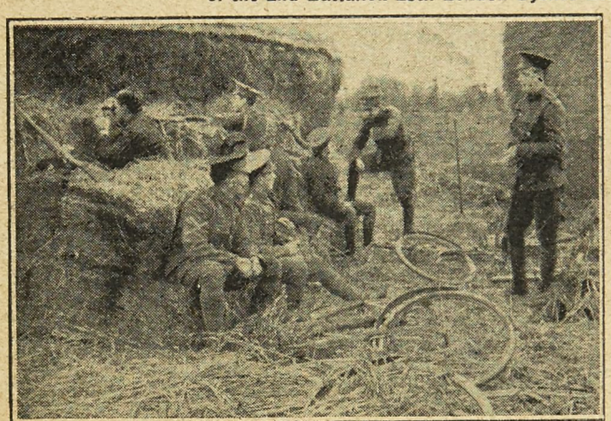
The people at home who are complaining so greatly that nothing is happening ought to keep their eyes on the east and the south. Obviously we will make our main attack at the best moment, and the best moment will be when the Germans are busiest elsewhere. Another point requires bearing in mind. Many Germans are to-day regarding Holland with growing apprehension. In the old days they made no secret of their determination to take Holland when they want it. The Dutch remember their old talk, and Holland has its little Army ready for any eventuality.

If Holland is forced into the war, she will be forced into it on our side. I do not wonder that the Dutch people, with the dreadful picture of the fate of the Belgian neighbour confronting them, have striven as long as possible to observe neutrality. Germany may make it impossible for this neutrality to be permanently maintained. This will simplify the war for us as nothing else could do, and will open the very heart of industrial Germany—Essen and its surroundings—to our attack. Some things seem too good to be true, but occasionally even the unexpectedly good does happen.

Our Wheeled Warriors: Cyclists in Training



Cyclist battalions are playing a great part in the war, and there are thousands of these warriors on wheels in training. A member of the 2nd Battalion 25th London Cyclist Corps (Reserve) sniping from the entrance to a village.



An outpost position. The machines are screened from aerial observation with straw. Men of the 9th Hants Cyclists in training.

Cycles as entanglements and barricades. Men of the 9th Hants Cyclists practising a method of stopping cavalry or armoured motor-cars by piling up their machines. Inset: Bivouac after a mimic battle in preparation for the front. Men of the 25th London Cyclist Corps resting during training manœuvres. Two non-coms. are studying a map.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THE last occasion on which I dealt at length with the submarine war against commerce was in an article appearing in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, February 13th. The suggestions then made appear to have been vindicated.

We are gradually pursuing a more vigorous hunt and carrying through operations against the submarine bases and sources of supply. In this work our airmen are bearing a conspicuous part, and if we had a greater supply even more would be done of the same character as the destruction of two submarines at Antwerp and the various raids at Zeebrugge.

When the interview with Von Tirpitz appeared, in which he announced the new policy, I pointed out that merchant ships could often escape by pursuing a zigzag course at their highest speed, and should not surrender too easily.

I would instance, as a splendid example of mercantile seamanship, the case of the small thirteen-knot steamer Vosges, which for two hours was chased by a submarine and fired at nearly all the time. If only she had possessed a gun! We read in another case of a submarine firing three torpedoes at a stationary ship, after the crew had left, before she sank her from a range of one hundred yards.

Submarine Blockade to Allies' Advantage

It was also suggested that some merchant ships should be armed and they should proceed two or three in company, with a view to ramming the submarine. We have not yet heard of a case of a submarine successfully tackling an armed merchant ship, nor of its attacking where two or three are in company. Of course, they can do so, but it is evident that they prefer to take no avoidable risks.

Nothing can get over the fact that in a period of five weeks, during which the submarine war on commerce was in operation, while 7,401 vessels entered and departed from our ports, only twenty-two were destroyed by submarines, while the submarines were being picked off at a rate greater than one a week.

It is impossible to feel satisfied with defence arrangements which have enabled German submarines to operate against commerce on repeated occasions within a few miles of such an important rounding point as Beachy Head.

In nearly every case the submarine has acted as a surface boat for an appreciable interval of time, and there does not appear to have been any sort of anti-submarine craft within miles of the spot. The diversion of submarines to the attack of commerce, instead of prosecuting a military campaign against warships and transports, is an absolute gain to the cause of the Allies.

The justification of Germany's cruiser effort against our commerce, which came to an end with the sinking of the Dresden, was not so much the damage and loss of prestige inflicted as that it produced an immense dispersion of our cruiser power in the endeavour to put a stop to the raids on commerce. This is not the case with the submarine operations, for they are on our coast where the anti-submarine craft would be patrolling in any circumstances. Therefore, there is no military reason for the action of the German Government, and the new phase of the submarine war is significant as a very palpable confession of failure.

The submarines have failed entirely against the transports, and as against the allied warships there has been a dwindling number of successes; so that while ten have fallen victims, they all belong to a period earlier than the submarine blockade. The majority belong to the first three months of the war, and owed their successful attack to the trick of sheltering under a vessel flying a neutral flag. In no single instance were the victims defended by high speed or by destroyers.

The German war theory was that while their own ships remained under the protection of fortifications, mines, and booms, with suspended nets, the British ships would become the victims of mines and submarines at sea.

The theory ignores the fact that the only object of a fleet is to fight. If our own Fleet can render its position in harbour inaccessible to submarines, and at the same time the harbour occupies a strategical position from which our Fleet can bring the enemy to action if he should proceed to sea, then the purposes of war are achieved.

It is still possible to practise from this position with the great armoured ships at anchor the tactics of highly mobile, small outlying craft, described in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, February 27th. In other words, the refusal to employ any weapon but the submarine eases the strain of preparation.

It also increases our margin for battle. If the threat of war is so constant that the Fleet has to keep the sea, then twenty-five per cent. of the Dreadnoughts at any given moment will be away refitting, etc.

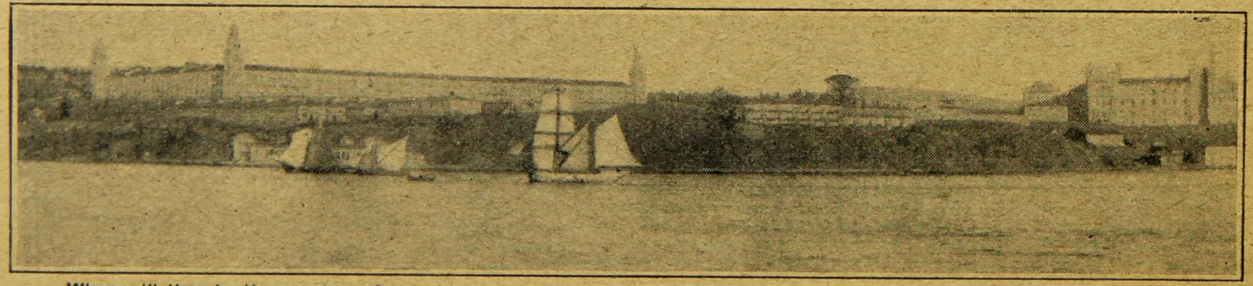
War on Commerce Releases Naval Tension

In that case, our margin of superiority on the day of battle is only twenty-five per cent. in the number of Dreadnoughts for our work, with a total margin of fifty per cent. If, on the other hand, the threat ceases, and we have only to consider submarine war against commerce, then all the Dreadnoughts, except those undergoing the half-yearly cleaning of ships' bottoms and refits—a process which the German ships have to go through as well, and on which we are just as likely to be informed by spies—will be available for a sudden call. Our superiority will therefore be fifty per cent. in numbers instead of half as much. This is an advantage we have very seldom enjoyed. All our great naval leaders have had to reckon with depletion of their force through necessities of refitting and replenishing with stores and water.

For instance, Hawke's fleet fought on October 14th, 1747, with only fourteen out of his full strength of twenty-five ships of the line.

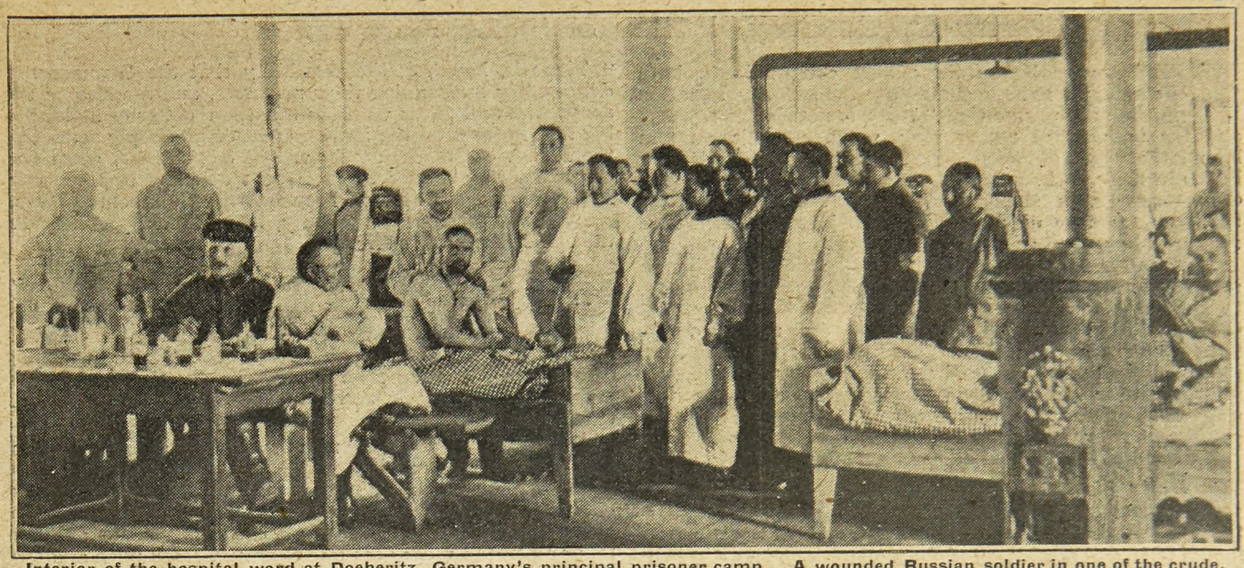
It is, however, not merely the case that our Fleet's offensive power has been strengthened by recent German policy, but the enemy's defensive power has been weakened. Germany's great fear is a descent either on the coasts of Flanders or Schleswig, and the cheapest defence against such a risk lies in a flotilla of submarines.

If these are scattered to the Scilly Islands, St. Alban's Head, St. Catherine's Point, and about the North Sea, then they are not available as a defence against such a risk, and the lines against Joffre or the Russian Grand Duke must pay the price in sacrificing men and guns for such an event. All this has been done for a mere bagatelle to minister to the clouded judgment of hate.

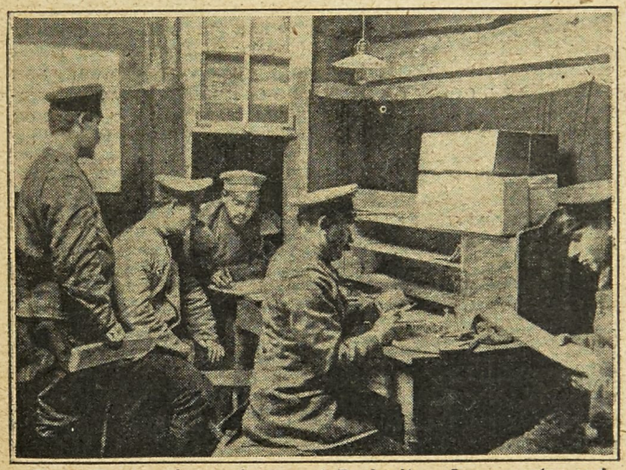


When will they be the quarters of the allied troops? Turkish barracks, Constantinople, as seen from the Bosphorus.

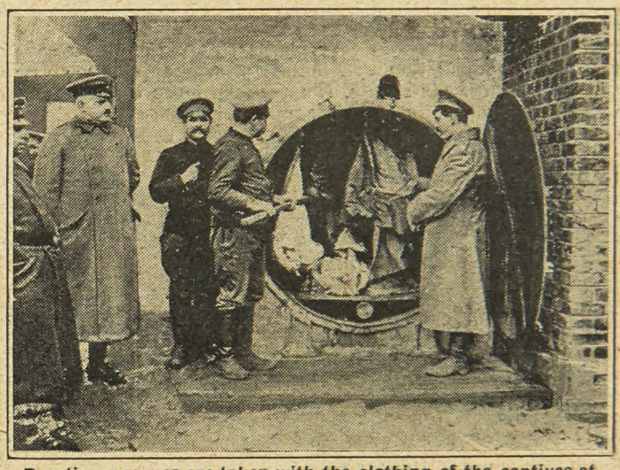
Gaol-bird life for Patriotic Aliens in Germany



Interior of the hospital ward at Doeberitz, Germany's principal prisoner camp. A wounded Russian soldier in one of the crude, wooden beds is being examined by a German doctor, who, with a staff of dressers, is making his daily rounds.



Post-office in prisoners' camp at Doeberitz. A paymaster and his assistants are making up their accounts.



Drastic measures are taken with the clothing of the captives at Guben camp. Everything, including boots, is baked in an oven.

The dispensary at Guben. Germany's prisoner population amounts to several hundred thousands. With food so scarce in the Fatherland, their lot is not enviable, especially that of the hated British and their comfort is not considered.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

EVERY now and then the official communiqués, both French and British, summarise the military situation in the brief phrase that "there is nothing to report," and the uninformed reader may, perhaps, conjure up in his mind a vision of idle soldiers standing around with their hands in their pockets, and—as concerns the Royal Flying Corps—aeroplanes sitting quietly on the ground while the R.F.C. air mechanics do odd repair jobs for which time could not be spared in the heat of action.

Fortunately a recent despatch pointed out that "although no communiqués have been sent since March 22nd, owing to lack of any incidents worthy of special mention, yet individual activities have been of daily and nightly occurrence along the whole front." As to what that precisely means where horse, foot, and guns are concerned, it is not my place to explain, but as regards the R.F.C. it means a great deal. For, in fact, when one of these periods of calm set in along our particular section of the fighting-line, the R.F.C. says to itself, "Our busy season is now commencing."

The Daily Routine

Calm along the fighting-line generally means that something of importance is going on behind it. Big movements of troops are taking place, preparatory to a vigorous assault at some other point, and fresh stores of ammunition are being brought up to replace that fired away in the last action. War-worn troops are being moved to the rear to rest, and fresh formations or rested troops are being sent forward to replace them. All these movements have to be watched by the air scouts, if anything more closely than while a general action is in progress, for while a big fight is on troops are poured up to the fighting-line in big numbers, and are easily seen; whereas, during the period of calm, there is time to take some care to conceal their movements.

Therefore the R.F.C. has to be more alert than ever to see what is going on behind the German lines, and the German aeroplane pilots are equally busy behind our lines—that is, whenever they can manage to get past our air patrols and anti-aircraft guns.

The Bomb-Droppers' Turn

Those who read the papers carefully may have noticed that when a really big fight, like that at Neuve Chapelle, is in progress we hear nothing of bombs being dropped on the small towns and villages behind our lines, for the good and sufficient reason that the German aviators are much too busy watching our troops, especially our movements of guns, near the firing-line.

It is when the fierce fighting has died down that the German bomb-droppers turn their attention to the villages, well out of artillery range, where they know our troops are resting, partly with the simple idea of annoying the men in their billets, and partly to try and bring them out into the streets, so as to form some estimate of their numbers.

Of late this kind of nuisance has been considerably abated—chiefly, I believe, because the German pilots have such a wholesome respect for our fast little scouts, which chase them whenever they appear, and, being much faster than the Germans, cut them off.

There is, however, the possibility that the Germans are deliberately husbanding their resources, and are storing up aeroplanes and pilots with the intention either of making a big raid in force on the British coast or of simply smashing the R.F.C. out of the air by weight of numbers, when the German Army makes its last great attempt to force our Army into the sea and the French Army back behind Paris. I say "last attempt" advisedly, for that will probably be the end of Germany's strength.

Our Army's "Guardian Angels"

However, while the Army rests, the R.F.C. does the guardian angel business up above, chasing away the German aircraft which would disturb its slumbers, and watching carefully for any surprise movement of German troops massing for an attack, and the daily routine of the R.F.C. officer is fairly strenuous accordingly.

As a general rule it means that most of them have to be up before dawn, so as to get a certain number of aeroplanes into the air at daybreak, for that is a favourite time for attack either by land or air. The first lot go off, fly for between two and three hours, and, as they are returning, off go another lot; and so the game goes on till dark. Each pilot and the observer with whom he habitually works has a regular round to cover, as clearly defined as a policeman's beat. Situated where the British Army is at present, the country over which they have to fly is very much like the Black Country between Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and Wednesbury, or say the East End of London between Romford and Stratford. Scrubby fields, stunted trees, miles on miles of streets which are really strings of villages joining up to one another, factories, brickfields, and so forth. The very worst possible country to fly over, and as bad as anything, except thick forest, for the observation of troops, for in open country troops can be seen even when at rest, but here they are inside houses except when actually moving.

Difficult Country for Aerial Work

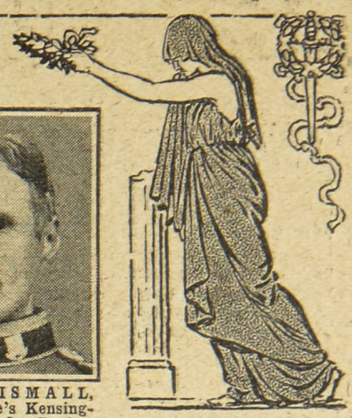
If an engine stops, by accident or because it is hit, and the aeroplane has to come down, there is an excellent chance of being smashed in a brickfield or clay hole for lack of a decent field in which to land, so that still further danger is added to that of being shot in the air.

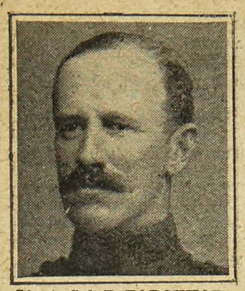
Nevertheless, the daily patrol has to go on, and the pilots and observers get to know every street and every little wayside station on their beat—only in plan view—as well as they know their own front doors at home. Thus they are able to spot at once any alteration in the aspect of the places. A brickfield suddenly changes to a fort, a row of mean little houses disappears, new lines of rails appear as sidings at a little station—some movement is intended at that point, and is duly reported, and more carefully watched than ever.

Meantime calm reigns along the front, except that the big guns keep on booming, the snipers keep on sniping, and the eternal aeroplanes sweep overhead. But still we are told that "there is nothing to report."

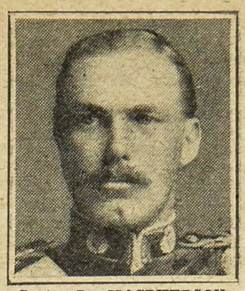
Novel method of "snapping" the enemy in his trenches. French soldiers about to photograph the German position from above with a camera attached to a kite. At the requisite height the camera is worked by a wire.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead



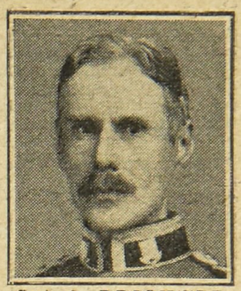


Lieut.-Col. F. FARQUHAR, D.S.O., Princess Patricia's L.I. (Coldstream Guards.)



Capt. J. MACPHERSON, Cameron Highlanders.

Capt. R. Y. SIDEBOTTOM, Lancashire Fusiliers.



Capt. A. PRISMALL, Princess Louise's Kensington Batt. London Regt.

Capt. THOMAS LAURENCE FROST, Cheshire Regiment.

Capt. R. McG. BOWEN-COLTHURST, Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment.

Lieut. D. BELL-IRVING, 2nd Field Company, Canadian Engineers.

Capt. JAMES ARCHIBALD LOCHNELL CAMPBELL, A. and S. Highlanders.

Lieut. THOS. P. PILCHER, 2nd Batt. Rifle Brigade.

Com. RUDOLF H. C. VERNER, H.M.S. Inflexible.

Lieutenant-Colonel Francis D. Farquhar, D.S.O., was in command of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry (Coldstream Guards). He died a noble death at the head of his troops. He joined his battalion from the Duke of Connaught's Staff, on which he was serving as Military Secretary. At one time he was employed at the War Office as a General Staff Officer. In South Africa he served as an aide-de-camp, and he was in Somaliland on special service. Colonel Farquhar married Lady Evelyn Hely-Hutchinson, a sister of the sixth Earl of Donoughmore.

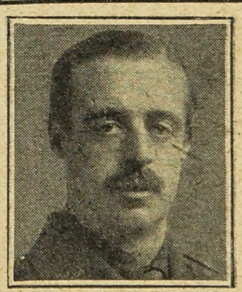
Captain James Archibald Lochnell Campbell, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, received his commission in 1900; he became a captain in 1910. From 1903 to 1912 he was employed with the West African Frontier Force, and in 1912 was appointed as adjutant of Territorials. In the South African War he acted as Station Staff Officer, and held the two Medals with five clasps.

Lieutenant Thomas Percy Pilcher, 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, was killed whilst leading his platoon in an assault on the German trenches at Neuve Chapelle on March 12th. He was the son of Major-General T. D. Pilcher, C.B.

Second-Lieutenant the Hon. Howard Carew Stonor, 2nd Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment, was killed in action at Givenchy, "whilst leading his men most gallantly" in an attack on the German trenches. He was the youngest son of Jessie Lady Camoys, and of the fourth Lord Camoys. He was in his twenty-second year, and joined at the beginning of the war.

Lieut. E. C. COLCHESTER, H.M.S. Irresistible.

Sec.-Lieut. C. H. B. MACDONALD, R.F.A.



Sec.-Lieut. H. G. NESBIT, The Buffs (East Kent Regt.).

Lieut. H. W. ETHELSTON, Grenadier Guards.

Lieut.-Col. G. B. LAURIE, Royal Irish Rifles.

Lieut. T. S. LUKIS, 13th London Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. R. H. CARDEN, Wiltshire Regiment.

Sec.-Lieut. BRENDAN JOSEPH FOTTRELL, Royal Irish Regiment.

Sec.-Lieut. W. B. MACFARLANE, 2nd Batt. Middlesex Regiment.

Sec.-Lt. the Hon. HOWARD CAREW STONOR, 2nd Batt. South Staffs Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. V. HERBERT SMITH, Rifle Brigade.

Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Chancellor, Lafayette, Swaine, Russell, Heath, Lambert Weston, Val L'Estrange.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, March 30th to April 8th

MAR. 30.—Home Secretary appoints a Committee to consider the conditions of retail trade which can best secure that the further enlistment of men, or their employment in other national services, may not interfere with the necessary operations of that trade.

French official communique states that 700 German bodies have been counted on the scene of the fighting in the Hartmannsweilerkopf.

Announced that Russian actions in the Carpathians, between points leading to Bartfeld and the Ujok Pass are developing with perfect success.

General Hughes, the Canadian Minister for Defence, announced in Parliament that the Government prepared to keep 50,000 Canadian troops in the firing-line throughout the war, if necessary.

MAR. 31.—German submarine U28 sinks British steamers Flaminian and Crown of Castille. In neither case was there loss of British lives.

War against Drink. King George's letter to Mr. Lloyd George expresses his "deepest concern" at "the grave situation" now existing in our armament factories published. The King added that, if it is deemed advisable, he is prepared to set the example by giving up all alcholic liquor himself and issuing orders against its consumption in the Royal Household.

French airmen successfully bombarded the maritime station of Bruges and the aviation camp of Gits.

Russia reports continued offensive against Austrians in Carpathians, numerous prisoners and guns taken.

Official note issued in Petrograd says that during the period from March 20 to March 29, the Russians in the Carpathians, in the sector occupied by three army corps, took prisoners 202 officers, 8 surgeons, and 16,207 rank and file, and captured 62 machine-guns and 10 guns.

APRIL 1.—**Moonlight Raids by British Airmen.** Flight-Sub-Lieutenant F. G. Andrcae carried out successful air attack on the German submarines which were being constructed at Hoboken, dropping four bombs. Flight-Lieutenant J. P. Wilson attacked two submarines at Zeebrugge. Both these officers started in the moonlight.

Announced that Lord Kitchener has given instructions that during the rest of the war alcoholic drink not to be used in his household.

APRIL 2.—**Bulgarian Raid into Serbia.** Bulgarian irregulars to the number of 2,000, wearing military uniforms, suddenly attacked Serbian blockhouse at Volondova. Serbian frontier guards had to fall back towards railway-station of Stroumitza, a number of dead and wounded on both sides. The Government of Bulgaria gave suitable explanation to Serbia.

APRIL 3.—Turkish cruiser Mejidieh struck a mine near the Russian coast and sank.

Union Forces seize Warmbad, the southern capital of German South-West Africa.

APRIL 4.—On the frontier, to the west of the Niemen, fighting developing greatly in favour of the Russians.

French progress in the Woevre continued, capture of the village of Regnieville reported.

APRIL 5.—Russian Black Sea Fleet fought action with the Goeben and Breslau. Former ran away and action indecisive.

French take three lines of German trenches to south-east of St. Mihiel.

Russian progress in the Carpathians. Heavy defeat of Austrians at Bartfeld, south of the Dukla Pass.

Reply of the United States Government to the British Note regarding the Allies' reprisals against German trade published by Foreign Office. The reply on the whole is friendly in tone, and acknowledges that the new conditions of war may have necessitated great changes in the methods of blockades.

Announced that the King has decided no alcoholic liquor shall be consumed in any of his Majesty's households during the war.

APRIL 6.—**British Mine a Trench.** Sir John French reports the successful explosion of a mine under the German trenches near La Bassée.

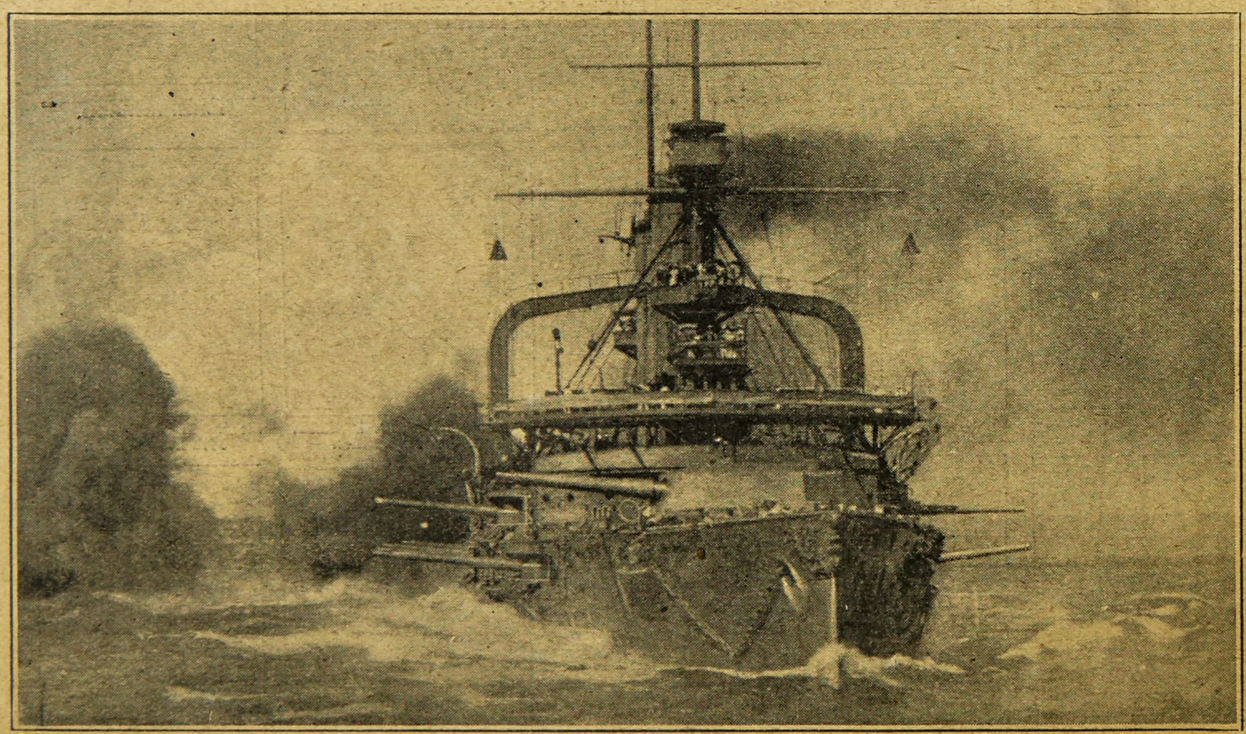
French report that recent success in the Bois d'Ailly (south-east of St. Mihiel) enabled them to make prisoners and to seize a machine-gun. Progress made in the Bois Brule, east of the Bois d'Ailly. The ground gained north-east of Regnieville has been retained.

Russian progress in the Carpathians. All attempts of Austrians to arrest Russian offensive in certain sectors of the Carpathians by counter-attacks failed. Great headway made in the region of the Rostok Pass.

APRIL 7.—**Great French Victory in the Meuse.** On both sides of the loop in their line east of the Meuse, near St. Mihiel, the French made splendid progress. North-east of Verdun they captured two heights and two farms. South-east of it they won ground in the woods which have been the scene of so much fighting.

Austrians forced back across the main range of the Carpathians, and on a wide front forced to retreat twelve to fifteen miles. Russians pouring men through the Rostok Pass and threatening the communications of the Austrians in the Ujok.

APRIL 8.—Another French Victory in the Meuse. By a night attack at Les Eparges, on the heights of the Meuse, French troops made great progress, despite desperate resistance by the Germans, who left over 1,000 dead on the field. Not one man out of 300 who advanced beyond the enemy's lines escaped the French guns.



THE TEETH OF THE BRITISH BULLDOG.—The guns of the Grand Fleet are often alluded to as Britain's "teeth." This remarkably striking photograph is of a British battleship firing a broadside in a recent naval action. The guns have just "spoken"; the "bite" of the British bulldog has just been felt by some of Britannia's enemies.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

Haines.

ADMIRAL LORD FISHER, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., O.M.
First Sea Lord of the British Admiralty, 1904-10 1914—

These pages, numbered with Roman numerals, may be included or omitted from the bound volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *as the subscriber prefers.*

MAP SHOWING RELATIONSHIP OF SERBIA TO OTHER BALKAN STATES AND SERBIANS UNDER AUSTRIAN RULE AT BEGINNING OF THE WAR.

Next to the wonderful Russian advance through the Carpathians, by which they have the plains of Hungary before them, the topic of most recent interest has been the critical situation in the Balkans. Unless the question of the Bulgarian raid over the Serbian frontier is quickly settled, it is likely that there will be another armed struggle among the Balkan States. This map shows the parts of Austria-Hungary inhabited by Serbians chafing under the yoke of the Dual Monarchy. The war will possibly liberate all these people.

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The War Illustrated, 24th April, 1915. *Rgd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

Read Miss Marie Corelli on Workers & 'Shirkers'

The War Illustrated

2d Weekly

Vol. 2 In the small Conning-Tower of a Submarine whence havoc to great Surface Ships is launched **No. 36**

BRITAIN'S WATCH-DOGS OF THE DEEP

X.—H.M.S. AMETHYST

The light cruiser that made a brilliant dash at full speed up the Straits of the Dardanelles on March 14th, being subjected to violent fire from the Turkish forts, and struck by three shells. She is 360 feet in length, has a displacement of 3,000 tons, and is armed with twelve 4 in. guns, eight 3-pounders, and two 18 in. torpedo-tubes.

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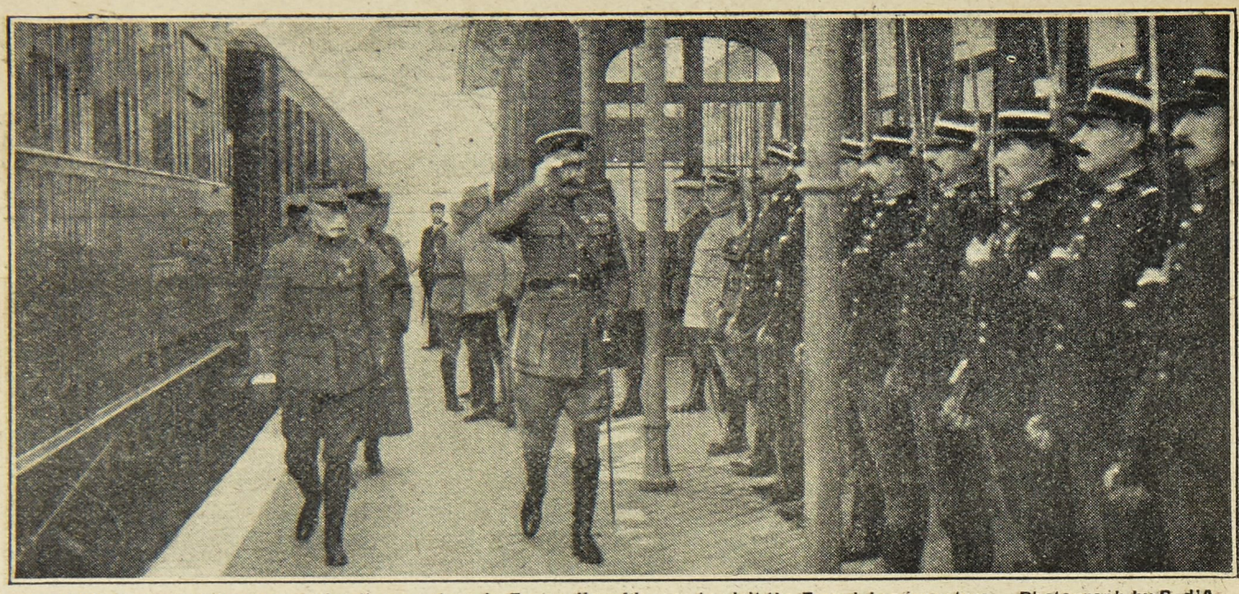
THE WAR Illustrated

No. 36. Vol. 2.
24th April, 1915

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

AN HISTORIC MEETING.—In years to come this camera record, which shows a meeting on French soil of the two most celebrated generalissimos of the western Allies, will have a peculiar value. Lord Kitchener, who stands for Britain in this greatest epoch of her history, and General Joffre, the hope and glory of France in her grand struggle for life, face to face—truly an incident worthy of permanent pictorial record. On the extreme right we see M. Millerand, the French Minister of War.
(Photograph S. d'A.)



Lord Kitchener arriving at a station " somewhere in France " on his way to visit the French headquarters. Photograph by S. d'A.

THE EVEN-HANDED AMERICAN IN THE WAR

ALL good, earnest, " unhyphenated " Americans must have smiled when they read the reported appeal made to them by Pope Benedict. According to a German-American journalist, who obtained an interview with the Sovereign Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church, the Pope went so far as to suggest that the Americans should stop the war by refusing to supply munitions. But the appeal was made too late. The Americans fully resolved last December that the war should be fought to a finish. To this end they were most eager to prevent Great Britain and France from using their superior naval power to the disadvantage of Germany.

OUR country once hoped that the British and French Navies might be justifiably employed in saving the lives of hundreds of thousands of the allied troops, and bringing the war quickly to an end. But the American, anxious to show his neutrality by standing well with both contending parties, objected to any interference with his right to supply munitions to both camps. Being strictly neutral, he was ready to sell guns and shells to the Allies, but at the same time he desired to maintain a traffic in munitions with Germany. He wanted to be even-handed—using both hands to fill his pockets.

FOR several months past no gun, rifle, or howitzer in the German or Austrian lines could have been fired without the friendly help of the United States. The Germans needed a thousand tons of cotton every day to make their smokeless powder. Their preliminary provision of cotton bales was exhausted in the first months of the war. It would have crippled them if they had had to put up new machinery for transforming all the cotton fabrics in Germany and Austria into the base for their nitrated powder. Moreover, their available supply of cotton fabrics would not have sufficed to maintain the war for many months. The collection of a thousand tons of cotton fabric a day would soon have denuded the Teutonic peoples to the extreme point of decency and health. The apostles of Kultur therefore had to get hundreds of thousands of tons of fresh cotton bales in order to continue their work of blowing up Rheims, Arras, and Ypres, turning Northern France and Poland into unhoused wildernesses, and killing and wounding the allied troops by the hundred thousands. The good American of unhyphenated origin, the American of the southern cotton plantations, kindly saw that the Teuton got what he wanted.

WHEN we began at last to think of attempting to use our naval power more vigorously, we received a sharp Note in regard to the way in which we were searching ships carrying American cargoes. The complaint against us was nominally made in regard to our search for American goods which had been declared contraband of war; but the real intention was to daunt us from any attempt to interfere with the cotton trade with Germany. The American shipping Note was indeed so sharp that it almost seemed, at first, as if it would lead to the United States following the example of Turkey, and taking up arms for the support of the promoters of the new civilisation in Belgium and Poland. But we did wrong to the American in thinking that he was following the Crescent. He was only vigorously maintaining his new rights as a neutralist, and fending off any interference with the supply of modern gunpowder to Germany and Austria-Hungary. When he had accomplished the end he had in view, his sudden warlike feelings were appeased.

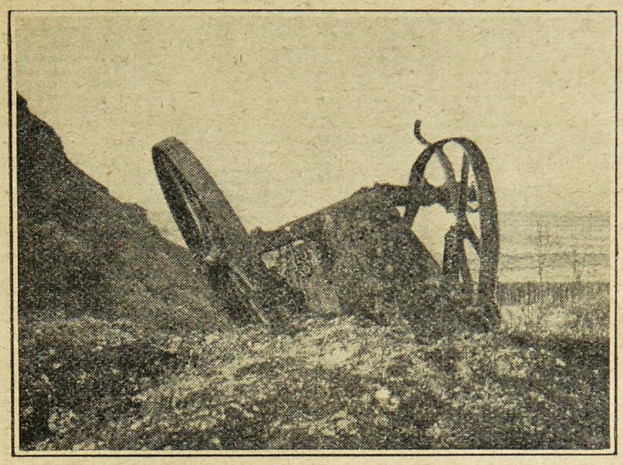
IT must be admitted that the true American is really even-handed. He has no desire to see the Allies overcome for want of material which he is able to supply. After he had supplied the Germans with a new store of two hundred thousand tons of cotton, sufficient to make powder to last them another half-year, the German-American League began to agitate for the stoppage of the export of war material. The Fatherland of the hyphenated Yankees had then obtained all the munitions it needed for six months. This was the reason for the creation of the Neutrality League at Washington at the beginning of the present year.

BUT the real American resolutely continued to hold the balance between the contending armies. Russia, France, and Britain wanted £200,000,000 worth of armaments and war stores, and, as the most perfect of neutralists, the American went on running his factories for the Allies. It is said he sometimes charged the Russians fifteen dollars for shells that could profitably have been sold for six dollars. But no man, or country, is without certain human weaknesses.

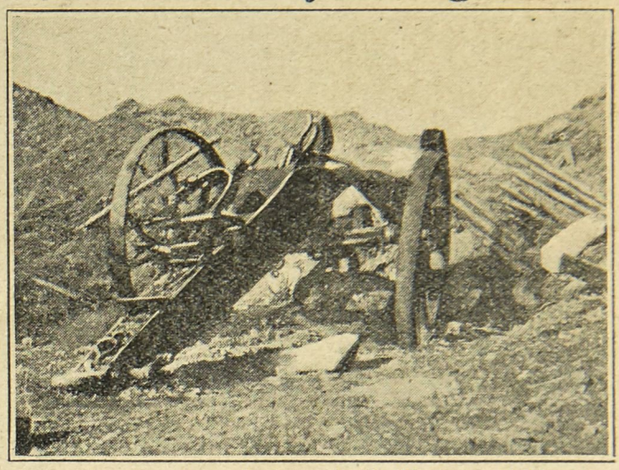
IN any case, the American has served both sides well. Any slight irritation we might be inclined to feel in regard to his extreme sensitiveness about his cargoes with open or secret German destinations is lost in an intense admiration for his absolute even-handedness. And then he has been so kind to the Belgians. Belgium is like the poor-box by the chapel door. It helps the perfect neutralist to keep his conscience up to the Sunday morning standard, after its sagging in the workaday toil of the week.

Edward Wright.

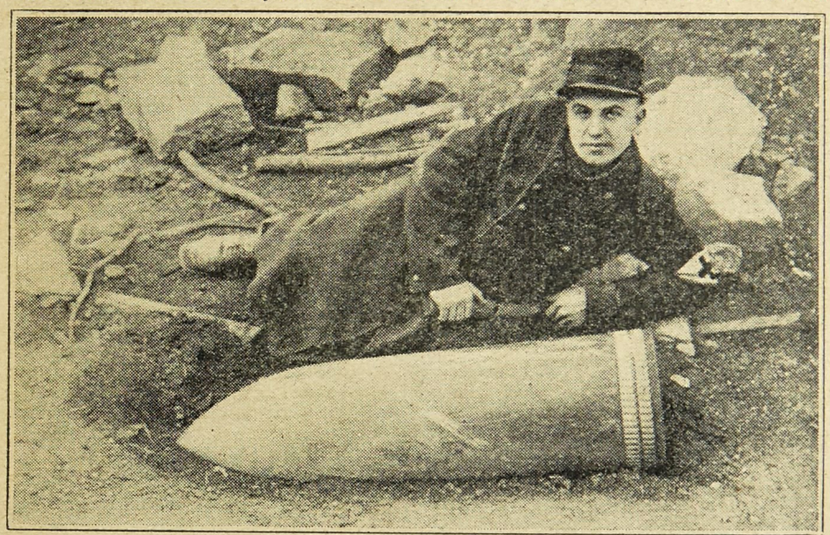
French Fort that still defies Germany's Big Guns



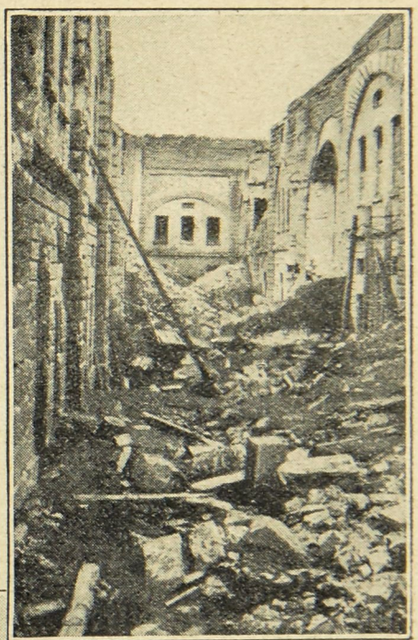
Wrecked French gun in Fort de Troyon, which withstood a terrific bombardment by hundreds of German 17 in. shells.

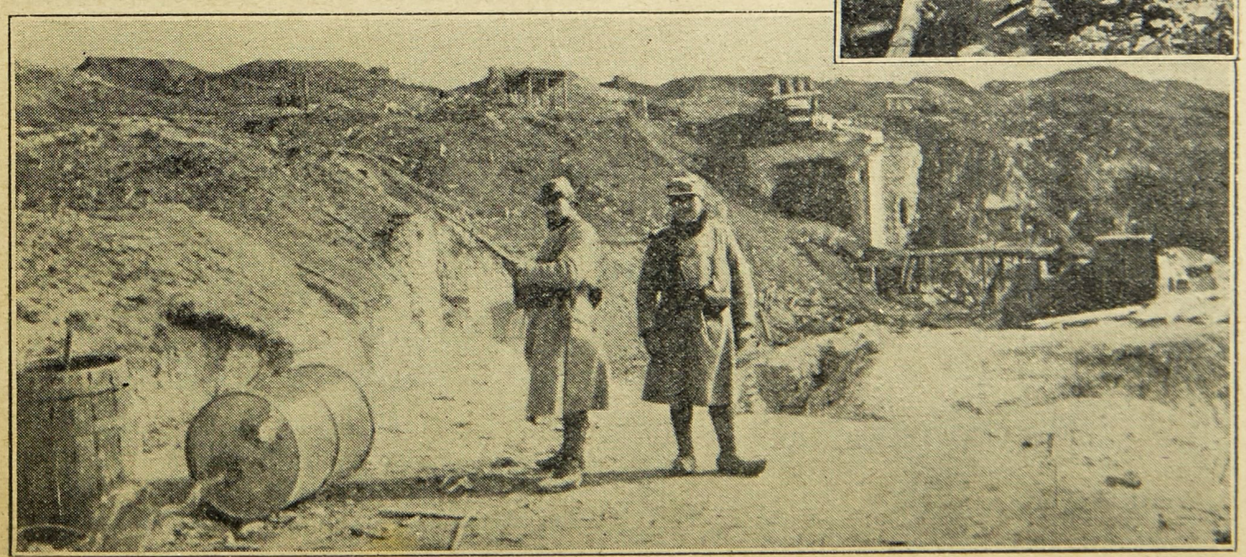


Impression of another ruined gun inside this fort, which is near Verdun. It has been shattered almost beyond recognition.



The inferiority of enemy ammunition has been proved by the fact that many large shells have failed to explode. This projectile, from a 12 in. gun, arrived in the fort intact.





Though Fort de Troyon has been subjected to continuous bombardment, soldiers still keep watch over the ruins. Its resistance in the early weeks of the war played a great part in the Allies' victory of the Marne. Inset: Impression of a courtyard in the fortress.

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Portrait of Miss Corelli

Workers and "Shirkers"

By Miss MARIE CORELLI

All our great publicists, our famous novelists, leaders of thought, have been lending the weight of their pens in their country's cause, and the influence of the written word is inestimable in helping the public to a sane view of the situation, in inducing that spirit of quiet, resolute determination which enables each one to perform his or her part, however humble, in this epochal struggle against the brute forces of military despotism and selfish national ambition.

But woman's share in the struggle is no less noteworthy than man's, and we have not heard enough, perhaps, from the representative women writers of our country on questions arising out of the war. The Editor is glad therefore to be able to present his readers with this stirring article by Miss Marie Corelli, who deals in characteristically virile fashion with a subject on which she is well qualified to write.

WE hear a vast deal of talk about the "Shirkers," but not half enough about the "Workers." The public emotionalism of the hour is apt to become rather more hysterical than reasonable, and before we begin to groan and scream in the Press about the "unpatriotic" men who strike for more pay in a time of national difficulty, it might be wiser for us to consider the position dispassionately, not only from the Workers' point of view, but also from that of the Shirkers. In sober earnest, we, as a nation, are ourselves to blame for the Shirkers. We have led them the example; we have taught them to "shirk." It is a verb of our own making—"I shirk, Thou shirkest, He shirks; You shirk, We shirk, They shirk." The long and splendid peace enjoyed in these fortunate isles of Britain—a peace too little appreciated or gratefully recognised—has created around us an atmosphere of comfort and security which has, in its turn, engendered personal selfishness. Like a fine fruit kept too long in wadding, and beginning to deteriorate into rotten pulp, so we have hardly shown ourselves aware of anything going on outside our protective wool. And we have deliberately encouraged our Workers not to work, just as we have deliberately encouraged our Shirkers to shirk. For many years the ethics drawn from our particular form of civilisation have been those of

pure egoism and rank materialism.

And, with every respect for the Press, that vast power for good or evil has, owing to financial demand and necessity, evaded the throne it might easily have occupied to mix with the vulgar push and scramble of the world's "Vanity Fair." Where it might have guided, or at least persuaded, the people to the best of all that is in them, it has too frequently and voluntarily pandered to the worst, often without any necessity. By this I mean that it is not actually incumbent upon the world's Press to drag a Bernard Shaw to light, or persistently deify an Oscar Wilde; and "sensational" paragraphs concerning the lovers, dresses, and jewels of the latest dancer or comedy actress are not exactly the kind of food on which the brains of the million are likely to thrive. Surely it should be possible for the Press to inculcate wisdom without dullness, humour without coarseness, wit without malice, and emotion without hysteria?

Thus balanced and strengthened, it could do more for the nation than Governments. But for many years it has played on the gamut of "selling quality" only, and has, rightly or wrongly, concluded that to "sell" it is necessary to sink to the lowest forms of thought.

I entirely disagree with this view, and believe that even a non-intelligent public can, through such a daily, one might say hourly, medium be accustomed to take as keen an interest in noble and inspiring things as in gross and debasing ones; and where Workers and Shirkers are concerned the potentiality of this educative influence becomes a question of national importance. What do the Workers and Shirkers read? At the present time it would seem they are both "fed up" with haphazard wedges of abuse. If the Workers demand a little extra pay for extra long hours of very strenuous labour, the newspapers teem with tirades on

their "unpatriotic" conduct.

If the Shirkers shirk everything out of weakness, uncertainty, and ignorance, they are driven into dark corners of greater helplessness and doubt by something very like sheer bullying, which merely intensifies the "shirking" tendency. The Shirkers, looking on, see, as they think, most of the game; they observe that the Workers get little or no credit for their work, even when they are hard at it, and therefore for themselves they use the Falstaffian argument—"Honour pricks me on—yes, but how if honour prick me off when I come on?"

Now, do such of us as "sit at home at ease," passing swift judgment on the Workers, realise the nature of the work they do in turning out munitions of war? Of the all day, and sometimes all night, incessant labour in the grimy, suffocating centres of iron and steel manufactures—of the hellish heat and glare of the smelting fires—of the perpetual crash and roar of the giant machinery in ears which, after all, are only ears of flesh and blood and nerve? Of the naturally intense fatigue following on such prolonged effort? And of the need for stimulant of some sort to keep the flagging energies going—stimulant which is not sufficiently provided for in the coarse meals sent to the men by their wives in the "dinner hour"—meals containing less sustenance than indigestion! That they rush for their beer is a natural instinct—and, provided it were good beer, they would come to no harm by it. It is a shame to brand whole communities of workmen with the accusation of drunkenness, when they have only

(*Continued on page* 222).

A Dash into Action: Bringing up the Guns

The glorious pageantry associated with past wars and immortalised by romantic pictures and poems is seldom apparent to-day. Science has robbed human strife of much of its picturesqueness. There is one sight, however, which still stirs the imagination and quickens the pulse—viz: the coming into action of a heavy gun. Eight powerful horses are seen in this photograph straining every nerve and muscle to bring a 4·7 in. gun into position during recent training manœuvres.

WORKERS AND "SHIRKERS"

(Continued from page 220)

poisoned stuff to drink. I put my whole heart and mind on this subject in a book of mine, entitled "Holy Orders," published in 1908, from which I quote the following passage:

"It is not fair or just to the poor that they should get poison instead of pure drink for their hard-earned money—they have as good a right to be thirsty as gentlefolk, surely; and they ought to be able to buy good, wholesome beer, not a pernicious concoction which is purposely contrived to stimulate thirst afresh and to confuse the brain as well. At one time *coculus indicus* and tobacco used to be employed in the adulteration of beer. These deadly ingredients are now forbidden by law. But in how many instances is the law not privately set at defiance? There's never a brewery without its own 'chemical shop' close by!"

Now, if the report current be true, that there is a Government scheme being prepared for a "State monopoly of beer," and that "the only beer to be brewed or drunk in the United Kingdom will be brewed and sold by the Government," there is hope that the wicked adulteration of the working-man's drink will cease, and that he will be allowed to quench his natural thirst without

poisoning the channels of his brain.

In the preface to "Holy Orders" I wrote:

"As for the drink evil, I wish that everyone into whose hands this book may fall would honestly try to realise the widespread misery, disease, pauperism, crime, and lunacy for which that hideous vice is responsible, and would add his or her wish and will to mine, in a strong prayer that the wicked financial profit derived by the few out of the physical and moral debasement of the many may be checked and finally come to naught, so that the British people, released at last from the dominant sway of the liquor traffic, may rise to the best of everything in them—the best of brain, the best of work, the best of health, the best of life. A temperate people must always be a strong people, *and to hold our own in the days that are coming we shall need all the strength that sound minds and sound bodies can give us.* There is no room in the future of Britain for a national vice which betrays a national weakness."

This was written seven years ago; and while I was still working at the book I had a visit from Mr. Lloyd George, then President of the Board of Trade. He expressed a kindly interest in my literary career, and asked me on what subject I was then engaged. I told him; and his eyes grew eager and animated. "Ah, if you can only help in pointing out the mischief of drink," he said, "you will perform a national service!"

I shall always remember the earnestness with which he spoke these words, and if the rumours of the Government scheme for liquor control are really true, I can well imagine the ardent enthusiasm with which he will set himself to carry it through. But, in any case, I think we should rather resent and protest against the slur of drink cast against British working men as a whole. They are, taken in the majority, a splendid, sturdy, sober, capable race, and it would be difficult for us to realise how much steady work they do unless they *all* stopped working suddenly. Then we should know what we owe them; then we might perhaps grasp what the position of the country would be without their continuous labour.

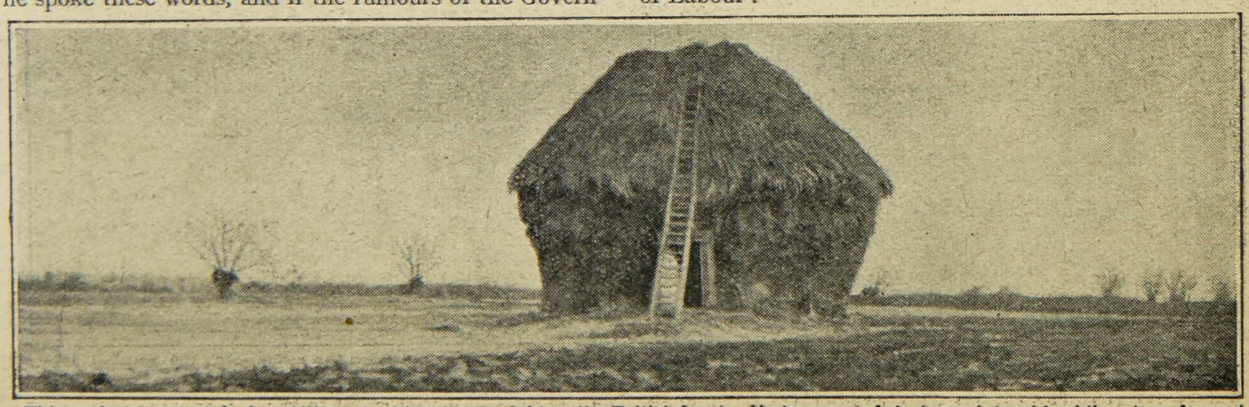
As for Shirkers, they are an unnatural product of unnatural circumstances, where an over-civilisation inculcates much individual selfishness and love of personal gratification. There are Shirkers in high life as in low—men who drift through the world, talking a great deal and doing very little; men who make a "show" of work without ever attaining any true expression of feeling or action; idle sons who live on their parents without shame; and many endowed with a talent, or a touch of genius, who pass their days in vaguely considering what they *will* do, yet who never do it.

These are Shirkers who have had educational advantages; and they are pernicious members of society, because by their influence and example they unconsciously spread the spirit of "shirking" among those of little or no education at all. A workman who shirks his work is not necessarily given over to drink and football; he simply apes what he has heard of his "betters," and "doesn't see the use of working and worrying." It is an entirely artificial attitude; for

in the natural world there are no Shirkers.

The tiniest insect, the most delicate plant, performs its appointed task with complete exactitude, as punctiliously as the sun itself rises and sets. The Shirker is a human product, but a deformity—a freak not creditable to humanity. He cannot be bullied into normal shape, but it is quite possible to persuade and train him in the way he should go. To a great extent we are nationally responsible for his malformation, for in these latter years we have taught him that Money is the only good, and Self the only god. We are not pleased with the result, and we must try to undo what we have done. And when all our Shirkers become Workers, let us remember to honour them for the Dignity of Labour!

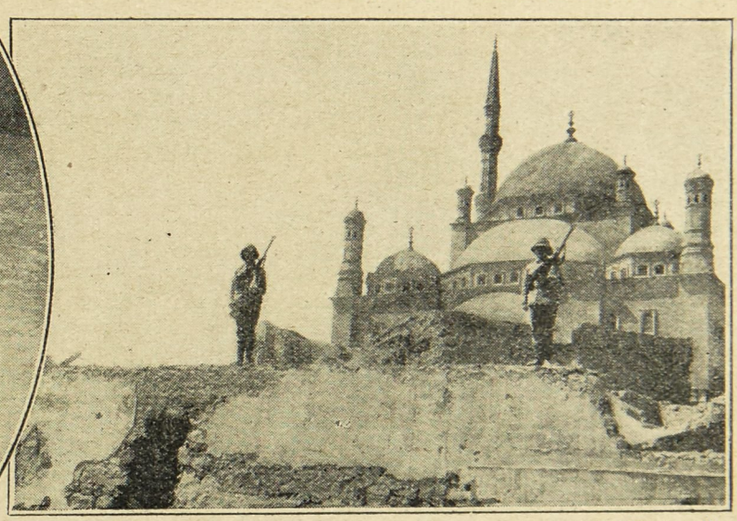
Marie Corelli



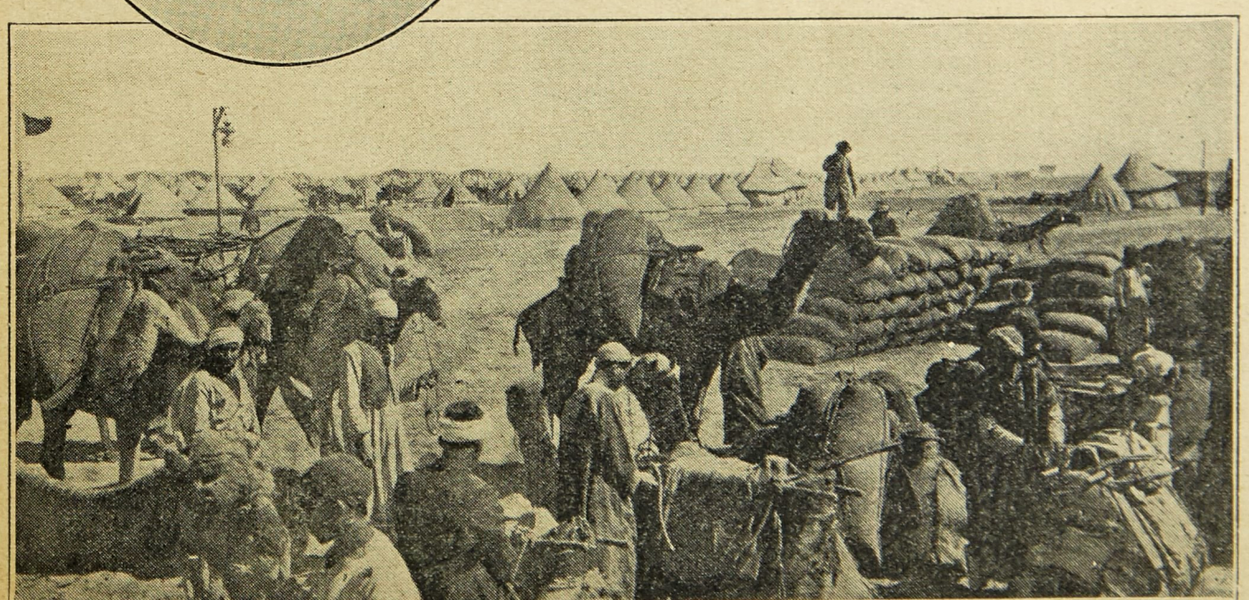
This perfect haystack is, in reality, a dwelling-house right on the British front. Under cover of darkness intrepid soldiers transformed it into a haystack observation point, which would baffle the most incredulous enemy airman. Note the door under the ladder.

Egypt still Wide-awake for any Turkish Trickery

Guns and ammunition–waggons of the Australian Field Artillery strike an ultra–modern note in the scene of war–preparation near the ancient Pyramids.



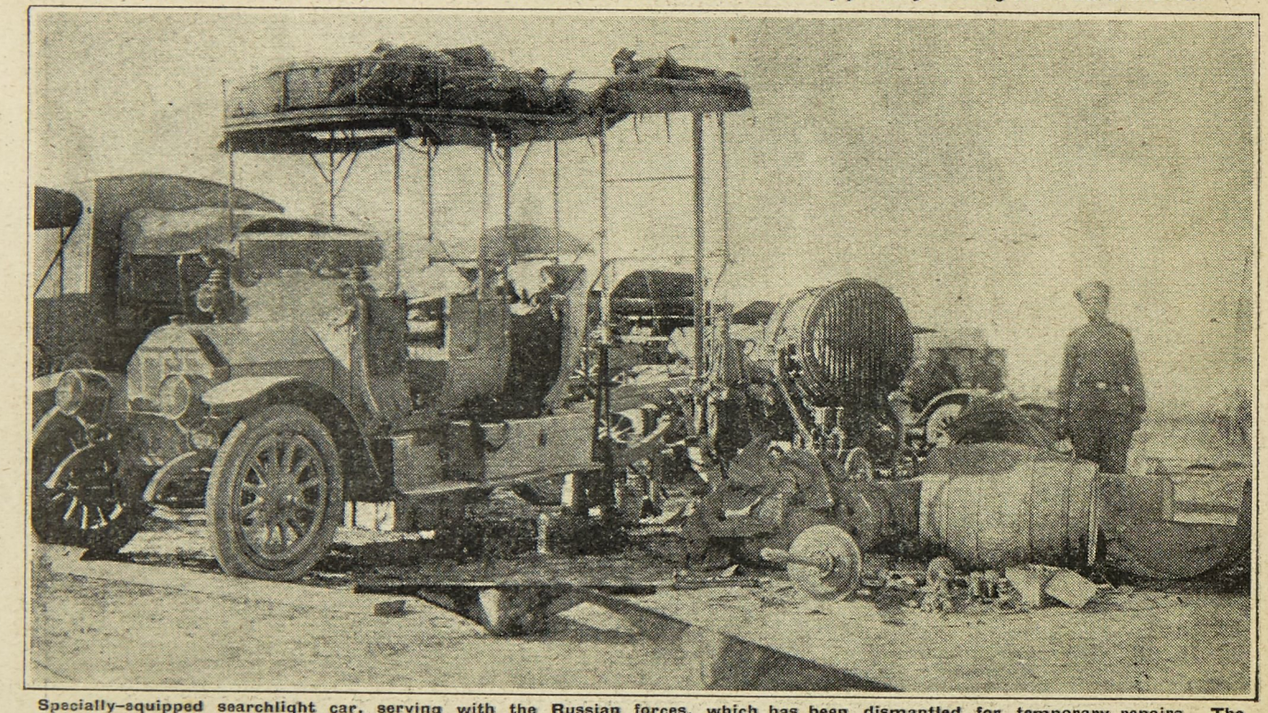
Left: An Arab drink–seller, clad as were his forefathers, and a British "Tommy" in the streets of Cairo. Right: British sentries at the Citadel, Cairo.



Crushed barley being unloaded from camels for the use of the New Zealanders at their camp on the desert at Leitoun, Cairo. This photograph admirably depicts the unchanging life of the Orient blending with the modern military activities of the Western rulers.

Our Camera Correspondents in Poland & Galicia

Vast Russian artillery encampment awaiting transport to an East Prussian battle-front. Every gun and waggon has been disguised by straw, and Nature has helped to render the weapons invisible to Taubes by partially covering the straw with snow.

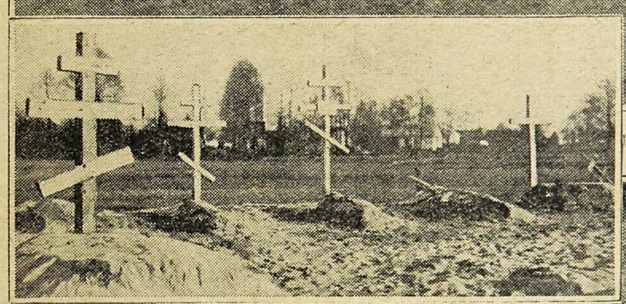


Specially-equipped searchlight car, serving with the Russian forces, which has been dismantled for temporary repairs. The searchlight is the immense circular apparatus standing immediately to the right of the car.

In spite of the advance of spring, transport work in East Prussia is still fraught with difficulty, and frequently a motor surface over the mud has to be made with pine-trunks. This work is done by the Automobile Section of the Russian Army. The above photograph shows a motor track under construction, and in the background are typical carts for carrying the logs.

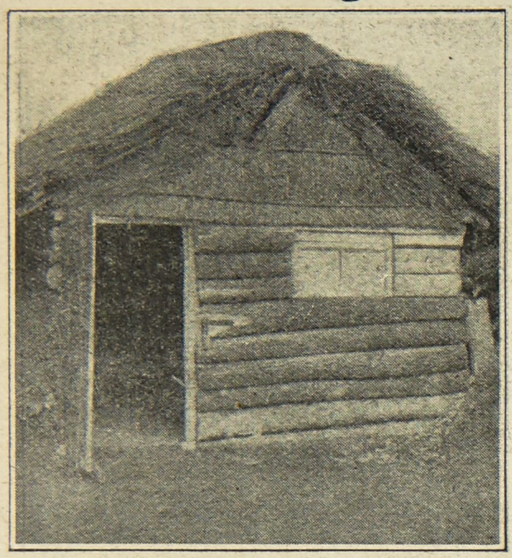
Where Slavdom holds Central Empires at Bay

Near the scene of the most frightful battles in history. Striking photograph of members of the Automobile Section of the Russian armies dining al fresco in a pleasant part of Poland.

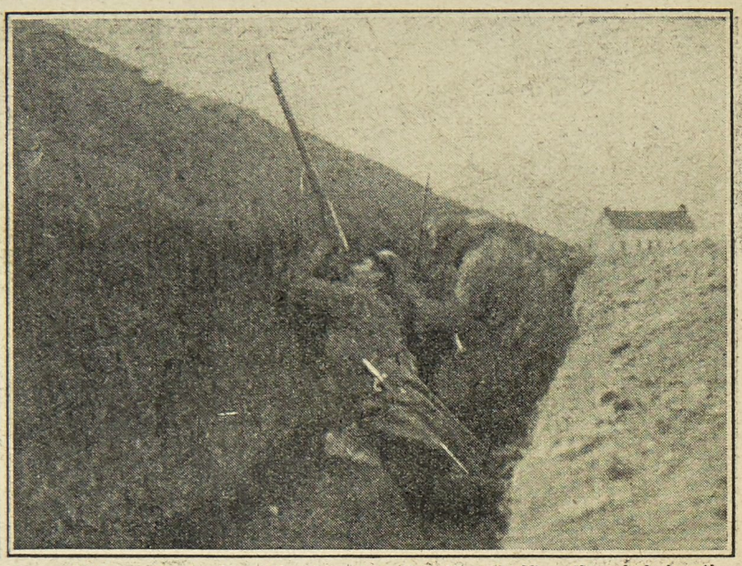


Like the Germans, who are tapping the natural resources of occupied French territory, the Russians are quarrying for stone in the conquered province of Galicia, with which to construct blockhouses. Inset: Touching expression of Slav religious tolerance. The crosses indicate the graves of Russian soldiers of the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches. The Greek symbol has three cross-pieces.

Scenes along France's Frontier of Trenches



Neat wooden shelter of French officer, complete even to the little curtained window.

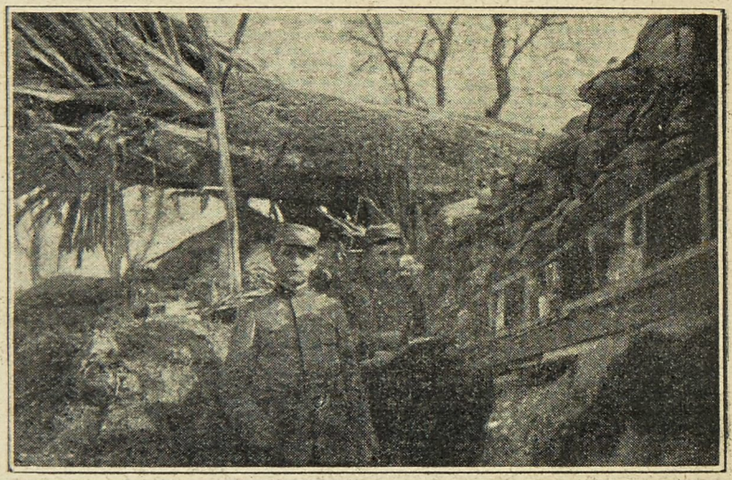


Immediately a Taube is outlined against the sky, all rifles, the whole length of the trench, are elevated against the marauder.

ACCORDING to the latest details from a French source, our ally's battle-front extends no less than five hundred and forty-three miles, as compared with thirty-one and a quarter miles of British trenches. The whole length of this line is as a human wall, against which the Germans, since their retreat from Paris, have battered more or less in vain.

The colossal responsibility of holding this front, and the tremendous issues of a collapse at such vital points as Soissons, Verdun, or Toul, can only be conceived by those who have already suffered the horrors of Teuton aggression.

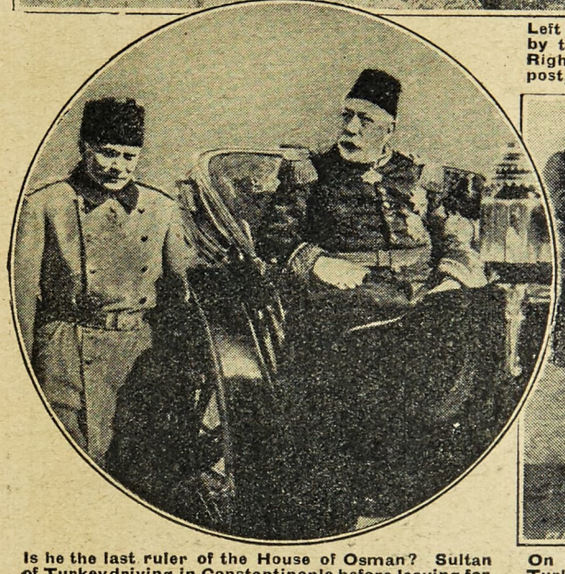
The Huns, with a notorious misconception of human psychology, regarded their opponents as incapable of standing the nerve strain of months of siege warfare. "Piou-piou," however, has held out cheerfully and persistently, and the fact that he is still better acting on the offensive is a happy augury of final victory. He, like Tommy, only awaits the propitious moment for a general advance on the enemy.



Mobile weapon to hunt down aircraft. Steel-plated motor-car armed with a mitrailleuse gun worked by a French sailor. Above: The only damage caused by a heavy bombardment of French trenches. The tree, shattered to matchwood, fell across the trench parapet, but the trenches remained intact, partly owing to sandbag defences. (W.I. Exclusive photographs).

Prussian Plotters with their Turkish Dupes

Left: Ali Abdjeeh (second from right), sheikh of the Senussi, who was bribed by the Germans to stir up ill-feeling against the Allies among his tribe. Right: The German Lieutenant Heiden, in command of the Turkish observation post, with three native soldiers working the field telephone in the background.



Is he the last ruler of the House of Osman? Sultan of Turkey driving in Constantinople before leaving for Brussa, the Asiatic retreat of the throne.

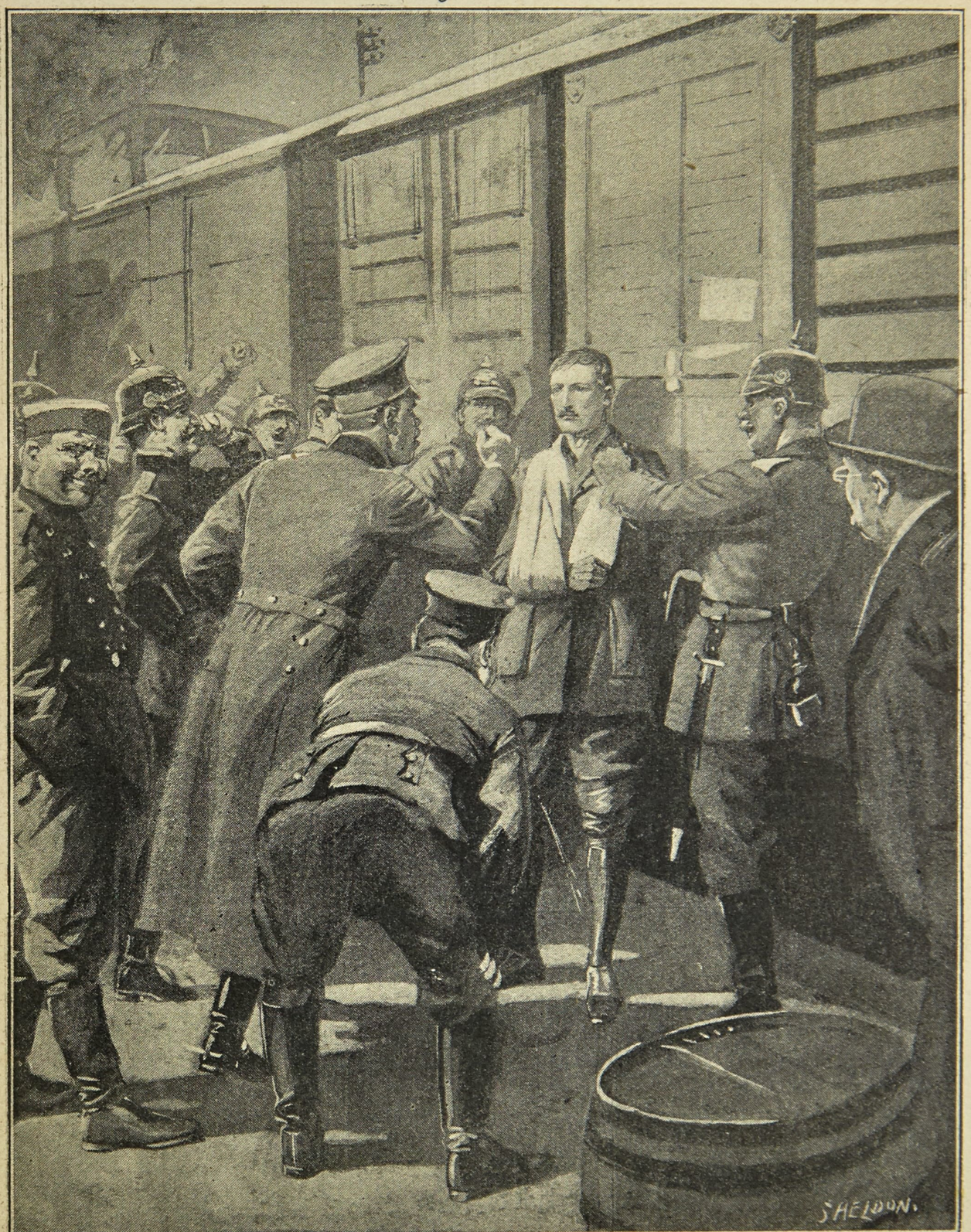
On the right, Djemal Pasha, who organised the disastrous, if romantic, Turkish attack on Egypt. Behind him is General von Frankenburg, his German Chief of Staff.

Saracen Turks set out on another anti-Christ campaign from the scene of the Crucifixion. Turkish troops at Jerusalem rest awhile on their march to the area of hostilities. Much disaffection now prevails among the Turks over the arrogance of their Teuton tyrants.

Belgium Resurgent on the Banks of the Yser

With the thoughts of his ravished country ever uppermost in his mind, every individual soldier in King Albert's gallant Army welcomes each opportunity that enables him to get to grips with a grey-coated "blonde beast." The greater movements of the Allied forces oft-times cause to leave unchronicled minor victories that serve to remind the enemy of the approaching day when he will be driven from the fair fields of Belgium and France. On April 5th the Belgians, by a brilliantly executed assault, drove the Germans from a redoubt on the left bank of the Yser, and the enemy were nearly all killed or drowned in attempting to escape.

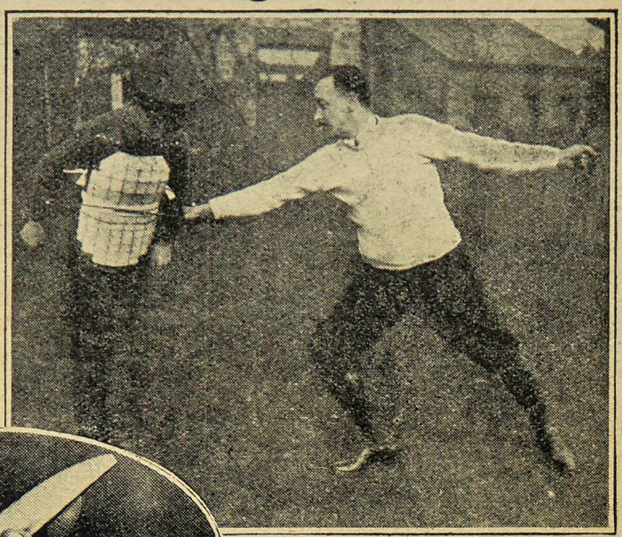
German Inhumanity to British Prisoners



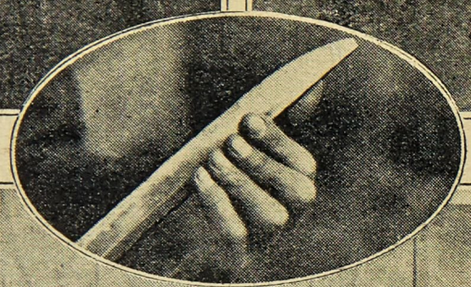
The sickening inhumanity with which British prisoners are being treated in Germany has no parallel. It is amazing that a Power, boasting all that is enlightened and cultured, can mete out such barbarous treatment to war prisoners as is described by Sir Edward Grey. An officer, detailing the horrors of his journey to Germany, described the grossest brutality. Officers and men were driven into foul waggons from which horses had just been removed. A British officer was dragged out in front of a waggon by order of a German officer, who, after cursing him in vile language, ordered him to be kicked back again.

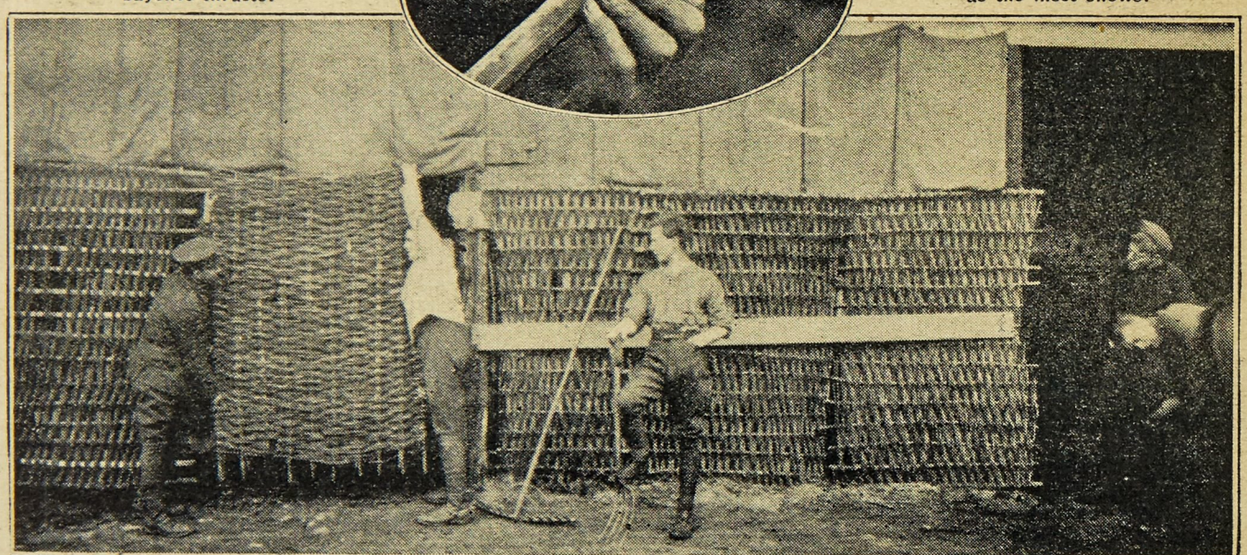
New War-time Inventions to safeguard Soldiers

A special form of body-screen now being worn at the front to ward off bayonet thrusts.



Testing this improved screen, which is capable of breaking a bayonet point as the inset shows.

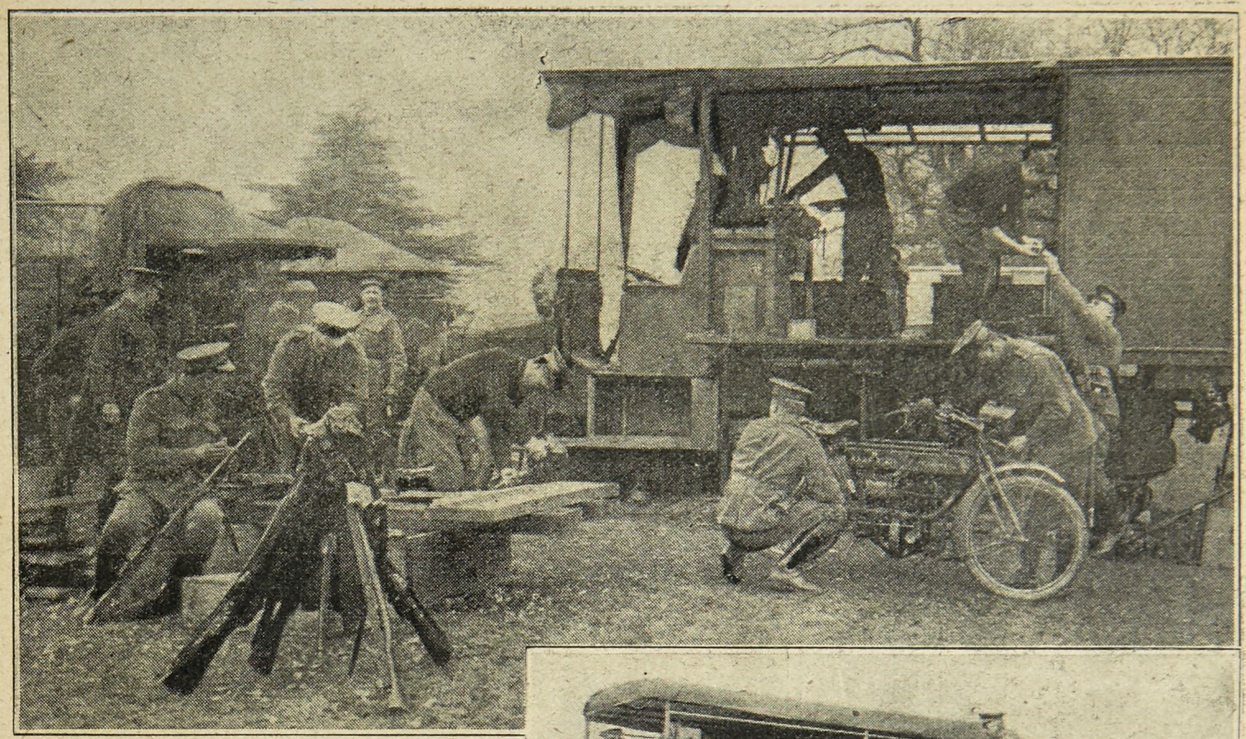




Basket-work hurdles that are intended to shield war-horses from weather and stray shrapnel. These shields are put up round our Army horses' quarters, and they have been found to be very effective in protecting the animals and adding to their comfort.

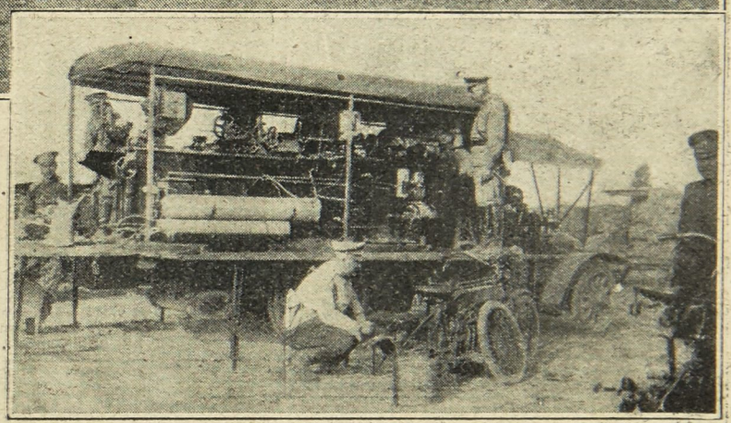
In these photographs two devices to protect men against the dangerous fumes that are emitted by shells are seen in use. Some "Tommies" tie wet handkerchiefs round their mouths; others use specially-made respirators that filter the foul gases, and are fitted with valves that open and close as the wearer breathes, and so supply him with pure air.

Mending the Allies' War-worn Motors

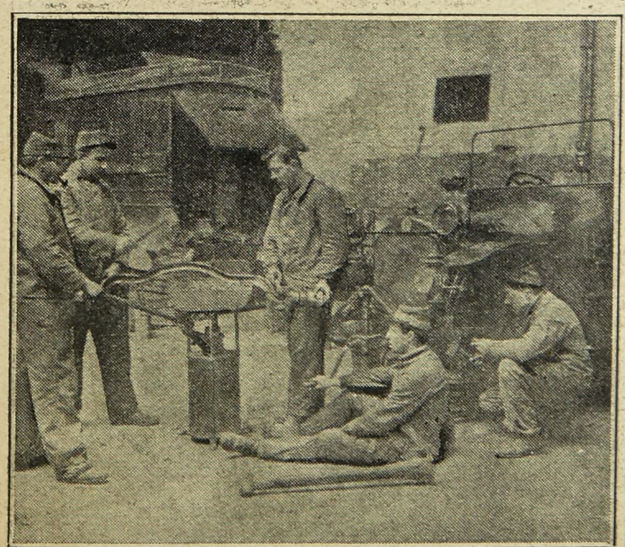


Motor-lorry rigged up as a repair shop by engineers of the First Australian Contingent.

THE various motor sections attached to the allied armies have, since the commencement of the war, proved invaluable from all points of view. This sphere of military utility has, to a large extent, superseded the use of the war-horse, but it does not appear to such picturesque advantage. The painter of battle subjects must depict Sir John French, not astride a spirited charger, but seated in a powerful motor-car. The machines get worn out quickly owing to necessarily "reckless" driving and the bad roads, but each army has its mechanical repair shops where cars and cycles are quickly renovated.



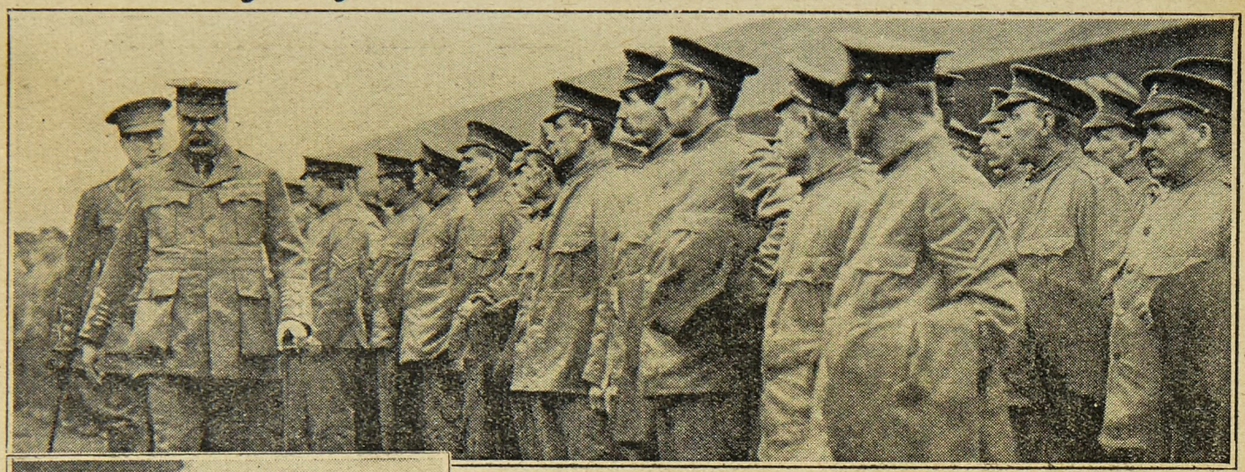
One of the numerous automobile repair waggons attached to the mechanical transport section of the Russian army in Poland.



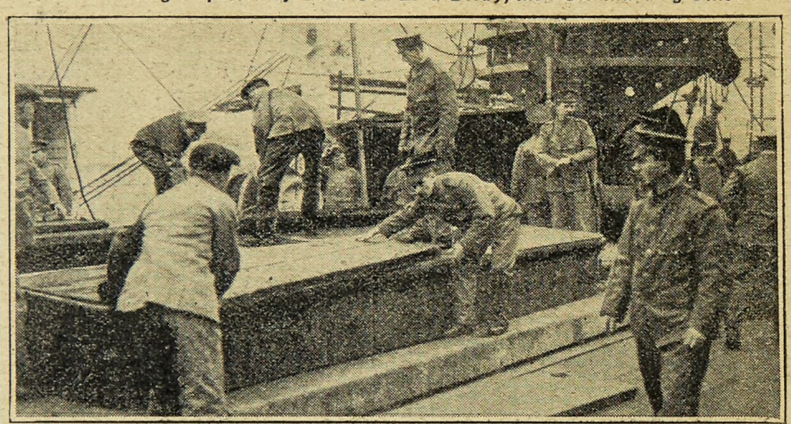
"Auto-Docteurs." Men of a French motor repair corps at work. These mechanics deal exclusively with damaged motor-cars.

British mechanical "hospital" on wheels. Hoisting a damaged back axle into the travelling motor repair shop.

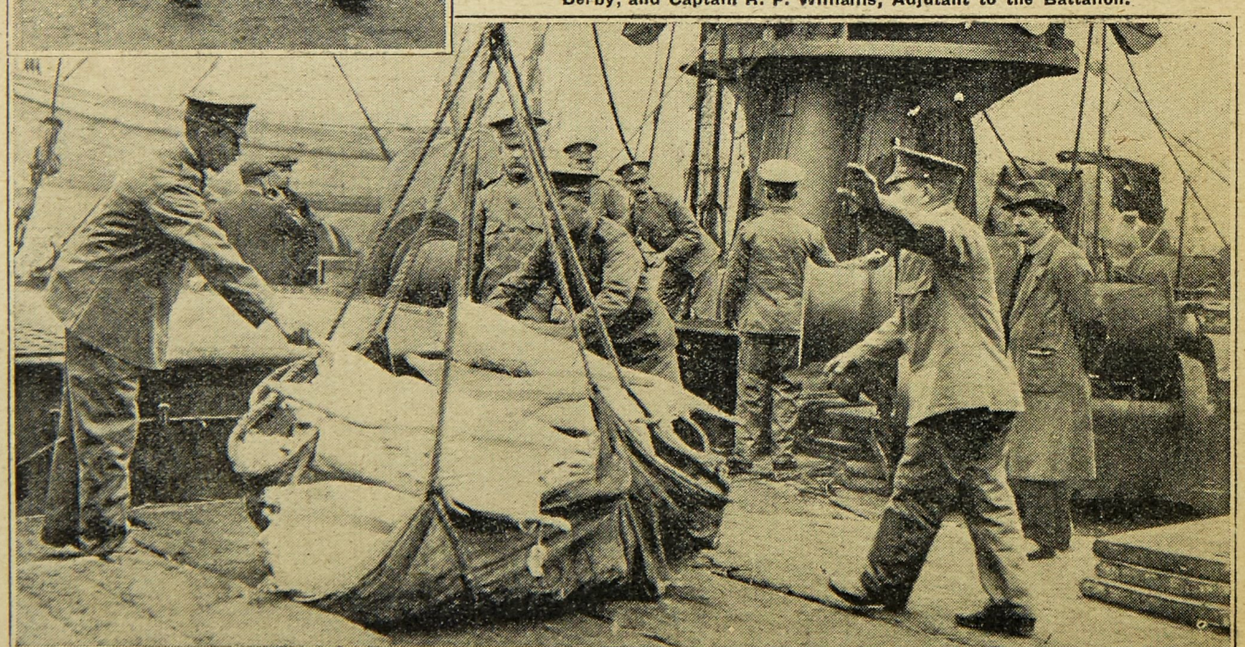
"His Majesty's Dockers": Workers in Khaki



The Dockers' Battalion, or to give them their official title, the King's (Liverpool Regiment) 1st Dock Battalion, had their first parade in khaki last week. They are here seen being inspected by Lieut-Col. Lord Derby, their Commanding Officer.

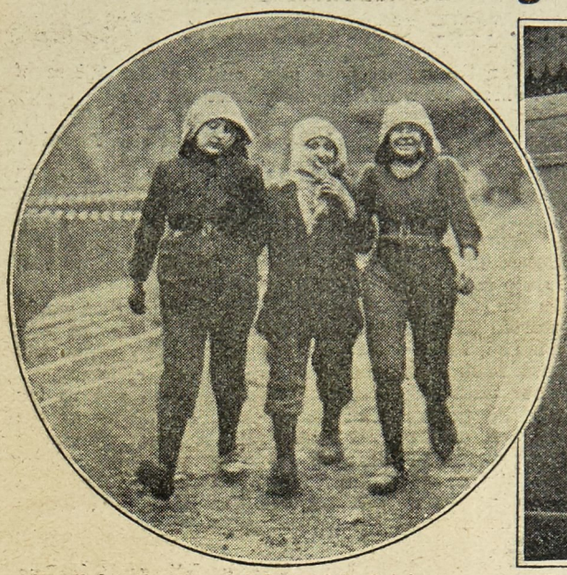


The dockers at work unloading a vessel at Liverpool Docks. The three hundred and fifty men of the 1st Battalion are acquitting themselves admirably. Insets: Lord Derby, and Captain R. F. Williams, Adjutant to the Battalion.



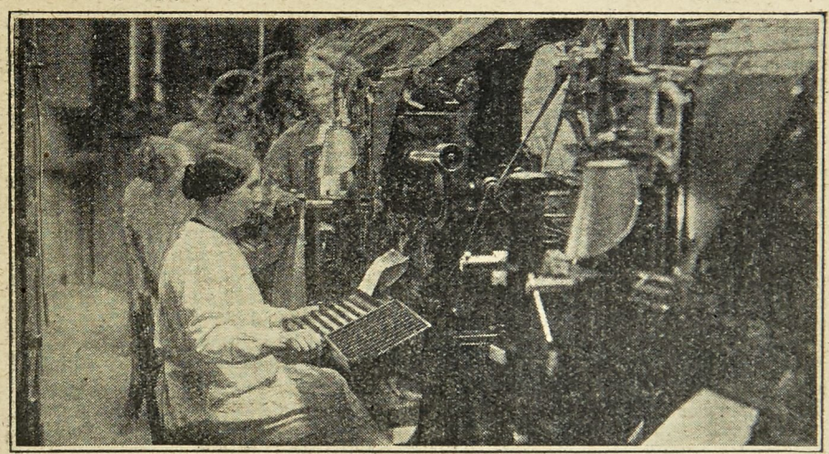
More khaki-clad dockers at work "doing their bit" for King and Empire. The men look well in their uniforms, and respond with alacrity to the unfamiliar military commands they now receive. The dockers are the second section of workers to be "enlisted" in a body, for there is a Navvies' Battalion in existence, of which Mr. John Ward, "the navvies' M.P.," is an officer.

While Men are fighting Women must Work



Literally into the 'breach.' Some of the Belgian women now working the mines in the absence of their husbands.

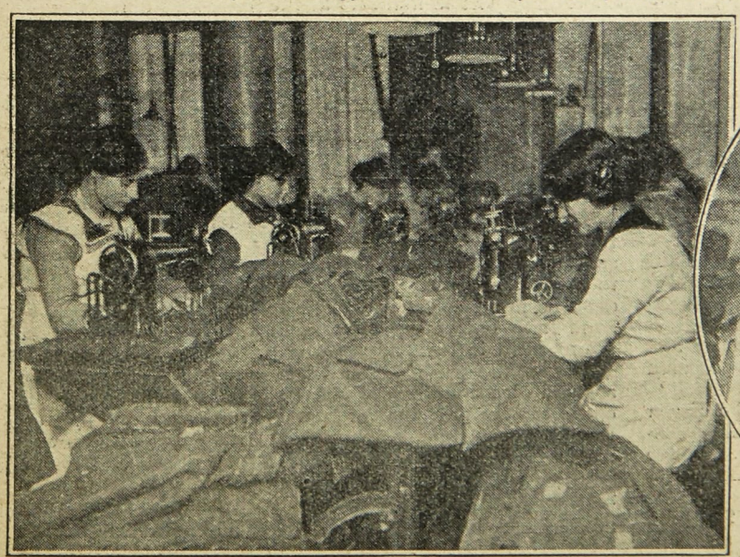
Women workers on the iron way. Female carriage-cleaners on the Great Central Railway, who have satisfactorily replaced employees on active service.



The French woman has proved herself well able to take the place of her husband. On certain Paris newspapers linotype machines are operated by feminine labour.

"FOR men must work and women must weep" does not illustrate the attitude of modern Woman to the affairs of the world. She is not content to sit dumb under the Kaiser's three illuminating K's — "Kinder, Kochen, and Kirch" (children, kitchen, and church). To-day's woman is essentially a comrade to man, and a helper; also, she has ably proved that she can do her share in times of crises.

The proposal put forward by the Board of Trade for organising war-workers has inspired diverse unofficial efforts to employ women in the place of men who are, or might be, serving their country to greater and nobler advantage. The photographs on this page show women in various spheres of masculine activity where they have proved efficient in the absence of their men-folk with the colours.



Another branch of female war service. Turning out soldiers' service jackets as fast as eye and machine can work.

One way of fighting for their country. Women on war service making soldiers' water-bottles

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

SIR JOHN FRENCH'S despatch on the fighting at Neuve Chapelle is at the moment of writing the one topic of discussion. Even the Zeppelin raid in the north attracts little attention campared with it. There is a good reason for this. On March 10th an official statement was issued from Paris that the British Army had taken the important village of Neuve Chapelle, and had captured a thousand prisoners and some machine-guns.

Two days afterwards a British official despatch described the magnitude of the victory, the effectiveness of our heavy artillery, and the defeat and heavy loss of the Germans when they attempted counter-attacks.

A long account from the official "Eye-Witness" further emphasised our success. "The enemy for the time being was beaten and on the run." The whole incident was painted in *couleur de rose*. There was an outburst of national rejoicing. Then suddenly the rejoicing paused.

Casualty figures of the officers were published in daily instalments, and were surprisingly heavy. Rumours concerning the fight spread from mouth to mouth. Every man one met had some fresh story to tell, stories not in keeping with the official description. I shall not attempt to repeat these tales. Many of them were absurdly false. But they fell like a pall on the public mind.

Sir John French Tells the Real Story

Now Sir John French has given us the real story, and not before it was time. His long despatch is a splendid tribute to the courage and devotion of the British Army, and it records a real victory. But it is very different from the tale told in the first accounts.

On the morning of March 10th our troops advanced, after a heavy artillery fire, drove the Germans out of their trenches in the village of Neuve Chapelle, and occupied the place, taking many prisoners. By a skilfully arranged scheme of artillery fire and aeroplane attack, the village was completely isolated so that no German reinforcements could reach it. The advance, so far, was a success.

The Germans were for the moment overwhelmed. Now was the time to follow up the advantage. We might have swept right through, far on the road to Lille. It was clearly Sir John French's intention that the Cavalry Brigade should pour through the breach in the German lines and get the enemy on the run. But our reserves were not brought up in time.

When we started to advance again we found we had lost the advantage of surprise. The Germans were ready now, and at point after point their entanglements and machine-gun fire made further progress impossible. The fighting lasted three days. After the first day a mist hindered the complete co-ordination of artillery and infantry, and when the latter pushed ahead they found themselves in danger from our own gun fire. The Cavalry Brigade rode up ready to strike, but the commanding officer who had failed to bring his reserves up to time failed to use the cavalry.

The Victorious Three Hours

The net result was that our real gain—a very important gain—was made during the first three hours of the three days' battle. We held Neuve Chapelle; we inflicted heavy punishment on the Germans. We proved that it is possible, by the complete co-ordination of artillery and infantry, to attack and capture the most carefully prepared positions of the enemy.

We gave the Germans a demonstration of the power of our arms, which has done much to weaken their confidence in their ability to hold their western lines. Neuve Chapelle was gloriously worth while, but not the unchecked, sustained triumph the first despatches painted.

We did splendidly. But anyone who studies Sir John French's despatch with insight can see that his aim was not to capture a village, but to advance on Lille itself. And but for the unfortunate mist, and for the failure of one high officer, he would probably have done so.

Why Not Trust the People?

Had the real story been told to us at the beginning, all would have been much better. No sane man expects that we are always going to do all we want at the first time of trying. We know that we must have heavy losses and half successes. In three days at Neuve Chapelle we lost over 12,000 men killed, wounded, and missing.

When the big advance comes, the big advance that would have started at Neuve Chapelle had things gone as well as was hoped, losses will be much greater. The nation will not shrink back from even very heavy necessary losses.

But our authorities would be well advised not to try to blind the public, even for a time, by telling of the victories and glossing over reverses. A great provincial morning paper sums up the result of this policy in a sentence. "One of the most unfortunate results of a censorship is that no one believes that we are ever told the whole truth."

Honour Where It is Due

Some weeks ago, when the first Canadian contingent was being severely criticised in many English papers for its disorderliness and lack of discipline, I spoke up in its praise in the pages of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

I said then that the disorderliness was merely a surface symptom, affecting a few, and that the contingent was a magnificent fighting force, well equipped, well trained, and with men whose fine physique and fighting spirit would carry them far. I wrote in this fashion because—unlike some of their critics—I knew the boys from the Dominion, and knowing them had confidence in them.

They have done even better in France than many of their friends hoped. Sir John French has on more than one occasion picked them out for special praise. In his latest despatch he tells of his favourable judgment of them when he first saw them, and when he first marked their splendid and most soldierlike appearance. "Since then, the Division has thoroughly justified the good opinion I formed of it."

Canada will have, before many months are over, a complete Army Corps in the field. Australia and New Zealand are doing splendidly, and their troops would be very difficult to surpass. But they will have to hustle if they are to keep pace in numbers at the front with Canada.

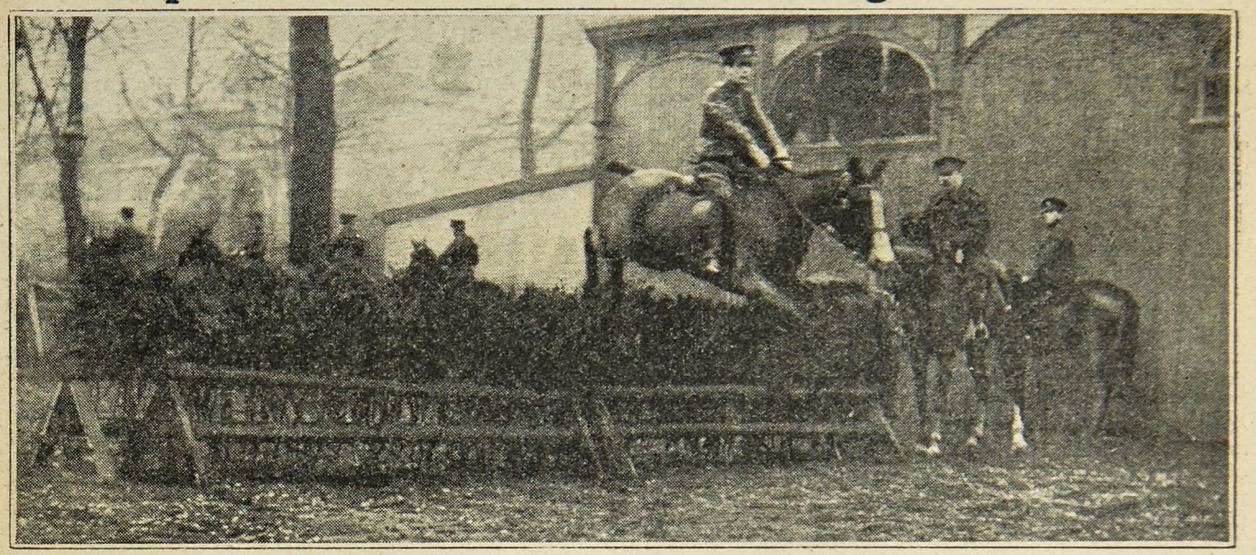
Russia's Advance on Hungary

The Russian advance on Hungary is already affecting the entire Austro-German position. The Great Russian attack on the main Carpathian passes caught the Austrians unready. The Russians have won positions of vital importance, where, when their further preparations are complete, they can pour down into the heart of Hungary.

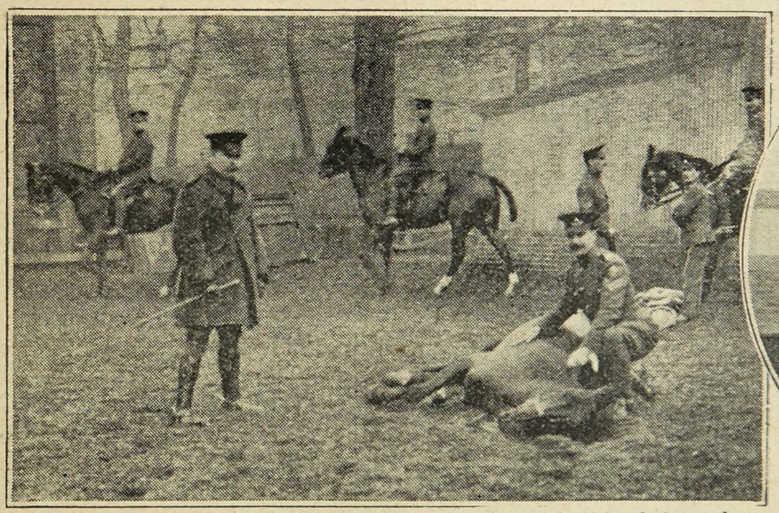
The Austrians have now gathered large armies to resist them, and Germany, recognising the importance of checking Russia at this point, has sent several army corps to their assistance. These united forces, have, however, done no more, so far as can be judged from the details to hand from both sides, than make the Russians pause for the moment in their advance.

Now comes the moment when, if war were played like a game of chess, there would be quick activity along the entire eastern and western front of the Allies, to prevent the Germans reinforcing the Austrians by withdrawing troops from other points. The strong point of German strategy so far has been the ability of the Great General Staff to hold long lines of front with comparatively small forces, while quickly moving great mobile armies, now east, now west. This can only be counteracted by the simultaneous activity of all the Allies.

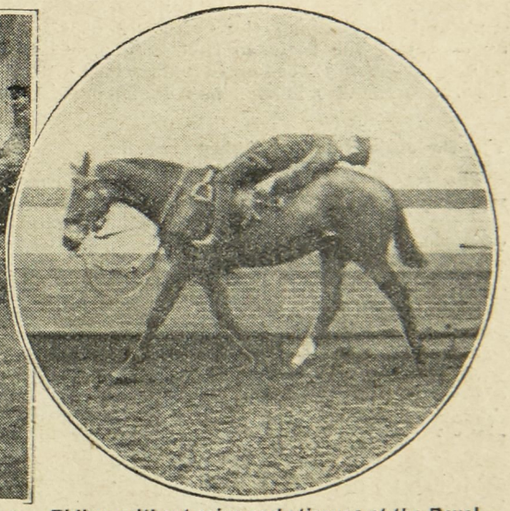
Our Splendid R.H.A. in Training at Woolwich



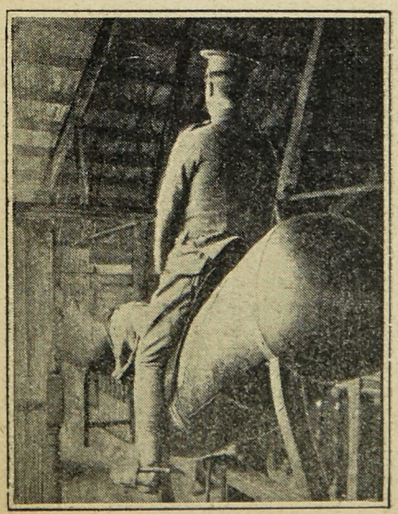
Royal Horse Artillery riding-master putting new recruits through their paces at Woolwich. Preliminary efforts to manage war horses are somewhat nerve-racking, and the good-humoured, if sometimes irascible, remarks of riding-masters are proverbial.



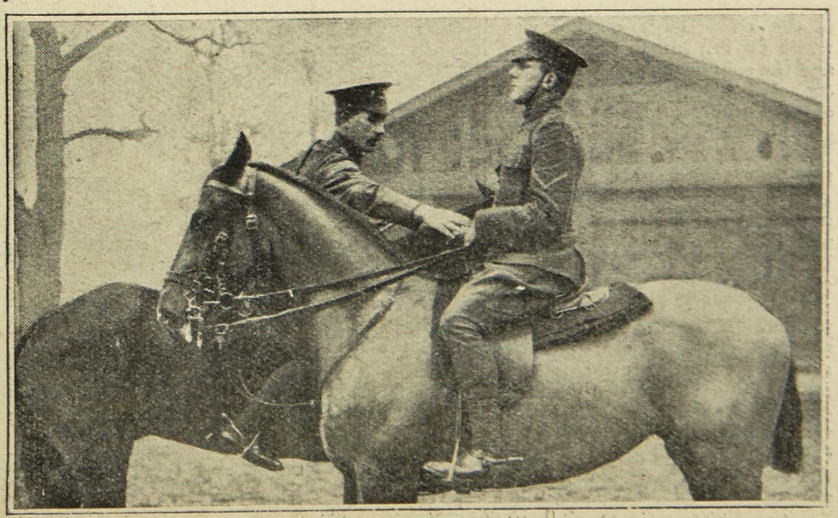
Some horsemen can do anything with their mounts. In this photograph a horse has been brought on its side by a skilful rider to act as cover.



Riding without reins and stirrups at the Royal Horse Artillery Riding School, Woolwich.



Dummy mount for beginners, which counterfeits all a horse's movements.



Riding-master instructing a new recruit in the correct way to sit his steed and showing him how to hold the reins in his hands when riding.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

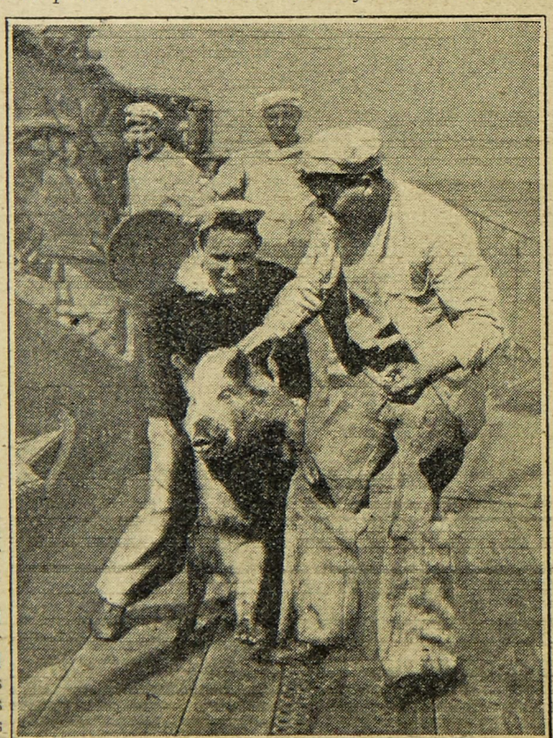
THE arrival of the Kronprinz Wilhelm at Newport News brings to an end Germany's cruiser warfare against our commerce. It is not surprising to hear of the illness on board, for all the crews of the two armoured cruisers, eight light cruisers, and the mercantile cruisers had to undergo very scanty feeding. At no time could they tell when their supplies would reach them, so that while hard worked they were yet ill-fed, both as to quantity and quality. It is the habit to measure the value of their attack to Germany by the material damage they inflicted; or, in the case of the Emden in the Indian Ocean, and the two Scharnhorsts through their action with the Good Hope and Monmouth, by the severity of the blows they inflicted on British prestige among the nations to whom the Pacific looms larger than all the European battlefields.

The real truth of the matter is that the high-water mark of their achievements was reached when the Admiralty announced, on October 23rd, that over seventy cruisers and a large number of armed merchant vessels were searching for them. This number was further increased, but, apart from cruisers, it was an inadequate statement of the wide dispersion of force the raiders' operations had brought about. Mr. Churchill subsequently acknowledged that a number of older armoured ships had been sent to stiffen the strength of some squadrons. Others were employed in stopping the bolt-holes of German raiders by capturing the ports, so that they would have to rely on neutral assistance or improvised ports in neutral territory, like the Gallipagos Islands and Turk's Island.

The Possible Price of Delay

The reason why no military result followed this very remarkable strategical victory was simply due to the fact that the superiority of the allied navies was so overwhelming that they could afford to part with all these vessels. And yet is it not an exaggeration to say that no military result was achieved? I ask my readers to think out two questions. When did the war with Turkey break out? When did we commence serious naval operations against the Dardanelles?

Now the war with Turkey was a virtual certainty any time in October, and we actually declared war on November 5th. If we except certain desultory attacks in the early days of the war, which are difficult to account for, and the submarine's voyage which disclosed the fact that on that date—December 13th—there were only five rows of mines, we did not embark on operations against the Dardanelles until February 19th, by which time the full power of German organisation, secrecy, and material assistance had been brought to bear. What other explanation can there be than that, in spite of the immense preponderance of the allied naval forces, the small German cruiser attack on our commerce had made such widespread demands on the Franco-British Navies that the Dardanelles operations could not be undertaken until the enemy's cruisers had all been accounted for? On December 8th the Battle off the Falkland Islands took place. By the end of January the ships could be brought home and refitted, and by February 19th they could be assembled off the Dardanelles. The price of delay might yet prove heavy for us if it were now to spell failure, or to involve the use of large military forces which otherwise would strengthen the operations in the main theatre of war.



Unique mascot on a British battleship. "Dennis," an island hog, which is now undergoing his "baptism of fire" in the Dardanelles. He was only induced to pose for his portrait by being bribed with an orange, a favourite delicacy.

The Gentle Art of "Shadowing"

Let us then examine to what cause we owe the long immunity of the German commerce-raiders. In the first place we owe it to a faulty peace distribution of the Fleet, which had reduced our strength on the distant stations. If we had carried out the 1909 agreement of the Imperial Conference, we should have had in the Pacific three great battle-cruisers and nine ships of the Sydney class.

These would have terminated the existence of the raiders at the outset of war if we had resorted to the delicate attention of "shadowing." This was the process we applied to the Russians in times of tension, and it means waiting in close attendance on the prospective enemy ships, like their shadows, until the moment of war comes for the shadows to take shape. We are now shadowing the Kronprinz Wilhelm because we cannot fight her in neutral waters.

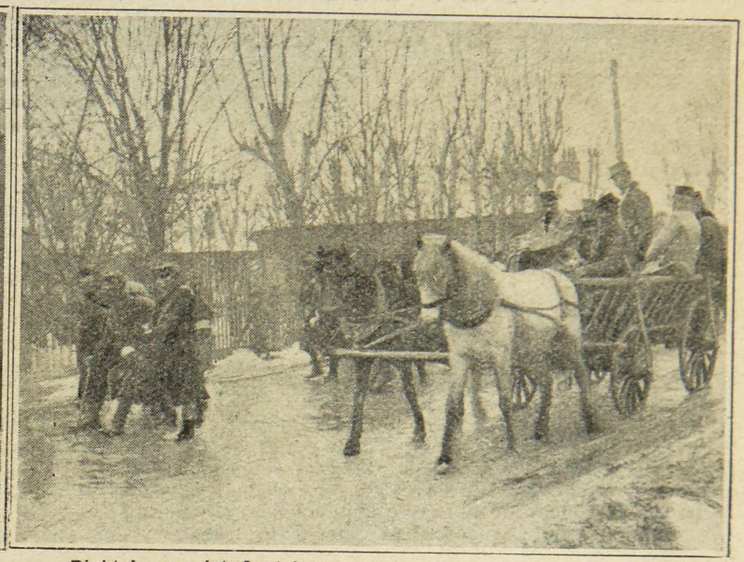
Did We Fail in "Shadowing" the Enemy?

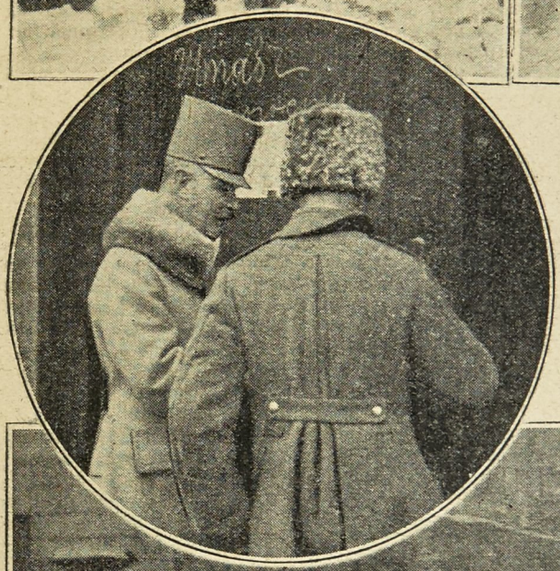
It may be urged that there was no time to prepare for shadowing. This is hardly the case. The Austrian ultimatum was sent to Serbia on July 23rd, and her Ambassador was recalled from Belgrade on July 25th. War did not break out until August 4th at 11 p.m. Take the case of the Dresden, actually coaling in Jamaica Harbour on the day before war. Was it quite impossible to shadow her in a British harbour which a few years ago was a naval dockyard?

The Kronprinz Wilhelm slipped out of New York. Even from England a cruiser could have been there in five days. It is not to be supposed that the Admiralty were ignorant of the fact that the two Scharnhorsts were at the Caroline Islands prior to war and did not leave there until August 6th.

A German cruiser actually coaled from a British steamer under charter at the moment of war, and thoughtfully deprived her of the wireless equipment. The truth is we suffered all the evils I have traced through the doctrine that if we took care of the heart of the Empire—"this island," to use Mr. Churchill's expression—the extremities would take care of themselves. In 1904 we made large reductions of our strength abroad, but these left us in 1905 with seven cruisers in the Mediterranean and forty on various foreign stations. The July Navy List shows that the cruisers on the foreign stations outside the Mediterranean had been reduced from forty to twenty, and this came on the top of previous reductions.

Scenes at Przemysl after its Surrender





Right: Immaculate Austrian officers, captured when Przemysl fell, driving to Lemberg, while starving and wounded men are compelled to go afoot. Left: Types of Austrian soldiers en route for Lemberg, resting for food given them by their generous captors.

THE final act in the drama of Przemysl has revealed a state of affairs in the Austrian Army which eloquently explains the proverbial defeats of the soldiers of the Dual Monarchy. For months the officers, indifferent to honour and patriotism, and intent only on their personal comfort and pleasure, lived a life of luxury. Every delicacy of food, wines, liqueurs, and cigars were the portion of these representatives of the decadent Hapsburgs. The fact that the enemy was drawing nearer daily, entirely failed to impress them with a sense of responsibility. It tended to harden the lot of the unfortunate rank and file fighting in the trenches. The photographs on this page were taken as the triumphant Russians marched into the fortress. Meanwhile our Allies' offensive towards Hungary, through the Ujok Pass, continues with unabated fury.

Scene in the principal street of Przemysl immediately our victorious Russian allies entered the city. Part of the Austrian garrison, no doubt happy to regain a temporary release after six months' confinement in the beleaguered fortress, proceeding to Lemberg for detention. Inset: General Hubert, chief of Przemysl garrison staff. From all accounts, Austrian officers in the beleaguered city indulged in a life of luxury while their soldiers suffered great privation.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

AUTHENTIC news of the doings of the Royal Flying Corps filters through slowly, for, as has already been stated, the corps hates being advertised. Consequently, the good work our military aviators did at Neuve Chapelle in the middle of March was only made known through a few names in the casualty lists, the appointment of two officers to the Distinguished Service Order, and the conferment of the Military Cross on two more. It seems worth while, therefore, even at this late date, to piece together something like a consecutive story of what was done, in the light of Sir John French's eulogistic remarks.

Operations began on the 10th of March, and the official "Eye-Witness" recorded at the time that on that day bombs were dropped on the railway junction at Courtrai and on the railway bridge at Menin. The big artillery preparation for the main attack took place on the 12th, when it was very foggy, and owing to this our aeroplanes had to fly very low down, at the risk of being hit by shells from our own long-range guns and howitzers, which, like the naval guns to which I referred some time ago, necessarily have a high trajectory. During this bombardment an aeroplane piloted by Lieutenant Morgan, with Lieutenant Irving as passenger, was, for this reason, hit by one of our shells, both officers being killed.

Some Heroes of the Air

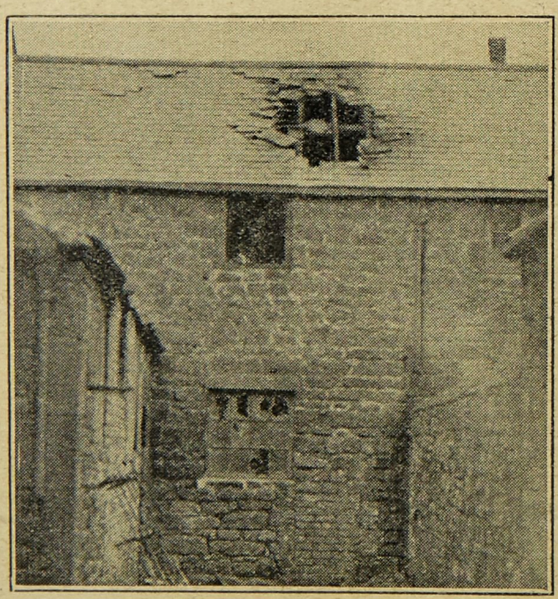
However, despite the fog, on that day Captain Carmichael dropped bombs on the railway-station at Menin, coming down to one hundred and twenty feet to make sure of his aim. His engine was hit on the way back, so that he only managed to stagger home at two hundred feet. When one considers that rifle bullets carry up to 6,000 feet, and that anything under three hundred feet or so is within revolver range, his escape appears miraculous. For his gallantry on this occasion, and good work all through the campaign, Captain Carmichael was given the D.S.O.

Either on this or the previous day Captain Strange won the Military Cross for destroying the railway junction at Courtrai, dropping his bombs from only two hundred feet, though assailed by heavy rifle fire. Lieutenant Freeman also won the Military Cross for valuable co-operation with our artillery, signalling by "wireless" the results of the artillery fire, and remaining in the air for five hours during the day, though his propeller and planes were hit over and over again.

March 12th seems to have been a very unlucky day for the R.F.C. Captain Cholmondeley, one of the most skilful fliers and best-liked officers in the corps, was killed through a bomb accident, apparently caused by someone dropping a large bomb when it was being loaded into his machine. A sergeant, a corporal, and five men of the R.F.C., who were with the aeroplane, appear also to have been killed.

Great Daring and Initiative

On the same day Lieutenants Warrand, Mapplebeck (who had already won his D.S.O.), and Mansell-Moullin, were all brought down in the German lines. A few days ago it was learned that Mr. Warrand was injured in landing, and died in a French hospital in Lille some days afterwards, the German officer commanding in that city according him a military funeral.



On April 14th a Zeppelin, braving the elements, travelled 350 miles to do the precise damage, depicted in this photograph, to a house at Wallsend. Had it arrived an hour or so later it might have killed a baby in a cot. Subsequently other air raids took place over Norfolk and Kent, the results being nil in point of "frightfulness."

Mr. Mapplebeck managed to land safely some distance away from the German troops, and hid in an empty house till night-time, when he found a friendly native, who fed him and got him a suit of civilian clothes, in which—at the risk of being shot as a spy—he walked across Belgium, got through the line of German guards into Holland, and so returned to London, going back to duty in France a few days later. This was certainly a noteworthy piece of work on his part.

Mr. Mansell-Moullin was not quite so lucky. After being lost to all his friends for nearly a month, his father received a postcard from him, recently written in a German prison camp, saying that when he landed he was at once surrounded by German soldiers. He mentioned casually that he set fire to his aeroplane directly he landed, so that it would be no use to the enemy—which was a risky proceeding, because he could only set fire to it by firing his revolver into the petrol tank, and, naturally, if he discharged his revolver, he would risk drawing a volley from the soldiers who had run out to capture him. His pluck and coolness certainly deserve every praise.

From the number of casualties on this day one would assume that a big effort was being made to smash the railways behind the German lines, so as to cut off supplies to the men in the trenches, and it is fairly obvious that it succeeded, for certain of the officers who were brought down are known to have achieved their object, as did others who returned safely.

Necessity for big Bomb Supplies

The bomb-dropping was continued on the 13th, for on that day Captain Pretyman won the D.S.O. by blowing up a train in the station at Don, damaging a building outside which German troops were forming up, and also driving off a German aeroplane.

These officers are mentioned by name because they have already been noted in official communications, but besides them there were dozens of others engaged on equally dangerous work, controlling artillery fire, scouting for movements of troops, driving off inquisitive German aviators, dropping bombs, photographing the positions of German trenches, and so forth. They remain unknown to fame, and the others are mentioned officially because in each of the latter cases the officer named has performed some act which had a definite effect on the progress of events on those strenuous days, in which the British troops first showed definitely that, given adequate artillery support, they were able to drive back the Germans whenever called up.

The success of the bomb-dropping also proved the immense value of aircraft if it is possible to employ them in large numbers and carrying enough bombs.

Aircraft, bombs, guns, and shells are needed in vast quantities. We have fliers and artillerymen enough for our purpose if we can keep them supplied with the tools of their trade.

Neuve Chapelle showed us our power. It is now "up to" the workmen of this country to do their share, for if sufficient material is available, the decisive action of the war cannot be long postponed.

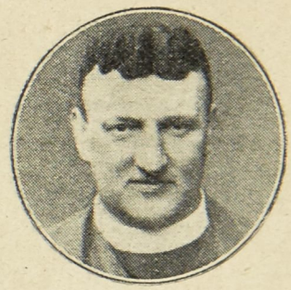
For God and King: The Cross and the Sword

"The Bishop held several services virtually under shell fire, and it was with difficulty that he could be prevented from carrying on his ministrations under rifle fire in the trenches. . . . I have once more to remark upon the devotion to duty, courage, and contempt of danger which has characterised the work of the chaplains of the Army throughout this campaign."
—Sir John French's last despatch.

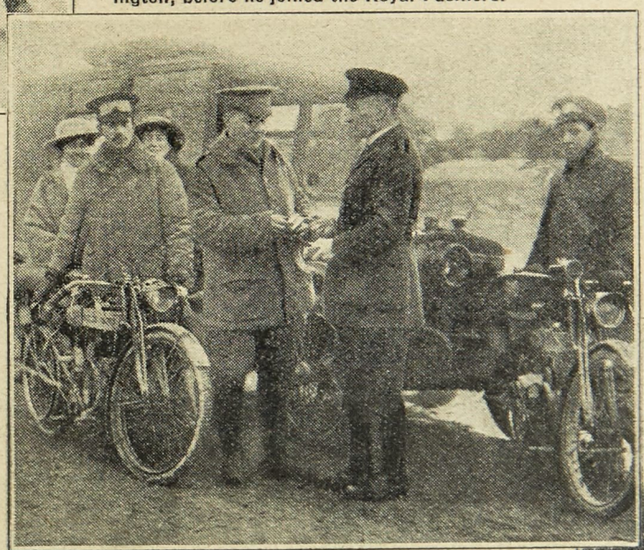
The Bishop of London recently visited the troops in the trenches. Here he is seen with the Archdeacon of London at Victoria Station.

Lieutenant the Rev. Cuthbert T. Maclean, who has been awarded the Military Cross for valour. He was a curate at St. Mary's, Newington, before he joined the Royal Fusiliers.

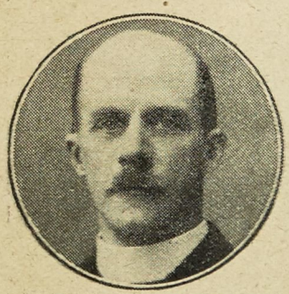
Colonel the Rev. Edwin Rouviere Day has been mentioned for distinguished conduct in the field. He was chaplain at Whittingham Barracks, and went to the front on the outbreak of war. He also served in South Africa.



The Rev. Everard Digby, who is at the front. He is well-known as a boxing enthusiast, and at one time, before he took Holy Orders, he was a successful actor.

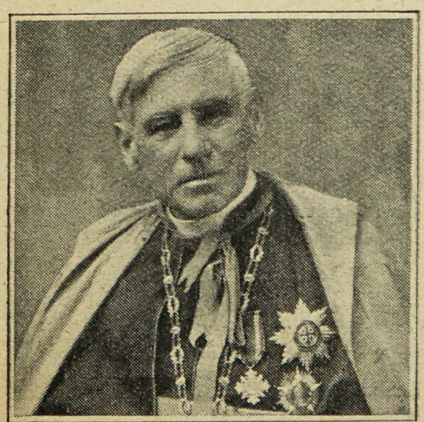


The Rev. E. G. Macpherson, the senior chaplain to the British Forces at Boulogne, handing round invitations to despatch-riders and transport men "somewhere in France."

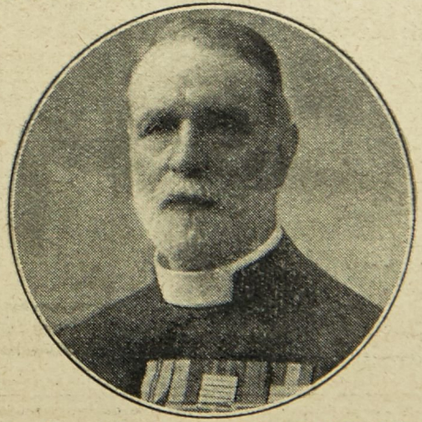


The Rev. H. N. Webb Peploe, who has been mentioned by Sir John French in his despatches for gallant conduct in the field.

Bishop Taylor-Smith, Chaplain General of the British Forces, who has been working hard among the Regulars and Territorials at home.



The Rev. F. B. D. Beckerstaffe Drew, mentioned in Sir John French's despatches.



The Rev. John Simms, D.D., another Army chaplain to be mentioned in despatches.

Photos by Russell & Sons, Central Press, Central News

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, April 9th to April 16th

APRIL 9.—**French capture Les Eparges**, an important position dominating the Woevre plain.

Russians continue to make solid progress in the Carpathians, where they have now taken 72 miles of the principal chain.

APRIL 10.—Victoria Cross granted to Commander Henry Peel Ritchie, Royal Navy, for conspicuous bravery when in command of operations at Dar-es-Salaam.

A new line of trenches mastered by French at the Bois d'Ailly in the continuing Battle of the Meuse. At Bois de Montmare the Germans recaptured trenches lost in the course of the day.

Heavy Carpathian Fighting.—The Russians report that the enemy's attacks, made in great strength, were repulsed, and that several heights towards the Ujok Pass have been carried.

APRIL 11.—**The German cruiser Kronprinz Wilhelm** arrived at Hampton Roads, Virginia. The same procedure will, it is stated, be adopted by the United States Government as in the case of the Prinz Eitel Friedrich.

APRIL 12.—German Headquarters' report admits capture of trenches and outworks near St. Mihiel.

French report heavy artillery fire on the Heights of the Meuse, and a further slight advance in the Bois le Pretre.

In the direction of Stry Russians repulsed attacks on the front, Rosochacy-Orawezyk-Kosziowa-Roziunka, inflicting enormous losses on the enemy.

APRIL 13.—**Rear-Admiral Hood's Despatch** published, describing the work of the Franco-British flotilla in checking the German advance on Calais. A number of officers and men are mentioned for gallantry or for other exceptional service.

Sir John French's despatch reports no change in the situation during the past week. The Field-Marshal states that a British mine was exploded in the neighbourhood of Armentières on the morning of April 9, and destroyed the loopholed walls of a house held by the enemy.

Between the Meuse and the Moselle French attacks were pushed at several points up to the wire entanglements of the enemy's defence. East of Berry-au-Bac the French carried a German trench.

Russian Victory near the Ujok Pass.—Announced from Petrograd that after an extremely desperate fight, the heights in the region of the villages of Bukowiec, Beniowa (respectively five and four miles north of the Uzsok Pass), and Wssokonizy, fell into our ally's hands, who captured 2,700 prisoners, including 53 officers, a gun, and 20 machine-guns. On the heights south of Wolosate, especially in the region of Kosziowa, the enemy delivered impetuous attacks in great strength. All were repulsed with enormous losses to the enemy.

Committee for Munitions of War.—Announcement of a strong committee appointed, with full powers to deal with the problem of national output of munitions of war. Mr. Lloyd George is chairman, and committee represents the important departments—Treasury, Admiralty, War Office, Board of Trade.

APRIL 14.—Reported that five Germanic armies in the Carpathians, mustering between them 1,250,000 men, and directed by the Kaiser.

Zeppelin Raid on Tyneside.—Hostile airship first seen near Blyth, the Northumbrian coal port. It proceeded inland towards Newcastle, and made a sharp turn across the Tyne, avoiding the centre of the city. It was next seen at Hebburn, on the Durham side of the river, and then headed straight down the Tyne and out to sea. Bombs dropped near Blyth, in the midst of Wallsend, and on Hebburn. No lives were lost, and little material damage done.

Both Russians and Austrians claim a victory in the Ujok Pass. Former report fighting continuing, and repeated enemy counter-attacks repulsed, also capture of a thousand prisoners and two machine-guns.

APRIL 15.—**Battle of Neuve Chapelle.**—Field-Marshal Sir John French's despatch describing in detail this battle (March 10-12), and the combat at St. Eloi (March 14-17) published. The British losses were 12,811 (killed 2,527, wounded 8,533, missing 1,751). Important statement in the despatch to the effect: "Battles can be shortened, and loss lessened, if an almost unlimited supply of ammunition enables attacks to be supported powerfully by artillery."

French success near Arras. The whole spur south-east of Notre Dame de Lorette carried with the bayonet by French troops, who now hold all the south-eastern slopes as far as outer woodland fringe of Ablain St. Nazaire.

Allied squadron of 15 aeroplanes dropped bombs with complete success on German military buildings at Ostend.

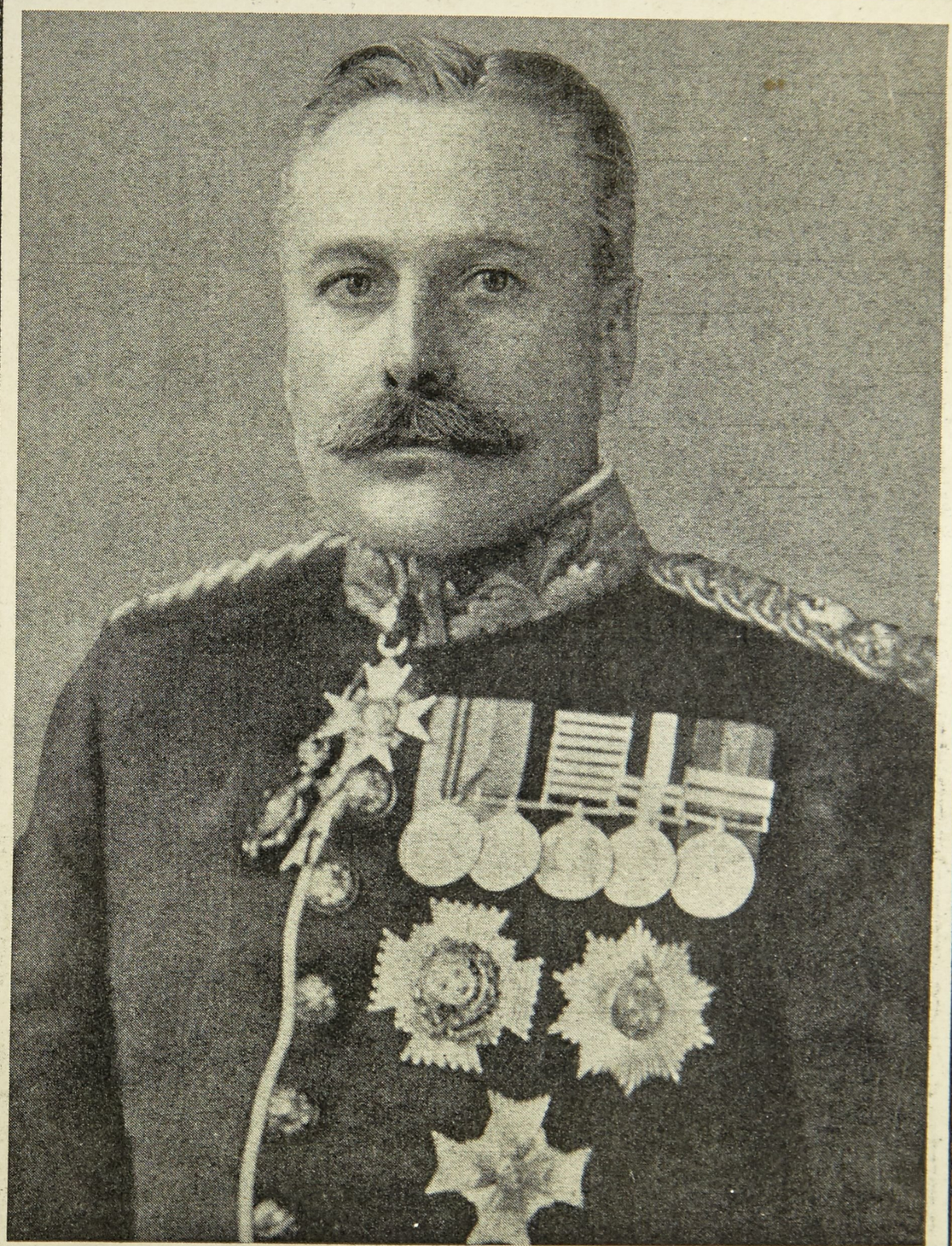
Announced that Lieut. W. G. C. Gladstone, M.P., a grandson of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, killed in action.

APRIL 16.—**Another Air Raid on the East Coast**; bombs dropped on Lowestoft and other places.

Air Raid in Kent. Shortly after noon a German Taube flew over Faversham, Sittingbourne, Canterbury, and Sheerness. Bombs were dropped on the two former, without causing damage. At Sheerness anti-aircraft guns fired at the raiders.

THE SOLDIER SON OF A SOLDIER KING.—A simple but impressive ceremony took place recently on the sands of Flanders, when Prince Leopold, eldest son of King Albert of the Belgians, and heir to the throne, was enrolled as a private soldier in the 12th Regiment of the Line. The princely private is seen in the centre of our photograph.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS



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GENERAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG, K.C.B., K.C.I.E., K.C.V.O., C.V.O., C.B.

Commanding the First Army with the Expeditionary Force

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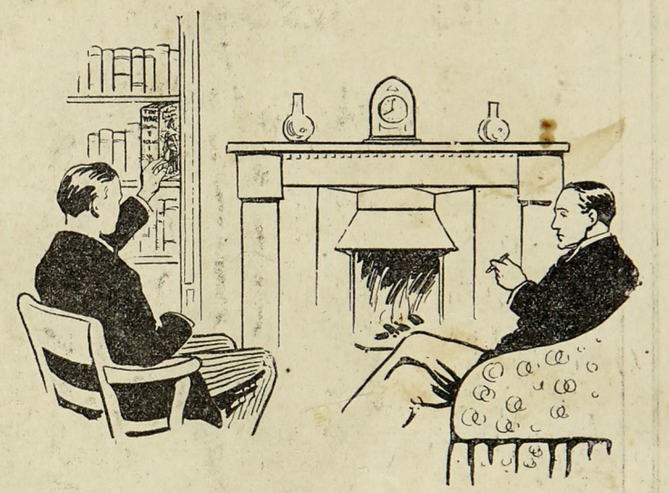
Is this what happens when you show "The War Illustrated" to a friend?



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The publishers' registered binding cases for the first twenty-six parts are now ready. The price is only 1/6 (post free from the Publishers, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., for 1/10). The newsagent who supplies your weekly copy can also supply the publishers' binding case and arrange for the binding. A beautiful coloured plate of Admiral Jellicoe for use as a frontispiece is presented free.

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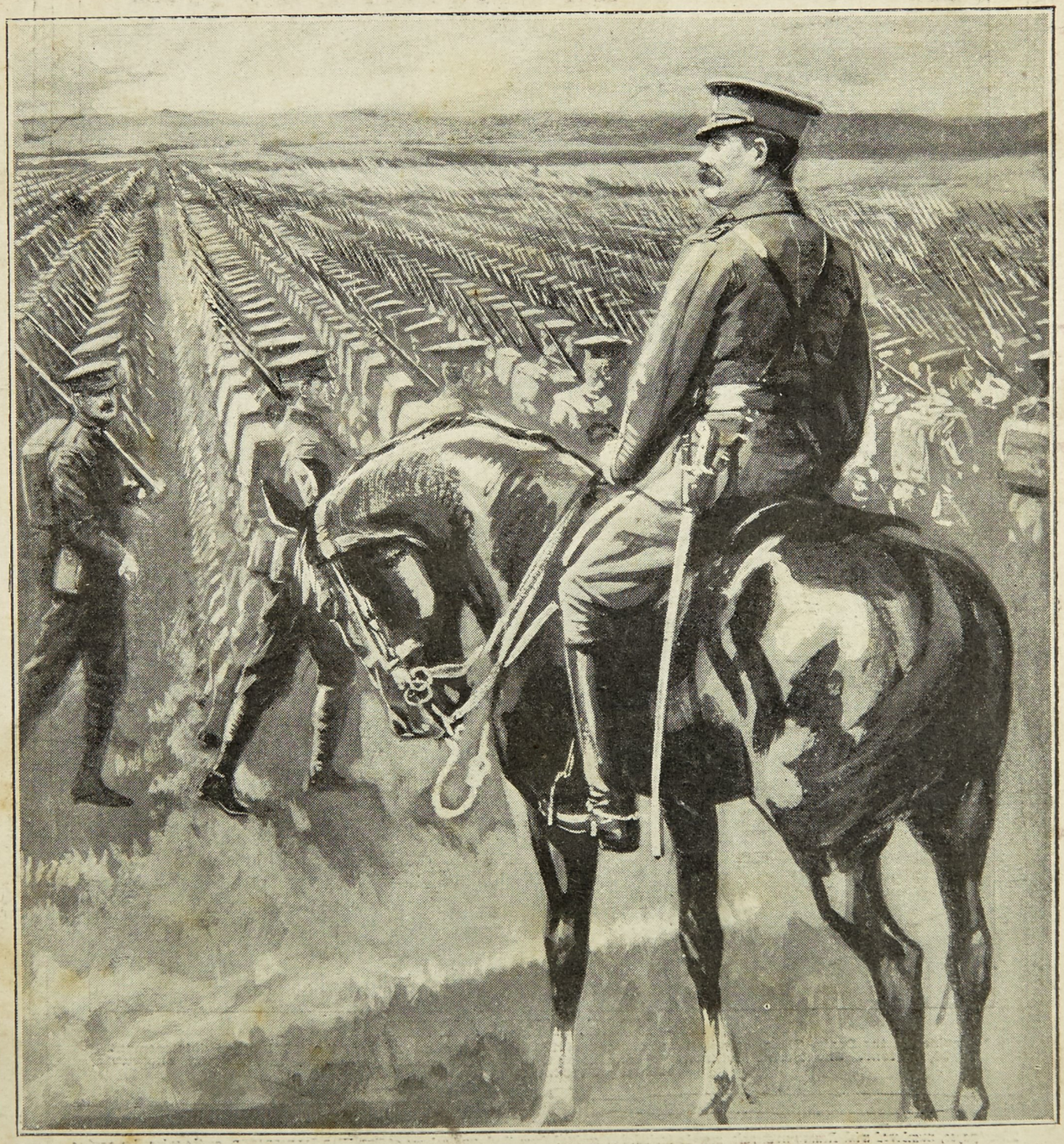
The Real Triumph of German "Kultur"

See page 242

The War Illustrated

2d Weekly



Vol. 2 Kitchener's Organising Genius has now made Britain a Nation in Arms **No. 37**

BRITAIN'S WATCH-DOGS OF THE DEEP

XI.—H.M.S. KING ALFRED

Cruiser of the Drake Class, completed at the end of 1903, she has a length over all of 529½ feet, a displacement of 14,100 tons. She is armed with two 9·2 in., sixteen 6 in., twelve 12-pounders, three 3-pounder guns, and two submerged (18 in.) torpedo-tubes.

These pages, numbered with Roman numerals, may be included or omitted from the bound volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *as the subscriber prefers.*]

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 37. Vol 2
1st May, 1915

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

THE MODERN COASTGUARD GOES AWHEEL.—The breezy East Coast, so long the rendezvous of holiday enthusiasts, is now the scene of serious military activity. A German raid upon the shores of East Anglia is still possible, though highly improbable, but nothing has been left undone to defeat such an attempt. This extremely picturesque study shows a body of Essex Cycle Scouts riding along one of the coast roads, which they patrol day and night, to give warning of any enemy approach by sea or air.

Historic incident behind the British line. General French reviews unofficially a body of war-worn warriors on their way to the trenches.

THE REAL TRIUMPH OF GERMAN "KULTUR"

WITH the exception of the Turks, we British are the most lazy-minded race that ever climbed to Imperial power. To the force of large, new, foreign ideas we are remarkably impregnable. Sometimes this defect is one of the sources of our strength—a way of preserving our national character. We fought Napoleon without recognising what Napoleon stood for. We are now fighting the German Emperor with no clear conception of the great idea he represents. But this time the enemy's idea will prevail upon us.

As yet the "Kultur," of which the Germans proclaim themselves the warrior missionaries, has little meaning for us. But since the Arabs rode across the world to spread their new creed at the sword's point, no such outburst of fanaticism has been seen as that against which we are now contending. The wars of religion, ensuing on the Reformation begun by Luther, were not so generally important as is the war in which we are engaged.

WHAT is the nature of this extraordinary "Kultur" that has inspired a nation, largely composed of great-grandchildren of serfs, to fierce, aggressive action? It entirely occupies the place of religion in the minds of many notable Germans. It is, in fact, a religion—a political religion. First of all modern countries Germany has created the Great State. Not since the fall of the empire of the Incas of Peru has such a thing been done.

Moreover, the German achievement in practical Socialism was based on a mighty warlike power. The leaders of the professed Social Democratic Party had many matters in dispute with their warrior caste. But these matters related to the domestic development of the Great State. When the war for dominion opened the Social Democrats, with few exceptions, rallied to the aid of their military chiefs.

EVEN the trail of slaughter and ruin in Belgium and North-Western France did not disturb the conscience of the disciples of Karl Marx. In their view, Belgium had to suffer for the general benefit of humanity. The Germans, as their professors and Socialist leaders proclaimed, had to organise the rest of civilisation.

And the amazing thing is that these fanatics of "Kultur" are accomplishing their self-imposed task. They are not carrying it out in the way they intended, but they are certainly forcing their "Kultur," by the power of the sword, upon the rest of Western Europe.

BRITAIN, for instance, is being compelled, lest she be defeated, to organise, under State control, her chief industrial and distributing activities. What Germany slowly accomplished in two generations we have been constrained to carry out in eight months. The hostile Great State was so perfectly organised as a fighting whole that Britain and France have had suddenly to model themselves upon her in order to cope with her. The German coal, iron, and metal-working centres were gradually welded into a practical department of the State. There was the rise of trust magnates, the creation of rings controlling output and prices, and acting together in the conquest of foreign markets. Then the German Government took to supervising them, helping their export trade, and linking them with the general financial system. They were, besides, firmly controlled in the clashing interests of the peasant classes—the best soldier stock. All these things took many years to accomplish.

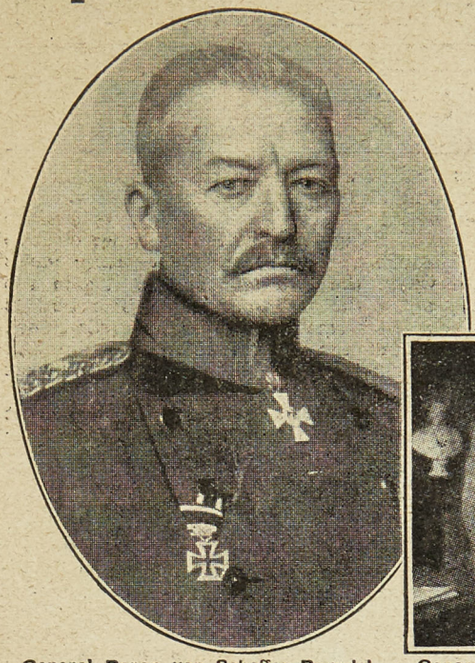
BUT in a month or two Mr. Lloyd George has had to reorganise and manage our machinery of credit and finance. All the railways were at once taken over by the Government. Certain trades were annexed, and more were transformed under official supervision. Difficulties in regard to various necessities of life, such as coal and bread, increased the popular demand for Socialistic control. Then Mr. Lloyd George, that busy man, had to form a committee to run all the factories and workshops supplying, or capable of supplying, the needs of the Army and Navy.

THUS we began to practise the veritable "Kultur," chiefly under the direction of Mr. Lloyd George, who had introduced the German scheme of old-age pensions into our once sternly individualistic kingdom. In all probability the fate of the German will be similar to that of the Greek and the Jew. His idea will triumph, while he and his nation fail. If ever he becomes a disinterested disciple of his own "Kultur"—that wonderful amalgam of the Greek idea of the State as interpreted by Hegel, as developed by French and British communists, and Lassalle and Marx, and then reduced to practical politics by Bismarck—the German will perhaps be satisfied. For good or for evil, he has forced us into his mould.

EVEN as he transformed the movement of religious reform into a matter of practical politics, by showing kings and princes the spoil awaiting them in the rich possessions of monks and nuns, so he has converted us to his ideal of the Great State by a very clear proof of its tremendous power in war. By defeating the Germans we are manifesting the larger triumph of the German idea. We must like it or lump it.

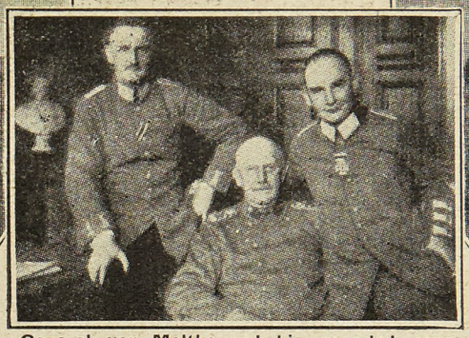
Edward Wright

Super-Huns: The Kaiser's Kings of "Kultur"



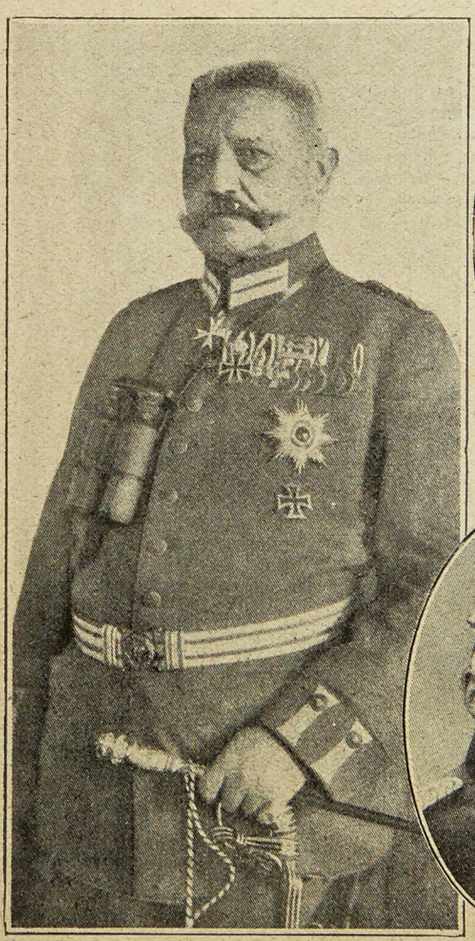
General Baron von Scheffer-Boyadel, who was decorated by the Kaiser for his "brilliant strategy" in Poland.

Lieut.-General Wild von Hohenborn, Minister of War.

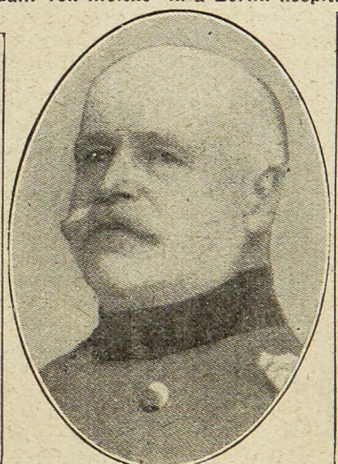


General von Moltke and his wounded sons —Capt. Wilhelm von Moltke (left), and Lieut. Adam von Moltke—in a Berlin hospital.

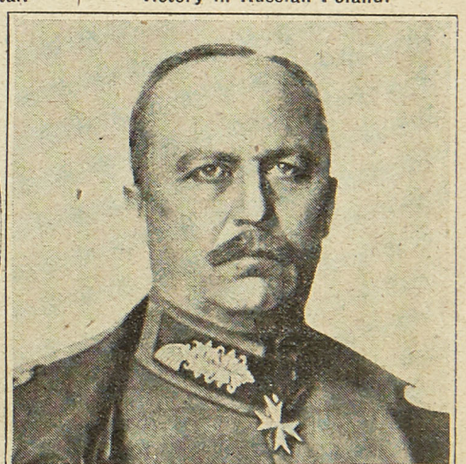
General von Woyrsch, Commander of the Landwehr corps that gained a victory in Russian Poland.



Field-Marshal Paul von Hindenburg. An exclusive and hitherto unpublished new portrait of Germany's best leader.



General von Eichhorn, Hindenburg's lieutenant.



Lieut.-General von Ludendorff, Hindenburg's right-hand man in the eastern theatre of war.

General Ewald von Lochow, decorated by the Kaiser for a "victory" at Soissons.

General von Kluck (nicknamed "Old One O'Clock" by British Tommies) standing between Colonel von Bergmann (left) and General von Kuhl.

A BATTLEFIELD IN THE GREAT WAR

Described by an A.S.C. Sergeant

THE picture actually presented is so vastly different from the popular idea on the matter that, seeing a battlefield—before the fight—for the first time, the new-comer can be readily pardoned if he doubts the very existence of friend and foe alike.

Here are no guns, no troops massed, no banners flying, nothing of the panoply and circumstance connected in the mind with the word WAR! No sound of drum or skirl of pipes breaks the sabbath-like stillness of the morning. No order, harsh and unintelligible, reaches the ear. No colour or movement other than that supplied by nature strikes the eye.

Silence reigns, menacing and complete.

To the eye a great valley stretches placidly from east to west. To the south a range of hills. Here, on the left, and close to the ridge upon which we stand, a ploughed field, furrowed and red, leaps sharply upward to meet the blue sky. Puffy white clouds flit slowly to the south. A tiny stream meanders foolishly at our feet. Tall, leafless, poplar trees, in groups of ten or twelve, are dotted here and there at unpremeditated intervals. A silver, hazy light lies on the distant hills. The pale blue overhead runs down into a shimmering grey mist. A faint flush, opalescent and irradiating, still lingers to the east.

No Sign of War

Green and blue and silver. A wonderful morning.

To the ear the twittering of birds, the rustling of branches, the gurgling of the water at our feet. The wind blows with a brisk quality that sets the nerves on edge. We inhale great draughts of the electrical air. Our fingers close tensely. We feel "good."

But of war there is no sign.

In and around this valley, hidden here and there, are twenty thousand British soldiers. Of Germans we have no figures, but it is safe to say the number is not less.

Where are they?

Batteries, guns, horses, waggons, vans—all the paraphernalia and requirements for thousands and thousands of men—food, stores, ammunition, are close at hand. Telephones are at work, mines and counter-mines laid, trenches have been built, great guns, cleverly masked, are prepared to hurl huge shells skyward at any moment, men sit, tense and dry-eyed, in houses of earth, waiting—waiting.

But of all this there is no sign to the casual observer.

The little mounds you see here and there, good sir, are trenches, complicated and wonderful, and following a very definite design. Behind the ridge of red, up-turned earth to your left, horses, guns, and ammunition waggons lie concealed. Maxims and quick-firers are hidden in every group of trees that meets your eye. In the branches of the tree under which you stand a couple of crack shots cling precariously to the parent stem. Every bush, every stone preserves a human burr, alive and tense.

As we turn our eyes, like the prophet of old, to the hills, a strange sight appears. A huge bird, white and wonderful, has risen into the air, and seems to be flying towards us. Higher and higher it rises. We have mentally calculated it to be nearly a mile high and some five or six miles distant, when, without warning, there is a whip-like crack from somewhere behind us, followed by a rushing, swishing sound overhead. We turn our eyes to where the great bird is still rising—rising. Suddenly we observe a white puff of smoke appear, some fifty or sixty yards to the right of where the bird still hovers. Again the whip-like crack, again the puff of smoke. The bird is much higher now and the smoke breaks many yards below. Something falls out of the sky. Something white and shining that drops almost directly on the first line of what we know now to be a British trench.

This trench is thrust so far forward, is at such a great distance from the second line, that the German commander is anxious to drive the men in it farther back. It is at an angle of progression, too, that, if pursued, will cause a whole series of carefully-elaborated German trenches to become untenable. The men there must be driven out. They must fight along the lines and from the direction laid down by the German general. The English pigs have done this thing during the night! A most unseemly and impossible thing. They have crawled up in the darkness and dug themselves in at a point that will enfilade and render useless at least half a dozen German trenches.

They must be driven out.

The Bird-Man Crashes to Earth

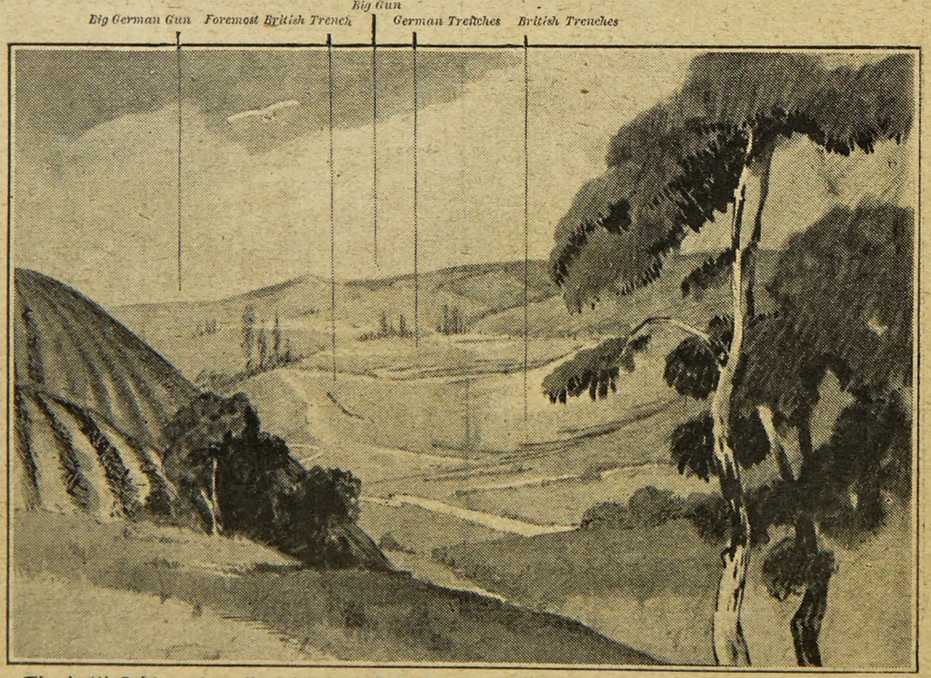
A cloud of smoke rises from one of the distant hills, a faint boom comes slowly to the ear, and a fraction of a second later a terrific crash announces the arrival of the first shell. This is followed by another and another from various points, until, presently, shells are falling one after another, mechanically and automatically, around about and above the doomed spot.

There is something ominously quiet about the British lines this morning. Here and there a gun searches the distant hills, now and then a volley, directed seemingly at nothing in particular, crackles from a ridge or trench.

Still, to the casual observer of life—human life—there is no sign.

The great bird is returning now, back to the distant

(*Continued on page 246.*)

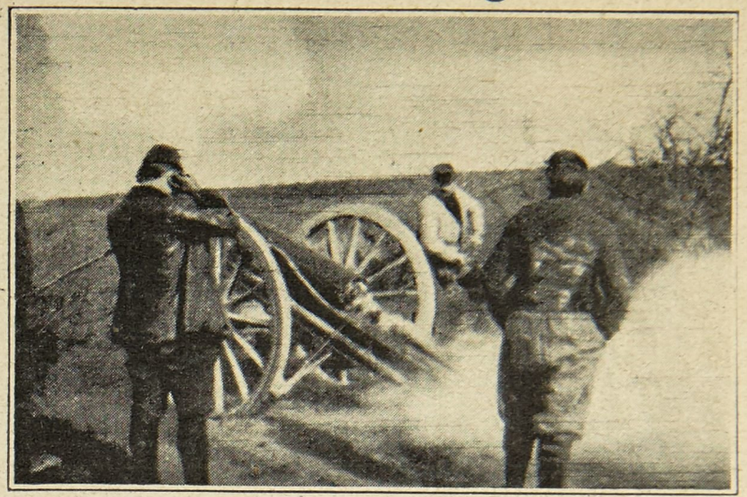


The battlefield as described by an A.S.C. Sergeant, from a sketch made by him on the spot.

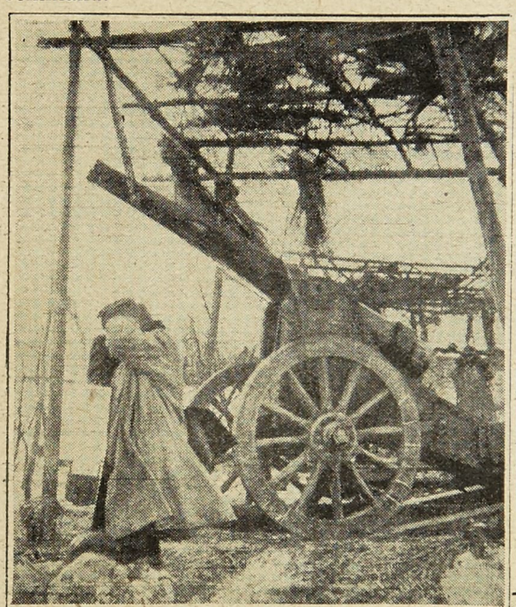
The Dreadful Thunder of the Big Guns

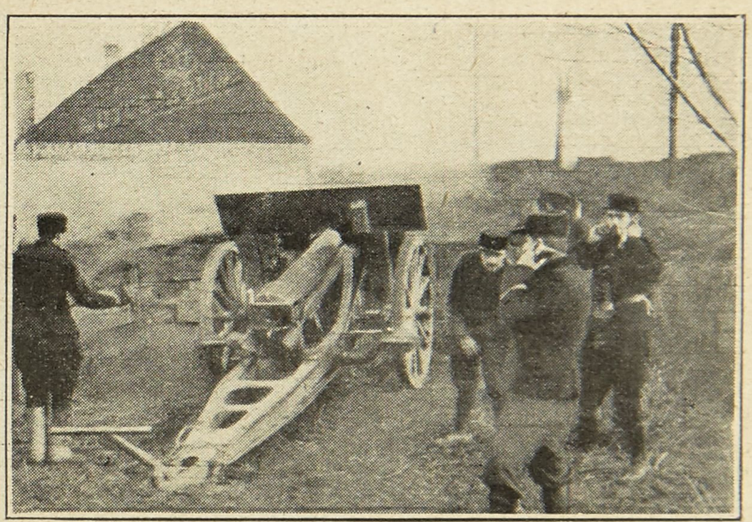
NOT a few soldiers have been sent back from the front with shattered nerves and suffering from what is known as "shell shock." In the hospitals there are men who, waking and sleeping, always hear the terrific booming of the guns and the shrieking and bursting of the shells.

The nerve strain in modern warfare is appalling; there is but little relief from the violent explosions; they are practically continuous by day and by night, and it is difficult to get accustomed to the thunder of the guns and the singing of the shells ere they burst with violent crashes. The men who work the big guns suffer most from the stunning concussions. Many have their hearing permanently impaired through the dreadful, nerve-racking din of the guns they serve. In order to safeguard themselves as much as possible, they invariably hold their hands over their ears, as is shown in all these photographs. A few wear ear-caps, but this is not always practicable, owing to the fact that in muffling the ears there is danger of missing words of command.

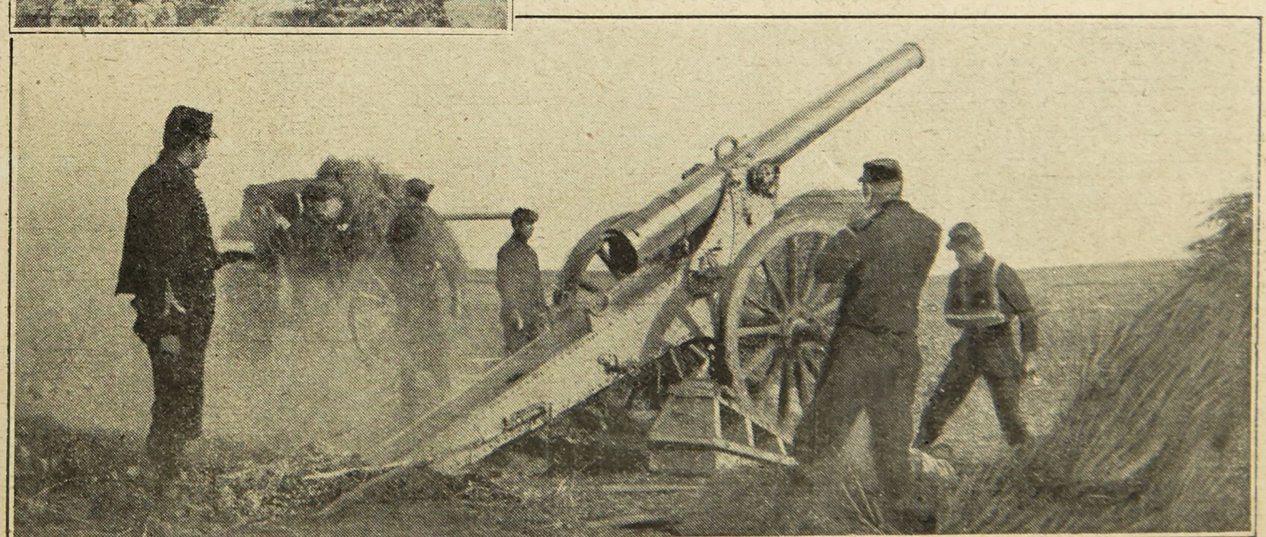


A French gun in action. The officer has his hands to his ears, while the gunners are wearing ear-caps to reduce the noise.





Left: One of Austria's big guns at the moment of firing. Right: An artillery duel in progress on the French front. These gunners are also stopping their ears to deaden the shock of the report.



"There have been artillery duels at various points." This is a sentence that one often reads in the official communiques, and these photographs show some of them in progress. In each case it will be noticed that the photograph was taken at the moment the gun was being fired. Most of the gunners are muffling their ears in order slightly to minimise the terrific noise of the gun-fire.

A BATTLEFIELD IN THE GREAT WAR

(Continued from page 244)

hills. Its huge expanse of wings catches the sunlight squarely, silhouetting it in purest white against a sky Italian in its depth of blue. And now, from unknown directions, little puff-balls of smoke break near it—to the right, to the left, above, below. Suddenly we observe that something has happened. One of the great wings has been injured, by what means we know not. The bird wheels slowly, tilted at a grotesque angle; then, without warning, one wing tilts still higher; the dark body of the bird seems to be drawn downwards at an inconceivable speed; for an instant it appears, a streak of grey against a whiter cloud, the next, it has vanished, a crumpled mass, behind a patch of thorn and aspen.

The Poacher on the Battlefield

Meanwhile, the cannonading has ceased. A horse neighs shrilly. The man in the tree above suddenly cuddles the stock of his rifle, his eye takes a new light, his finger curves itself automatically around the trigger. He is about to——. No, whatever it was the opportunity has gone; he gives a little discontented grunt, moves a fraction to relieve the cramped position, and resumes his former attitude of watchfulness. A terrified rabbit bounds madly down a sandy bank close by. We watch it curiously. At a lower slope some unknown agency arrests its flight by a well-directed blow. A hand steals from out a clump of blue flowers. The rabbit disappears.

Someone is being his own Army Service Corps.

And now from some distance behind the foremost German trenches a blue-grey line appears. The Germans are about to attack the desired trench, which, in their hands, will in turn threaten the foremost British positions.

They have a strange resemblance to our mind to a colony of ants. Like ants, they appear to be very much in earnest about something. Like ants, too, individual members of the community appear to run hither and thither in aimless seriousness, mightily intent on nothing.

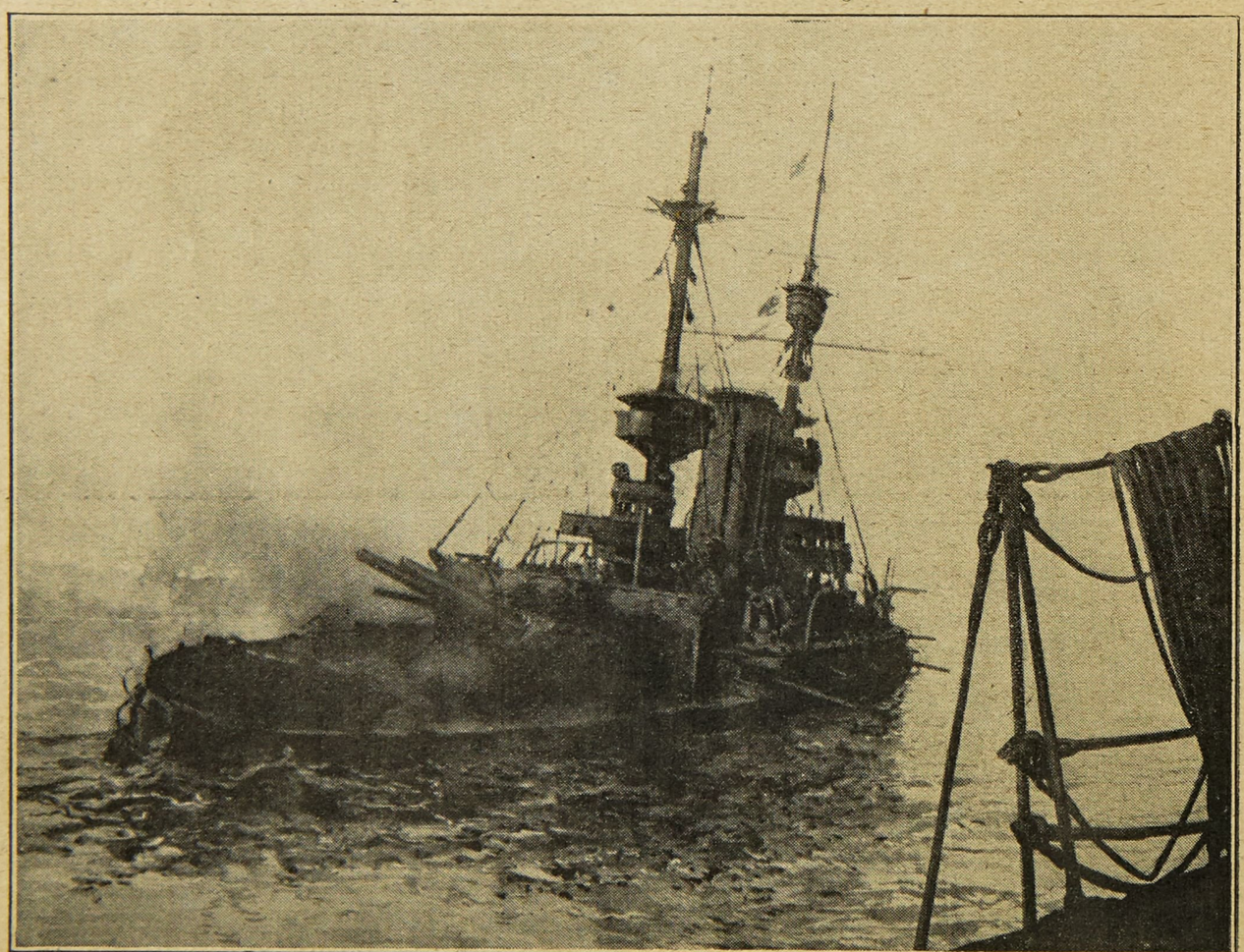
The Blind Fury of Human Strife

The scale of the mass in our map is so small that we hardly observe the fact that individual units are becoming detached from the main body, and are lying dotted here and there along the line of advance. Like ants again, however, the mass pays no attention to the unit.

Forward! Forward! Nearer and nearer. They disappear for a moment, and then, breasting a slope a mile or so away, appear clear-cut and distinct against the distant hills.

And now hell is let loose on the face of the earth. From every ridge, from every trench, from every bush and boulder rifles and light guns crackle and scream. Shouts are heard, huge shells are vomited from iron mouths, men rise from their concealment and fire wildly, blindly, in the direction of the moving ants. The trench is empty. Was never, indeed, occupied. The range is known to a fraction. The mass wilts and shrivels before the eyes. A group detaches itself from the main body and dashes wildly for the protection of the trench. Mole-like, they disappear as one. A second later a fearful explosion takes place. The trench appears to rise bodily and fling itself into space. Rifles and men are jerked spasmodically in every direction. The tortured flesh falls at strange and unexpected angles. A feeling of sickness comes over us.

Overhead the eternal blue sky. A colony of rooks sail homeward in an irregular line.

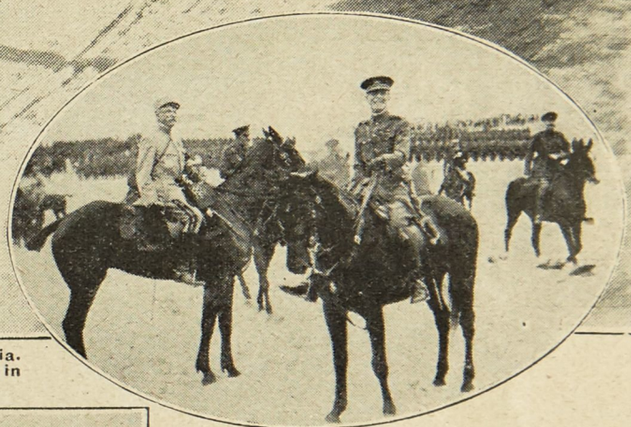


THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE IRRESISTIBLE.—This impressive photograph, replete with the tragic glory of war, shows the ill-fated Irresistible, after having been shattered by the explosion of a floating mine in the Dardanelles during an attack on the Narrows' Forts on March 18th. After the cowardly knock-out blow, the leviathan, listing heavily, drifted towards the beach, the helpless target of Turkish 6in. shells. The crew were transferred to the Ocean and the Irresistible foundered in deep water. Subsequently the Ocean struck a mine and sank, but nearly all the crews of both ships were saved.

The Entente Cordiale in the Land of former Feuds

French Artillery marching along the desert road to Alexandria. This is the first time that French troops have visited Egypt in force since the memorable campaign of Napoleon in 1798.

An impressive review was held recently near Alexandria, when General Sir Ian Hamilton and General D'Amade reviewed the French Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. These last two photographs show respectively French infantry marching with the Tricolour in a typical Oriental setting and the two Generals watching the dashing French cavalry moving in the desert sand.



Noted Franco-British Generals co-operating in the East. Generals D'Amade and Sir Ian Hamilton.

NAPOLEON'S memorable campaign in Egypt is recalled by the recent disembarkation in the Land of the Pharaohs of the descendants of his victorious armies, the French Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. By the exigency of time, the Tricolour is now flying over the sandy plains of Egypt, not in defiance, but in closest alliance with British power.

Sir Ian Hamilton, who is Commander-in-Chief of the Dardanelles Expeditionary Force, reviewed with General D'Amade the French Mediterranean troops near Alexandria preparatory, no doubt, to a concerted movement against Turkey.

General D'Amade is the illustrious French soldier who was military attaché with the British Army during the Boer War, since which time he has commanded the French forces in Morocco with conspicuous success.

While Joffre's War-scarred Heroes rest and make Merry—

Animated scenes were witnessed recently at the Trocadero, Paris, where a fete for the benefit of wounded soldiers was held. This photograph shows a party of war-scarred patriots arriving in one of the sumptuous cars placed at their disposal.

One of the participants in the fete of the wounded being assisted by two Paris policemen.

General Pau, the French strategist, whose tour of allied and neutral countries has been so successful, is greeted by Parisians on his return.

The band of the "Blue Devils," as the Huns call the famous Alpine Chasseurs, giving a selection to the bass accompaniment of the cannons in the wood of Montmare, St. Mihiel, only a mile from the German trenches.

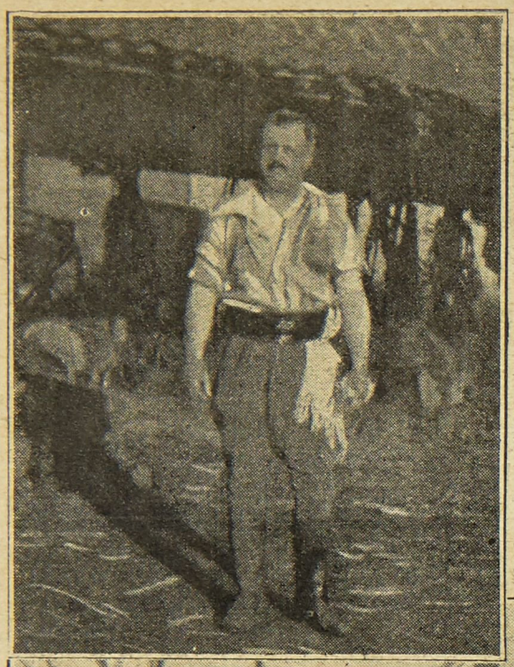
—The Next Generation prepares with Keen Enthusiasm

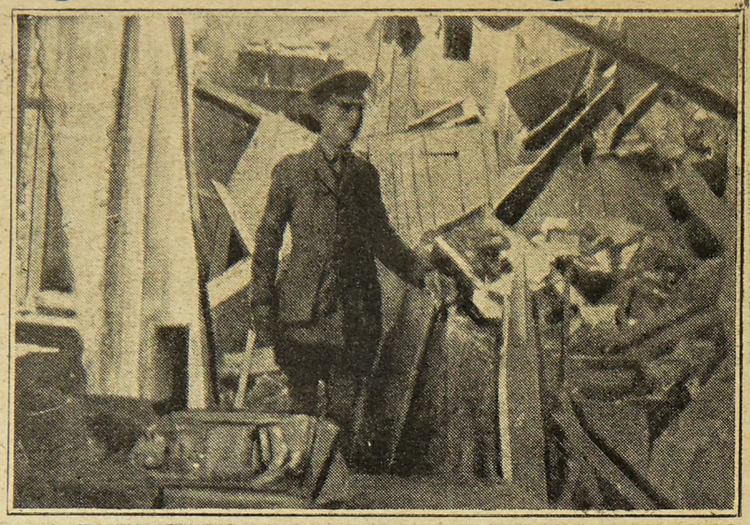
As the French Army pushes its way victoriously into Alsace-Lorraine, the populace, so long under the tyrannous heel of Prussia, acclaims it with affectionate enthusiasm. This photograph is a touching scene which occurred recently in an Alsatian village. Young children whose heart is with the Republic of Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite, are crying "Vive la France!" with all the power of their voices.

Our French allies are determined to keep General Joffre supplied with reserves. Some of the 1916 class are here seen setting out for a training camp, and bidding their parents good-bye at the Gare du Lyon.

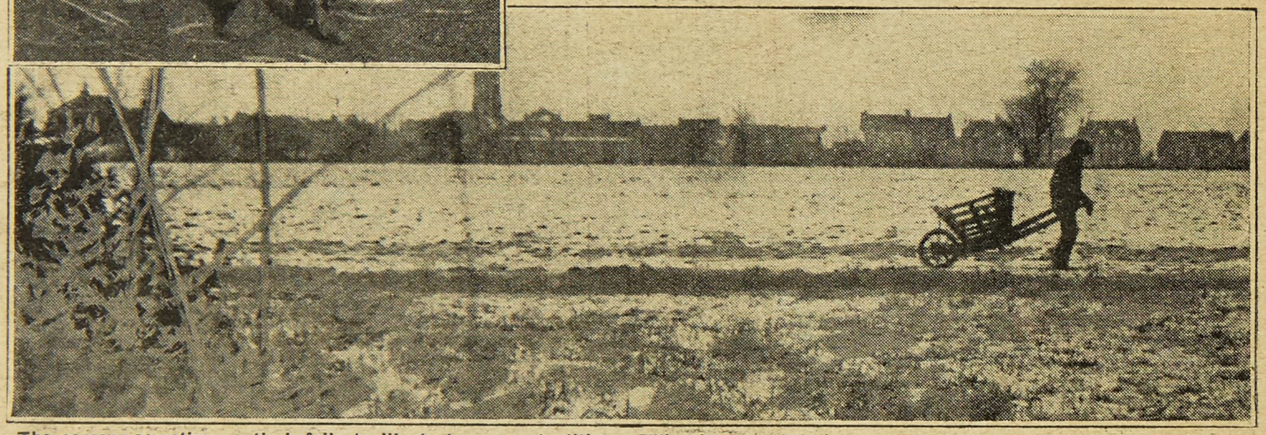
A celebrated writer has said that the English are the only humorists. Without wishing to open up a controversy on so subtle a question, we offer our readers the above photograph of infantile French patriots, which reaches us from a Parisian correspondent. It is described by him as "Some members of the 1930 class in training"—surely a delightful example of Gallic wit.

Racket and Rest along the British Firing Front

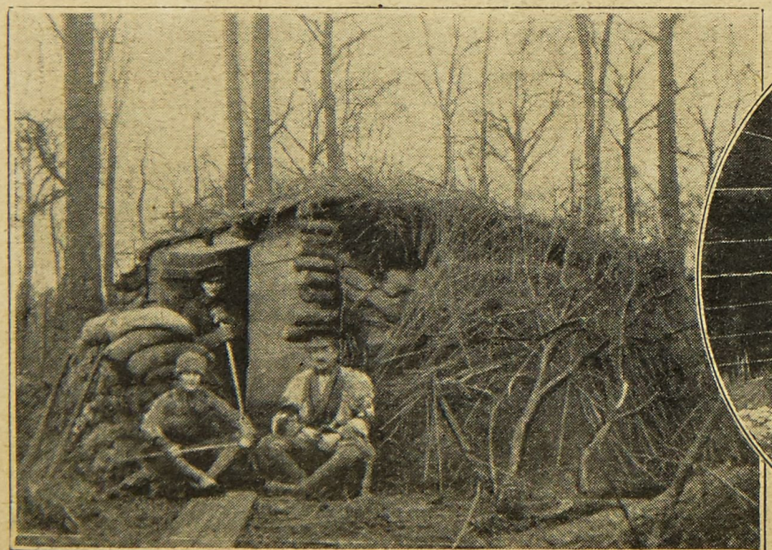




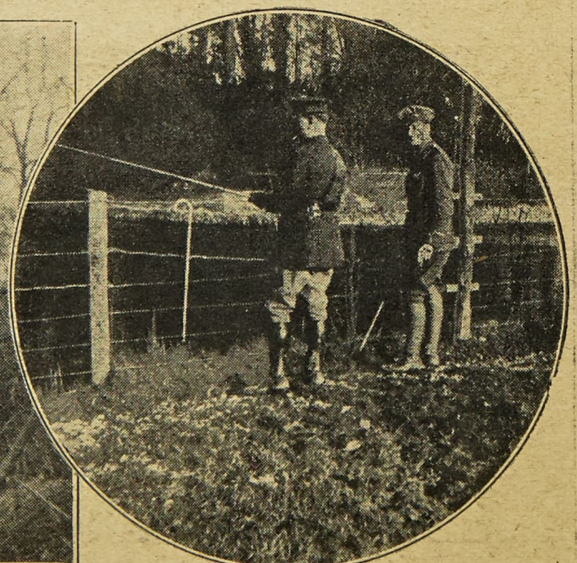
Unwelcome surprise for an officer-occupant of a house within range of the enemy's guns. On returning from trench duty he discovered that a "Jack Johnson" had completely wrecked the "happy home." Inset: Typical British "diehard" sergeant-major completing his morning toilet.



The camera sometimes entirely fails to illustrate war actualities. This photograph is interesting by the fact that the village in the background at the moment of taking was being heavily bombarded. Not a sign of war appears on the negative, and the peasant in the foreground, going about his work with fatalistic indifference, suggests a pleasant pastoral scene by the French painter Millet.

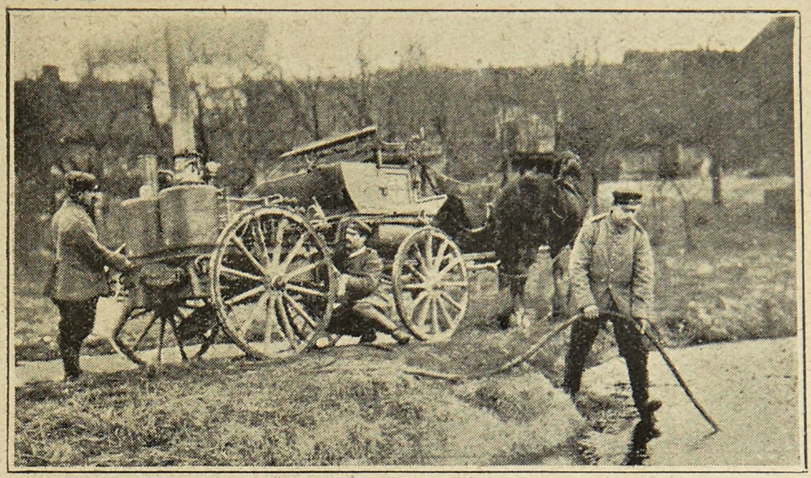


Not a scene in the Wild West—merely a bomb-proof shelter of logs, sand-bags, and brushwood to hide it from aircraft—the temporary home of three British officers in Northern France.



Effectively to carry on the business of war occasional relaxation is essential, even if it be the patient sport of fishing.

Hygienic War Devices to kill the Deadly Microbe



New travelling boiler now part of the German Red Cross equipment. By an ingenious process water is drawn from wayside streams and ponds and filtered simultaneously.

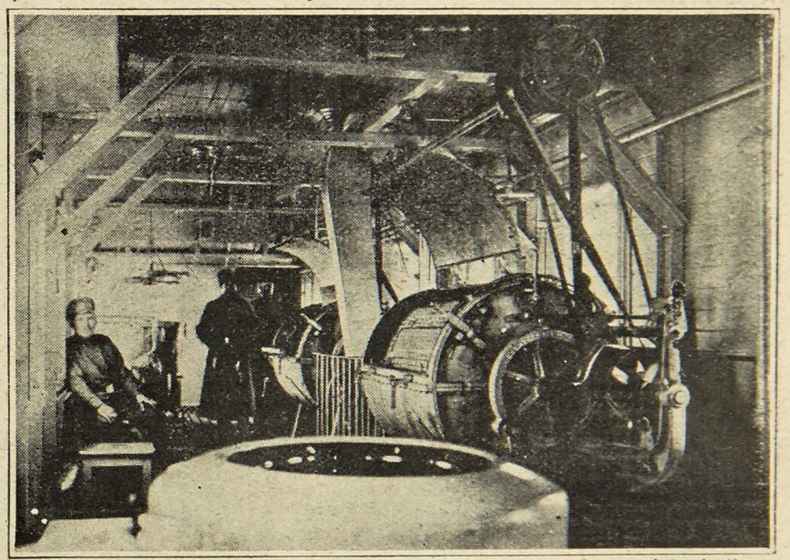
Why our Army is so free from enteric. British soldiers filling a waggon with sterilised water.

DURING the past nine months of warfare almost every branch of science has been enlisted either against humanity or for it.

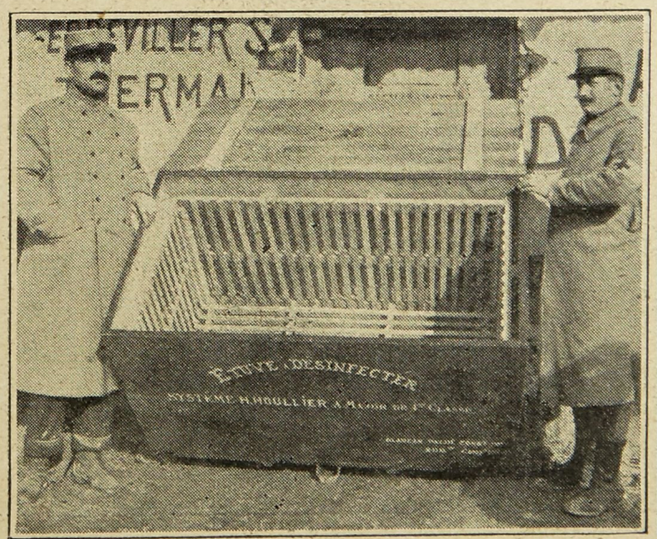
To a thinking man it is curious that mankind of various nations should be so inconsistent as to mobilise the world's workshops in an endeavour to be first in the supply of death-dealing appliances on the one hand, and to adapt every conceivable device likely to be useful in preserving life on the other.

The only reason for this incongruity is that man's intelligence has progressed steadily throughout the ages, whereas human nature has remained very much what it was in the earliest times. The photographs on this page show a collection of hygienic inventions calculated to render soldiers immune from disease.

The travelling filters have proved worth their weight in gold, for nothing like the percentage of cases of enteric which occurred in the Boer War is prevalent in this war, drinking water being sterilised by enforced regulation.



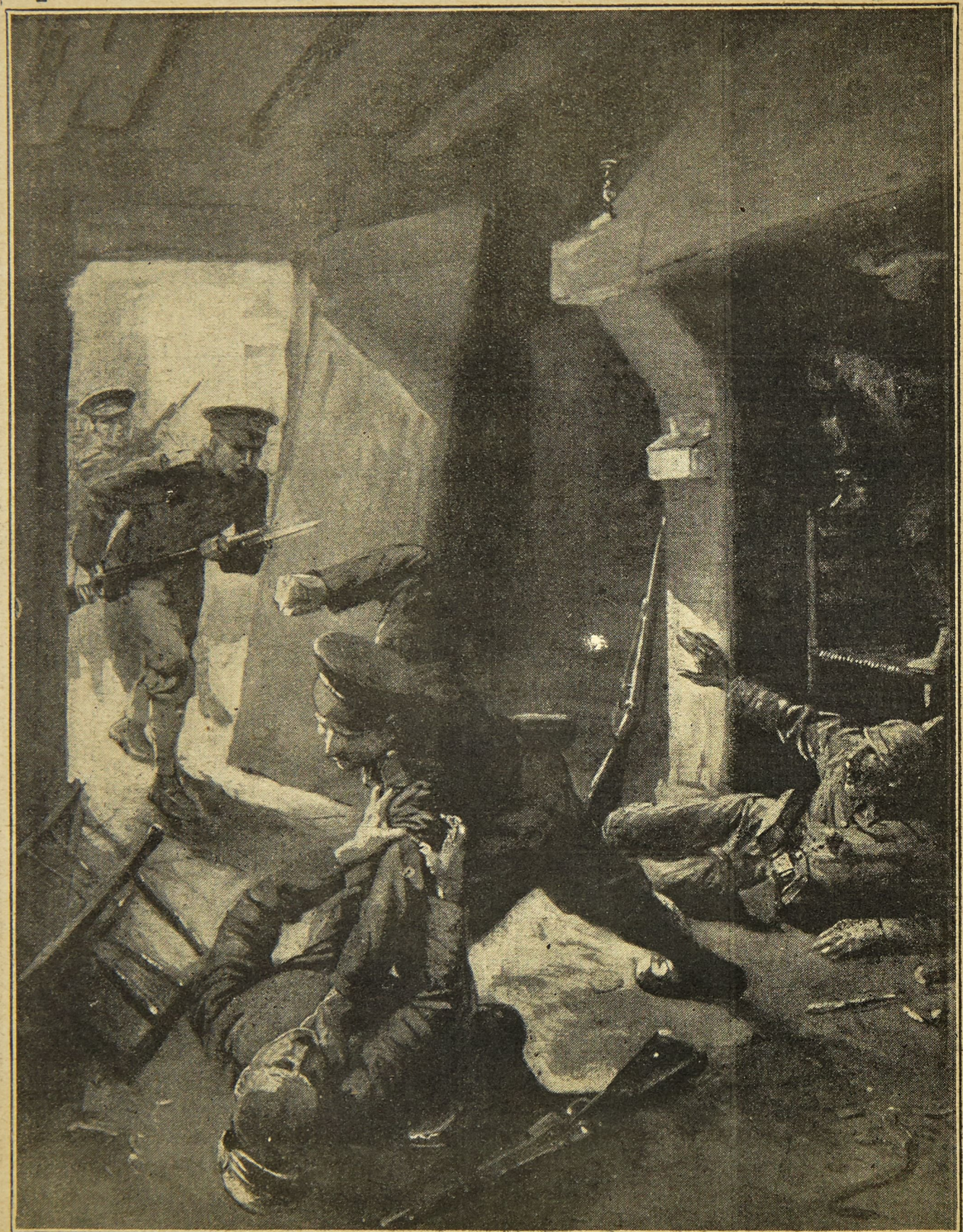
Russian travelling laundry. Railway car which visits various points in the Russian lines to collect soldiers' "washing."



Special portable clothes and linen disinfector, a feature of the French Red Cross Service. Behind is the entrance to a thermal institution used by the soldiers after trench duty.

To solve the problem of Belgium's drinking water, this hand sterilisation apparatus has been invented for the use of the soldiers and civil population.

Up the Chimney! An Incident at Neuve Chapelle



During the glorious Battle of Neuve Chapelle, when the prodigies of valour performed added another splendid page to the Empire's story, and the decisive British victory proved that the German Army is by no means invincible, there were many minor incidents that provided vivid, picturesque, and even humorous notes. One such incident our artist has illustrated. The Worcesters, "seeing red," had a brisk fight, brief, but fierce, with the enemy in an orchard round a farmhouse. They harried the Germans up and down the field, and round the trees at the bayonet's point, and they instituted a lively "Hun-hunt" through the farmhouse, where one German was discovered trying to heave his portly form up the chimney!

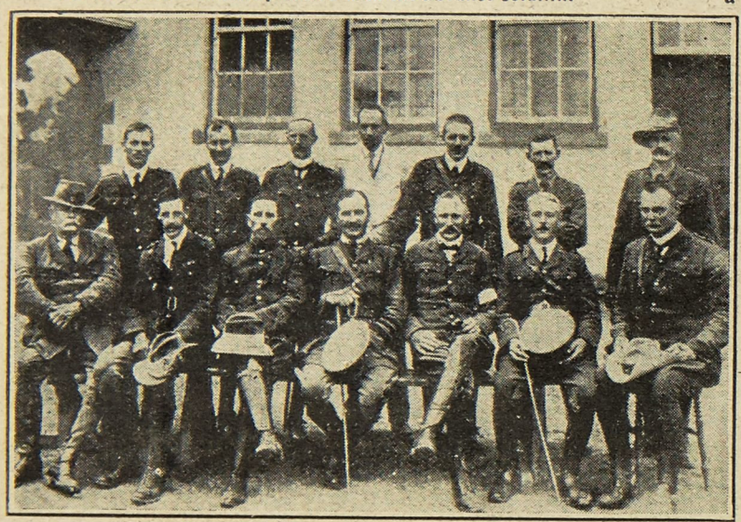
The Brilliant Capture and Defence of "Hill 60"

Hastily entrenched in the three deep holes caused by the explosion of mines, holding tenaciously to every foot of the shell-torn ground that had only been won at the cost of many brave men's lives, our soldiers have been engaged in a terrific fight to retain the position at Zillebeke near Ypres, known as "Hill 60." The German trenches were blown skywards by British mines; then, advancing to the mine-wrecked hill, our men, for lack of trenches, fought from the scanty shelter of the craters caused by the six tons of British dynamite. Round these craters raged many a fierce battle, but the British retained the captured hill.

Africa Aflame with Britain's Four Wars

Warriors of the King-Emperor upholding the Empire's just cause in East Africa. A heliograph station that, by the aid of the sun's rays, connects the headquarters with the advance column.

Black soldiers from the Soudan and from India as allies under the Union Jack in East Africa. These picturesque warriors form a strange contrast with their modern equipment.



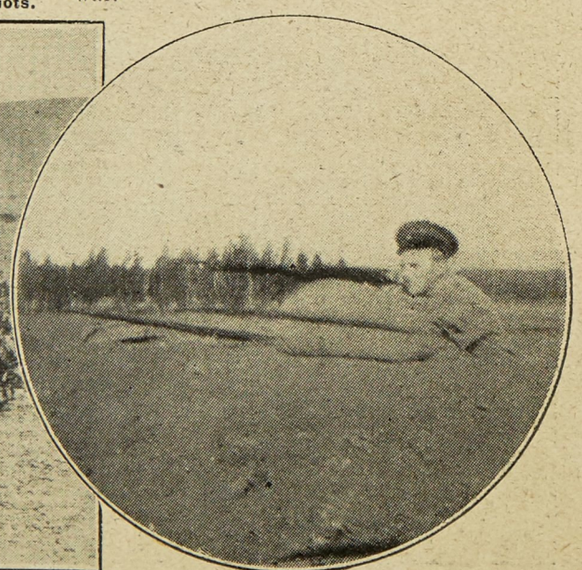
All these officers of the Orange Free State Loyal Commando fought in the last South African War, either for Britain or the Boers. Now all are patriots.

THE call of the Motherland has been answered by all her sons—white, brown and black—who have rallied to the Flag that will ever stand for Freedom, Honour, and the Right, and are waging her seven wars under the one banner.

In addition to the fighting in the main theatres of the world-war, the Empire is engaged on four distinct campaigns in Africa—the defence of Egypt, and the conquest of the German colonies in South-West Africa, East Africa, and the Cameroons.

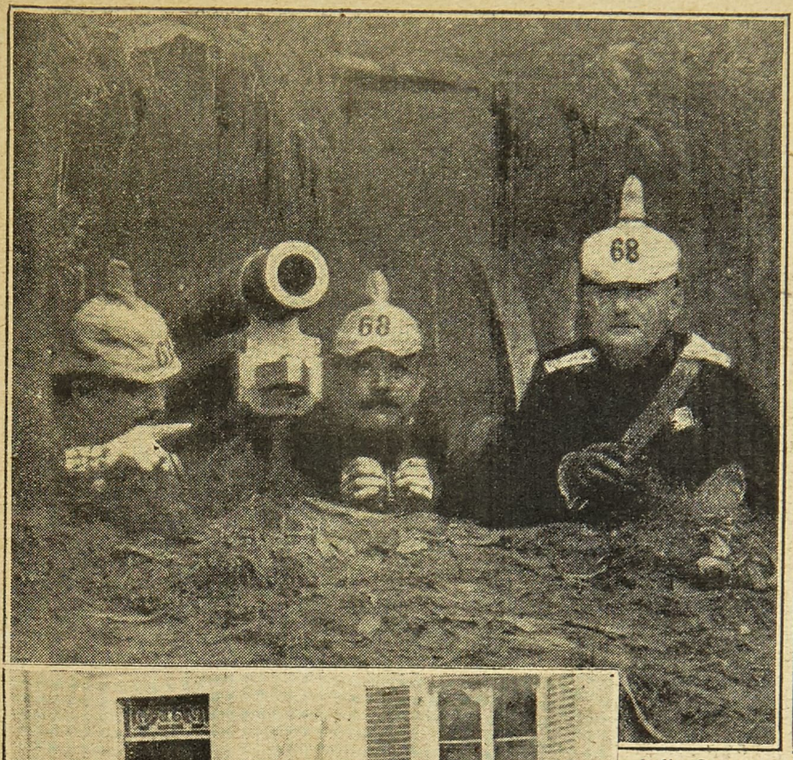
Since November, events in East Africa have been shrouded in secrecy; in South-West Africa a British success was reported last week; in the Cameroons the Allies have recently caused the Germans to withdraw to the high ground in the centre of their colony. In Togoland there is now no war in progress, for there has been no show of resistance on the part of the enemy in that colony since the end of August owing to the fact that our military dispositions were taken so promptly at the commencement of the war.

German intrigues were not successful in alienating the patriotism of these officers and men of the Orange Free State. Though some of them fought as enemies in the Boer War, they are now united to defend the traditions of the British Empire.



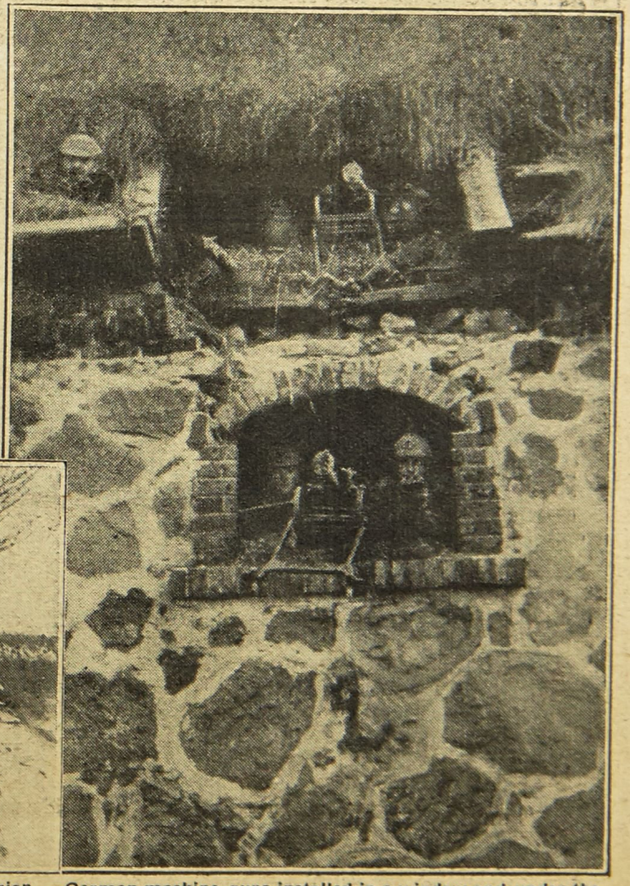
One of the Empire's hero sons fighting on the sun-scorched sands of South-West Africa from behind the shelter of a barricade of sand-bags.

Huns East & West fulfil Prussia's Tragic Destiny



Left : German artillery deeply entrenched, and screened from the Allies' airmen. Right : Machine-gun being hoisted into a tree. It is difficult to understand how these Germans worked the gun !

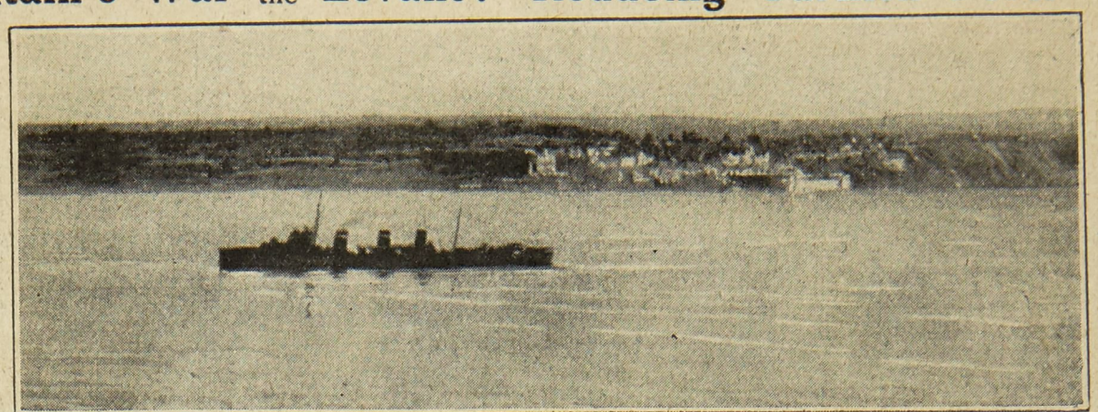
Krupp's, "the devil's workshop," sends perambulating repair depots to the front, so that damaged guns can be renovated.



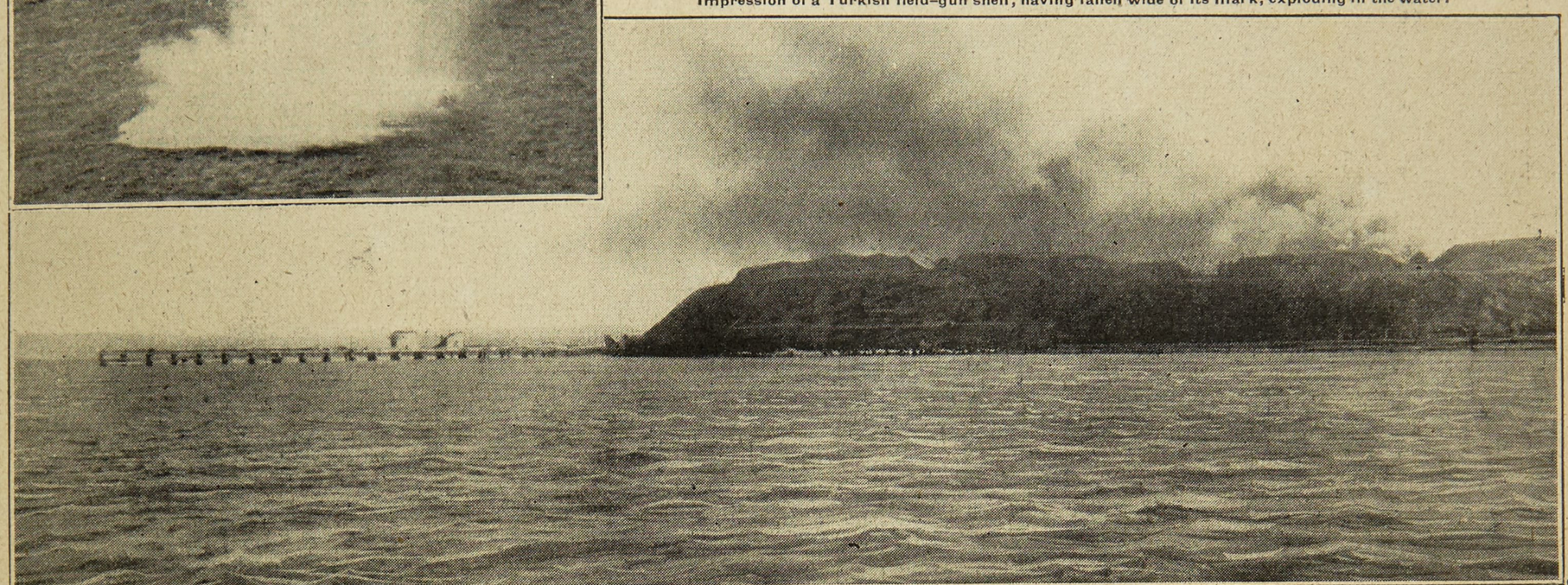
German machine-guns installed in a window and under the thatched roof of a farmhouse near Neuve Chapelle.

Troops of the Landsturm in the trenches on the shores of the Masurian Lakes. In the tree an alert sniper is posted.

Wonderful Photographs of Britain's War in the Levant: Reducing Turkish Forts



General view of Seddul Bahr, one of the first gates to Constantinople on the European side of the Dardanelles, after it had been battered to pieces by the Allied Fleet. A British torpedo-boat destroyer patrols in front of the fallen fort, while sister ships are forcing the difficult Narrows. Inset on left: A fountain of steaming foam. Impression of a Turkish field-gun shell, having fallen wide of its mark, exploding in the water.

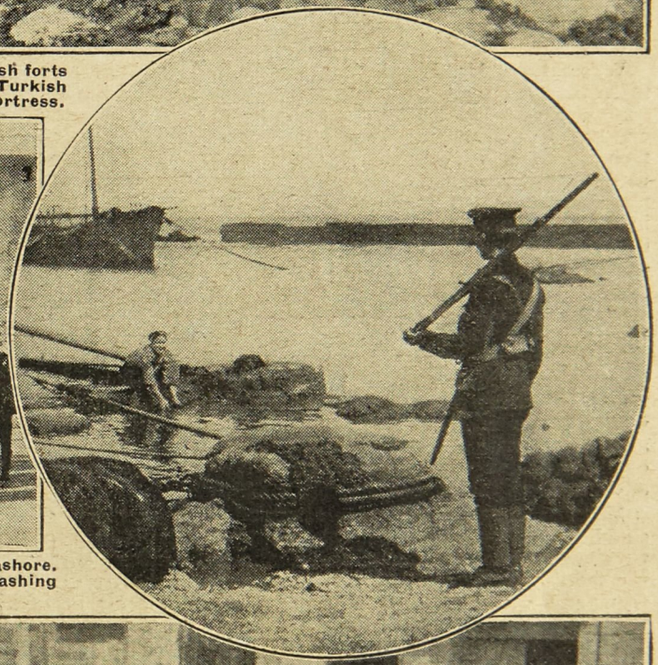


The veil which has shrouded the Allies' stupendous operations in the Dardanelles is to some extent lifted by this remarkable set of photographs, which have been submitted to "The War Illustrated" for first publication. The last snapshot, taken close in under hot fire, shows Kum Kaleh Fort in its death throes. The big Turco-Teuton guns, silenced for ever, are still seen standing in the embrasures. Kum Kaleh is on fire, and a cloud of smoke obliterates the horizon. In the centre a British landing-party shelters under the glacis of the fort.

(Photographs by arrangement with "The Times.")

Our Amphibious Warriors on Dardanelles' Strand

"Water-gunners," as the Royal Marines are nicknamed, in Turkish forts built with German money. Left: Sentries in an abandoned Turkish redoubt. Right: Good cover behind a dismantled Turkish fortress.



Left: Royal Marines arriving to take up guard duties ashore. Right: Marine sentry interested in the native method of washing clothes by beating them upon rocks.

Turkish women and children soon became quite used to the presence of sturdy British bluejackets and Marines. They quickly realised that our men do not wage war on non-combatants, and that they were perfectly safe. "Jack," especially, is always a prime favourite.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S statement in Parliament last week has been generally regarded by the Press as indicating that our fighting army at the front now numbers thirty-six divisions of twenty thousand men each, or 720,000 in all. This estimate is, I believe, a mistake. What Mr. Lloyd George actually said is that we have now six times as many men out at the front as the proposed six-division Expeditionary Force of former days. The old Expeditionary Force was our striking army kept in England, supposed to be ready to go instantly on active service anywhere. It consisted of six infantry divisions numbering 74,200 men, with 25,300 artillery, 8,400 cavalry, engineers, mounted infantry, medical corps, and other services, totalling 130,000. In addition to this there were some 17,000 men for the lines of communication, and 13,000 men as first reinforcements at the base. This brought the total strength of the six-division Expeditionary Force up to 160,000 men.

A Million Men at the Front

When, then, Mr. Lloyd George says that we have now more than six times as many men at the front as the old six-division Expeditionary Force, he implies that our army on the Continent numbers approximately one million men. This was the general estimate. It is important to note that it is not our maximum strength. Enormous numbers of troops still remain in England. Our forces in Flanders are increasing almost daily. The resources of the Dominions have only been partly drawn on. For example, the Canadian troops on the Continent number probably from 25,000 to 30,000. Before another year they will number an army corps of one hundred thousand, with ample reserves.

This new army of a million men is unlike any ever seen before. One most striking development in it has been the extended use of the motor-car for all kinds of military work. Little is heard at home about our motor-cycle artillery—a new arm—yet, in the days to come, stories of their doings will probably rival the romance of the adventures of the air corps.

Motor transport has revolutionised the problem of supplies. It makes it possible to keep vast stores of perishable foodstuffs thirty, forty, and fifty miles behind the fighting-front, and to distribute them in the trenches fresh and wholesome. If I were to state how far back the daily bread is baked that is supplied to our men in Flanders, it would seem as though I were romancing. The motor transport has almost eliminated distance, and has enabled an army of a million men to be handled with the cohesion that was once barely possible for an army of 100,000.

The Revival of Bomb Warfare

Wounded soldiers returning from the front have many stories to tell of fighting by bomb. Bomb warfare is a comparatively recent revival. It was first employed by the Russians at the Battle of Liaoyang. I was present at that fight. A group of Russian pioneers, creeping up in the darkness, broke our front line at an important point by flinging hand grenades on us. Both Russians and Japanese used the hand grenades in the siege of Port Arthur.

To-day, when the lines between the British and German armies are sometimes not more than twenty yards apart, the bomb thrower has his great opportunity. Where the rival fronts are more distant, a kind of catapult has been arranged for throwing the missile, similar in form to the old catapult of Roman warfare. In recent storming parties soldiers carrying around them a number of explosive grenades have more than once acted as pioneers. No more dangerous or deadly work could be imagined. The modern grenadier needs to be imbued with superb courage and absolute recklessness.

Is the Jehad Coming?

The most significant war news last week was given in a formal statement by the Marquis of Crewe concerning the fighting in Asia. Lord Crewe stated how, at the Battle of Sheba, in Mesopotamia, some ten thousand Arabs joined with the Turks in fighting our forces. Some of the Arabs, he declared, had no doubt the impression that Islam was being attacked, and others might even have believed the stories of the conversion of the German Emperor to Mohammedanism.

This cautious and considered official statement is a clear warning that the German attempt to create a Holy War among the Mohammedans against Britain has not been wholly a failure. There have been Mohammedan raids on the North-West Frontier, and other moves in the Caucasus and Persia pointing in the same direction.

With the vast Mohammedan populations in Turkey, in Egypt, and in Central Africa, it is idle to neglect such indications. The Jehad so far seems to be confined to the more fanatical and ignorant peoples of Central Asia, the fiercest and most uncontrollable fighting men in the world. The Arab tribesmen who centre around the ranges of hills from the Caucasus and Northern Persia to the Himalayas welcome any excuse for fighting. So long as their wave of religious fanaticism does not reach the calmer Mohammedan peoples of our own Empire, we have nothing to fear.

The British Army Moves Ahead

The British Army is now steadily attacking. That is the meaning of the latest despatches from the front. Following the pause after Neuve Chapelle we have had the significant capture of Hill 60 on the night of April 17th, and the fierce fighting which followed it. The capture of Hill 60 was admirably organised and carried out without a hitch.

Our sappers and miners succeeded in making their tunnels under the Germans' position unobserved. The German trenches were blown up, and our own infantry stormed in, carrying the lines. Immediately, under the shadow of the darkness, they cut fresh trenches, and formed fresh barriers, so that before dawn what had been a dominating German position threatening us became a dominating British position threatening the Germans. Against this the Germans threw all their strength in vain.

What does the capture of Hill 60 indicate? First that at this point of the line we are in much stronger force than the Germans. The capture of Hill 60 is something more than the capture of a line of trenches. The hill is a dominating position, over 180 feet high, commanding a large part of the surrounding country. We are approaching nearer and nearer to Lille, and if things go on as they are doing now that great French city should soon be again in our hands.

The recovery of Lille would do more to raise the spirits of the French people and to injure the self-confidence of the Germans than any other step now possible.

When Will the Germans Move Out?

The German counter-offensive in the west is now overdue. It was planned for the third week in April, and it was generally anticipated that it would take the form of a strong attack upon the Belgian Army in the north. It may be that the heavy demands made upon Germany in supporting the Austrian armies in the Carpathians has so weakened their western front that the offensive there has had to be postponed. But it would be wise to recognise that a serious German advance towards the coast or towards Paris will be attempted in the early future.

War-worn Boots, but Confident Men on Victory's Road

Boots discarded by our men at the front. There is something romantic in this pile of dilapidated footgear; a story of war attaches to every pair. Many a weary mile have they tramped the roads of France, worn till it seemed to the soldier that they gripped his feet like a red-hot vice. Now in a discarded heap they lie, whilst the soldiers march ever onwards to ultimate victory.

Some of those million brave sons of our mighty Empire who are willing to make the supreme sacrifice that the Flag may still float proudly in all corners of the King-Emperor's domains. These few men, entrenched in a shell-wrecked building in France, are types of those virile Empire-builders to whom Britain owes her might on land and sea; they are the guardians of our homes.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

A POUND of cotton goes to the making of a pound of explosives, and five hundred pounds go to the bale of cotton. Every time the Queen Elizabeth fires a broadside of eight 15 in. guns she fires over seven bales of cotton away, or with the rest of her armament, say eight bales.

In the course of a naval action the Queen Elizabeth might fire away 700 bales of cotton. It is now reckoned that the Germanic armies along the fighting-lines are expending about 4,000 bales of cotton a day. These two items will be sufficient to show what a very warlike article cotton is, which we have all along refused to make contraband of war.

Since the only sources of supply are in the British Empire and the United States, it follows that it was a very simple matter for us to intercept any that was sent to Germany either past these islands, or through the Straits of Gibraltar to travel across Italy.

The Serious Problem of Cotton Contraband

The result of our failure to do so has been that Germany has accumulated a stock, up to the Order-in-Council of March 15th, for the requirements of Germany, Austria, and Turkey, which may be estimated at about 1,200,000 bales. In January and February it is said that 200,000 bales were received. Since Sir John French stated, in the interview on March 22nd, that the problem of the war is a simple one of "munitions, more munitions, and always more munitions," this is very serious.

Much will now depend on what quantity of this is to be used in the textile trade; but assuming that only 500,000 bales are so used, the cotton left will provide the Germanic armies for about 125 days, or four months.

It will, therefore, still be of the greatest service to shortening the war rigidly to cut off cotton, and it is to be hoped that this has been done since the Order-in-Council of March 15th. Yet it is impossible to get a clear and unequivocal declaration from the Government on this point. They simply say that they *can* cut off all supplies from Germany under this Order-in-Council, but they will not say that they are doing so. The evil, it should be added, did not end with the cotton Germany got for her explosives, but the cotton bales were used for an extensive system of smuggling other munitions of war through.

The Government Must Pay the Price

If we assume that the Allies are consuming cotton for explosives on the same scale as Germany, we arrive at the astonishing figure that the war is using up as much cotton as in an average year we were in the habit of getting from America for our textile industry.

It follows that the demand is enormous, and the cotton producers of the United States would be too keen on the profits they are making to quarrel with us if we intercepted and took the German supply for ourselves. If it means the shortening of the war, which is now costing us over £2,000,000 a day, how could any Cabinet have hesitated to pay almost any price for the 1,200,000 bales which the Germanic nations have obtained; and now, if they realise their mistake, they will willingly pay to prevent the mischief going any further.

An Impossible Policy in Force

And yet there is a very ominous paragraph in the American Note of April 2nd, which should be read in conjunction with our refusal to make cotton contraband of war. It says: "Relying on the faithful performance of these voluntary assurances by his Majesty's Government, the United States *takes it for granted* that the approach of American merchantmen to neutral ports situated upon the long line of coast affected by the Order-in-Council will not be interfered with when it is known *that they do not carry goods which are contraband of war*, or goods destined to or proceeding from ports within the belligerent territory affected."

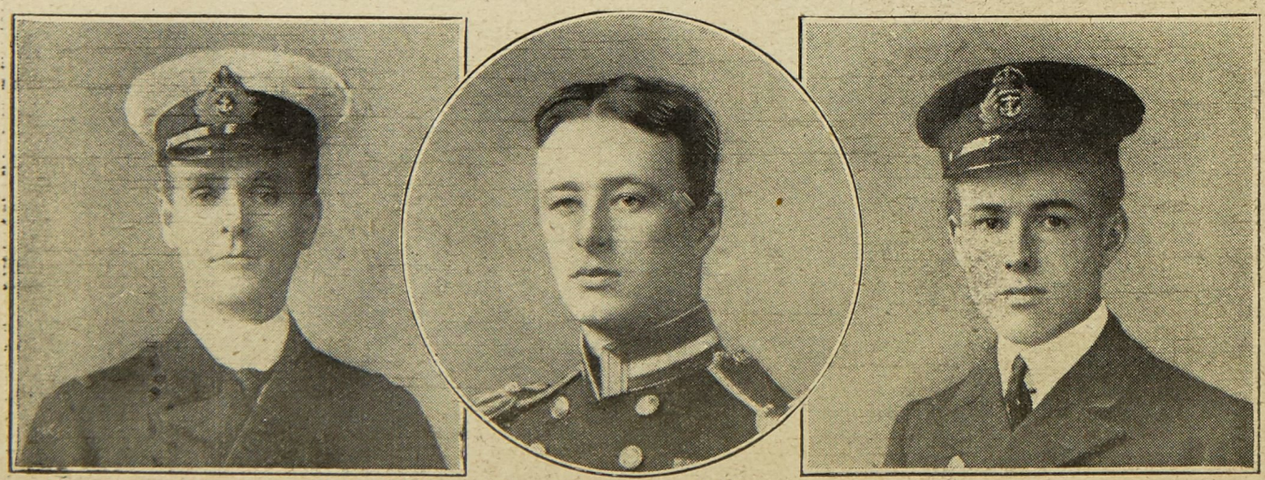
Such a policy is one no nation fighting a life-and-death struggle can possibly afford to subscribe to, and it is only rendered possible by our weak action throughout the first eight months of the war.

The Pressing Need For Action

This action was described by Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons, on February 15th, as one "much to our detriment," and he added: "So far we have not attempted to stop imports of food into Germany. We have not prevented neutral ships from trading direct with German ports."

In the middle of December, the American Consul-General in Berlin calculated that Germany would have urgent need of 2,000,000 bales during 1915.

That report alone ought to have induced the allied Governments to take action. About the same time a document issued by the German General Staff was captured, in which economy of ammunition was ordered, because it might not be possible to keep up full supplies. Second only to the increase of our own supplies of ammunition, which Lord Kitchener and Sir John French have urged so strongly, is this question of depriving our enemy of cotton, in addition to copper, nitrates, rubber, oil, and food.



Commander Arthur Brooke Webb, R.N.R. Commander Eric G. Robinson. Lieutenant Claude Godwin.

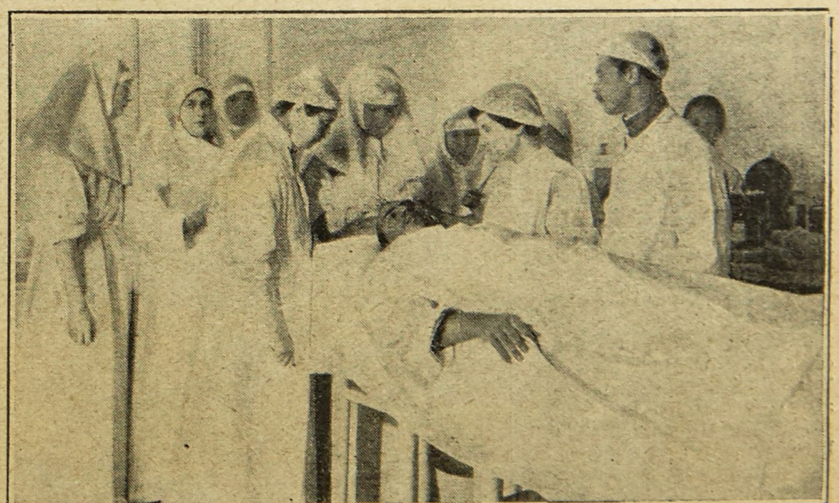
The officers in command of the two picket boats from H.M.S. Triumph and Majestic that undertook the dangerous work of destroying submarine E15, which had grounded and was in danger of falling into the Turks' hands. Under heavy gun fire these officers and their crews daringly set out during the night of April 18th and rendered the E15 useless.

Woman variously Mobilised in War-time Work

Irresistible recruiting-sergeants at work near Wood Green. Members of a revue company appearing at a local music-hall escort likely patriots to the recruiting office.

Left: A Zouave buys the latest news of the war from a fashionable newsgirl. Right: Women street cleaners, who are now a feature of "La Ville Lumiere." Inset above: Joan of Arc of to-day carrying a gun, to which is affixed the colours, sees the regiment off to the front. Her expression of determination is symbolical of the spirit of France.

Picturesque daughters of Serbia wait outside the Red Cross hospital at Nish for news of their wounded.



Russian royalties nursing wounded officers at the Imperial Hospital, Tsarkoe Selo. The Tsaritza is seen at the head of the patient. Extreme left is the Grand Duchess Tatiana, the third figure (left) the Grand Duchess Olga, the Tsar's daughters.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

SO much has been heard lately about duels in the air—one paper, incidentally, writes of a fight between *three* aeroplanes as a "duel"—that a few notes on methods of fighting in the air may be acceptable.

Long before most people looked on the present war as a probability, the flying services of all nations turned their attention to investigating the best methods of destroying the aircraft of other countries. So far as our own people were concerned, Germany was always regarded as the only probable enemy in the air, just as, for years, every time there has been a war scare and the Fleet has turned out to "demonstrate," every lieutenant in command of a torpedo-boat was always certain he was bound for the Kiel Canal. Therefore, we have always watched German developments very carefully and have laid ourselves out to beat them.

British Airmen the Aggressors

Germany, when the slow development of the big airship became evident, started about two years ago to increase her aeroplane fleet, and specialised on big, heavy, strong aeroplanes with powerful engines, guaranteed to run all day and to lift very big loads—obviously of bombs—a long way for a long time. We, therefore, quite naturally went in for small machines, much faster and capable of climbing more quickly. The result was that when war broke out, although both nations owned a number of old aeroplanes which were used to some considerable extent, we pinned our faith in emergency to small, high-speed "scouts," able to fly at anything between 85 and 105 miles an hour at top speed, and the Germans' best were big weight-carriers able to do between 70 and 80 miles an hour at their fastest. Our worst machines were about proportionately faster than their worst, so we knew fairly well where we stood.

The German method was to send their aeroplanes on long reconnaissance trips, with a big load of petrol for a long voyage. Ours was to send up our smaller, fast machines to stop them from getting behind our lines to obtain information. The Germans always avoided conflict; our flying officers always looked for it. Consequently, our aeroplanes were at the start and still are almost always the aggressors.

Our Pilots' Methods of Attack

Obviously the most useful weapon for an attacking aeroplane is a machine-gun pointing out over the bow of a "pusher"-type machine with the air-screw behind, so that the gun can be fired straight at an enemy when one is flying towards him. Unfortunately, when war began, we had very few machines capable of carrying a gun and of flying fast or climbing fast also. The Vickers firm had just produced the best attempt in this direction, but it was not ready for production in quantities, and neither the Germans nor French were really any better off. The result was that nearly all the earlier "scraps" in the air were fought with rifles, revolvers, or automatic pistols, from "tractor" machines with the air-screw in front.

Most of the pilots of our little single-seater scouts preferred the old, long-barrelled Service revolver firing a heavy "man-stopping" bullet, for the tiny bullets of the automatics will go through a man or a part of his machine without really smashing anything. Their dodge was to get above the Germans, throw the machine over sideways on to one wing-tip, and pot down at the Germans' heads over the side of the body of the machine, trusting to their speed to save them from being hit by the rifle the German passenger always carried.

This method worked well enough in the very fast machines, but on the rather slower two-seaters the risk of being hit was greater, especially when the newer types of German biplanes came into use, many of which are so "stable" that both pilot and passenger could let go of their control levers and use rifles simultaneously, firing upwards at our men as they passed overhead.

Then our pilots became cleverer, and instead of trying to get at the Germans from above they took to flying more or less in front of them, so that the German in the front seat could not fire at them without firing through his propeller and probably smashing it. Keeping in front and flying slightly lower, the British passenger used to fire upwards at the engine of the German aeroplane, which is a good, big mark and very vulnerable. A bullet in a cylinder means, at worst, a wrecked engine, and at best a punctured water-jacket, and an engine "seized" through overheating. A bullet in a radiator means the same thing. And a bullet in the crank-case means that the oil runs out and the engine seizes up for lack of lubrication. And, of course, there is always the chance of puncturing the petrol-tank and letting out all the fuel. Our aeroplanes being handier, and our pilots generally being cleverer than the Germans', this plan has worked and still works very well

M. Garros' Quaint Notion

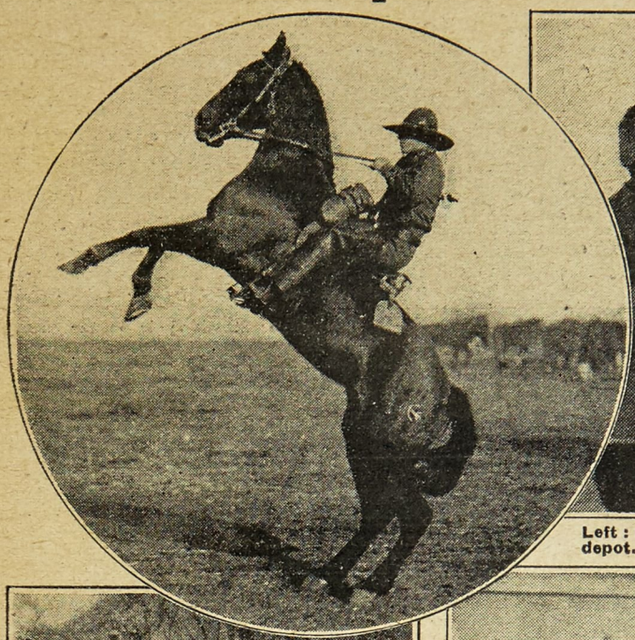
More recently various dodges have been tried, by British, French, and Germans alike, for using machine-guns in "tractor" machines, in spite of the screw in front. The favourite method is to fix the gun on the side of the body-work and fire it at right angles to the course, or slightly backwards, as one passes the enemy machine. The objection is that to be successful the machine has to be much faster than the enemy, as it has to catch him and pass him before the gun can be used.

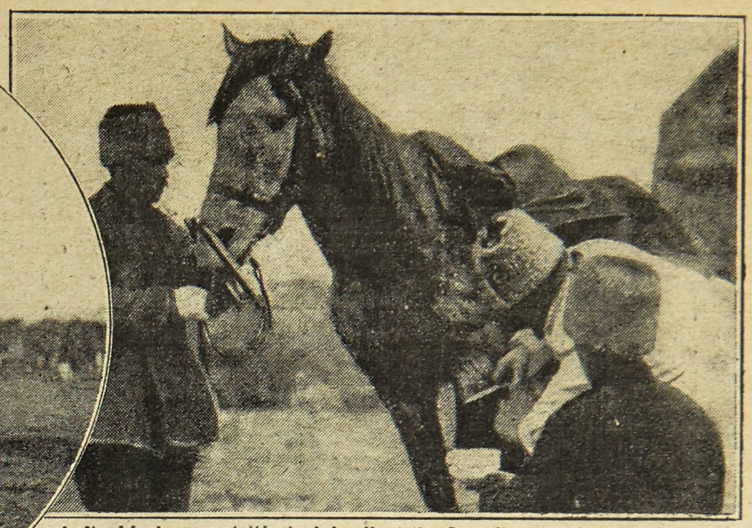
The famous French aviator, Lieutenant-Aviateur Garros, who was captured the other day, had a quaint notion of his own. He had a machine-gun fixed straight in front of him pointing right through the circle of the revolving air-screw, and he aimed it simply by manœuvring his aeroplane to suit. The bullets passed through between the blades of the air-screw, which were sheathed in metal for part of their length. Those that were caught by the armoured blade shot off at any sort of angle, but quite a large number got straight through without touching anything, and apparently reached their mark, for just before he was captured M. Garros brought down several German aeroplanes in a few days.

Some pilots have tried fitting machine-guns over their heads so that they fire outside the circle of the screw, and some have tried them fixed between the landing-wheels, firing them by pulling a string, and aiming by manœuvring the machine.

French warriors of the skies taking aboard their load of bombs before setting out to harass "Les Boches." The machine-gun is also being trimmed, in preparation for a possible duel. Air fights form the subject of this week's article.

Some Equine Recruits and Veterans

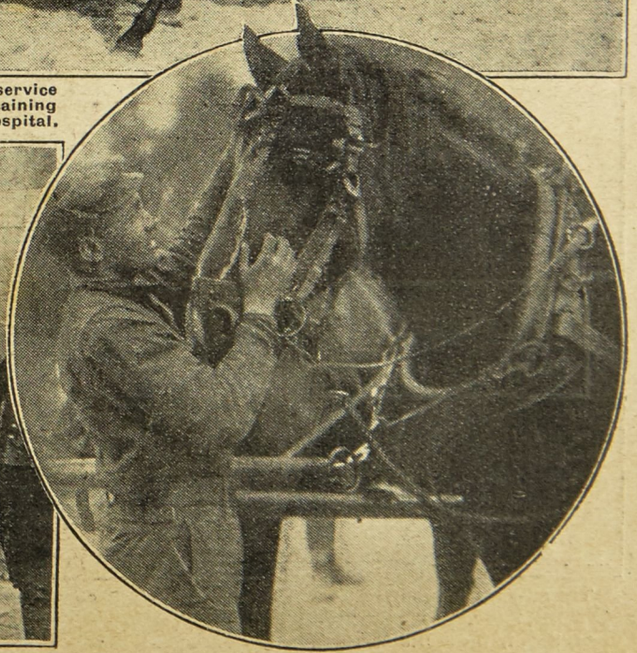




Left: Lively mount "in training" at the Canadian Contingent's remount depot. Right: Russians tending a wounded horse muzzled with nose pincers.

Picturesque scene near a British camp in France. Transport service horses being watered. Right: Popular French jockey entertaining wounded Britons and Frenchmen in a riding-school that is now a hospital.

War-scarred equine warrior, which has been working variously for the Allies' cause since August last. She is now in a hospital near Paris, and will be allowed to end her days in peace.



Member of the Canadian Contingent decorating one of his horses with gaily-coloured ribbons. The Empire has to be grateful to Canada's horses as well as to her men.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, April 17th to April 22nd

APRIL 17.—**Victory in Persian Gulf.** Officially announced that a severe defeat has been inflicted upon a Turkish force of 15,000 men by the British and Indian troops near Zobeir, at head of Persian Gulf.

Reported that Union troops under Colonel Duncan Mackenzie reached Brakwasser, 120 miles east of Luderitz Bay.

British Submarine E 15 stranded off Kephez Point, in the Dardanelles. Officers and men reported prisoners in Turkey.

British transport Manitou attacked in the Ægean by a Turkish torpedo-boat. Three torpedoes fired missed her, but by capsizing of two boats 24 men drowned and 27 missing. The Turkish torpedo vessel chased, driven ashore, destroyed, and her crew captured.

APRIL 18.—Heroic feat in Dardanelles. British submarine E15, stranded on April 17, destroyed by picket boats from Triumph and Majestic, in face of heavy Turkish fire, to prevent her falling into hands of enemy.

Notable British Success near Ypres. A successful action, commencing on April 17, culminated in the capture and complete occupation of an important point known as Hill 60, about two miles south of Zillebeke, east of Ypres. This hill dominates the country to the north and north-west.

APRIL 19.—French progress in Alsace. Attacks carried out on both banks of the Fecht increased French advance by forcing the enemy to evacuate Eselsbrucke, above Metzeral.

APRIL 20.—Neuve Chapelle V.C.'s. Announced that two men of the Grenadier Guards awarded V.C. for bravery at Neuve Chapelle, also three other V.C. awards for gallantry earlier in the campaign.

Mr. Asquith's Speech on Munitions. The Premier addressed the war workers of the north-east coast, who have promised to "deliver the goods" at Newcastle, said the necessary supply of munitions required mutuality of sacrifice between men, masters, and taxpayers.

Mr. Lloyd George announced in House of Commons that Lord Kitchener is very gratified by the response which has been made to the appeal to the country. "The Government are not of the opinion that there is any ground for thinking that the war would be more successfully prosecuted by means of conscription."

Artillery duels on the French front reported. Fifty incendiary shells dropped on Rheims.

APRIL 21.—Announced that Keetmanshoop, a central position in German South-West Africa, has been occupied by the Union forces.

War Office announces that violent and continual counter-attacks are still being made on Hill 60, the enemy shelling it heavily, but all attacks repulsed.

Our Great Force in France. Mr. Lloyd George stated in the House of Commons that the British armies now in France are more than six times the six divisions of which the Expeditionary Force was originally composed.

A bold and successful aeroplane attack made on the enemy's airship harbour shed at Ghent.

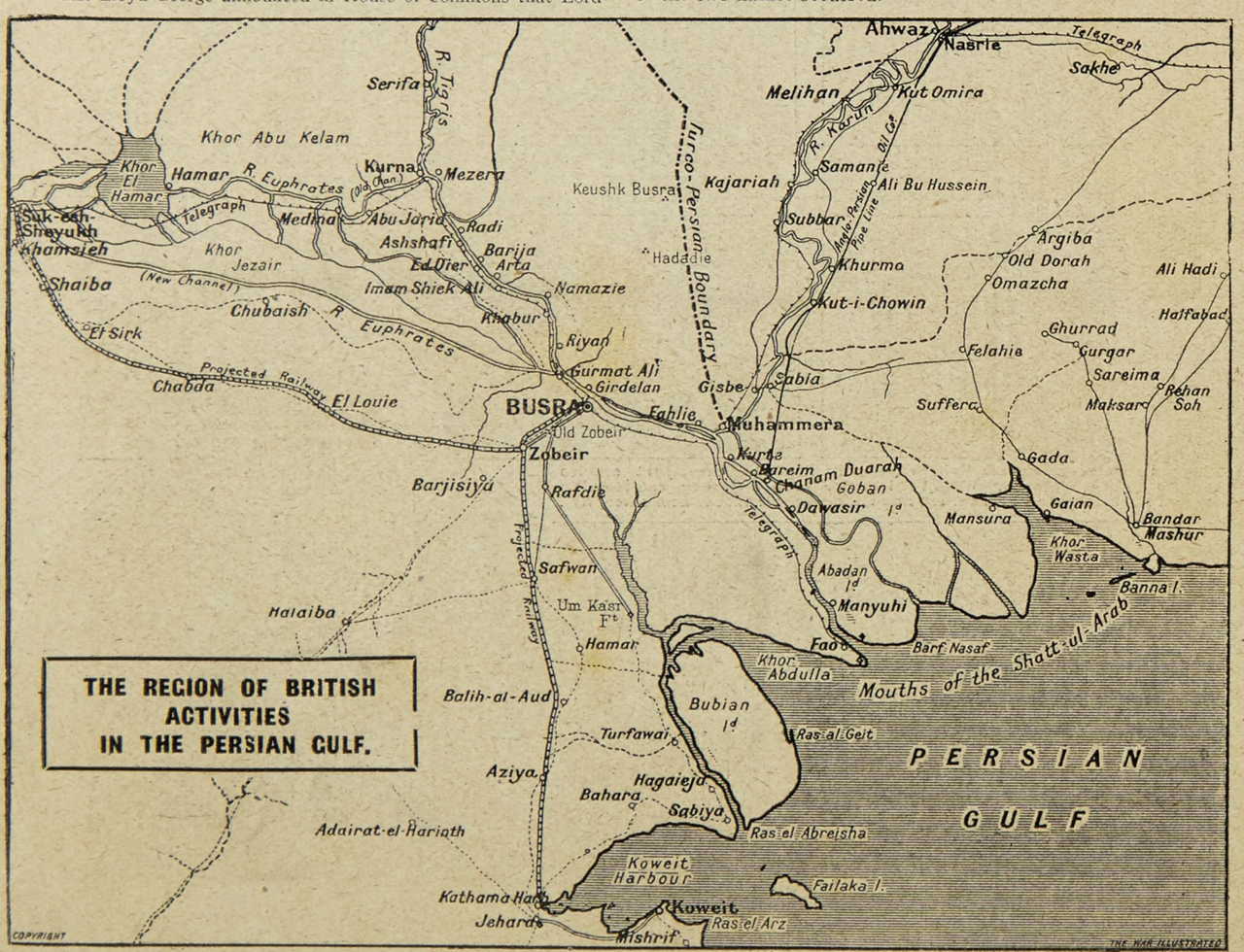
APRIL 22.—Reported that 20,000 British and French Troops landed near Enos, in Thrace.

Reported that in defeat of Turks at Shaiba (Persian Gulf)—April 12-15—enemy's casualties 6,000.

A Correction

THE portrait appearing on our Roll of Honour page in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED for April 10th, purporting to be Sec.-Lieut. J. O. G. Becker, East Surrey Regiment, is, we are asked to state, that of Lieut. H. O. D. Becher, Scottish Rifles.

Both these officers having been killed, an unfortunate confusion of the two names occurred.



The all-absorbing interest of the European struggle distracts attention from, and comprehension of the extent and importance of Britain's war in the Persian Gulf. Here, as in the Caucasus and Egypt, the Turk has been heavily repulsed, suffering at Shaiba no fewer than six thousand casualties in the fighting between April 12th and 15th. The above map embraces this sphere of our Asian activities. The enemy's plan was to advance through Kurna, and to take possession of the Anglo-Persian pipe line, our Navy's source of petroleum supply. The Turks, however, have been driven north of Khamsieh, over ninety miles from Busra (Bussorah), the most accessible point to this vital centre.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

GENERAL FOCH

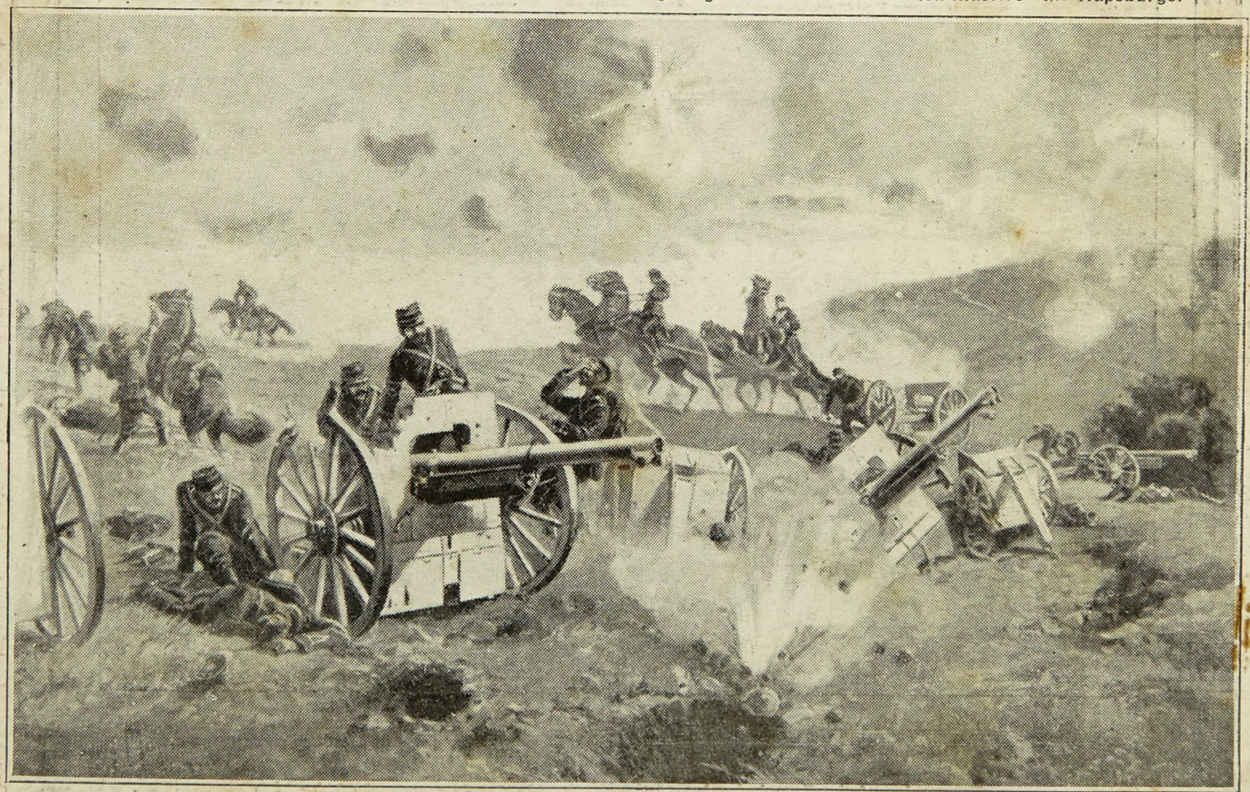
Commander of the French Armies of the North. He was in command of the 20th French Army Corps at Nancy, and greatly distinguished himself.

These pages, numbered with Roman numerals, may be included or omitted from the bound volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *as the subscriber prefers.*

THE WAR AS SEEN THROUGH GERMAN EYES

PICTURES FROM THE PORTFOLIOS OF ENEMY ARTISTS

A vivid impression by a prominent German war artist of a Bosnian attack on a Russian trench near Lemberg. Undisputed defeat is, of course, accorded to the Russians. The chief interest in the drawing lies in the fact that the Bosnian Mussulman troops are here represented pictorially, for, we believe, the first time, fighting on behalf of their Teuton masters—the Hapsburgs.



The terrible annihilation of a French battery of "75's" that took place in—a German journal! This drawing is from the brush of a German artist who allowed his imagination full play. Such purely fanciful pictures are eagerly published in enemy papers in order to raise the spirits of their readers. The artists seldom trouble to verify their facts from official sources.

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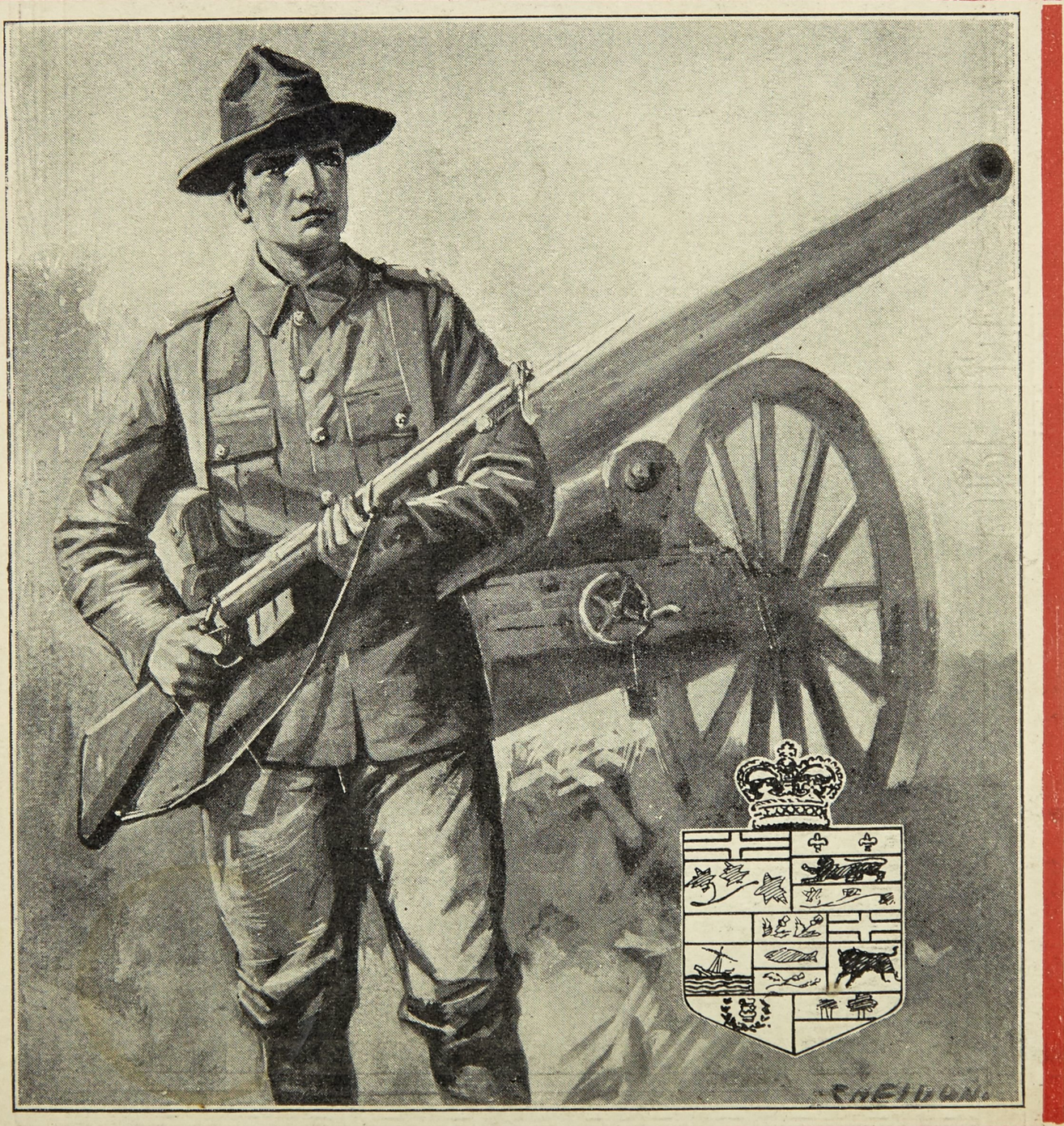
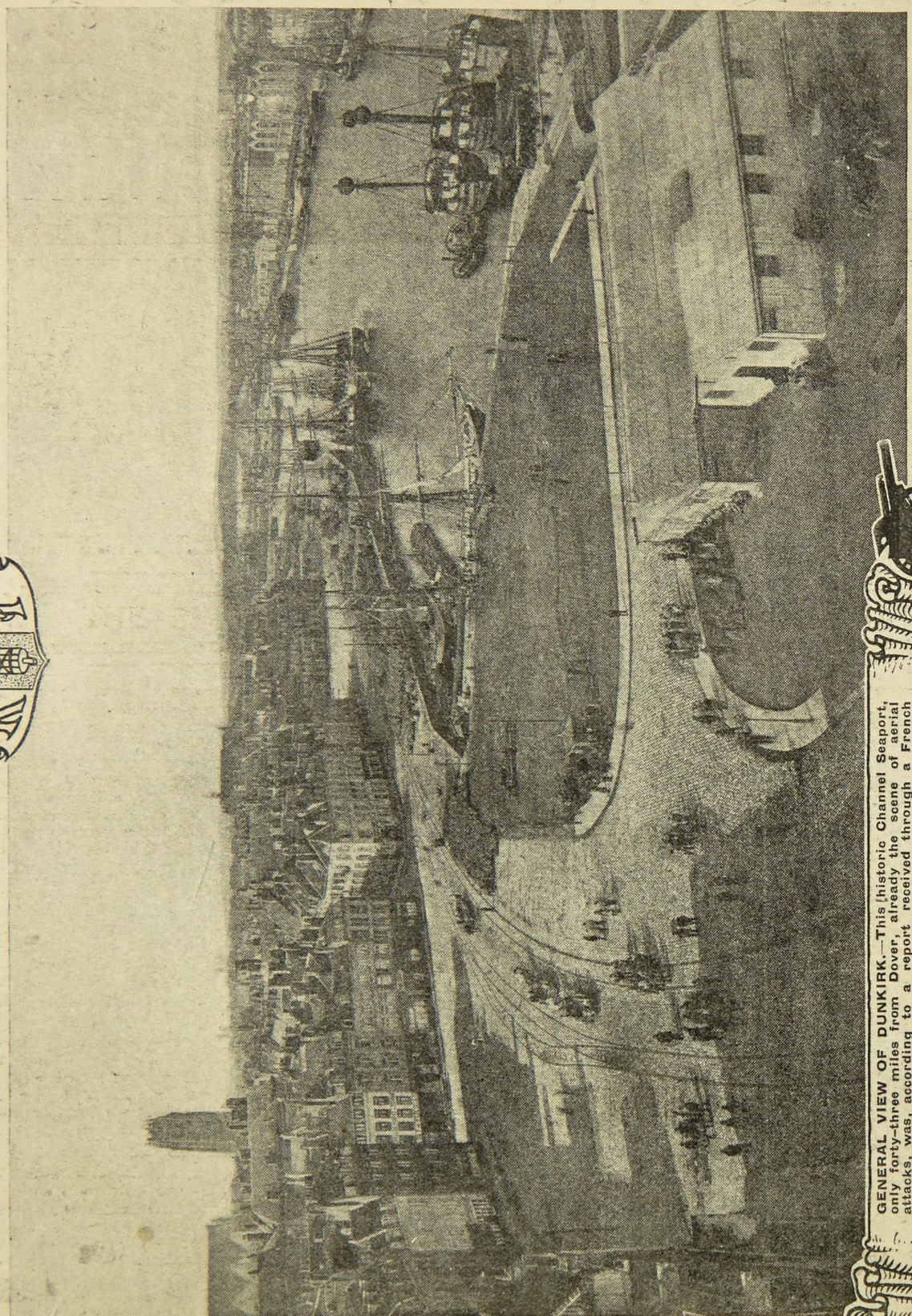
The Retaking of the Guns: Splendid Picture

The War Illustrated

2d Weekly



Vol. 2 Young Lions of the Old Empire—No. 1. Canada **No. 38**



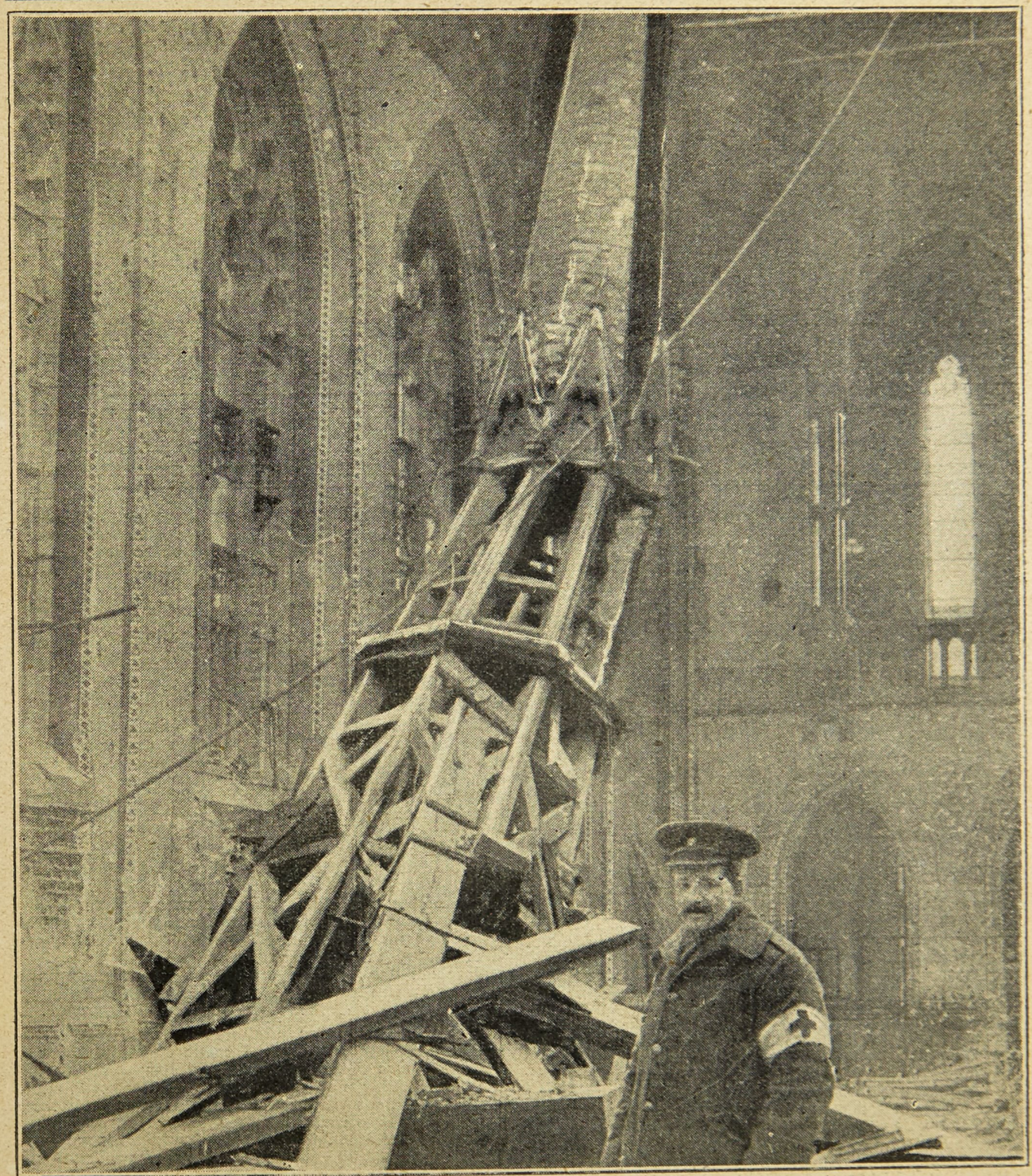
GENERAL VIEW OF DUNKIRK.—This historic Channel Seaport, only forty-three miles from Dover, already the scene of aerial attacks, was, according to a report received through a French source, the scene of a German naval raid on April 30th. The rumour, however, was subsequently contradicted. Dunkirk, in the renewed battle for the coast, is one of the German objectives.

THE WAR Illustrated

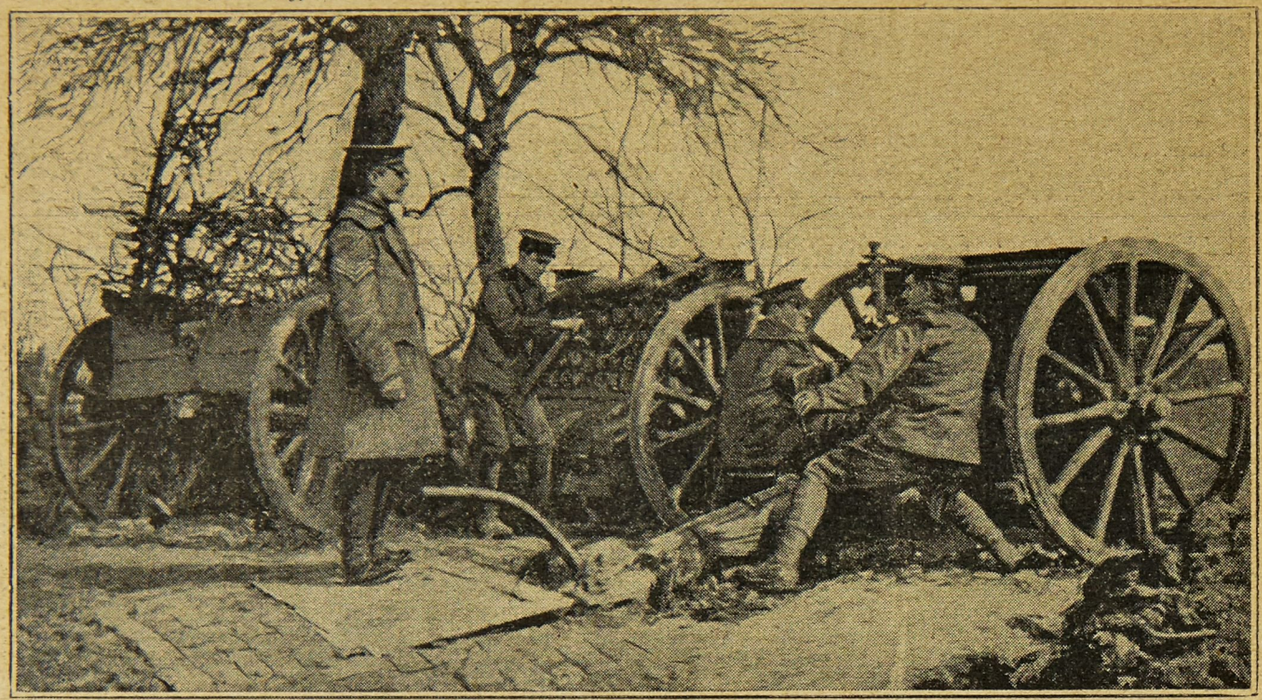
No. 38. Vol 2
8th May, 1915

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton



STRANGE FREAK OF HUN FIRE ON YPRES CHAPEL.—A German shell, with a precision which is now proverbial, struck the base of the steeple of the Asylum Chapel at Ypres. The tower, as if in defiance of the Huns' sacrilege, remained intact, falling through the roof into the centre of the edifice, where it was photographed by our special camera correspondent.



Shall the gunners call for shells in vain ? British gun in action in Northern France. The ammunition waggon is seen on the left, a sergeant directs operations, the men load and fire, and once more the tragic wail of the shell rends the fragrant spring-time air.

THE BLOOD BRIDALS OF FRANCE AND BRITAIN

THERE have been warlike alliances since tribe first fought with tribe a hundred thousand or more years ago. And since the rise of nations, about ten thousand years ago, fighting partnerships against a common foe have been very common. At various times our country has sent expeditionary forces to the help of nearly all the peoples of the Continent. But never have two great independent democracies been so welded under the hammer of war as Britain and France are now. Our men are going in millions across the seas.

It is the most wonderful emigration in history. In mere numbers the movement of our fighting men resembles the swarming of the Mongolian races in Central Asia a hundred years or so before the birth of Christ. In multitudinous force there is nothing else to compare with it, and its effect upon the development of European civilisation is certain to be large and profound.

FRANCE and Britain are mingling the whole of their fighting strength in an incomparable way. It will make a difference to the young Frenchman and the young Briton. They have nothing in common with the troops of the small forces of professional soldiers that used to fight side by side one year, and then face to face another year, according to the pleasure of their kings and the intrigues of their politicians.

A great modern democracy, with all its complex and delicate web of interests, does not risk its existence on the chance of a battle. It does not gamble for small territorial gains, as the kings of all countries did in the days of small professional armies. Only outside Europe and the European settlements has the old game of fighting little campaigns with professional soldiers gone on up to our own times. In Europe it was generally foreseen that any act of aggression would bring the very lives of the nations engaged into extreme peril.

BUT what was not foreseen was the position into which France and Britain would be forced for mutual self-defence. France and Russia still remain simply dear and esteemed allies. They fight so far apart from each other that only the bond of a common policy still connects them. But between France and Britain something has happened through the close, bodily contact of millions of both peoples, for which no parallel can be found in history. It is not an alliance : it is a marriage.

THE union of England and Scotland under the Stuarts was not so intimate an affair. At best it was only a *mariage de convenance*. The union of France and Britain is a fierce and sudden love-match, a revelation of passions of long growth, suddenly revealed in strange intensity by the flame and thunder of battle.

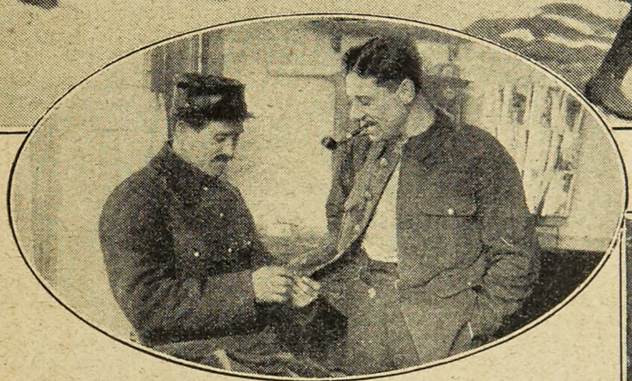
France has been an object of admiration to Britain since the middle of the seventeenth century. Britain has been an object of admiration to France since the opening of the eighteenth century. They have warred for Empire together in India and America, in Palestine and in Spain, without losing their mutual admiration. The charming courtesy with which they fought at Fontenoy was proof of this. They have imitated each other's poetry, art, politics, dress, and social ways. For the last two hundred years, indeed, the interaction of French and British minds has been the chief source of all human progress in that period. Yet, in spite of these continual gusts of attraction, the two peoples never understood each other. It was only their leaders in science, art, literature, and politics who maintained the physical contact on which the spiritual communion was based.

NOW all this is changed. The people themselves are meeting—meeting in millions—at a time when mind, soul, and character are lifted to an immortal height of heroism. This close, popular, bodily communion between the two leading nations of the world may have more important results than their fighting men achieve on the battlefield. It is likely to prove the most fruitful cross-fertilisation of ideas, feelings, and temperament since the marriage of Athens with Rome. That was a forced marriage, only brought about when the Greek character had decayed. France and Britain are uniting in the hour of their supreme virility. No political bond is needed by them. It is a marriage of true minds.

Edward Wright

Photographic Idylls of "La Belle Alliance" 1915

One influence of the entente cordiale is the introduction of British sports into the land of our allies. This spirited photograph, showing a friendly boxing contest between Tommy and Jean, was taken at a convalescent home somewhere in France.



The kindly French infantryman is as handy with the needle as he is with the bayonet. During a rest from duty he welcomes the opportunity of doing his English friend a useful turn.

The quality that endears the British soldier most of all to French hearts is his love for children. Here is a charming illustration.

French and British soldiers, wounded in the same battle, pose for their portraits in front of a figure of Christ at Nantes.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XIX.—The Extraordinary Battle for Hill 60

OF all the famous episodes in the western theatre of the war the recapture of the little rise of ground south-east of Ypres was the least important in itself. The position was not occupied by the enemy's artillery; only his snipers used it for firing with telescopic-sighted rifles upon our men in the low-lying trenches. It was from the larger and more distant hill at Zandvoord that the German batteries bombarded our lines at Ypres. In the ordinary way, the capture of the smaller hill would have been just a slight effort of pressure on the enemy's front.

Our attack upon Hill 60 was only designed to make the German commander anxious about his gun-positions at Zandvoord. Both the higher ridge and the smaller mound had been lost by our troops and their French supports in the autumn and winter of 1914, when the Germans were trying to break through to Calais. In the spring of 1915 a battalion of the Bedfords were entrenched at a distance of sixty yards west of Hill 60, and the West Kents, the heroes of many a great fight, came up to help the Midlanders when the time drew near to put pressure on the Germans and continue the work which had been carried out at Neuve Chapelle, St. Eloi, and elsewhere.

The Work of the Rival Tunnellers

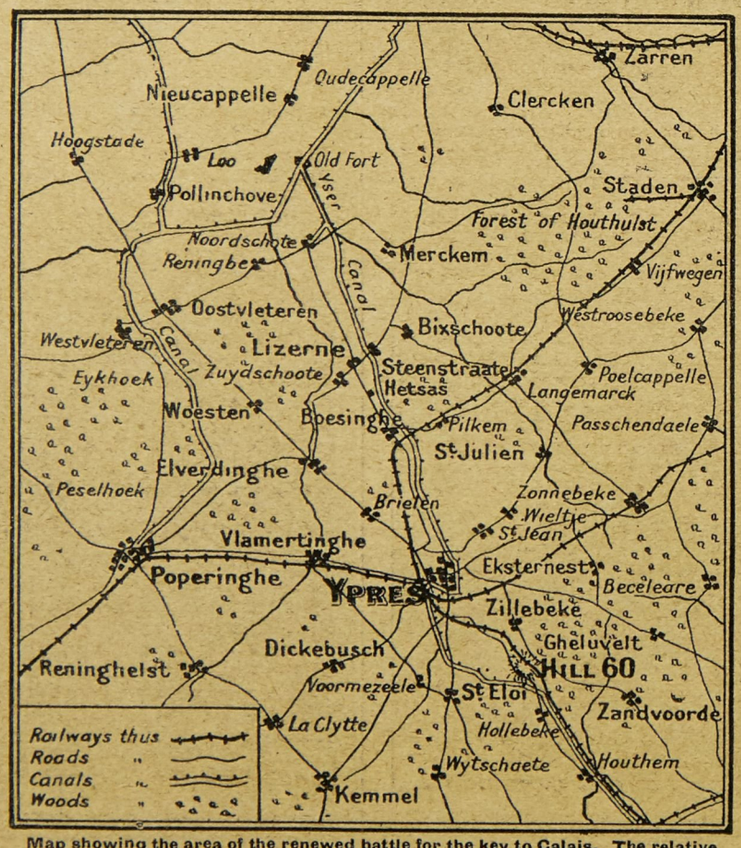
On this occasion the main work was done by our sappers instead of by our artillerymen. Starting from the trenches in the valley, our engineers drove a great tunnel eastward, which branched out under the hill in three directions. Sounds were heard by the tunnellers indicating that other human moles were at work in the neighbourhood. The fact was that the Germans were busy at the same game, driving a mine under our trenches. It then became a race between the Teuton and British sappers; and by a long, magnificent, and arduous effort our men won the race by a few hours, and placed several hundredweights of dynamite under the hill.

At seven o'clock on the evening of Saturday, April 17th, our seven mines were exploded by electrical wires running from our trenches. The result was a volcano, in which all the enemy's defences disappeared in a dense cloud of smoke and dust. Swiftly, before the smoke cleared away, the leading companies of the Bedfords and West Kents rushed across the space of some fifty to sixty yards intervening between our lines and the three huge craters formed by our mines on the little hill.

Our storming parties did not use the bayonet, but dashed ahead, with the streamers of their hand-bombs fluttering around their legs like a very ragged kilt. In the trenches where the mines had exploded there was nothing left alive; but the uninjured parts of the enemy's earthworks were full of surprised, bewildered German troops working in their shirt-sleeves. On them fell the rain of grenades thrown by our modern grenadiers. No fight was left in the Saxons who had been holding the hill. The tremendous explosions and the rapid appearance of our bombing parties threw them into a panic. Like wild beasts they fought each other to get into the traverses leading to their second line of defences, some even driving their bayonets into their comrades in front.

Cascades of Fire and Lanes of Flame

The trenches which we captured only extended 250 yards on the enemy's front, and with the slopes of the captured hill the position formed a wedge driven in the enemy's lines. Our storming parties suffered little loss until they came to the barricades in the German communication trenches, where they were kept back by bomb-throwers and machine-guns. It was then that our artillery took part in the fight. We had an unusual number of big guns massed in readiness behind our main position, and as soon as they received the signal that the hill was won a most terrible bombardment began. All the French and British batteries for six miles round woke in thunder and flame, and, with an uninterrupted cascade of shells, they formed a curtain of death between Hill 60 and the second and third German line of trenches running towards Zandvoord. The object was to cut all the German supporting infantry off from their lost trenches, and thus give our men time to dig themselves in and prepare against the grand counter-attack.



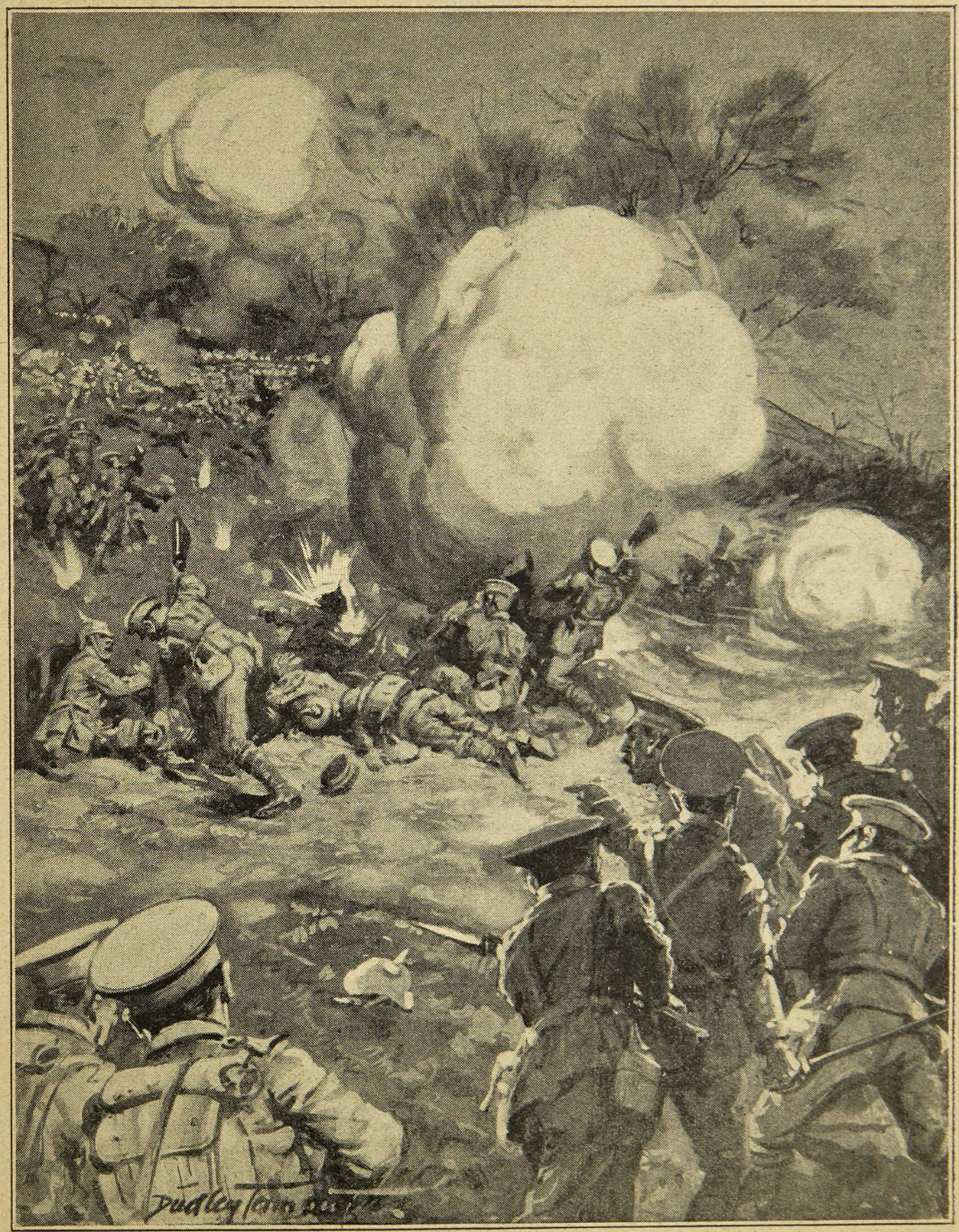
Map showing the area of the renewed battle for the key to Calais. The relative positions of Hill 60 and Ypres are indicated, and Steenstraate and Hetsas, the region of the Canadians' exploit, are further north on the Yser Canal.

Then all the German guns for miles along their line concentrated their fire in an attempt to counter our mighty bombardment. The German gunners did not try to master our batteries, but massed their fire on the captured hill and on the lines by which our supports were coming up. As a spectacle the night sky during this double bombardment was as picturesque as the grounds of the Crystal Palace on Brock's Benefit night. The heavens were arched with cascades of fire and lanes of flame, with the great shells bursting like wildly beautiful stars.

Happily the German guns missed the first line of our trenches, and our men worked at the top of their

(*Continued on page 270.*)

Britons Bear the Brunt in Second Battle for Calais



In a panorama of wreck and tumult, the ground a huge death-mound, and overhead clouds upon clouds of smoke—white from bursting shrapnel, black and thick from big-gun shells—the titanic struggle for Calais and the mastery of the coast is being fought. One phase of the terrible fighting round Hill 60, the important position dominating the country to the north and north-west of Ypres, is here illustrated. Repeated fierce attacks on the part of the Germans to regain the hill have been stubbornly opposed; even their asphyxiating gases have not saved them from British bayonets in this, one of the fiercest battles of the war.

THE EXTRAORDINARY BATTLE FOR HILL 60.

(Continued from page 268.)

speed building up parapets, making firing positions near the tops of the craters, and stopping up the enemy's communication trenches. And while this was going on in the darkness, bombing parties on either side harried their opponents with hand-grenades.

At last, in the darkness of early Sunday morning, the Germans gathered for the grand counter-attack. There were about three thousand of them, advancing in grey, ghostly lines towards the hill, where the West Kents and Bedfords met them only with a ragged line of rifle fire. Though falling in large numbers, the Germans bravely pressed on up the hill-slope, and clustered for a bayonet charge against the crest. But we had brought up some thirty machine-guns, masked behind sandbags. And as the Germans bunched for the final charge, the guns opened fire and laid the Germans out in swathes. Twice they bravely attempted to retake the hill. Our men sang songs as the enemy charged, and smote him down in hundreds, and then in thousands.

The German Commander's Mistake

All day Sunday the counter-attacks continued, the German commander drawing support on troops all down the line, in the hope of recovering the position. As the hill formed a salient, he was able to attack it from three sides ,and get cross-fire effects upon our hastily-made trenches. But all the day our men held out without reinforcement. They met the enemy with rifle fire, waited until he bunched, and then opened on him with machine-guns. When he was driven back to his support trenches, our artillery caught him midway to Zandvoord.

But by continuing the pressure at a dreadful sacrifice of life the German commander managed about six o'clock on Sunday evening to lodge his men on the southern edge of the hill. But he made the mistake of wiring to headquarters that he had completely driven the British out of the trenches they had occupied. This report of the British defeat was published in Berlin, and wirelessed all over the world, leading to the catastrophe that followed. For at six o'clock on Sunday evening our men were reinforced, and in a great charge they swept the Germans from the foothold they had gained, and by Sunday night completely re-established our position on the captured hill. There was the Duke of Wellington's Regiment and a battalion of Highlanders, who fought magnificently.

The German General Staff was now in a very awkward position. It had officially denied the news of our victory, and had asseverated that the hill had been recaptured and that a counter-attack made by us in great force had completely failed. It was this state of affairs that made the Battle of Hill 60 one of the most extraordinary episodes in the war. For when the Germans had lost the position as completely as they had lost Neuve Chapelle, they could not adopt the same defensive tactics and withdraw and strengthen their line. The whole world wanted to know if the German or the British statement about Hill 60 were correct. There was only one way in which the German General Staff could retrieve its false situation.

Bayonet Work and Grenade Throwing

All Monday, April 19th, was spent in grand preparations for the recapture of the little rise. And for the greater part of Tuesday preparations went on. The celebrated enormous German howitzers—the 16·5 in. and the 13·7 in. —were brought up against our front, together with a thousand other guns. On the evening of Tuesday, April 20th, after Ypres had been bombarded, an attempt was made to blow in all our trenches on the hill-top and curtain off all our infantry supports by an unending storm of heavy shell fire. Then the German infantry attacked.

What happened nobody knows in detail. Our machine-guns worked in their old way, and attack after attack was broken, but the Germans, fed from their large reserve, still pressed onward throughout the night, and, crossing the zone of fire, they got mixed up with our men in hand-to-hand fighting. It was bayonet work varied by grenade throwing and point-blank magazine fire. The main struggle took place in and around the labyrinth of winding trenches that encircled the craters. But our men, somehow, won through, and when daybreak came on Wednesday, April 21st, only one point on the hill was held by the Germans. From this they were dislodged in the afternoon by a fierce infantry attack.

The Germans then tried to asphyxiate our troops by raining on the hill, from three sides, bombs filled with poisonous gases. The space our men occupied was only a mound 250 yards long by 200 yards wide. By means of steel catapults the Germans threw cylinders of chlorine gas which burst and spread all over this small area. But even this utterly barbaric use of the deadliest resources of civilisation had no effect whatever upon the strength of our line. Our men tied wet rags about their noses and mouths, and firmly established themselves on the captured hill. There were times when the famous little hill was blotted from sight by clouds of poisonous fumes, but no German again got a foothold there.

XX.—How the Canadians Saved Ypres

AFTER the victory of the British troops at Hill 60, following on their success at Neuve Chapelle, the German Commander-in-Chief was forced to attempt an advance in some part of his lines round Ypres. For the continued local defeats of the entrenched German armies were telling on the spirit of the men. All the allied generals, on the Yser and the Lys, expected a German attack and prepared for it. But the desperate and disheartened enemy was afraid to essay an advance in the ordinary way. As General Joffre had openly explained, the Allies had two men to every German from the North Sea to Switzerland.

The Barbarians' Greenish-Yellow Poison

Having little hope of winning by fair fighting, the enemy developed the inhuman, forbidden methods of asphyxiation, which he had hastily and vainly employed at Hill 60. This time he was more careful in preparing his diabolic method of attack. He waited till Thursday evening, April 22nd, when a strong wind was blowing steadily from the north. He then placed his apparatus along the northern section of his trenches above Ypres, and the German troops there were supplied with masks, protecting eyes, nose, and mouth from the deadly fumes.

As darkness was falling, great greenish-yellow clouds rose from the German trenches, by the forest of Houthulst, and drifting with the wind over the French lines, by the villages of Bixschoote and Langemarck. The gas attacked the mucous membrane of every soldier in a zone of two miles, causing the throat to swell inside, and close the air passages; at the same time it blistered the delicate covering of the eyes, producing dreadful pain and temporary blindness. When the gas had done its work, the German soldiers, with their masked faces, rushed the French trenches, crossed the canal, and made a bridge-head at the village of Lizerne What French troops survived the clouds of gas withdrew towards Ypres, and made a stand at the village of Boesinghe.

Four miles eastward, at the hamlet of St. Julien, the trenches of the Canadians under Major-General Alderson, remained like the edge of a broken dyke through which a flood was pouring. In the darkness the Canadians felt a curious smarting of their eyes and an extraordinary lumpiness in their throats, but most of them were sufficiently removed from the deadly gas zone to escape sudden asphyxiation. But they were in deadly peril. For the Germans had captured the four heavy guns which they had lent to the French holding the wood of Pilken, and from the wood a German force was advancing round their rear, while another hostile force held them in front.

Charging the Sand-Bag Forts

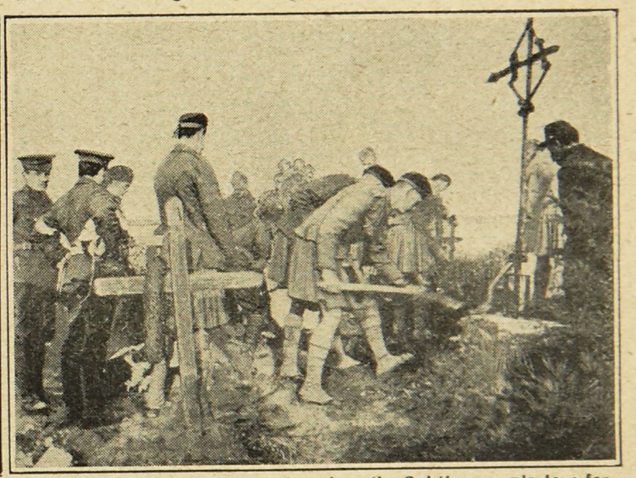
It was the most difficult situation soldiers could be called upon to face. The breaking of the allied line had occurred with the unexpectedness and weirdness of a nightmare terror, and much would have been forgiven the untried, newly-trained sons of Canada had they given ground and withdrawn towards Ypres. Instead of doing so, they

(*Continued on page 272.*)

Flotsam and Jetsam in the Tide of Battle

A barge-load of German prisoners captured in the fighting at Neuve Chapelle waiting for the train which will speed them to internment. This photograph, poignant as it is with misery, well illustrates the despair of the captives. Note the two British soldiers who are in charge of the guard of these German eagles with clipped wings.

The danger to vehicles from the "pot-holes" and large sharp stones caused by shell fire on French highways is being mitigated by a band of road menders attached to the French Army.



There is nothing more affecting than the fighting man's love for his fallen comrades. Here some members of the London Scottish are tending the graves of their friends killed in a recent action.

This mass of debris is part of the accumulation of German war material, uniforms of fallen soldiers, weapons, etc., gathered together after a big battle, and sent by rail behind the lines, there to be duly sorted out for further use in Wilhelm's cause.

HOW THE CANADIANS SAVED YPRES

(Continued from page 270.)

extended their line and entrenched westward, back to back, to hold the Germans enveloping their rear. Meanwhile, their comrades came out of their billets, and took each four hundred rounds of ammunition, and marched up in the darkness without food or water towards St. Julien.

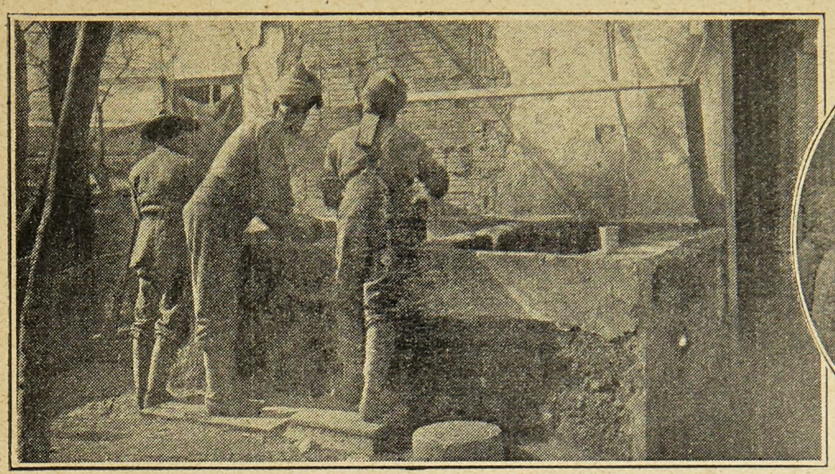
Towards midnight the Canadians charged. In front of them, about five hundred yards away, was the wood that had been held by the French regiment, to whom they had lent their four 4·7 in. guns. The wood was now occupied by seven thousand Germans, who had made little sandbag forts, defended by many machine-gun parties. There were two thousand Canadians bent on recovering their guns, but they did not know what was waiting for them in the dim, thick spinney. No enemy was visible.

When they were two hundred yards from the German trench by the wood there came, from three sides, the rattle of machine-gun fire and the flash of rifles. The Germans had almost enveloped the British position at St. Julien, and they enfiladed the daring attackers as these charged forward. Line after line of the Canadians went down, but their supports leaped over their bodies and burst through a hedge, bayoneted the Germans in the trench behind it, and then entered the wood. Here it was wild hand-to-hand fighting amid trees and brushwood, our men having only their rifles in taking each German machine-gun position. For though some of our Maxims were brought up, they were not sufficient to cope with the enemy's machine-guns, and the Canadians had to do their work with bullet and bayonet.

And they did it well, with all the odds against them. Rushing, stabbing, yelling, firing, they got the Germans—the famous Prussian Guard it is reported—on the run, and shot them down as they fled. Clearing the wood, they recaptured their own guns and three French howitzers, leaving behind them a broad trail of thousands of dead and wounded Germans. With all that the Canadians were not satisfied. Still going at the double, they emerged from the farther side of the wood, and ran on for another five hundred yards, till they were close upon the light field artillery of the Guards they had routed. Then, however, the German forces along the canal swept backwards against them, and again the heroes of Canada were surrounded and brought under a cross-fire. But, retiring into the wood, they dug themselves in the trenches they had captured from the enemy, making new parapets, and deepening the ditches under a hurricane of shrapnel from the distant German batteries. There they held out, without food, until Saturday morning, April 24th, when they were relieved. Their achievement ranks among the glories of our far-flung race. For the Canadians undoubtedly saved Ypres. Had they given way, the town would have been taken from the north.

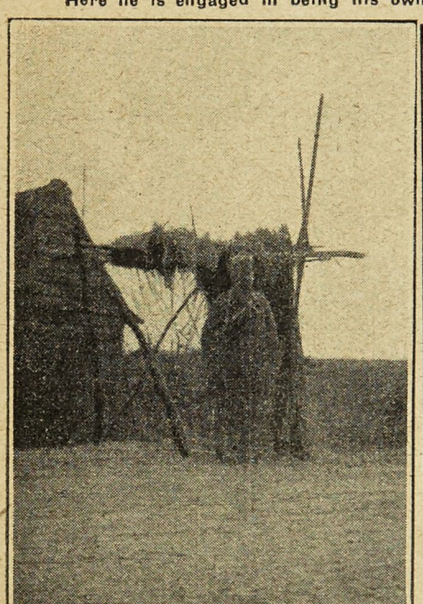
The difficulties and dangers of motor despatch-riders are legion, and their strenuous, invaluable work has been the subject of much praise in the course of the war. Frequently the country through which they have to travel is full of obstructions, bad roads, water-logged byways, etc. But the modern scout on his iron steed is able and willing to go anywhere, even through a flood as seen in this striking picture, a feat one time regarded as impossible with an air-cooled engine.

Here & there with our Gallant Indians in France

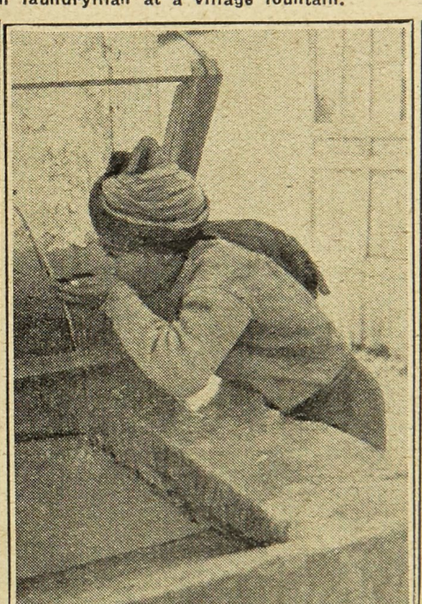


The Indian, no less than "Tommy," is very particular as to his appearance. Here he is engaged in being his own laundryman at a village fountain.

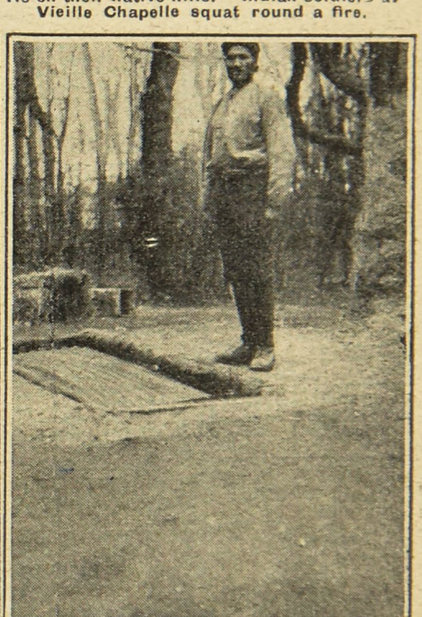
As on their native hills. Indian soldiers at Vieille Chapelle squat round a fire.



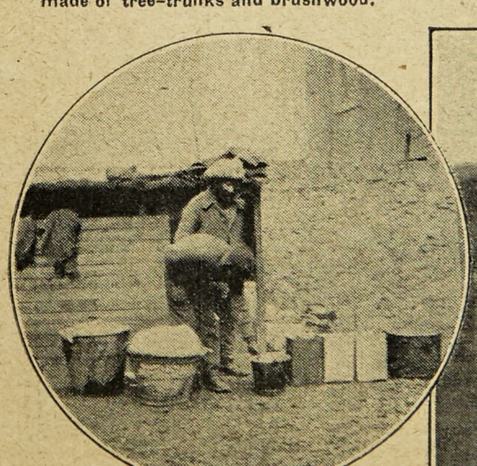
Lonely Indian sentry guarding the cross-roads. The improvised sentry-box is made of tree-trunks and brushwood.



The Oriental obsessed by the Drink Problem—Indian scout quenches his thirst from a running water-pipe.



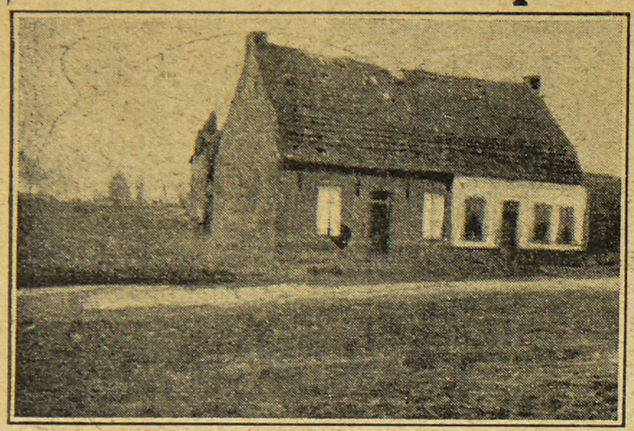
Underground cooking-stove. To completely hide it the chimney in the rear is made with clay to appear as a tree-trunk.



Indian cooks preparing the inevitable but greatly relished curry for their comrades.

Indian warriors wounded in the Ypres fighting fraternise at Vieille Chapelle with the Red Cross workers.

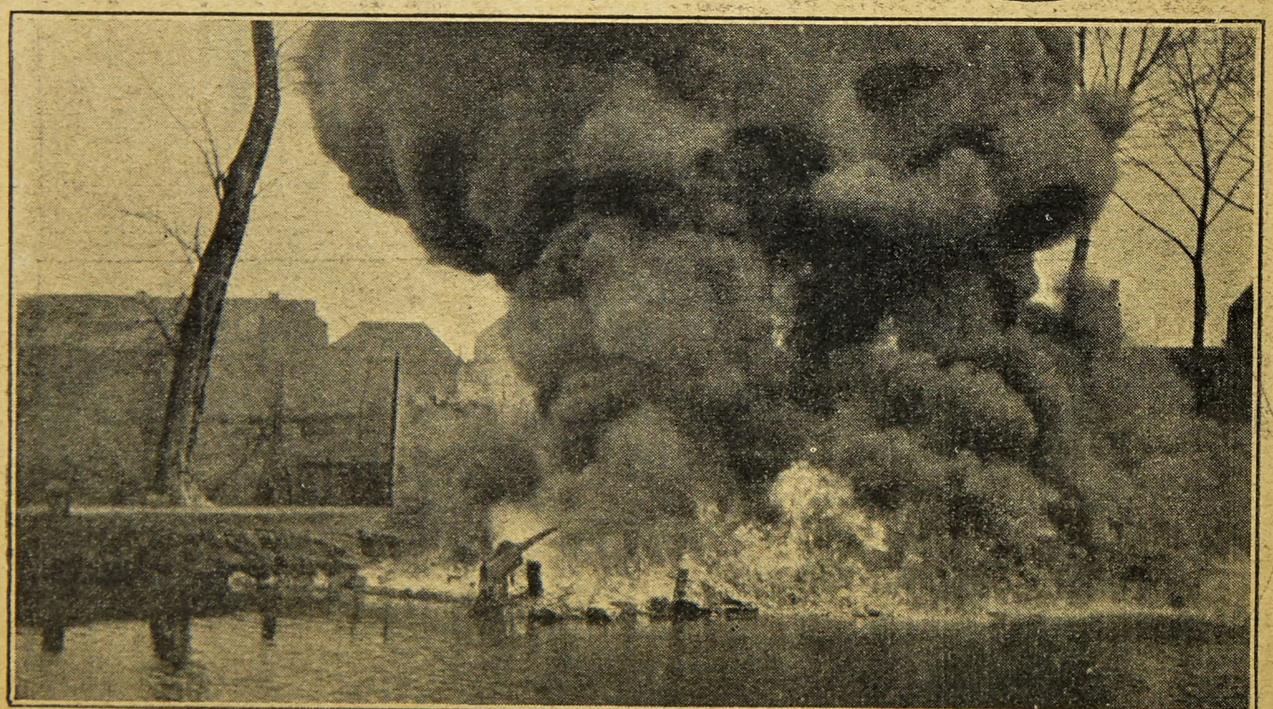
Our Camera Correspondent on the British Front



This lonely farmstead stands just between the opposing armies, in "No Man's Land." Its walls and roof are perforated with bullet holes, and before long a shell will raze it to the ground.

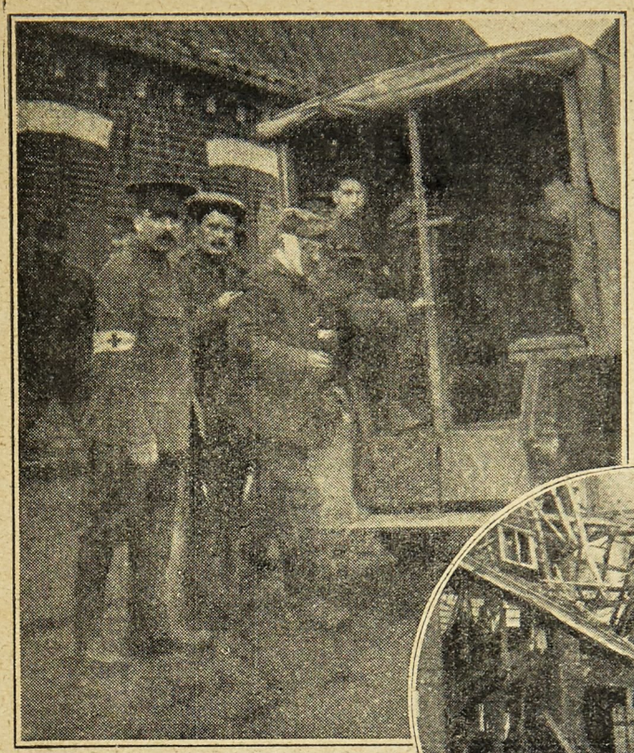
Part of the actual battlefield of Neuve Chapelle. The earth is torn by the feet of thousands of soldiers, marching, charging, fighting. Scarcely a blade of grass remains.

Left: Men of the Royal Horse Artillery attached to the "fodder department." They are replenishing the horses' supply-bags from the store at a farm. Right: British stores stacked by a roadside preparatory to being conveyed to the trenches.

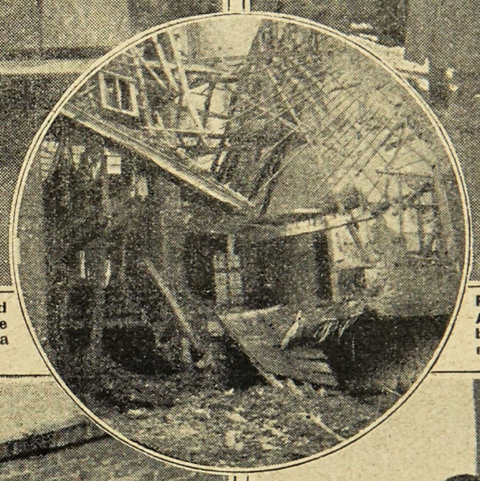


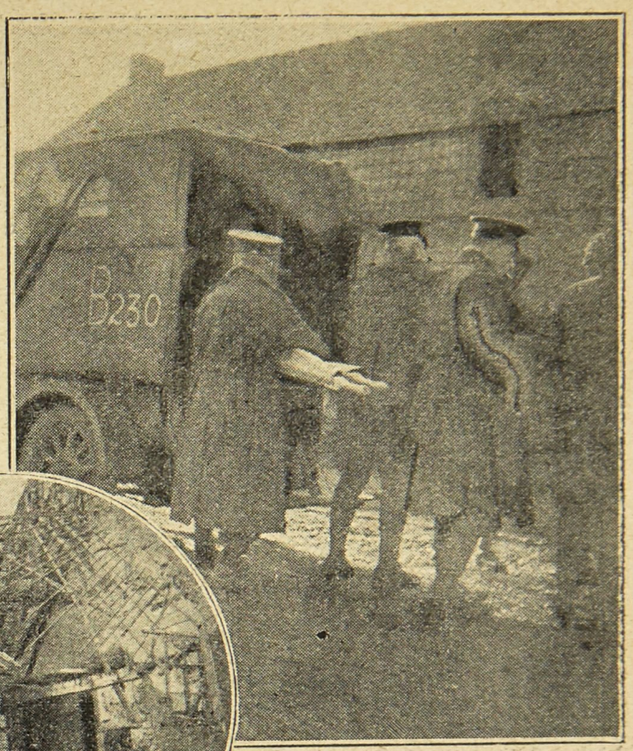
The burning of about 5,000 gallons of petrol. The barge, with its cargo of precious spirit, was on its way to a British base when a bursting shell set the petrol afire. Nothing could stop the havoc of the flames, and our photograph was taken just as the remains of the barge were breaking up before sinking. It will be noticed that the tiller and rudder still stand. (Exclusive photographs.)

Diverse Incidents in the "No Man's Land" of War



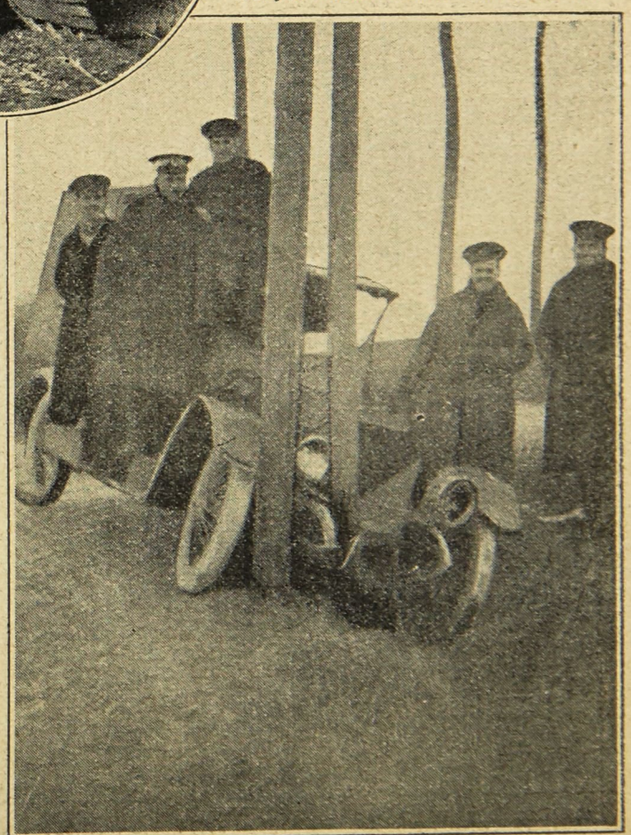
Red Cross workers conducting a wounded German from the field ambulance to the hospital. Inset in Centre: Debris of a house at Laventie, an object of Hun-fire.





Red Cross workers are indefatigable. Always present at, or in the wake of a battle, the field motor-ambulance is ever ready to succour fresh victims of the war.

The trademark of the "Kultur" syndicate. The home of some innocent non-combatant has suffered the "civilising" influence of a German shell.



The war-riven highways of France and Flanders are like ploughed fields. This one has been too much for the auto, which has sustained a spill; happily, however, without causing casualties.

The Retaking of the Guns: Canada's Fighting Son

THE explosion of the mines at Hill 60, and the subsequent British capture of this important strategic point, were the signal for the second terrible struggle in Flanders, which will probably prove the decisive battle on the western front. For months the Germans made elaborate preparations, both as regards men, guns, and infernal gas-generating machines, to ensure success in a final attempt to reach Calais, the nearest point to "Perfidious Albion."

That the battle should open with an immortal chapter of British heroism is an inspiring and hopeful augury. On April 23rd the enemy in superior force launched a terrific attack on the

ns inscribe an Immortal Page in Our Empire Story

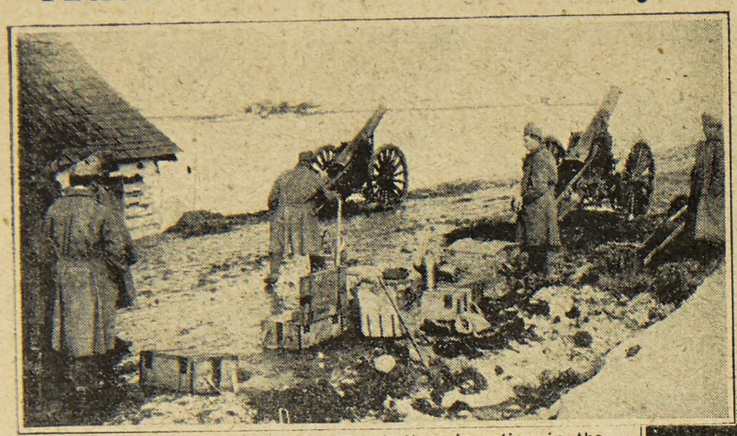
Yser Canal near Steenstraate and Het Sas, and owing to the breaking of the French line and the necessary withdrawal of troops, the Canadians were in imminent danger of being outflanked. A rapid retreat became imperative, and four 4·7 in. guns, in their rear, had to be abandoned to the overwhelming enemy.

The prize, however, did not remain long in German hands. A brilliant counter-attack by the Colonials was organised. Their courage, proof against every effort to shatter it—machine-gun and shell fire, the bayonet, asphyxiating gases, etc.—the Canadians made good, retook the guns, and captured a large number of prisoners.

Austria's Broken Army in Desperate Straits

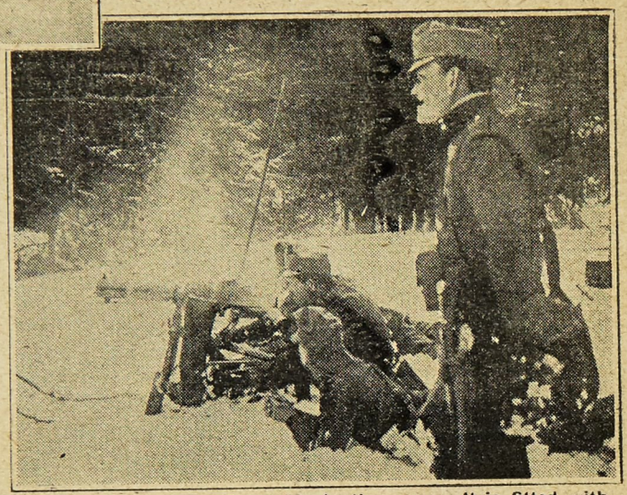
ANXIETY and bewilderment are preying on the people of Vienna now that the truth about the situation in the Carpathians has begun to leak out in the Austro-Huns' capital.

These photographs were taken under great difficulties, though special facilities were granted by the Austrian authorities. They depict various scenes at diverse points on the Carpathians' front, where the Russians have been so victorious. The Russians, having gained command of the western passes, concentrated their forces over a front of about eighty miles beyond the crest of the Carpathians, and pushed the Austrian forces before them into the plains of Hungary. The enemy reinforcements arrived too late, and the Russians were already in command of many of the roads into Hungary.

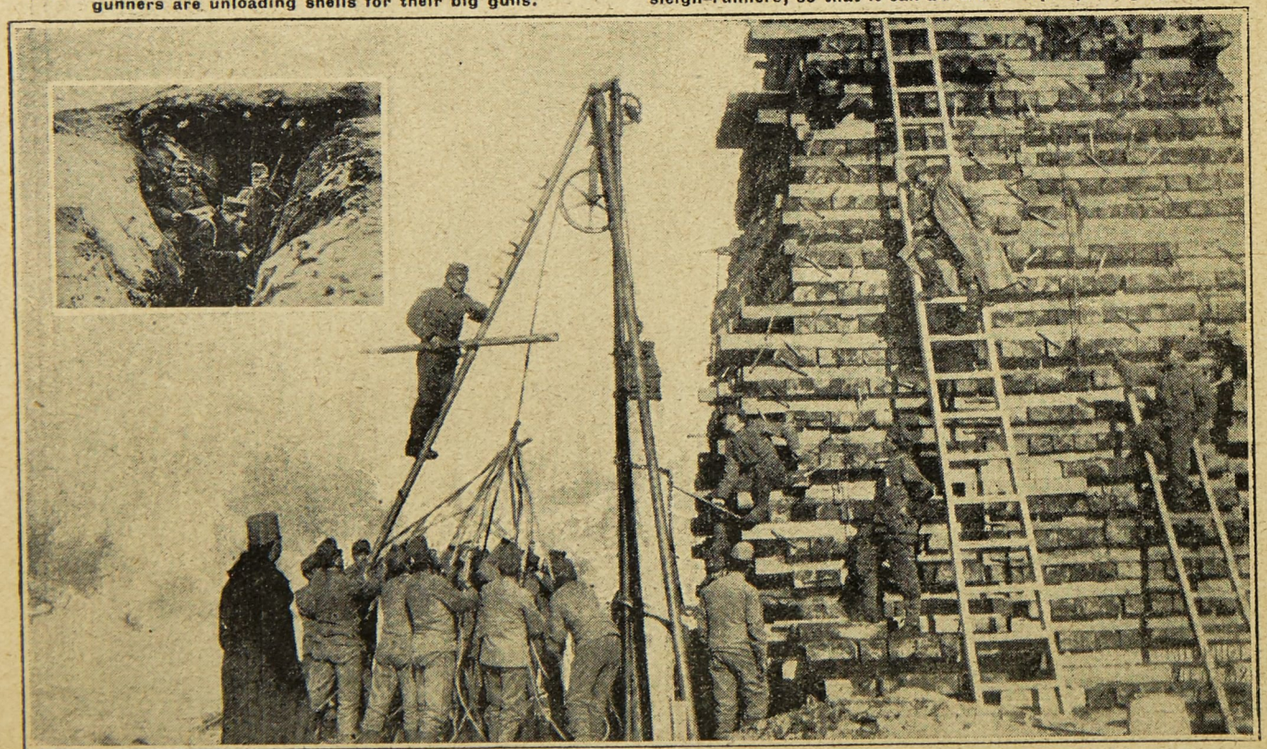


Near view of an Austrian howitzer battery in action in the Carpathians. The gun on the left is about to be fired.

In one of the Austrian artillery camps in the Carpathians where gunners are unloading shells for their big guns.



Austrian machine-gun in action in the snow. It is fitted with sleigh-runners, so that it can be drawn rapidly along by hand.

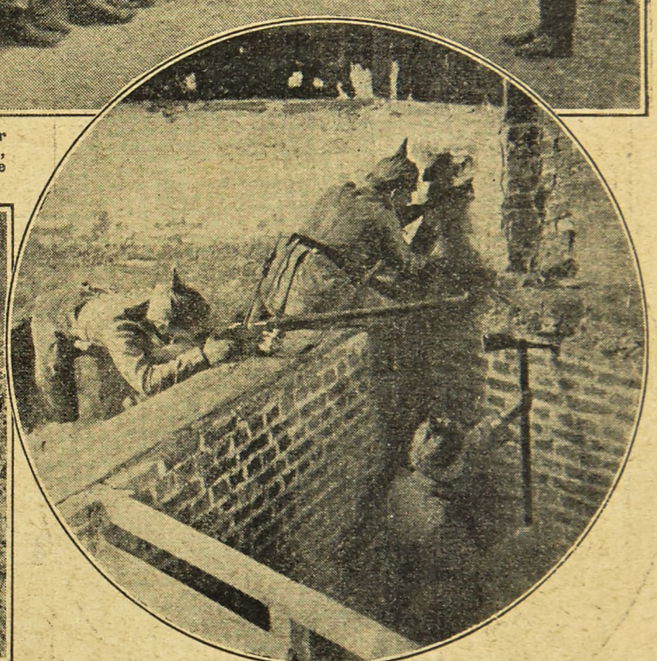


Austrian engineers repairing a bridge in the Carpathians which had been destroyed by our Russian allies. The Austrians are seen building up a large column of timber to support one of the spans. Inset: Austrians in a trench on the Carpathians' front. It is reported that the Kaiser has personally implored the Saxons, co-operating with the Austrians, to stem the Russian advance into the Bukovina.

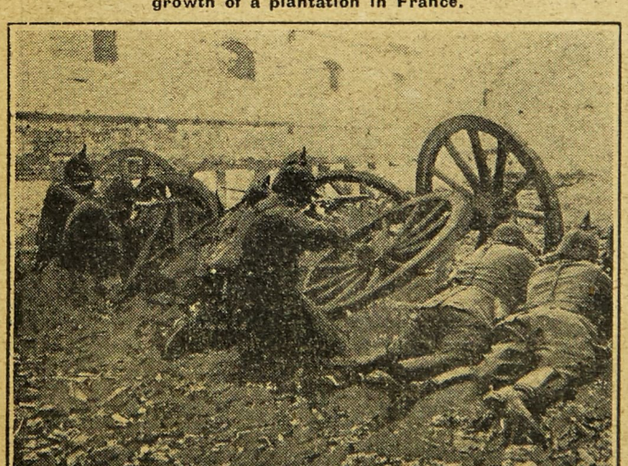
The War as seen from the German Side

Prussian infantry being inspected by an officer prior to their return to the trenches. They are wearing linen trouser-overalls, fastened by two bands over the shoulders. Their rifles are bandaged to prevent the sights being filled with trench sand.

German officers studying maps of the particular war area in which they are fighting. They are hidden in the thick undergrowth of a plantation in France.



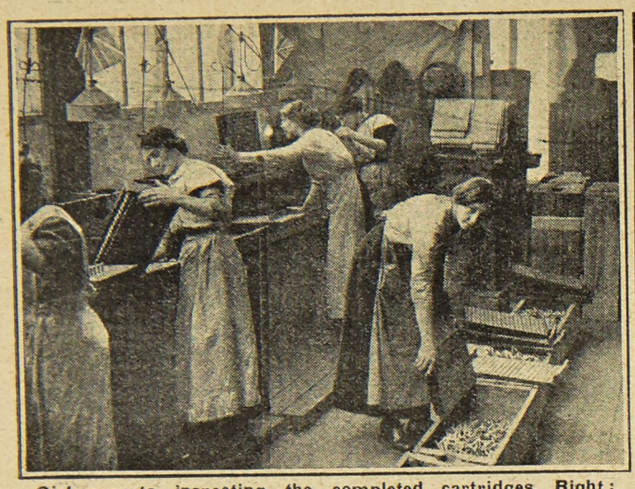
German snipers at work amid the ruins of a shell-wrecked building. Under cover of night the snipers select their vantage ground near our lines, and it is difficult to locate them.

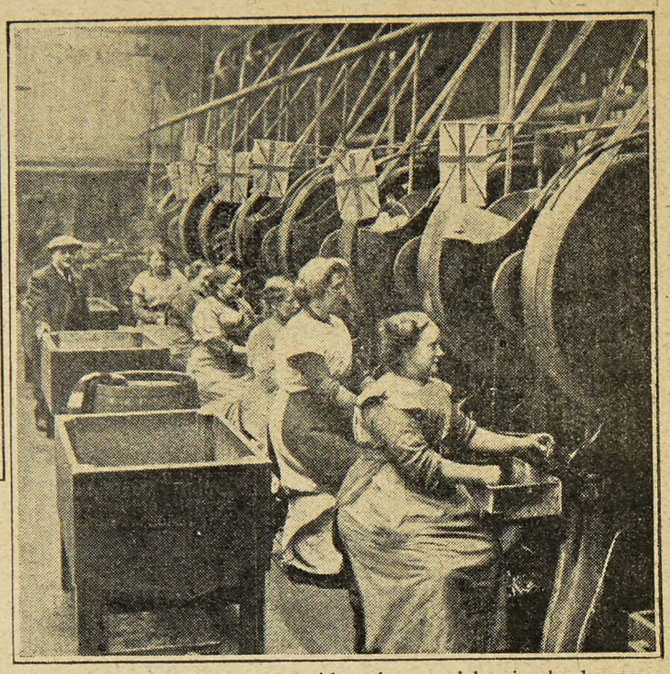


A trifling barricade of cartwheels, in the debris of a wrecked factory, hastily erected by the German troopers, who had sighted the approach of a strong British reconnaissance force.

Exclusive photograph of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, standing with a Staff officer, near his elaborate motor-sleigh, in the snows of Poland. The vehicle is propelled by an aerial screw.

Women Serve the Country in Munition Factories

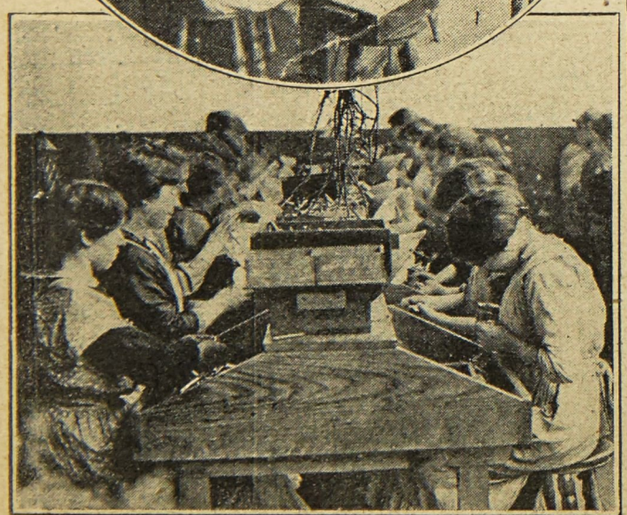


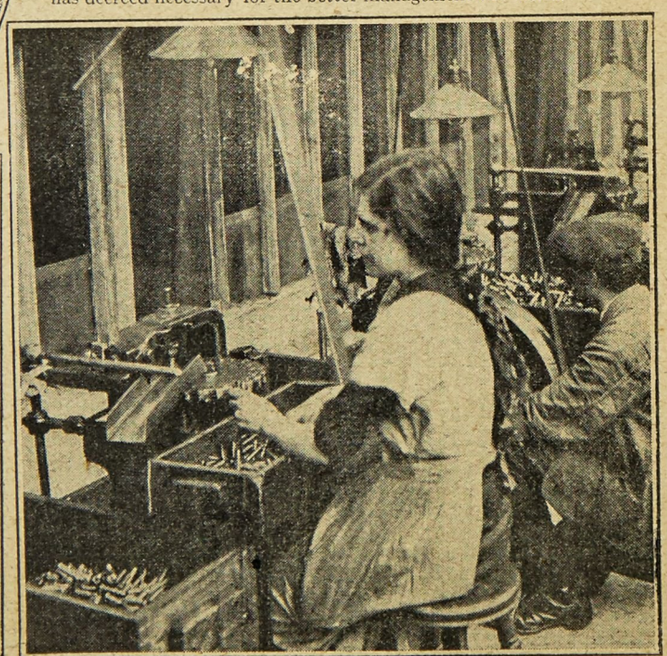


Girl experts inspecting the completed cartridges. Right: Machine workers making metal cases to hold the bullets. These patriots have decorated the factory with Union Jacks.

PATRIOTIC women and girl workers are labouring hard every day, and often all night, in order to provide cartridges for our soldiers at the front.

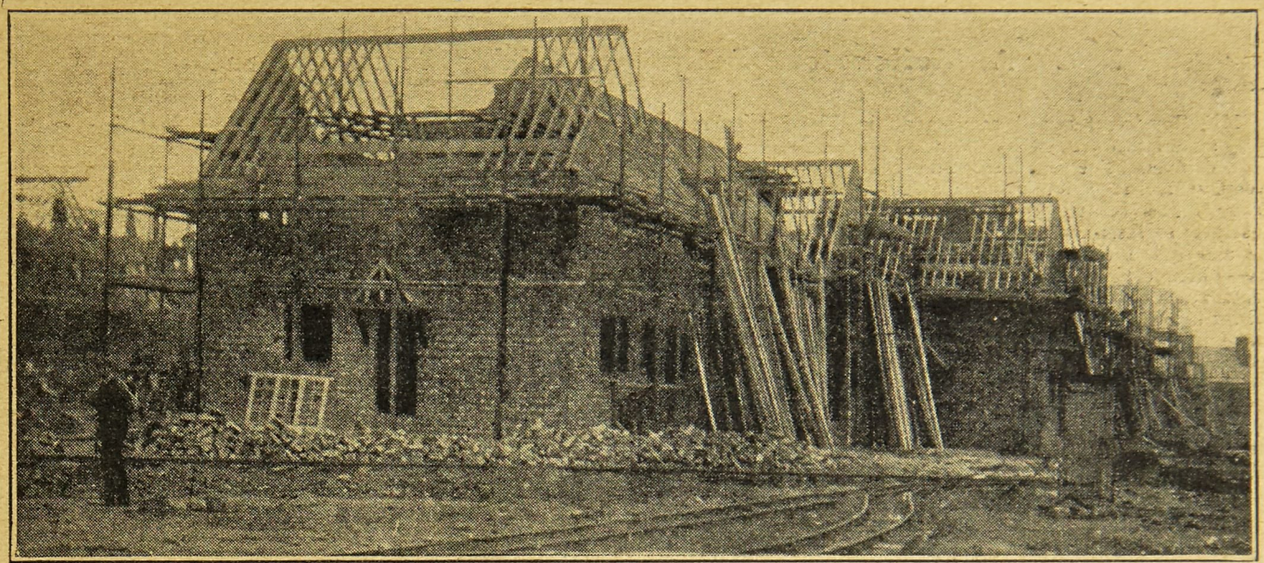
These photographs were taken in a Leeds ammunition factory, where the keenness of the employees has enabled the output to be doubled since the war began. At the sight of these women and girls, all busy making thousands upon thousands of cartridges that are destined to take death to tens of thousands of men, one instinctively thinks of the strange paradox their work creates. They are labouring that their sons, husbands, brothers, and sweethearts may have the means to deal pain and death to other women's men-folk. In Germany there are also women engaged on similar work to help in the destruction of many of Britain's bravest. Marie Corelli has said, in one of her poems, that "The Woman's Right is the Maker's Might in the moulding of the world." She makes "the makers of laws!" Yet, in her country's need, Woman plays her share in the destruction that Man has decreed necessary for the better management the world.





Inspecting the newly-made cartridge-cases before the bullets or the percussion caps have been fixed in. Right: A little girl working hard to provide ammunition. She is stamping the pieces of metal that hold the caps. Inset above: Another corner of the ammunition factory where women are making cartridges in hundreds of thousands for their brothers in arms.

New Garden City for Woolwich War Workers



One of the streets in the new munition workers' town at Well Hall Station, near Woolwich, of which there are about eight miles. A few weeks ago the site was a hundred acres of cultivated ground. Now 1,200 dwellings are in the course of rapid construction.

ONE important and far-seeing act on the part of the Government has been the conversion of about a hundred acres of land in the vicinity of Well Hall Station, near Woolwich, into a garden city for Arsenal workers.

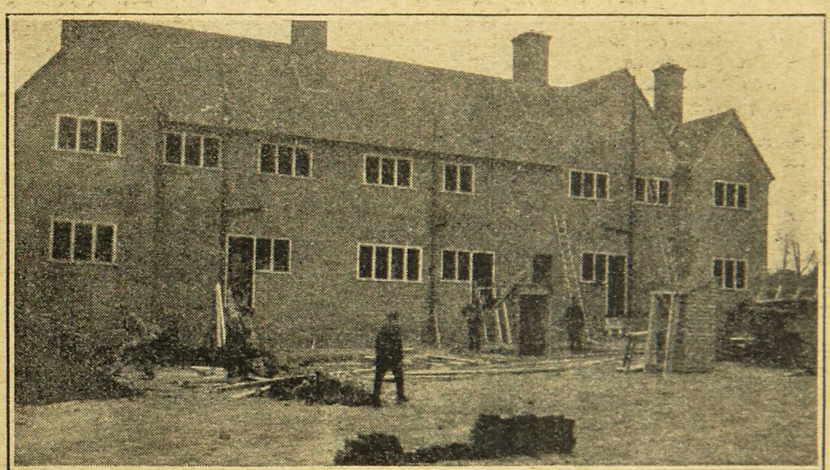
Simultaneously with the problem of labour for shell manufacture, that of accommodating the munition makers has arisen.

In nine short weeks a new town has been erected in the environs of London—3,600 workmen have been busy constructing about 1,200 dwellings, which will form the habitation of Woolwich Arsenal's new army of workers.

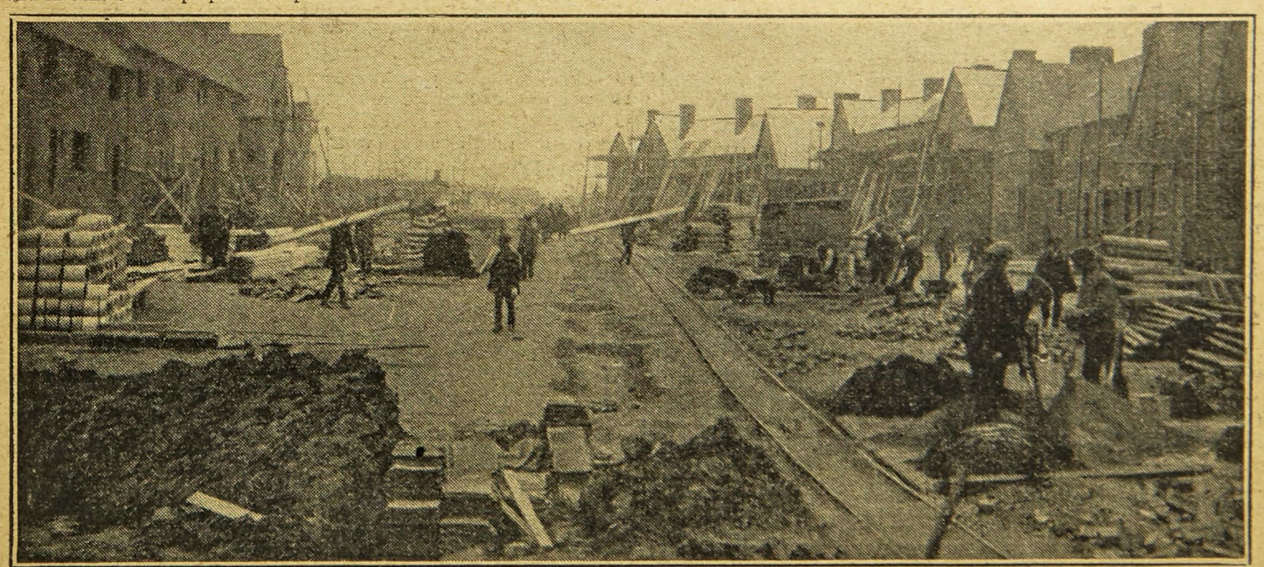
But this is only the beginning of a scheme which will, no doubt, develop in the course of time.

Circumstances have forced Britain into line with the militarism of Continental Powers, and the day of Splendid Isolation, with the Navy as the first line of defence and attack, is over.

The great British Army has risen phœnix-like from the ashes of popular prejudice, and its weight will henceforth be a prime factor in European politics. Britain, with her usual perverseness, has reversed the accepted order, and in time of war prepares for peace!



Types of houses which are springing up like mushrooms in the vicinity of Well Hall Station. These are destined to accommodate the additional workers at Woolwich Arsenal.



General view of some of the dwellings in the new munition workers' capital. The houses are at once picturesque and practical. The style of architecture varies sufficiently to obviate monotony, and the structures are solid and permanent.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

THE German forward movement in Flanders clearly shows the difficulties of attack under modern conditions. The Germans had been preparing for a sweeping advance for some weeks. They had brought strong forces of troops—including, it is reported, many Austrian regiments—into Northern Belgium. They had the advantage of a new weapon of death—asphyxiating gas—which cleared the French trenches for them. They struck at an unexpected point, well to the north of the main British armies. In the early days of the war, such an advance, so well begun, would have carried them right into the heart of the British lines. But, now, after more than a week of fighting it meant no more than a doubtful advance of about three miles. Ypres has been destroyed by shell fire, but not captured. At the moment of writing the Germans have been driven back over the Yser Canal.

The aim of the Germans was to capture Dunkirk and Calais. They reckoned to occupy Ypres, to hold the line of the canal, to move to St. Omer, and from there, having broken the organising centre of the allied forces, to destroy the isolated northern armies at their leisure. They would have had the gallant little Belgian Army at their mercy. Their boast that they were going to occupy Calais by April 24th could hardly have been seriously entertained by the generals, but served to encourage the soldiers. In the end the most important result to them of the early gains was their cheering and stimulating effect on the German people.

Germans Held Back by their Own Gas

Three main causes hindered the Germans from taking advantage of the momentary rout of the Algerian troops through poisonous gas. First the gas itself provided a two-edged weapon. It cleared the trenches of the French, but for a time it prevented the Germans from going forward. The immediate effect of bromine gas, even when diluted, is to produce a sensation of blindness and suffocation. The victim's eyes shut tight and run with water. He has the feeling that his nose and throat are closed. The German infantry had to wait until the gas blew away, and by that time the Canadians had come up and saved the situation. Had the enemy been able to advance immediately, Ypres must have fallen.

There is no need to dwell here on the heroism of the Canadian Division. The three great charges on the early morning of April 23rd—particularly the advance of the Highlanders on the wood, the charge of the 1st and 4th Battalions over eight hundred yards of rising, rough land, in face of machine-gun, infantry, and shrapnel fire, and the disastrous but glorious short rush of the 3rd Battalion—will go down in history with Balaclava. The advance and attack of the Canadians on the German front gave time for a strong British reinforcement to be brought up. Here the splendid system of back-line communications, which has been perfected during the winter, proved its efficacy. It is now possible in a very few hours to concentrate a crushing force on any point of the line. This is what we did on that Friday afternoon.

Breaking the Nerves of the Bravest

Probably by the time this issue is published the full returns of the casualties will be known. They will undoubtedly be very heavy indeed. The detailed accounts of the losses of the Canadian Contingent that reach me are so serious that, without full corroboration, I refrain from repeating them. In one battalion that went out about a thousand strong on the Thursday night only 189 men—so some of the survivors tell me—answered their names when the roll was called on the Friday evening. In another 300 responded. These are among the worst.

The arm-chair critic, who knows nothing of war as it really is, may criticise harshly the conduct of the French troops north of Ypres, who fled on the fatal Thursday afternoon. No one else will do so. It is an axiom of war that a new and unexpected form of death will usually break the nerve of the bravest and most experienced troops. The first time bombs were used in modern battles, infantry hitherto immovable gave way. The first time highly-charged electric wires were employed defending a fortified place the advancing troops, who had pushed on without wincing under heavy shell and rifle fire, broke and retired. This surprise effect can only be fully produced once. The next time asphyxiating gas was used, men knew better what was coming and what precautions to take against it. The Germans promised us a surprise. They have given it, and have gained comparatively little by it as an innovation of actual military value.

Divide and Rule—Divide and Fall

The old motto "Divide and Rule" does not apply to war, if it does to Statecraft. In war it is rather "Divide and Fall." Hence the criticism aroused over the opening of a formidable campaign by the Allies by land and sea at the Dardanelles when all our forces are needed against our supreme enemy in the north. There was evidently a serious miscalculation on our side concerning the strength of the Dardanelles, yet every soldier and sailor knew that ships alone could never clear the passage. There may be political reasons that compel this effort, reasons which cannot publicly be told. The Dardanelles Expedition means either that our military authorities are confident of their overwhelming strength on the western front, or else they have decided to postpone the great drive planned for May.

Sir Ian Hamilton—An Appreciation

Sir Ian Hamilton, the commander of the Dardanelles Expedition, is a man of letters turned soldier. Had he not given his life to the Army he would have been one of our greatest writers. From the days when, as an eager young subaltern, he was wounded at Majuba until now he has proved his mettle in many a field. Resolute, daring, and original, he is the very opposite to the old red-tape type of British general. All who have ever met him find it difficult to think critically of him, because of the personal charm of the man. As a brilliant leader in South Africa, as British military representative with the Japanese Army, as reformer and organiser of our Dominion Armies, he has done much good work for the Empire. At the beginning of the war he was appointed to the command of the Home Forces, and then came his big opportunity. It may be questioned if the Dardanelles Expedition is at this time wise. There is every reason, however, to have confidence in the man selected to command it.

Last Week's Forecast on this page

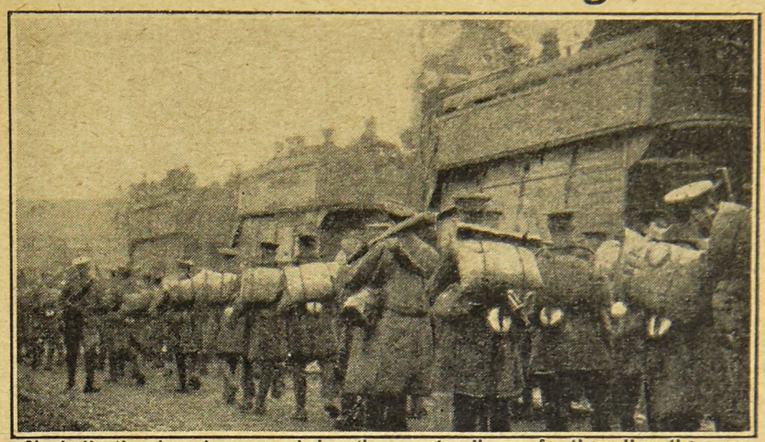
One drawback of the very wide circulation of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is that the comments for this page have to be written some days before publication, on account of the time taken in printing the enormous issues. Some of my readers may have wondered at my forecast in the last issue of an early German forward movement in Flanders. The forecast read somewhat absurdly after the movement had taken place. The explanation is, of course, that my forecast was written and in type before any news of the German advance had reached this country.

By Motor-'Bus to and from the Firing-Line

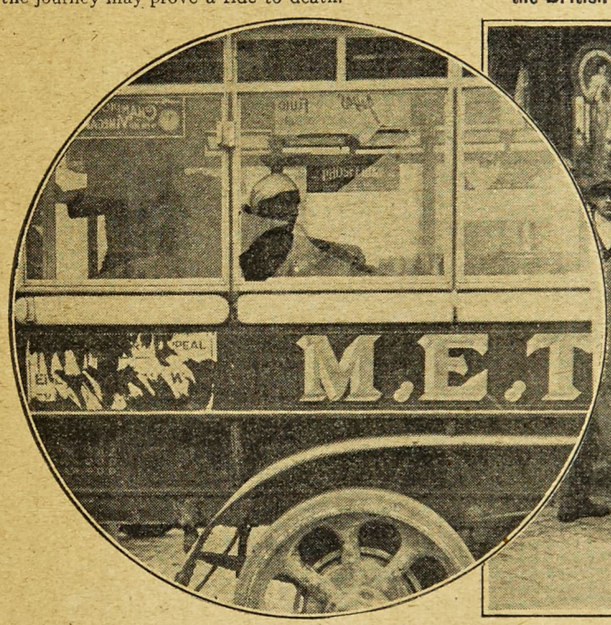
WERE it not for the use of the motor-omnibuses taken from the streets of our cities, it would have been impossible for our Generals to have maintained their forces with reinforcements as quickly as is necessary in modern warfare. Victory may depend on an army's ability to hurry fresh troops to the firing-line whenever and wherever necessary.

Our vast fleet of motor-'buses also forms an important part of the huge transport convoys that keep the men in the trenches well and regularly supplied with all necessaries. It is estimated that every hundred men in the trenches require twenty others to maintain them. This fact helps one to realise the great importance of the motor-'bus and motor-transports at the front, and emphasises the extent to which motor-driven vehicles are affecting the issue in this "petrol war."

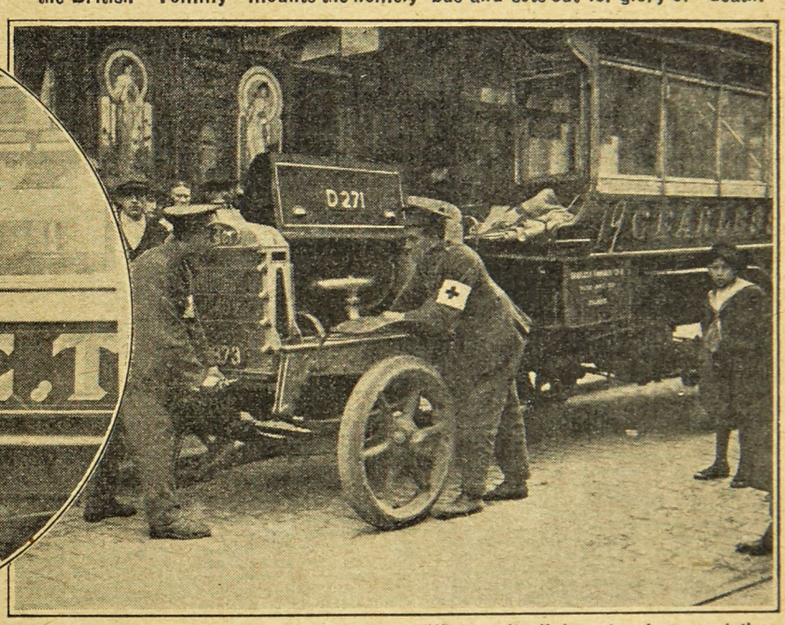
Perhaps the most striking of the photographs on this page are those showing our soldiers about to take their 'bus journey to the firing-line, and the wounded warriors being brought back to hospital. There is comedy, tragedy, and pathos in these scenes. The comedy is supplied by the obvious cheerfulness of our soldiers as they climb the 'bus that is to take them into the midst of battle; the pathos is that the journey may prove a ride to death.



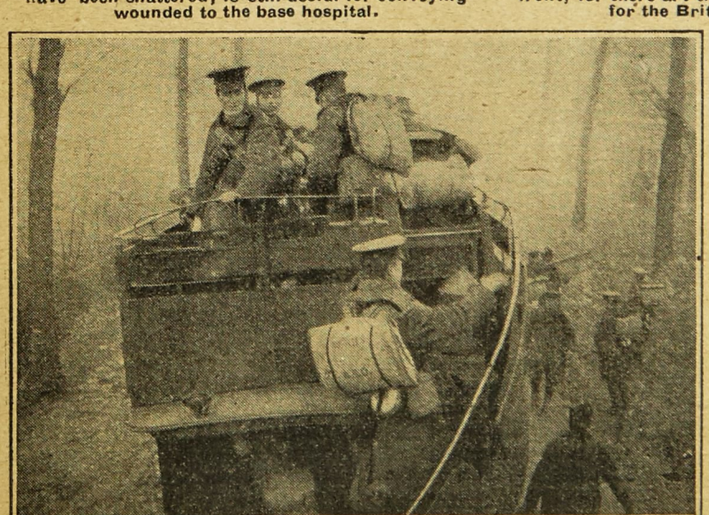
No indication-boards are needed on these motor-'buses, for they all go the same way—to the trenches. As light-heartedly as though he were on a pleasure jaunt, the British "Tommy" mounts the homely 'bus and sets out for glory or—death.

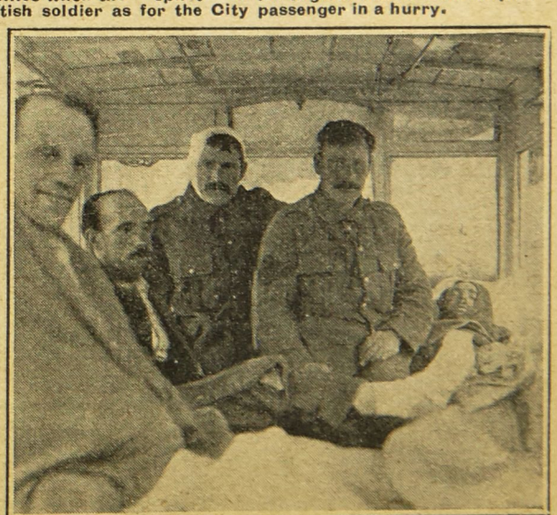


A London "Metro," though some of its windows have been shattered, is still useful for conveying wounded to the base hospital.



The once familiar scene of a motor-'bus "on strike" is not unknown at the front, for there are times when the "spirit" of the engines has as little respect for the British soldier as for the City passenger in a hurry.





Left: Fully equipped, "Tommy" climbs the steps of the 'bus that is to convey him from his comfortable billet into the firing-line. He journeys, with ever a joke on his lips, as though it were a joy-ride. Right: How different the return journey from the trenches! Yet these suffering passengers were of the merry crowd that, on the outward trip, went riding gaily to the front.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THE Dardanelles operations have so far proved a disappointment to the public, though—happily—that has in no way impaired confidence in our sailors. The failure is attributed to the misapprehensions of the true inwardness of the situation by the authorities in Whitehall. This in itself is a source of regret, because when the first accounts came of the transport of the Expeditionary Force of 100,000 men to France, they were accepted as proving that everything had been thought out in peace, and the administration stood very high in prestige. Now that prestige has been partly shattered, for there can be little excuse for not having fully matured plans in connection with the Dardanelles.

The Delay in Attacking the Dardanelles

The Queen Elizabeth and her consorts commenced operations on February 19th, or one hundred and six days after war had broken out with Turkey, and over seven months after the inexplicable action of the Admiralty and the Mediterranean Squadron in failing to sink the Goeben had enabled Germany to coerce Turkey. Here, indeed, was ample time for co-ordinated plans. So when accounts were heard in January of naval and military forces being sent, it did not enter anybody's head that the operations were not to be of a combined character. Nor could it be thought that they were being undertaken without the fullest information of the state of the enemy's preparations, enabling the Cabinet to judge that the operations were feasible, and would not result in a prolonged or undue division of force from the main theatre of war. It was also assumed, as a matter of course, that the Russians would endeavour to carry out simultaneous operations in the vicinity of the Bosphorus. We inferred that the earlier delay was necessary owing to the impossibility of providing the military force in the first instance, though it had the unfortunate effect of postponing the period of operations to a time singularly unfavourable, by reason of gales and fogs, to subsidiary or naval action.

Could We Have Acted Earlier?

Turkey offers many points of attack, and any attempt to meet the probabilities of such involves wide dispersion. In addition, psychological factors suggested that Turkish preparations in peace were inadequate, but German direction might make considerable changes.

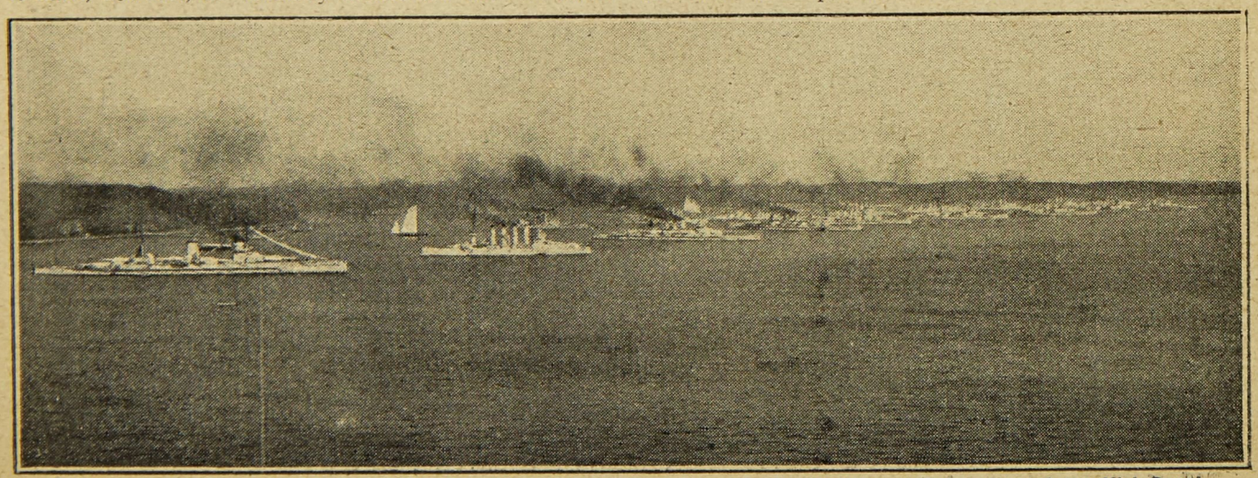
Economically, she was borrowing at twenty per cent. to pay for the battleships building in England. It is the opinion of the writer that the Dardanelles could have been freed in the early stages of the war, and a great deal of destructive work done in the Sea of Marmora, together with the entire cutting off of supplies along that sea, on which most of the improved defence of the Dardanelles has been based. It must, however, be distinctly understood that the naval force would have been unable to get out again unless released by the military occupation of the Dardanelles. Its action would, therefore, have been entirely subsidiary to military operations and have favoured them; for, in the absence of railways, the Turks on both sides of the Straits depend mainly on sea communications for their very complicated supplies for the garrisons, forts, and batteries.

The Primal Need of a Land Force

The next element on which military action from the sea vitally depends is surprise. As I have said, Turkey, along its Asiatic coasts, offers many points of attack. A few desultory bombardments around the Dardanelles, as well as a submarine attack, occurred long before February 19th, concerning which I need only remark that to burgle a house you do not commence by making as much noise as possible. Finally, on February 19th the Navy commenced serious bombardments, and now, after more than two months, we realise that it was all done—the ammunition expended, the lives of the guns used up, the Irresistible, Ocean, and Bouvet lost, and others badly damaged—long before the army was ready. Only on April 26th did the public become aware that there was no army until that moment. The Navy, which, in shore operations, must always be the subsidiary force, became the sole force. Not merely the natural obstacles of forts and mines have to be encountered, but army howitzers and moving batteries, which would have been busily employed against an army, were directed to attacking the ships and mine-sweepers from behind the hills or from concealed positions. There was no military force to prevent guns taking root again after they had once been silenced; no military force to exterminate snipers and stop guns interfering with the mining trawlers, or to search along the coast for concealed torpedo-tubes. If those facts had been known, no enlightened man would have supported the operations unless it could be shown that there was widespread demoralisation in the Turco-German forces, and even then that very demoralisation would have necessitated a military force for the subsequent preservation of order.

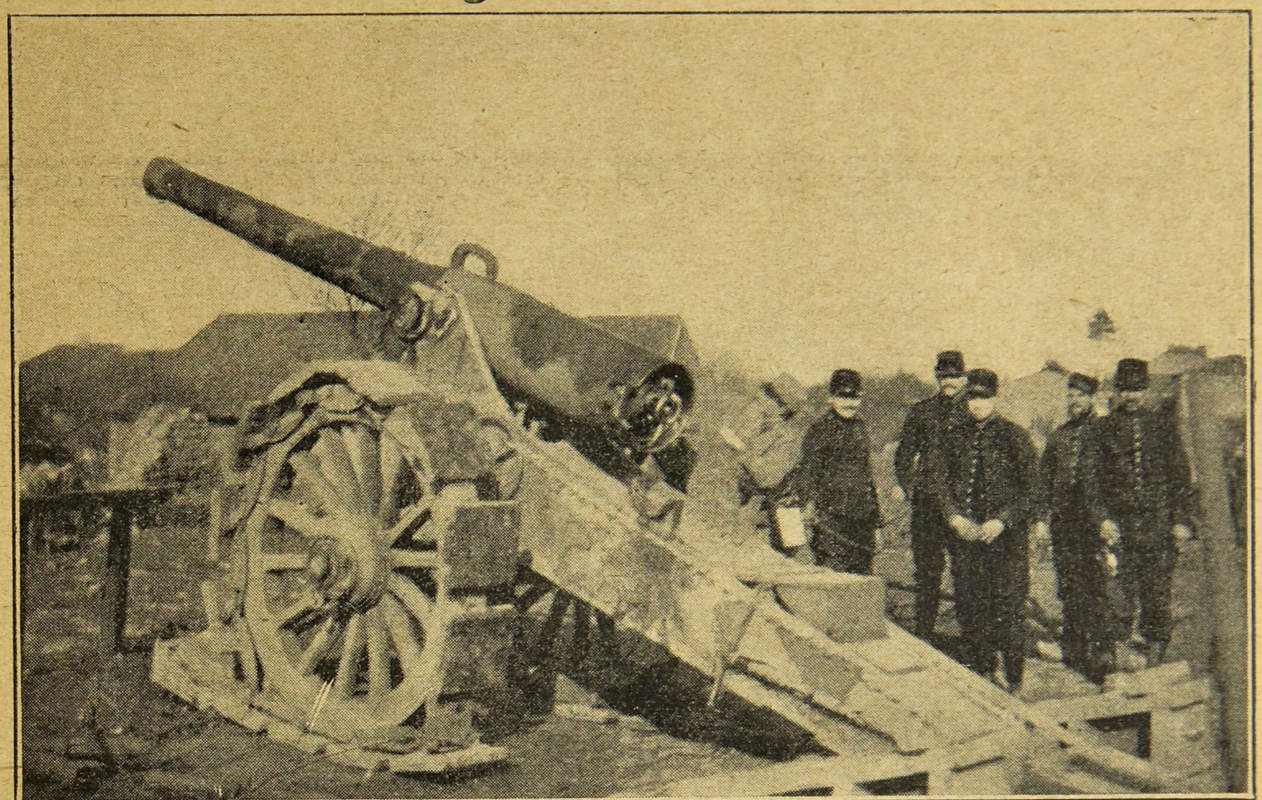
How Russia Might Help

For a navy to act alone is like a football team of all backs. You cannot get proper team work in operations against the shore without an army seconded by the navy. And we must have the utmost combination. By destroying coal transports and accommodation in the Black Sea, the Russians have done something to hamper Turkey's ability to run ships with supplies in the Sea of Marmora, but the Russian Navy fears to transport troops because of the Goeben and Turkish ships. On the other hand, something might be done to prevent egress from the Bosphorus by mines, and in that case a military force might be transported to attack the Bosphorus from the east, and by the railway.



Striking panorama of the German High Sea Fleet taken some weeks ago in the mine-sealed waters of the Kiel Canal.

The Little 75's Big Brother and the Historic 4·7



A big French gun which is now sharing the credit of efficiency with the smaller piece of ordnance—the "75." One of the powerful 155 mm.—or about 6 in.—guns which have been sorely impressing the Huns in the neighbourhood of Regneville. It will be noted that the weapon is not masked, probably because it is sufficiently hidden from aircraft by the various houses in the neighbourhood.

The 4·7 in. gun, which proved so notoriously successful in the South African War, has been brought into prominence by the action of the Canadians in recovering four of these weapons abandoned in the fight for the Yser Canal, which commenced on April 23rd. This exclusive photograph shows a 4·7 in. gun being placed in position during manœuvres.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

THE exploit of the officer of the Royal Flying Corps who dropped a bomb on the airship shed at Ghent recently is one of the smartest things done during the war. The official "Eye-Witness" notes that he found the shed guarded by a captive balloon, the crew of which fired upon him from the basket. The pilot of the aeroplane thereupon came down in a closely-wound spiral path right over the top of the balloon, so that the crew underneath could not fire up at him, and the guns on the ground could not make good shooting for fear of hitting the balloon.

Then, when he got below the level of the balloon, he flew directly under it, so that the gunners on the ground would again be afraid to fire at him for fear of bringing down their friends. But it strikes one that he must have had a fairly hot time, as he passed about the same level as the balloon basket; for then the crew would have a fairly level shot at him, and in order to keep out of their range he would have to fly wide, so that the gunners below must have had several easy shots—and missed.

Where the Dirigible is Valuable

Even when he was below the balloon it is surprising that he was not hit by the people in the basket firing downwards, for one can get a perfectly vertical shot over the edge of the basket, and the German captive balloons move so little that they give one a very good chance of aiming.

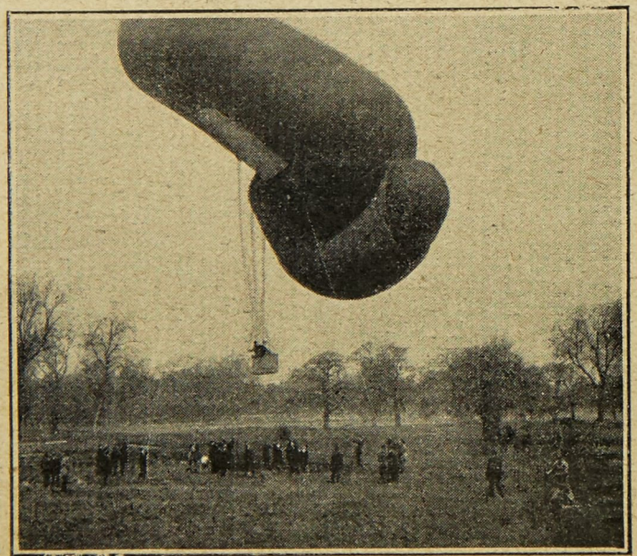
However, apparently, he got down to 200 feet, hit the shed, and got away again without being hit, so he must have had a good deal of luck as well as judgment.

These German captive balloons are really most useful adjuncts to the aerial armament of any country, and it is peculiar that no one bothered much about them till war actually broke out. Now every country uses them in quantities.

The type is officially known as the Parseval-Siegsfeld—the first being built by the Parseval airship firm, and designed years ago by Herr Siegsfeld. The Italians used one in the Tripoli campaign with excellent effect, and the Belgians bought one from Germany a year or so before the war. The latter has done very good work throughout the war, and is doing so still, unless it has been destroyed recently.

The ordinary spherical captive balloon, of the sort one used to see at country fairs, is quite useless if there is any wind. Every time a gust hits it the thing is blown backwards and downwards; for, being anchored to the ground, it is forced to describe a circular path, with its point of anchorage as centre and the length of its cable as radius. Then, when the gust passes, it bobs up again, following the same circular path, with the result that no human inside can stand the heaving and bobbing about, and the crew become violently sea-sick, even if they are experienced sailors. Also, owing to the constant waving, it is impossible to observe anything accurately from it.

The Siegsfeld, however, behaves better in a wind than when there is no wind, for the following easily understood reasons. The balloon itself is tubular in shape, and sits up on end, like a sausage placed vertically. At the lower end is a big air-bag, also sausage-like in appearance, which is curled round the gas-bag. The front end of this air-bag is open and there is a small hole at the back end, just to let the air run through in a steady current. This notion was evidently copied from those curious Japanese kites shaped like fish, into which the wind blows through the open mouth of the fish.



Captive balloon of the Parseval-Siegsfeld type. Its curious tubular construction secures stability in the wind. Our aviation expert has some interesting remarks to make on the war value of the dirigible in his article on this page.

How the Balance is Maintained

The gas-bag is held to the anchor cable by cords, so that the pull comes rather to the front of the sausage, and the car is suspended at about the middle.

When a gust strikes the balloon it fills up the air-bag, through the open mouth, and this then acts as a rudder, which keeps the balloon absolutely head to wind. The pull on this bag, being behind the attachment of the cords, throws the tail of the balloon up, and this lift of the tail is assisted by two flaps, which hang along the sides of the balloon when there is no wind.

The lift of the tail in this way throws the body of the balloon into a position more nearly horizontal, so that it offers less resistance to the wind, and has less tendency to blow backwards. At the same time, owing to the flaps and the sloping bottom of the gas-bag, there is a general tendency for the wind to lift the whole balloon bodily, just as a kite is lifted, instead of blowing it backwards and downwards, as is the case with the ordinary spherical balloon when anchored. Between the two it is possible to arrive at a nice balance, so that the force of the wind trying to blow the balloon back and down is balanced by the force trying to lift it forwards and upwards, and so the whole thing remains practically where it was originally.

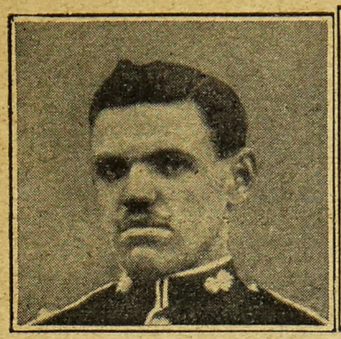
Captive Balloons as Artillery "Spotting" Posts

The result is an almost stationary platform for observation, and as these balloons can be let up to a height of 3,000, or even as much as 5,000 feet, the radius of vision is enormous. Even at 700 or 800 feet one can see for ten or twelve miles across flat country, which is quite far enough to spot the location of guns, with the result that when one of these balloons goes up the hostile heavy artillery generally cease fire, for fear the dust and flash of their discharge may disclose their position.

Naturally, the balloon is a good deal harder to hit than a church tower, and being higher it affords a better observation-post; so it is rather a pity our Allies on the Continent had not more of them at the beginning of the war, as they would have had better views of the hostile artillery, and might have saved many churches, which the Germans knocked down because they were sure they were used as artillery "spotting" posts.

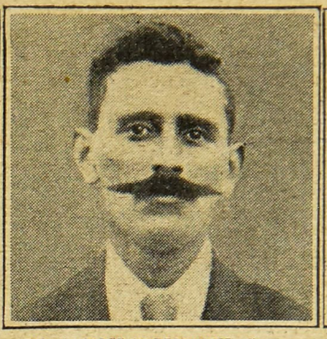
Every now and then one of the captive sausages—which are generally called "kite-balloons"—breaks away through a cable being cut by a shell, or simply through the cable breaking, and these have given rise to reports from all over Europe and the North Sea of Zeppelin or Parseval airships being wrecked, or adrift without control. One report from Holland of an airship "not under control" distinctly referred to a Parseval-Siegsfeld. Their use as aerial "guard-ships" is likely to become common, even in this country, in the near future.

Hard-won Battle Honours for British Heroes

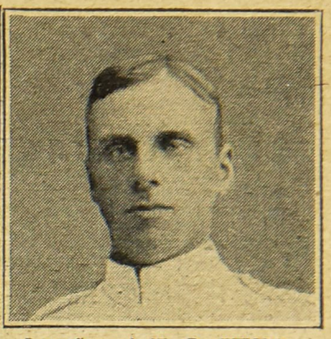


Private **EDWARD BARBER**, Grenadier Guards, who has been awarded the V.C. for his gallant conduct at Neuve Chapelle.

Commander **HENRY PEEL RITCHIE**, who won his V.C. for bravery in East Africa, when he was in command of Naval operations at Dar-es-Salaam.

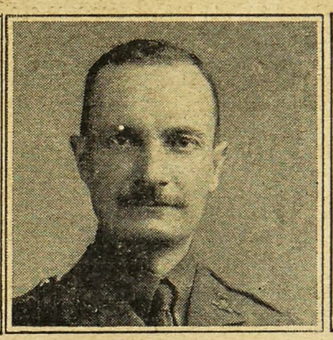


Private **ROSS TOLLERTON**, Cameron Highlanders, gained the V.C. at the Aisne, when, though himself wounded, he saved an injured officer.



Lance-Corporal **W. D. FULLER**, Grenadier Guards, who earned the Victoria Cross for splendid bravery at Neuve Chapelle.

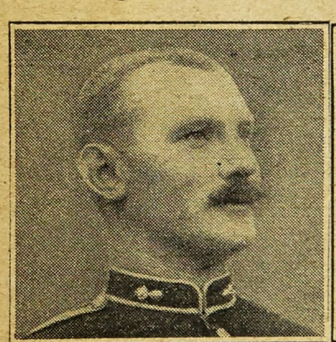
Major **C. J. C. GRANT**, (son-in-law of Lord Rosebery), Coldstream Guards, who has just been awarded the Distinguished Service Order.



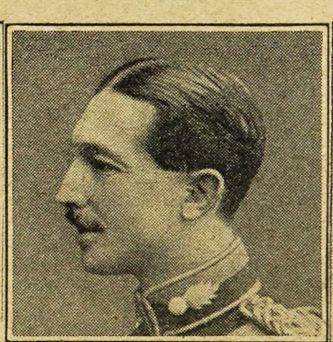
Captain **R. TULLOCK**, Royal West Kent Regiment, has gained the D.S.O. for exceptionally brave service in the field.

Major **J. LIVINGSTONE LEARMOUTH**, Royal Field Artillery, who has been awarded the Distinguished Service Order for his gallantry in action.

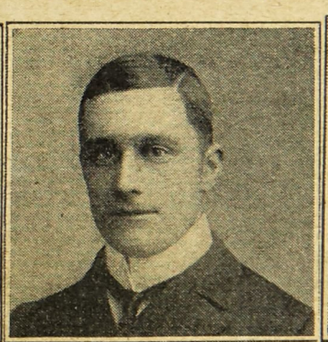
Major **G. SALMON**, of the Rifle Brigade, who has been honoured with the Distinguished Service Order for bravery in the field.



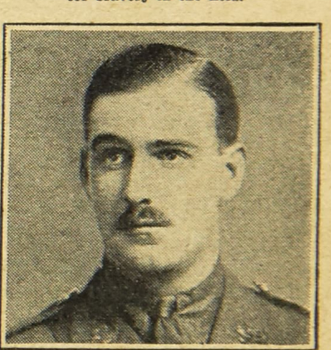
Brigade Sergt.-Major **THOMAS HEASMAN**, 70th Battery, Royal Field Artillery, has been awarded the French Military Medal for great bravery at Mons.



Major **A. NEWLAND**, of the Royal Field Artillery, who has been numbered among those honoured with the D.S.O. for distinguished conduct in action.



Captain **W. NUNN**, R.N., who gained the D.S.O. for his great coolness and skill in handling his ship under fire in unsurveyed waters.

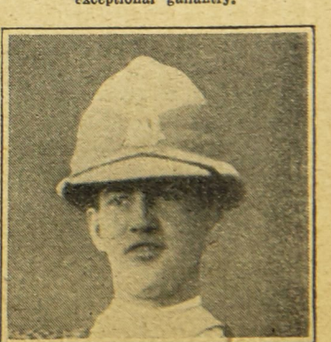


Lieutenant **H. G. de L. BUSH**, the Gloucester Regiment, who has been awarded the Military Cross for exceptional gallantry.

Lieutenant **DENYS CHARLES GERALD SHOPPEE**, who has been given the Distinguished Service Cross for gallant service in action.

Captain **R. LAING**, 1st Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, who has been awarded the Military Cross for his distinguished conduct.

Captain **H. E. NOWELL**, whom King Albert of the Belgians has created Chevalier of the Order of the Crown for his bravery.



Bandsman **G. MULLENGER**, 2nd Norfolk Regt., awarded the D.C.M. for acts of gallantry and devotion to duty during the Persian Gulf operations.

Portraits by Speight, Chancellor, Bonas, Heath, Lafayette, etc.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, April 23rd to April 30th

APRIL 23.—**New Battle for Calais.** Germans launched sudden attack to north of Ypres and made considerable advance, due to use of asphyxiating bombs. French retired from gas zone for several miles to Yser Canal, on west side of which Germans established themselves at Lizerne. The extreme left of the British line, which joined the French in neighbourhood of Langemarck, had to fall back.

APRIL 24.—**Canadians save the situation.** War Office announced that the fight for the ground into which the Germans penetrated between Steenstraate and Langemarck still continuing. The loss of this part of the line laid bare left of Canadian Division, and four Canadian 4·7in. guns passed into hands of enemy. Some hours later the Canadians made most brilliant and successful advance, recapturing these guns, and in the official words, "saved the situation."

French and Belgians recovered Lizerne, the village on west side of Yser Canal.

APRIL 25.—**Battle for Calais continued** in good conditions for the allied troops. Fierce German attacks at four points repulsed.

Landing at the Dardanelles. A large allied force successfully landed on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

Bosphorus Forts bombarded by the Russian Black Sea Fleet.

APRIL 26.—**Sir John French on the Coast Battle.** The Field-Marshal reported severe fighting north-east of Ypres, our troops bearing the brunt of heavy attacks, which they stubbornly opposed. Attacks delivered east of the Ypres salient repulsed, and German officers and men captured.

Later report stated British took the offensive, and made progress near St. Julien and to the west of that place. The French co-operated on our left, and farther to the north retook Hetsas.

British airmen bombed successfully stations and junctions at Tourcoing, Staden, Roubaix, Langemarck, Roulers, Ingelmunster, and Thielt.

On the Heights of the Meuse the German attacks on the front Les Eparges-Saint Remy and the Calonne trench suffered a complete defeat.

In the Vosges the Germans succeeded in setting foot on the summit of the Hartmannsweilerkopf.

APRIL 27.—**French recapture summit of Hartmannsweilerkopf**, and advanced 200 yards down the eastern slope.

Dardanelles Land Fighting. Announced that after a day's hard fighting in difficult country, troops on the Gallipoli under Sir Ian Hamilton made good their footing with the effective help of the Navy.

French official report states that French troops co-operated at Kum Kaleh, on the Asiatic coast of Dardanelles, occupied the village, and held their ground there, notwithstanding seven counter-attacks delivered by the enemy. They took 500 Turkish prisoners.

Mr. Asquith on Reparation. In House of Commons the Premier stated that "when we come to an end of this war we shall not forget this horrible record of calculated cruelty and crime, and we shall hold it to be our duty to exact such reparation against those who are proved to be the guilty agents as it may be possible for us to do."

Lord Kitchener, in House of Lords, also vigorously condemned German conduct in respect of British prisoners.

French armoured cruiser Léon Gambetta sunk by Austrian submarine at entrance to the Otranto Straits. Rear-Admiral Senes and nearly 600 of crew perished.

APRIL 28.—**German offensive definitely stopped.** Sir John French announced that allied operations definitely stopped the German attack, and no Germans now west of Yser Canal, except at Steenstraate, where they have established a small bridgehead. In resisting allied counter-attacks, Germans again made use of asphyxiating gases.

In Champagne Germans captured in region of Beausejour 300 yards of advanced trenches. French recovered half of them.

Prince of Wales left London to resume his duties with Expeditionary Force.

APRIL 29.—Announced British troops established themselves across the end of the Gallipoli Peninsula from a point north-east of Eski Hissarlik to the mouth of the stream on opposite side. Attacks at Sari Bair beaten off and steady advance reported.

French, in co-operation with Belgian troops, made progress in Belgium towards the north. On the right bank of the Yser Canal 150 prisoners and two machine guns taken.

Mr. Lloyd George introduced into House of Commons the Government drink proposals. They include increased taxation of spirits, heavy beers, and wines, and powers to control the sale of intoxicants in certain districts.

APRIL 30.—**Zeppelin raid on the East Coast.** Several incendiary bombs dropped in Ipswich and Bury St. Edmunds, doing heavy damage.

Reported Raid on Dunkirk. Mistranslation of French Official Communique announced that Dunkirk had been bombarded by German Fleet. Report subsequently contradicted by the Press Bureau.

"The War Brought Close"

A Note by the Editor

THIS is the happy phrase applied by the Editor of a well-known periodical to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. In scanning the pages of our first volume he was so greatly impressed by the vivid realisation of the war that came to him as he turned over page after page of the wonderful series of photographic records we have been able to bring together in our remarkable little publication, that he wrote of the book with honest enthusiasm.

HE felt that, while there is always a certain feeling of remoteness as one reads in the daily newspapers of the events that are happening away there on the Continent and in the far parts of the world, the magic of the camera suppresses at once this sense of distance and brings these events, which have happened as far east as Tsing-tau and as far west as the coast of Chili, "close" to the person who looks upon the printed reproduction of the camera's work.

THE unique success of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is due to the fact that its pages have been filled with the most remarkable collection of photographs of the most tumultuous period of the world's history. Just as the Great War has assumed strange and wonderful forms, because weapons of destruction have now been perfected to an extraordinary degree, so the perfecting of the camera has made it possible to record these great events while they are still in progress, and yet to give the record permanent form.

BUT the full success of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED does not appear in its pages from week to week. It is only when the weekly parts have been bound into volume form and hundreds of pages can be examined like the passing of a strange and grimly fascinating panorama, that this feeling of "the war brought close," which stirred the admiring comment of a brilliant rival editor, can be fully realised.

A little photograph of our first volume.

WHILE the very large circulation of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is the best of all evidence that the public consider each weekly part good value for the modest twopence, the full value of the work is only realised in bound volume form. It is not too much to say that when the twenty-six parts which constituted our first volume have been bound into the attractive and durable cases provided by the publishers their value is more than doubled.

THESE binding cases may be had from any bookseller or newsagent throughout the kingdom, and are sold at 1s. 6d., an attractive title-page and index, printed in blue on superior paper, and a beautiful full-colour plate of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe being presented to each purchaser. For a small sum the newsagent or bookseller will undertake the binding of your twenty-six parts into a splendid and permanent volume which you will treasure in years to come.

ANY reader who has not already had the first twenty-six parts bound into volume form is now urged to lose no time, as the supply of back parts to complete sets where parts are missing is steadily diminishing. The newsagent can secure at present for his customers such odd parts as they may require to complete the first volume. The publishers do not undertake the binding of the work.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

Elliott & Fry

LIEUT.-GENERAL E. A. H. ALDERSON, C.B.

In Command of the Canadian Contingents.

These pages, numbered with Roman numerals, may be included or omitted from the bound volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *as the subscriber prefers.*

MAP OF OUR FOUR WAR AREAS IN AFRICA

Copyright

The War Illustrated

From this exceptionally concise series of maps one can see at a glance the spheres of fighting in Africa. Since the German resistance in Togoland has collapsed, military operations are taking place in four areas illustrated on this page: (1) Kamerun; (2) Egypt; (3) German South-West Africa; and (4) German East Africa.

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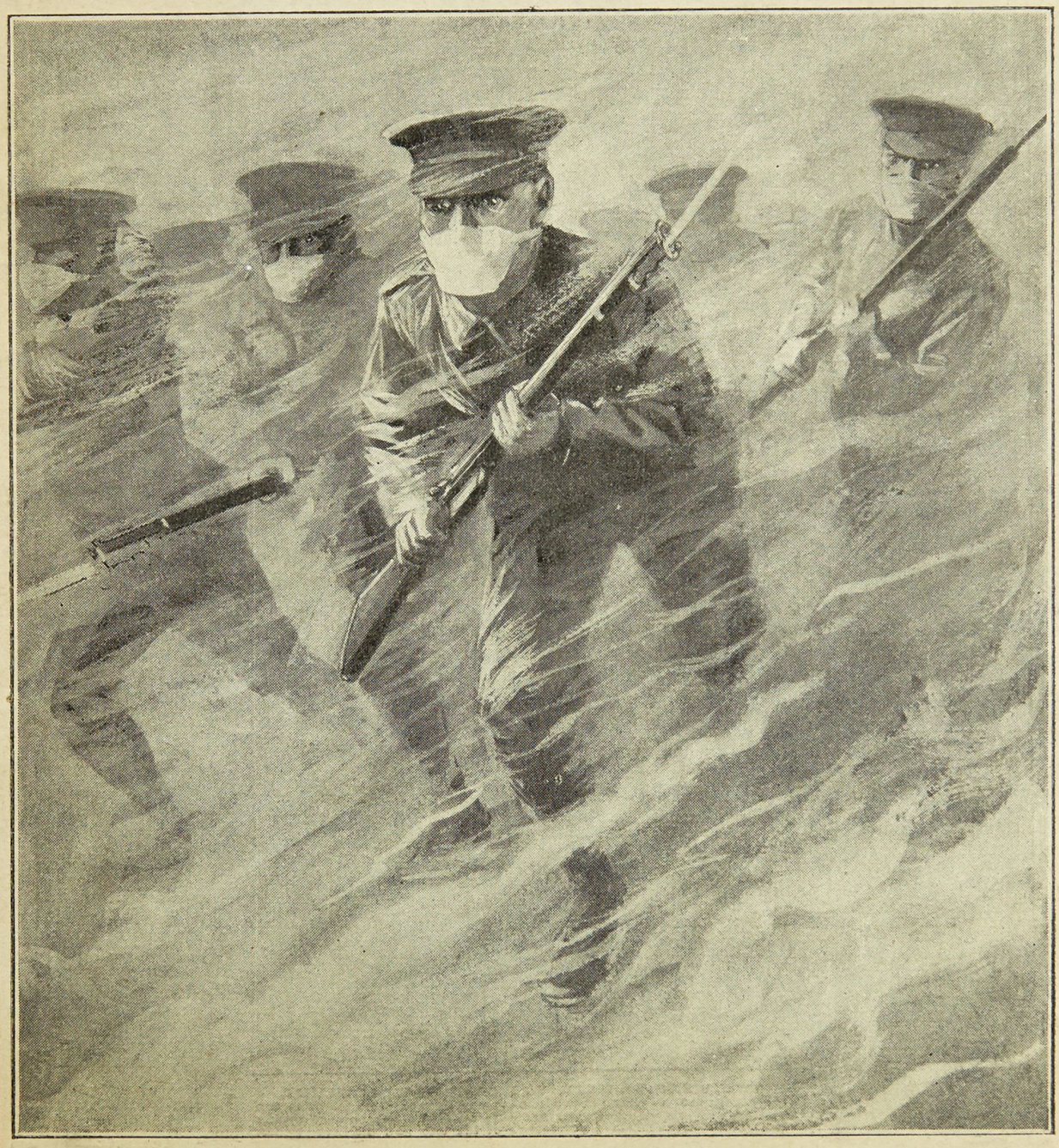
The War Illustrated 15th May, 1915. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

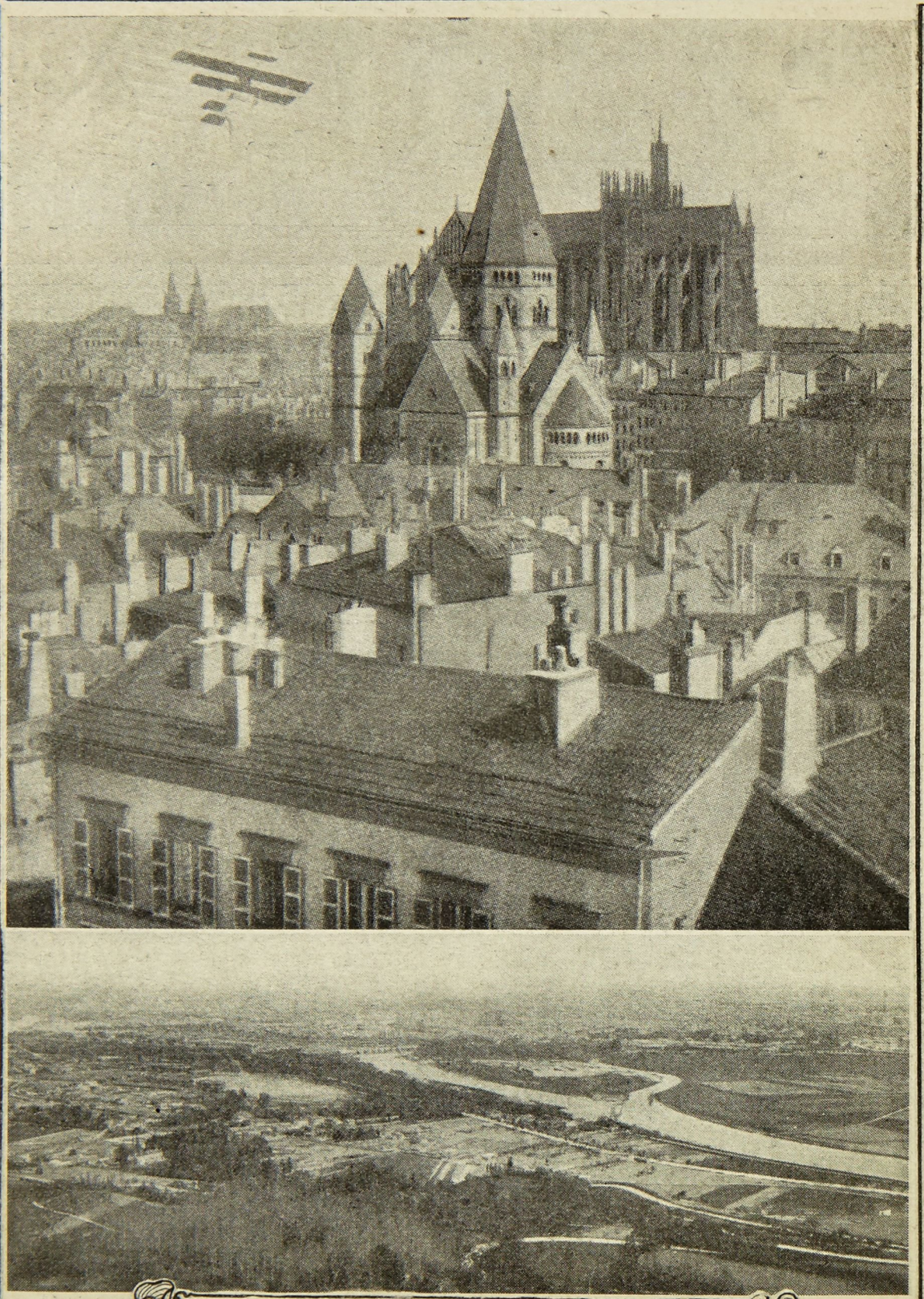
The Allies' Wonderful Advance on Turkey : PAGES 292-5

The War Illustrated

2d Weekly



Vol. 2 Fighting Foul Fumes and Fiends : The British Soldier still a match for coward Germans **No. 39**



TWO VIEWS OF METZ, THE CAPITAL OF LORRAINE, the reconquest of which is the ideal of our French friends. The top photograph is a general view showing an aeroplane encircling the cathedral. Beneath is a panorama of the city and the River Seille.

These pages numbered with Roman numerals, may be included or omitted from the bound volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *as the subscriber prefers.*

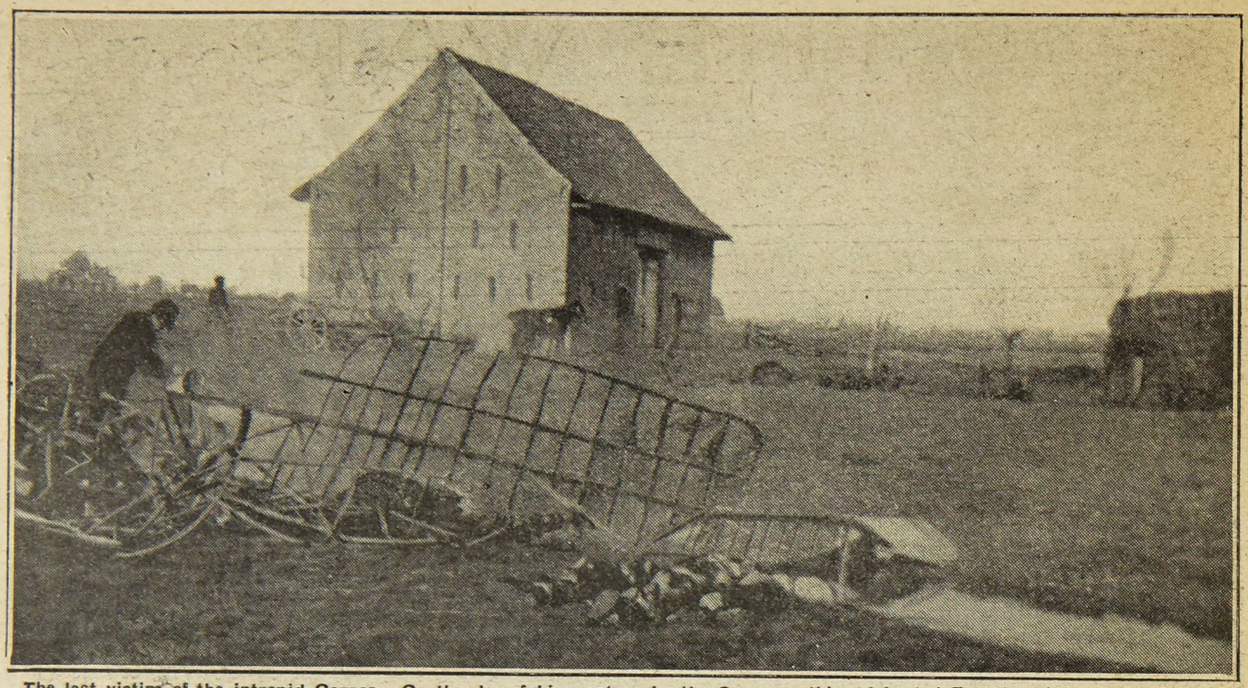
THE WAR Illustrated

No. 39. Vol 2
15th May, 1915

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

WHERE THE FRENCH LINES ARE NEAREST TO THE GERMAN.—This position, which is nearest to the German trenches in a certain part of the French front, is strongly fortified with sandbags and wattles. The rifles are always left ready in the loopholes even when there is "nothing doing," so to speak. Exclusive to "The War Illustrated."



The last victim of the intrepid Garros. On the day of his capture by the Germans this celebrated French aviator brought down a Taube, the debris of which is seen in this exclusive photograph. The dead pilot is lying in the centre, while a Belgian soldier on the left is pouring water over the burning machine.

DONINGTON HALL AND NELSON'S LAST PRAYER

THE fault of the Germans is that they have much knowledge, and no wisdom. But it is useless to complain that they fight as learned barbarians. Had they not been learned barbarians, they would not have attempted to subdue the civilised world. The great thing for us is not to lose our traditions of wisdom, or allow our minds to be swayed by German example.

Especially is this needful in regard to the conventions of civilised warfare. All talk about savage reprisals is foolishness. Let the Germans fight barbarously to the end, but let us continue to war, by land and by sea, in accordance with the prayer made by Nelson just before he died at Trafalgar. It was Nelson's last wish that humanity in the hour of victory should remain for ever the distinguishing mark of British valour.

NO German soldier or sailor can understand the vehement, passionate desire of the greatest fighting men of our race to impress the chivalrous conventions of warfare upon our people. The Germans, indeed, regard it as a characteristic piece of British sentimentality, as foolish as it is expensive. They have taken no prisoners in their naval victories. In the recent destroyer action off Harwich the ignorant brutes left a British officer and two British seamen to drown, in one of their holed and sinking ships, while they themselves were being rescued by our victorious sailors.

In the opinion of the German the British fighting man who rescues an enemy, sometimes at the risk of his own life, is a sentimental fool. When the German sufficiently masters his rage to take British prisoners, he does so out of the sheer lust of barbaric triumph. He is like Tamerlane, who carefully kept alive the kings he defeated, and chained them under his banqueting table, so that he could kick them and starve them, and thus show off his power and glory. For the German is deeply barbaric at heart.

THE German lost his hold on civilisation during his long and terrible wars of religion. And in spite of the efforts made by Lessing, Herder, and Goethe, he has been unable to recover the rich, practical wisdom of life which he lost. His efforts to recover it have only made him a pedant. But it is most vital that the excesses of this new barbarian should not mislead us, and induce us to throw over our advantages as a civilised and civilising Power.

IN his savage ignorance the German is unaware of the fact that humanity after victory is a wise, reasonable, and profitable thing. Our forefathers, after centuries of experience, discovered that the best way to sap an enemy's strength is to treat him kindly when you take him prisoner; for when the knowledge that you do this becomes widely known, it leads to easy surrenders in the critical moments of an action. Our Donington Hall is the most powerful weapon we possess against the Prussian military caste. Perhaps that is why our Government cleverly advertises it!

ON the other hand, the German naval and military authorities, by their notoriously cruel and brutal ill-treatment of drowning British sailors and captured British soldiers, have greatly strengthened the fighting power of our Empire. For now, when our men are in extreme difficulty, they regard a quick, fierce, fighting death as preferable to the suffering they may undergo if they surrender. The result is that some of them die, but others, by an access of desperate, mortal fury, pluck victory out of the jaws of defeat. Thus does the inhumanity of a savage foe bring about its own punishment. The Germans are nerving our soldiers and sailors to a most terrible height of courage.

TO our nation as a whole there accrues a great benefit from the barbaric methods of the Germans. All that British prisoners in Germany suffer is repaid a hundredfold by the desperation with which their comrades fight in the field. It was because Nelson did not want an enemy of his country ever to be invigorated, by reprisals upon prisoners, that he left his famous prayer as his greatest legacy to future generations of his race. Humanity after victory was one of the secrets of his success in war. Let it remain also one of the secrets of our success. We are wiser than the Germans.

Edward Wright

Martial Preparations in Allied Capitals

A stirring scene reminiscent of a picture by the French artist Detaille was witnessed recently when General Galopin, the new Governor of Paris, reviewed the garrison of the capital. The troops are here seen with their long bayonets fixed, marching past General Galopin, who succeeded the celebrated General Gallienni, on the right.

The Crystal Palace, which has seen so many vicissitudes of fortune, is now being utilised for seriously patriotic work. It is, in fact, an immense glass "training ship" for men of the Royal Naval Division, some of whom are seen in this photograph.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XXI.—The Great Landing Battles of the Dardanelles

STRIKINGLY strange are the changes in position between our last great war and the present one. In the spring of 1801 a British fleet, with troopships carrying a British army, anchored off the Turkish coast near the Dardanelles, to allow our soldiers and sailors to practise landing exercises. When the Scotsman commanding them reckoned they were excellent at their work, he left the Turks, whom he found useless as allies in modern warfare, and by a storming attack against Napoleon's troops entrenched round Aboukir Bay, he conquered Egypt with a British army of not more than 15,000 men.

This used to be the greatest landing feat in our history. It took Sir Ralph Abercrombie only a single day to beat down the opposition of the enemy, and land his troops by boat under the fire of powerful hostile guns. But the glory of Aboukir Bay has now been eclipsed by the achievement of another Scottish soldier—Sir Ian Hamilton—commanding troops from nations which did not exist in the days when the British made their first conquest of Egypt. Terribly different from the flat Egyptian shore was the tangle of hills and of thorn-bush valleys, surmounted with forts, in the Gallipoli Peninsula, guarding the Dardanelles. A few months before, a combined British and French fleet had met with serious disaster in a vain attempt to force the passage guarded by the forts. So part of the strange new British army of Egypt had been called out to help their naval comrades.

"The Strange New British Army"

There was an Australian contingent, linked with the New Zealand contingent, under the command of General Birdwood. Acting with the Colonial army was our 29th Division, under General Hunter Weston, with a French Colonial Division, under General D'Amade, famous for his achievements in Morocco. Sir Ian Hamilton was in high command of all these military forces, and Admiral de Robeck directed the naval side of the operations. The Turks holding the natural fortress of Gallipoli seem to have numbered about 80,000. They were commanded for the most part by German officers, and strengthened by a large force of German artillerymen, who employed motor-batteries as well as ordinary field-pieces, and heavy guns set in entrenched camps.

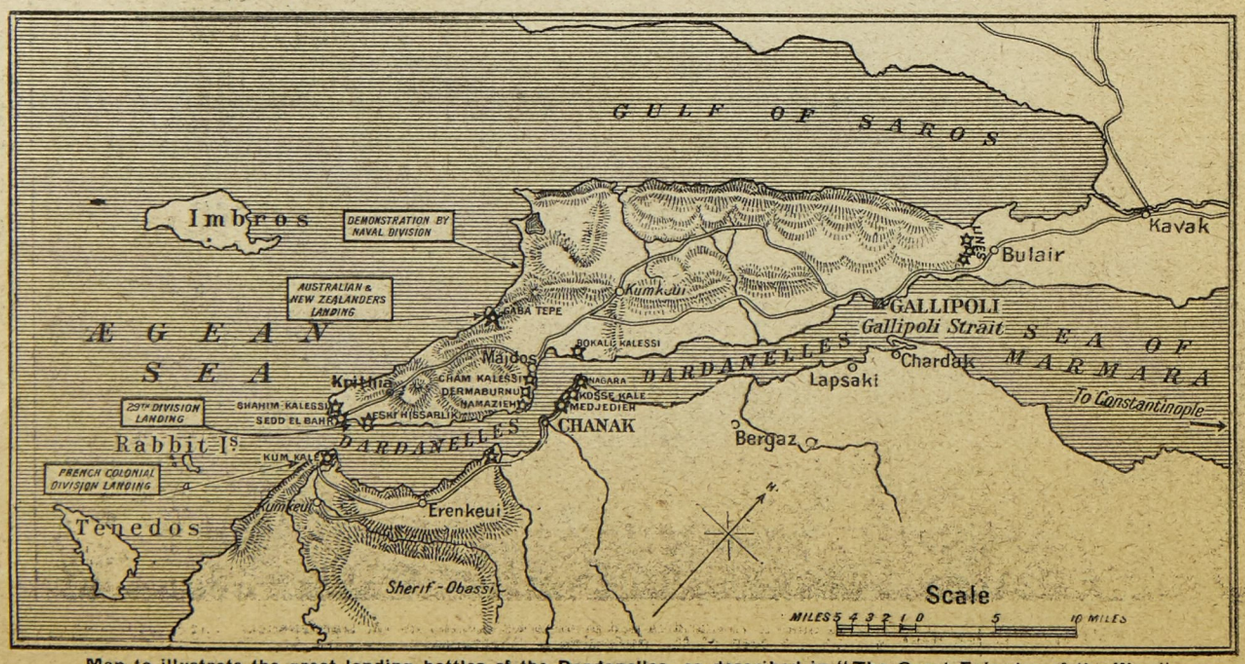
Owing to the lie of the land, the tremendous ordnance of our fleet could not clear a path for our Colonial troops at their selected landing-place, for the cliffs were so steep that no direct fire could be brought to bear upon the Turkish lines. Such was the position at the promontory of Gaba Tepe, on the sea side. The only other practicable landing-place was just inside the Dardanelles, near the fort of Seddul Bahr. Here was an inviting bay, giving easy access to the mountainous land behind. But the trouble was that this bay was dominated by powerful guns of German motor-batteries, firing from the other side of the strait, near the fort of Kum Kale. The Allied Fleet could not keep down the fire of these motor-batteries; in fact, the German artillerymen gave the battleships that came within their range a warm time.

The Allies' Two Useful Feints

On these facts, the plan of operations was drawn up, and put into execution on the night of Saturday, April 24th, 1915. Admiral de Robeck provided a naval division, which drew off the Turks, by preparing to force a landing on a strip of flat land some miles north of Gaba Tepe. This was only a feint. The real attack was made against the steep sandstone cliffs of Gaba Tepe, by the Australians and New Zealanders. At the same time the French Colonial Division feinted at the Plain of Troy, and, having attracted the Turkish forces to this neighbourhood, they swerved in landing and stormed the battered fort of Kum Kale. The result was that the German motor-batteries had to retreat southward. But this Kum Kale attack was also only a strong and useful feint. It was intended to clear away the German guns, and allow our 29th Division to embark on the other side of the strait in the bay near Seddul Bahr. There were great rejoicings in Constantinople over the defeat of General D'Amade's Division on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles. But all that happened was that the French troops first ensured the safe embarkation of our men, and then crossed the strait themselves, in accordance with the original plan of attack, and reinforced our 29th Division.

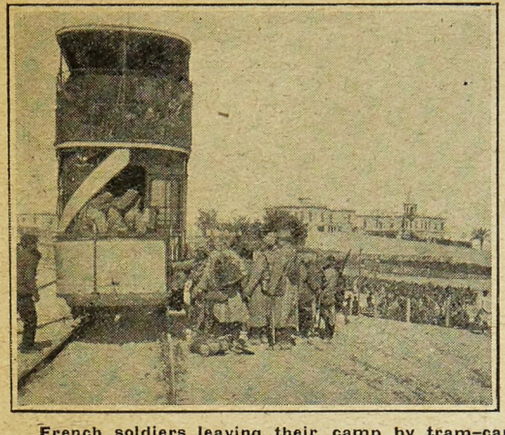
There were thus two small Allied armies attacking from the west and the south the formidable natural fortress of Gallipoli. Two great mountain masses separated them from each other, and they had to operate for weeks without being able to give any mutual assistance, until they had each driven a great wedge into the German-

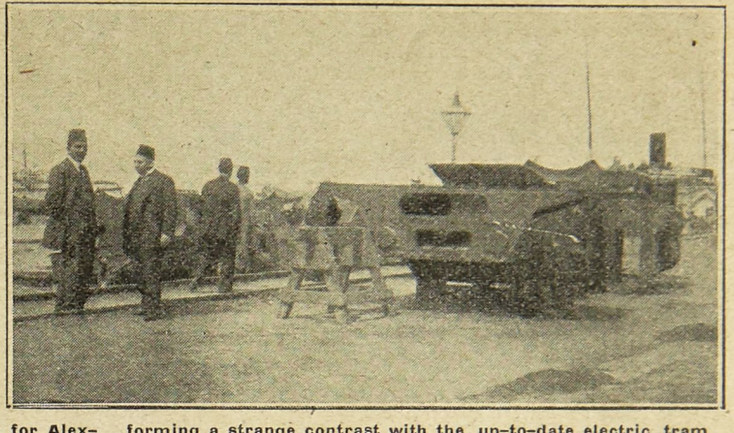
(*Continued on page* 294.)



Map to illustrate the great landing battles of the Dardanelles, as described in "The Great Episodes of the War."

Our Allies at Alexandria set out to meet the Turk





French soldiers leaving their camp by tram-car for Alexandria, to embark for the Dardanelles. In the background is the Sultan's summer palace, the typically Eastern building, forming a strange contrast with the up-to-date electric tram that might have been taken from Shepherd's Bush! On the right: Parts of captured German locomotives at Alexandria.

Red Cross train at Alexandria that had brought wounded Indians from the Dardanelles. In front French soldiers are marching to embark. Inset: Departure of Senegalese troops for the Dardanelles. In the foreground, an Arab lemonade-seller.

French cavalrymen with their horses on the quay at Alexandria just prior to embarking for the Dardanelles. The transport boats that are to take them to the fighting area are seen at the quay-side. (Photographs exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR XXI

(Continued from page 292.)

Turkish army. At the time of writing we do not know much about the fortunes of our 29th Division and the French troops acting with it.

After effecting a landing by nightfall on Sunday, April 25th, they were held up all the next day by Turkish infantry and German artillery entrenched on the hills behind massive wire entanglements. But on Monday evening the leading troops of the British force stormed the first line of heights near Seddul Bahr, from which they were able to cover the disembarkation of the rest of the division. On Tuesday evening they were joined by the French troops, and then, with the guns of one of our battle squadrons clearing their way, they advanced up the slopes of the height of Hill 730, east of the village of Krithia. It took the combined army corps of allied troops a week and more to advance from Seddul Bahr to Krithia, a distance of only four miles! It was an eight days' raging, incessant, night and day battle, in which our troops beat back stronger forces, through wire entanglements, land mines, wolf-pits, and broken, scrub-covered rock.

An Incessant Eight-Day Battle

It is hard to say whether our southern or western forces had the more arduous job. But certainly the Australians and New Zealanders had, from the beginning, a terrible time of it. If, when they were training in Egypt, they envied the heroism of our Regular soldiers in forcing the passage of the Aisne, they lost all ground for envy when they themselves landed in the light of a half-moon beneath the cliff of Gaba Tepe. They were conveyed in boats at three o'clock in the morning, towed by steam pinnaces, with British battleships behind them. Just on five o'clock, when the boats were close to the beach, a line of Turkish troops, entrenched on the foreshore, opened fire with rifles and machine-guns. No reply was made from the boats, though many of our men were struck; but when shallow water was reached, a party of Australians leaped into the sea, without charging their magazines, and took the Turkish trench with the bayonet, capturing a machine-gun.

Halfway up the wall-like cliff was another Turkish trench from which the enemy was pouring a deadly fire on boats and troops. The Australians stopped to charge their magazines; then, clutching at the scrub on the face of the cliff, they climbed up. Some were shot down, but in fifteen minutes the others had bayoneted or scattered all the Turks and captured the second trench.

By this time it was clear daylight, and the misty central mass of mountain by Gaba Tepe could be seen rising immediately in front of the landing-party. The nearest summit was nine hundred and fifty feet above the sea, and it sloped down in ridges of broken ground, seams of water-courses, and patches of thornbush, all giving good cover for thousands of Turkish sharpshooters. These concentrated their fire at almost point-blank range on the crowded boats, and all day long the work of disembarkation had to be carried on under the ceaseless fire of the Turkish snipers.

But the enemy did not have things all his own way. For at daybreak our fleet opened fire with all their smaller guns, while the advanced companies of Australians fought their way to the top of the first ridge, and then opened battle. Their way of fighting was heroic and venturesome. They did not entrench under the shelter of a covering fire from the naval guns, but crept forward, east and north, round the central height, searching for their foes. No help could be given to them by the fleet. For the Turkish positions had not been discovered, nor was the strength of the Turkish forces at this point known, so the Australians set out in search of information. They drove back, in fierce little spurts of guerilla warfare, the Turkish line near the sea. Then the German commander sent forward a strong reserve force, and tried to outflank the Australians. But they too were reinforced, and they held the ridge against all counter-attacks.

Meanwhile some of the enemy's guns came into action from a concealed position, from which they enfiladed all the beach with shrapnel fire. One of our cruisers steamed close to the shore, and knocked out the battery with a tornado of shells. Then, as night fell, the grand German-Turkish counter attack came. In dense columns they advanced, the men who desired to save Constantinople and the Ottoman Empire. They were brave to death, these descendants of the last great conquering race of Asia. But the men of a remote and newly discovered continent in the southern seas had that within them which no Turk could withstand.

The Flash of the Colonials' Bayonets

The freest-born of all men, these sons of the new Commonwealth of the Southern Cross, without the help of a single gun ashore, beat back the defenders of the Dardanelles, and then advanced again and again against the storm of shrapnel fire. Dawn broke with no lull in the great decisive landing battle. For just before daybreak the Turkish army was again strongly reinforced. From the fighting-tops of our battleships, the sailors could see new hostile batteries being hauled into position on the heights.

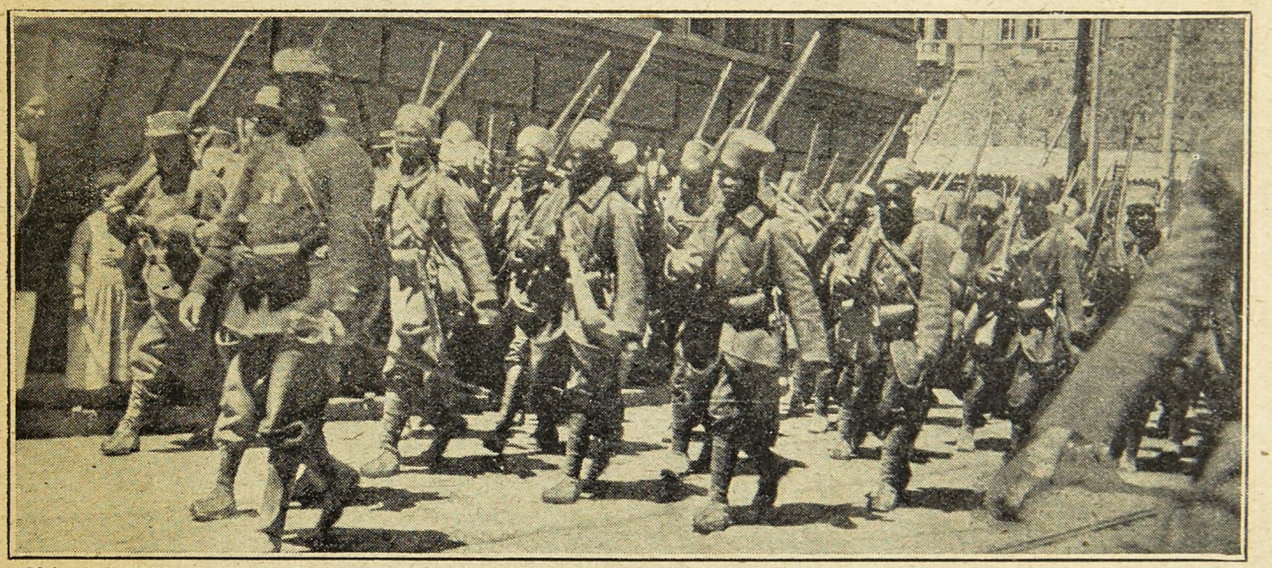
But the Colonial troops had now done the main part of their work in the landing operations. For the positions and forces of the enemy were fully disclosed. And as the Turkish infantry descended in large masses to drive our men into the sea, Queen Elizabeth, with her 15 in. guns, and other warships, with 12, 6, and 4 in. armament, opened fire. In a single shell from Queen Elizabeth there were 20,000 bullets. She fired eight of these shells at every salvo, and repeated the dose in less than a minute. The mountainous ground occupied by the Turks was transformed into a smoking volcano, with common shell and shrapnel from the British fleet. For two hours the ships continued to fire, and under the arch of death and flame and thunder which they formed, our Colonial troops advanced and dug themselves in. Then there was a sudden silence. The bayonets of Australia and New Zealand flashed on the height, and the shattered Turkish forces broke and fled.

Turkish troops drilling at Taxim Barracks, Constantinople, before proceeding to Gallipoli Peninsula to meet the allied forces.

Turkey's Death Struggle with Forces of Progress

Band of Turks officered by Germans on their way to meet the allied troops just landed on the Gallipoli Peninsula. It will be seen that they are equipped much as European soldiers.

A Turkish infantry column resting by the wayside during their march to the Gallipoli Peninsula to combat the soldiers of civilisation.

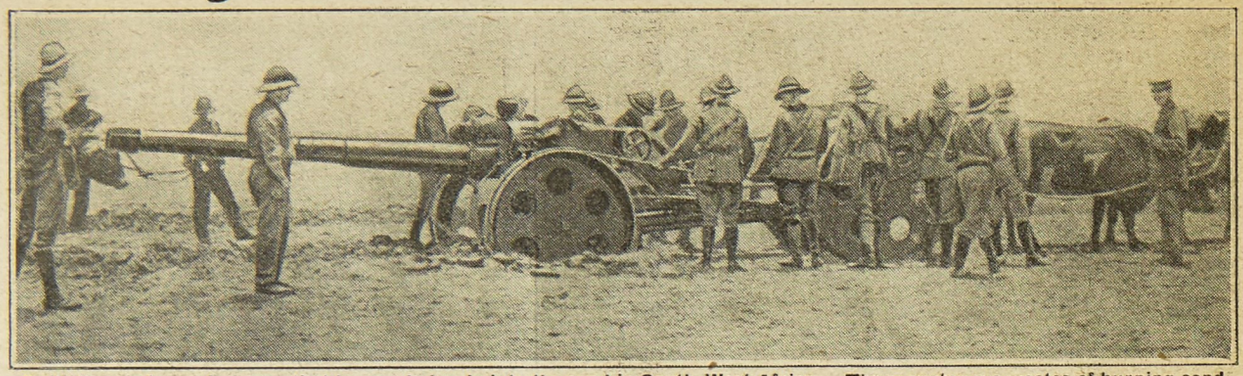


Africa helps to thrust out the Turk from Europe. A large number of French Senegalese soldiers are with our ally's expeditionary force. This photograph shows these black warriors on their way to embark for the Dardanelles from Alexandria.

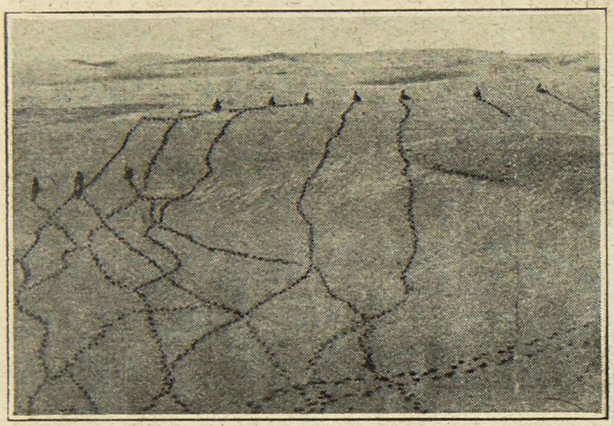
British Marines and a sailor with a landing-party in the Dardanelles returning to ship with a keg of fresh water.

Men from old Gaul and the Island Continent fraternise aboard ship. French and Australians in happy camaraderie at the Dardanelles.

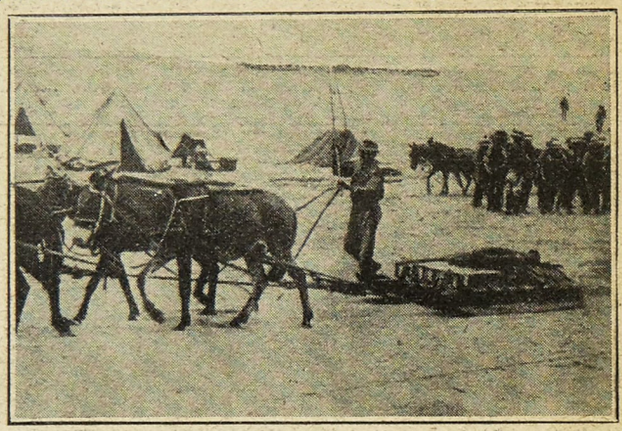
Planting the Union Jack in German Africa



British gun, drawn by oxen, that has sunk deeply into the sand in South-West Africa. The monotonous wastes of burning sand in this, one of the driest regions in the world, cause many transport difficulties that are not easily overcome by the Union forces.



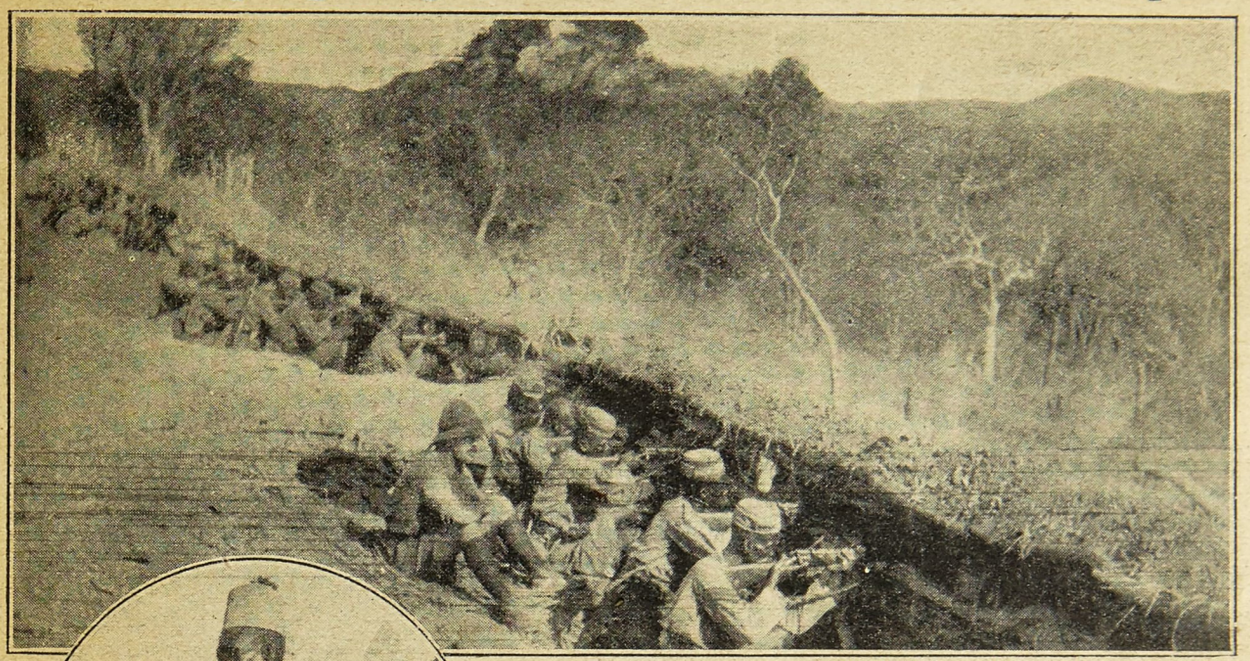
Curious effect caused by the network of the soldiers' footmarks as they advanced against the Germans over the sand-dunes.



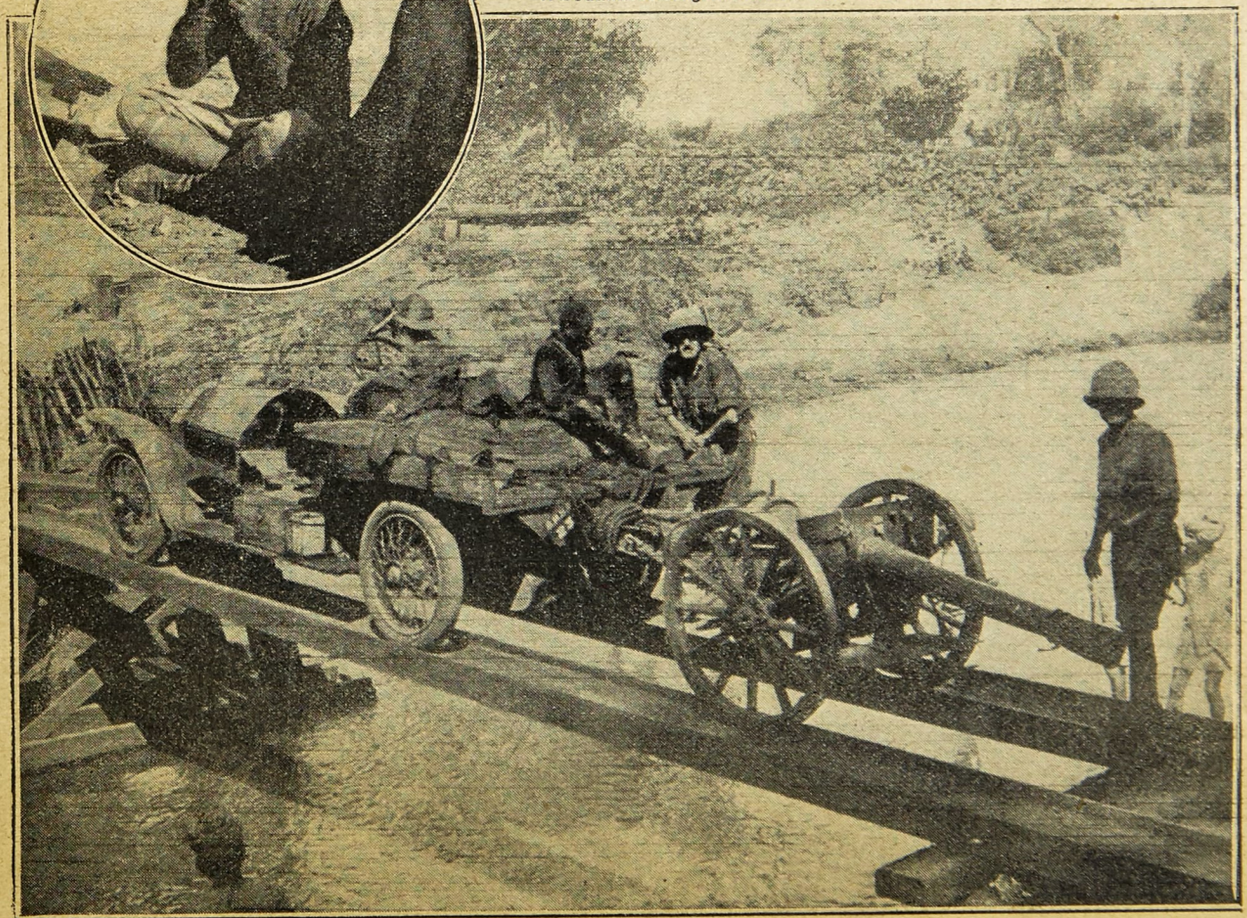
Mule-transport in South-West Africa. Water, fodder, and food supplies have to be carried by the Army over the desert sands.

Advancing under fire over the desert in South-West Africa. The man in the foreground has been shot in the leg, and behind the foremost footprints can be seen a spurt of sand thrown up by a bullet. With the breath of every wind red-hot, like the blast from a furnace, the sand glaring white to the eyes, dune upon dune in an endless glistening vista—choking, blinding, clogging—warfare in such conditions is as bad as in Europe for the men who are planting the Flag in German Africa.

The Campaign against Kaiserism in the Tropics

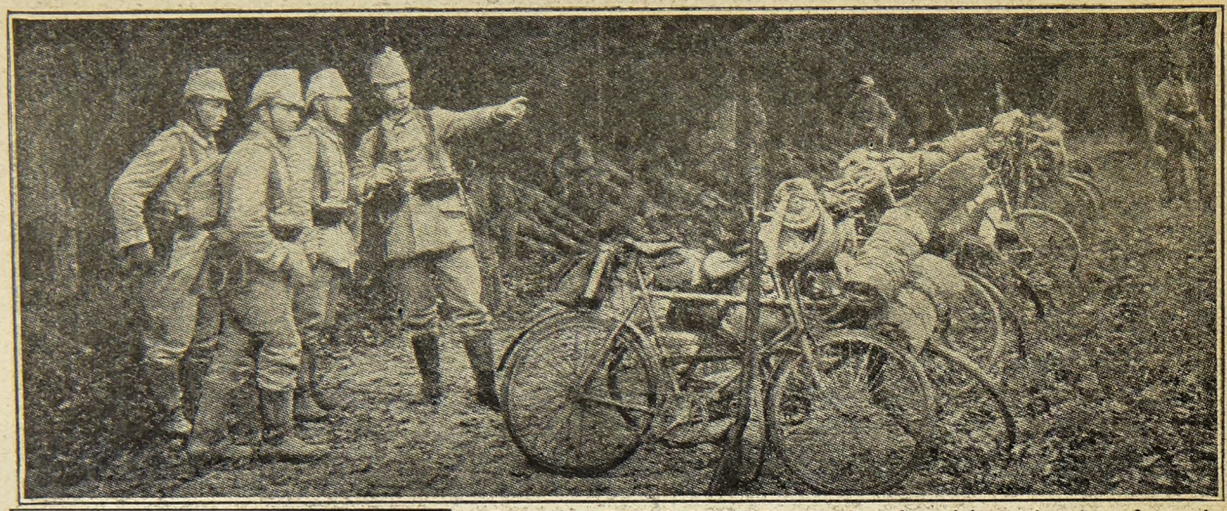


Trench warfare in torrid heat. King's African Rifles in the trenches at a post on the Tsaro River, German East Africa. A British officer in the foreground looks into the dense bush for signs of the approaching enemy. Inset: A Soudanese sergeant shaves himself at a British camp in the wilderness.

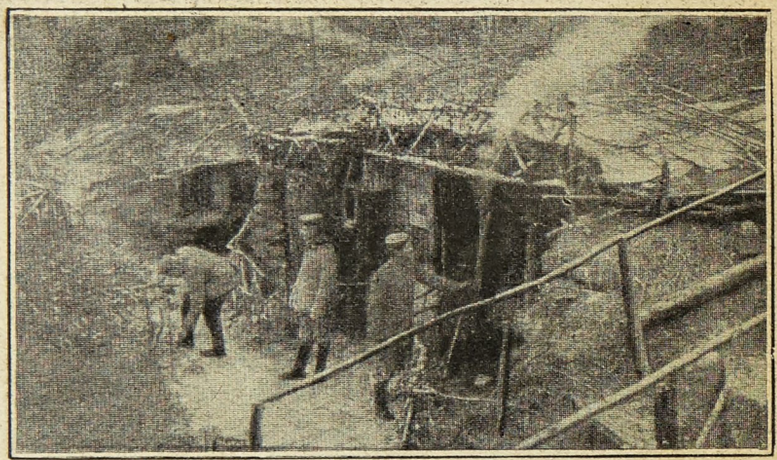


Although the Germans have stated that the problem of their colonies must be settled on European battlefields, they are putting up a hard fight in their various African possessions. This photograph from East Africa shows a British gun to operate against the adjacent German colony crossing a river on an improvised bridge in charge of British officers and native and Indian soldiers.

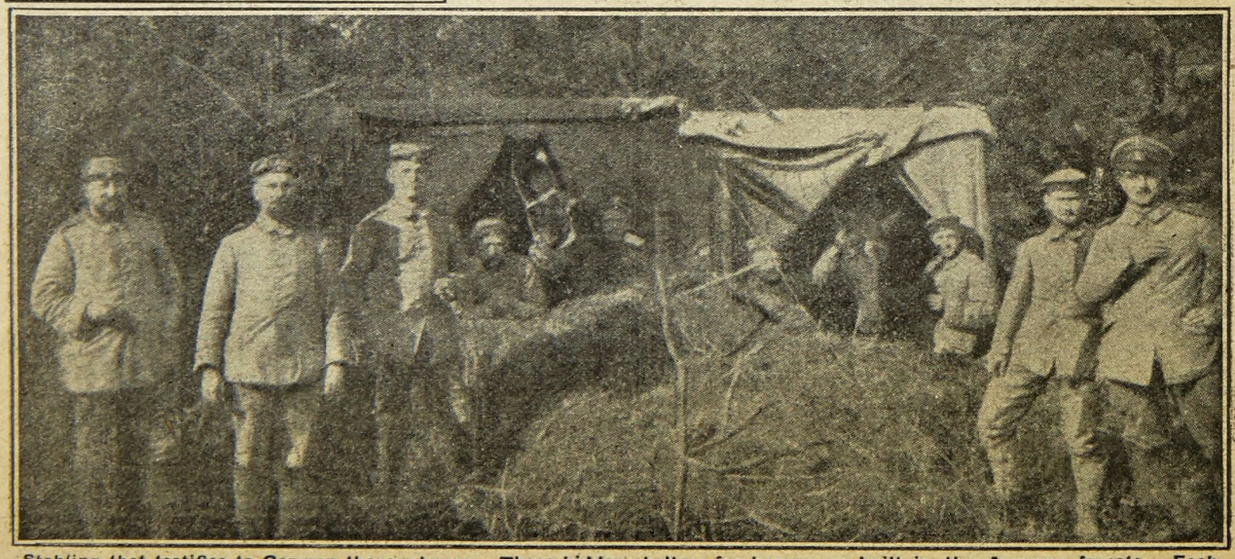
With the Kaiser and his Huns in Ravaged France



German cyclist battalion in France. Patrol receiving orders to go forward in advance of the battalion.



Left: The All-Highest War Lord conversing with an officer in the market-place at Vouziers, in the Champagne district. Standing on the left is Chief-General von Einem, Commander of the Third German Army Corps. Above: Shelters built by German soldiers in a wood in France.



Stabling that testifies to German thoroughness. These hidden shelters for horses are built in the Argonne forests. Each horse has a canvas tent to protect it from wind and cold, and also to hide it from the allied airmen.

Charge of the Uhlans: Martyrdom of Rheims

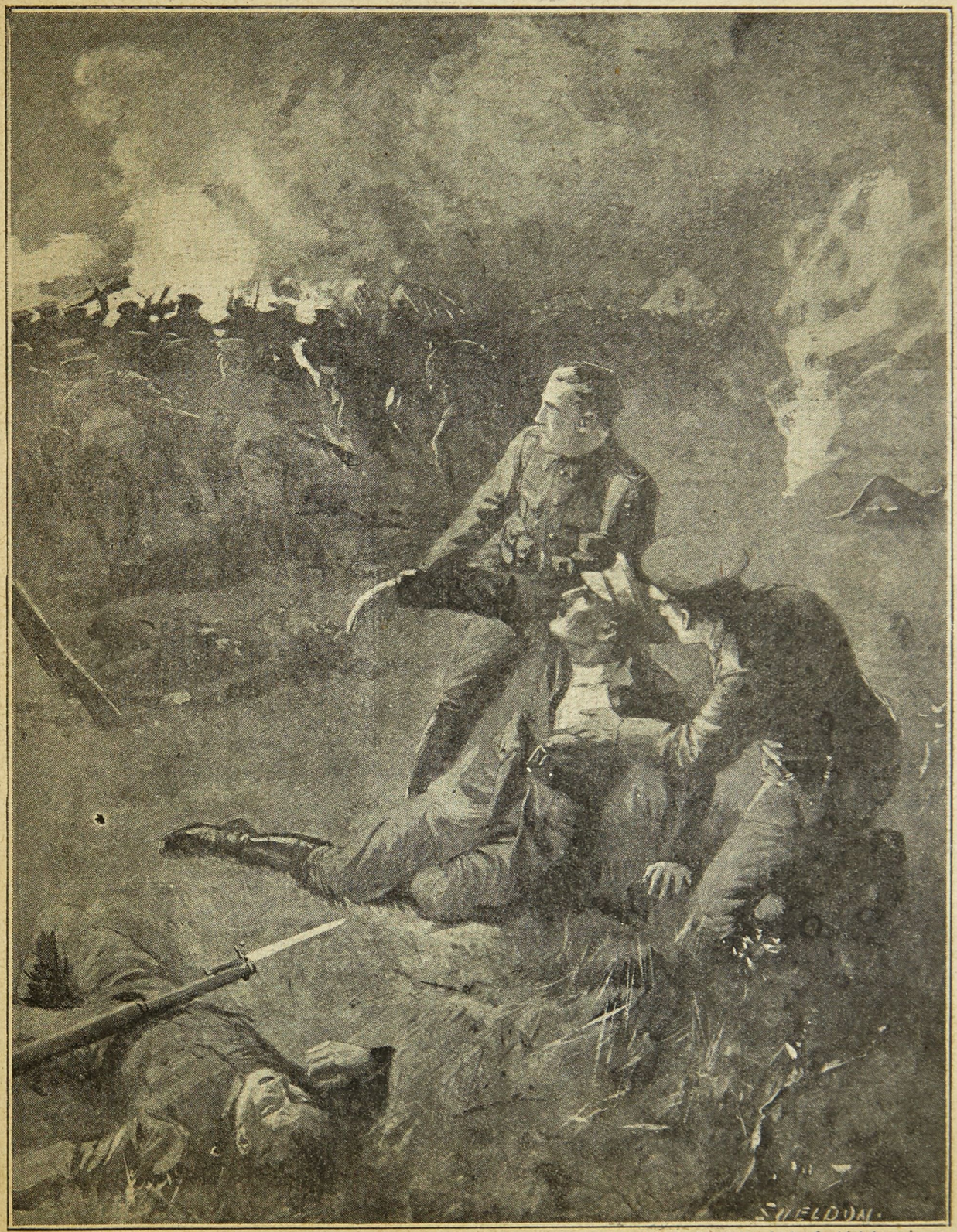
Company of Uhlans riding out of cover in the Champagne district to charge a body of French infantry. In the early stages of the war these notorious cavalrymen, who went in advance of the invaders, terrorised the non-combatants by their brutality. With the advent of continued dry weather the use of cavalry will be more general.

Watching their "higher civilisation" work out its destiny on the time-honoured relic of Rheims. A group of German officers on the highway leading to the French city following through their glasses the effect of incendiary shells on the cathedral just discernible on the rising ground in the distance. The tree on the left has been shattered by a shell.

"Stand to Your Arms!" Mustering Reserves at Ypres

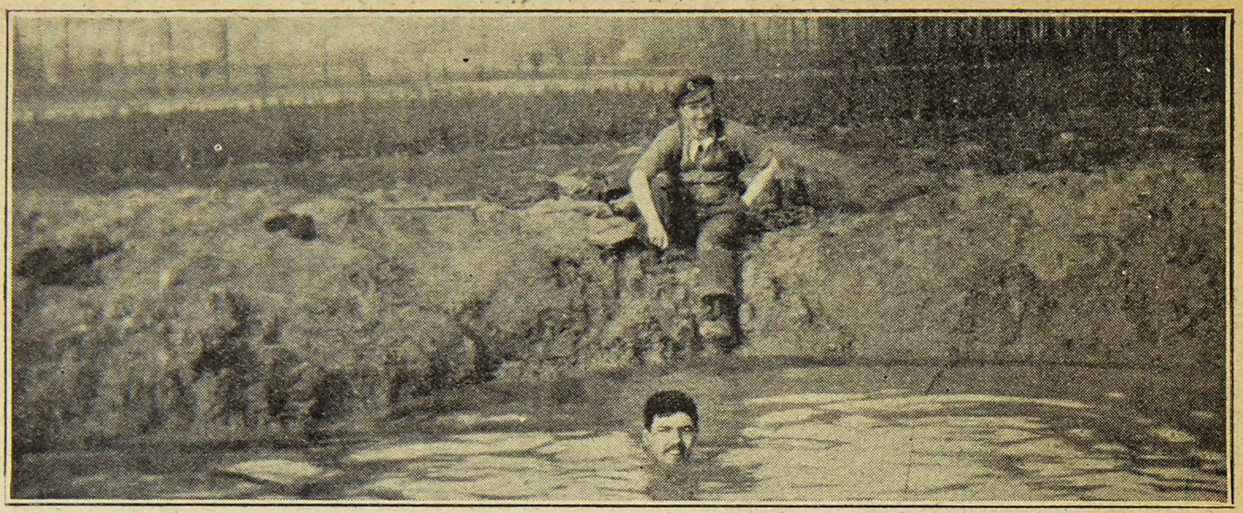
When the enemy, using as shield a cloud of poisonous gas, had temporarily succeeded in penetrating behind the Allies' line north of Ypres, during the second great fight that raged round that stricken town, a British Staff officer dashed up on horseback to our reserves gathered near Ypres, shouting: "Stand to your arms!" Calmly and quietly, yet amid a scene of wild confusion caused by the terrified fugitives, our men fell in at their posts in perfect order. Then they went forward to the attack with their bayonets, and after repeated charges recaptured our heavy guns and saved the situation.

Dying Officer's Pride in His Regiment



Through a soldier's letter comes an echo from Neuve Chapelle that throws the light of publicity on one out of the hundreds of fine instances of individual British pluck and gallantry during that great battle. There are too many stories of heroism among our officers and men that must for ever remain untold; yet this incident, the facts of which have been preserved, is an illustration of the splendid spirit of our officers. The soldier tells how one of his officers, though mortally wounded, refused to be taken from the field. "Prop me up," he said, "that I may see my regiment go forward."

Britain's Pioneer Regiment in the Line of Fire

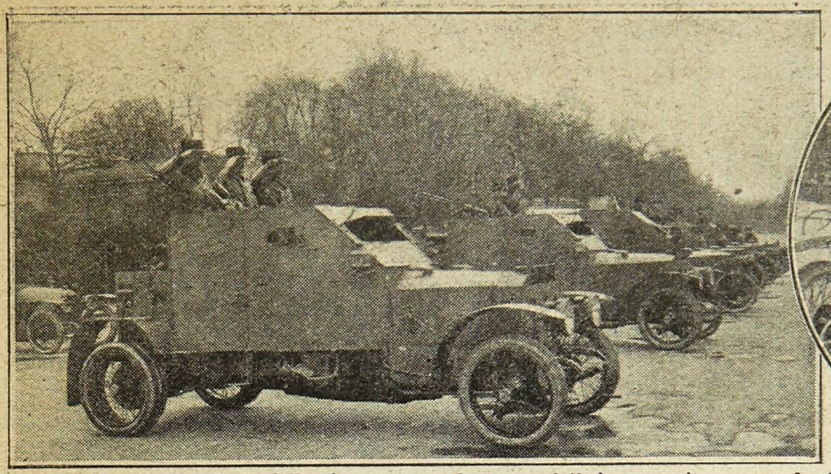


Members of the H.A.C. enjoying a dip in a cavity, flooded after a heavy rainfall, that had been made by a German shell. The Honourable Artillery Company, which is a century older than the standing Army, has been at the front since October.

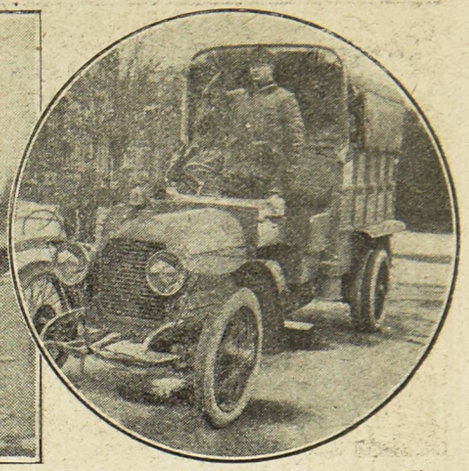
A siesta in a sand bag trench. Inset: Another peaceful scene in the firing-line. Men of the H.A.C. at rest in their sand-bag "lounge" during a lull in the fighting.

An H.A.C. gun position, carefully screened with foliage and earthworks. The H.A.C., in spite of its name, has only two or three batteries of artillery, the majority of the corps being infantrymen. In 1537—five hundred years after its birth, in the reign of William II.—when Henry VIII. granted the Company its first charter, "artillery" included long-bows, cross-bows and arrows.

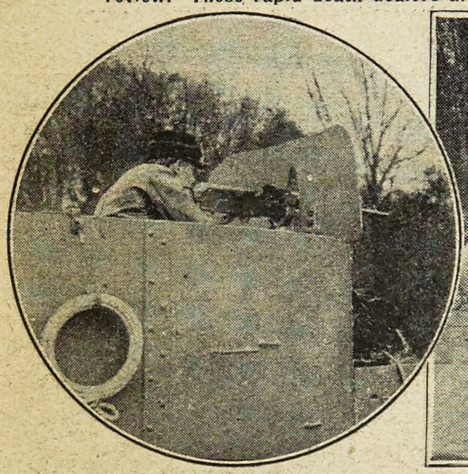
The Automobile as Life-saver and Death-dealer



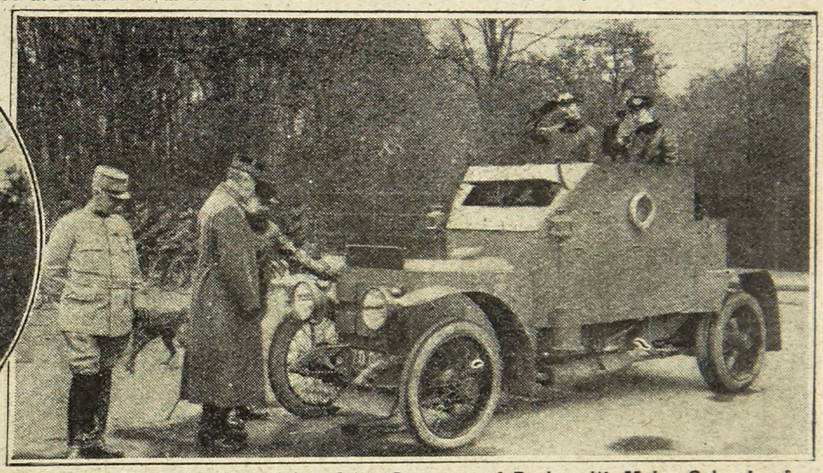
Some of the new fleet of Belgian armoured cars and their crews in course of review. These rapid death-dealers are armed with mitrailleuses.



An intrepid Belgian soldier-automoblist, Constant Le Marins, on a motor-ambulance.



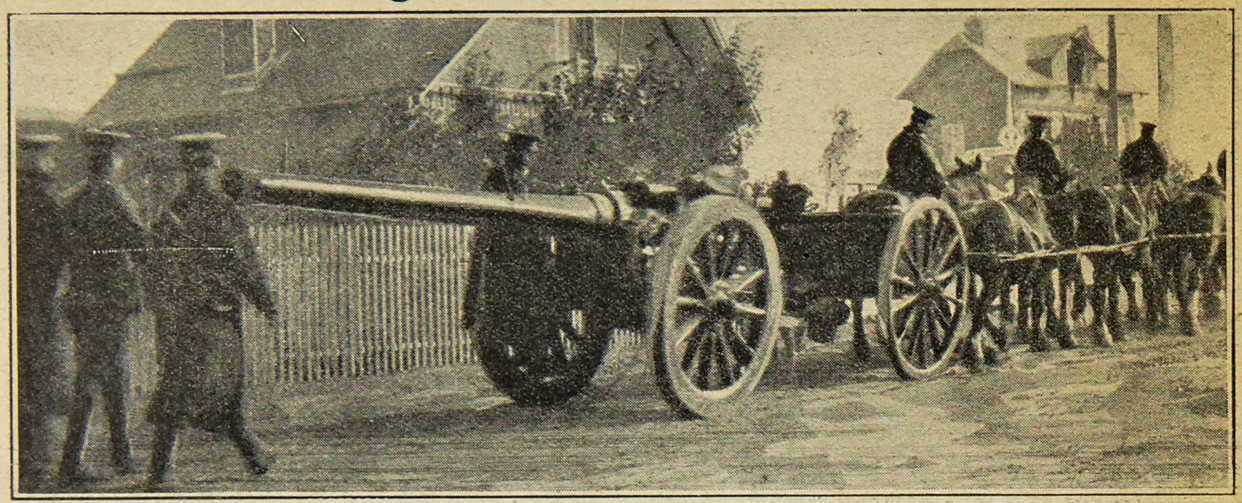
A Belgian mitrailleuse gunner at his post behind the gun.



General Clergerie, Etat Major of the Governor of Paris, with Major Colomb, of the Belgian Army, reviewing the auto-mitrailleuse section.

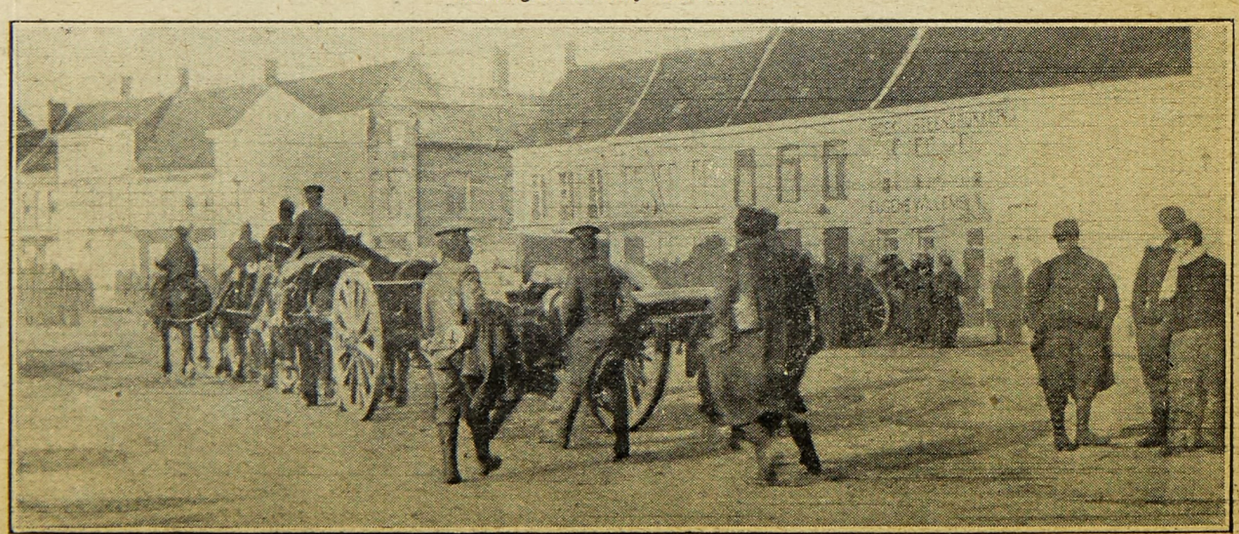
An impressive service took place recently at the Russian church in Paris. Before the departure to the front of a number of new motor-ambulances a religious ceremony was held, in the course of which a benediction was invoked by the Russian priest.

The Grim Pageant of War in Rural France



Now that the spring sun has dried the roads in France and Flanders, transport difficulties are lessened, and the heaviest guns can be moved fairly quickly from place to place. Past houses that must remind our soldiers of the English country-side, this heavy gun is being drawn by eight powerful horses to a new position in the fighting-line in France.

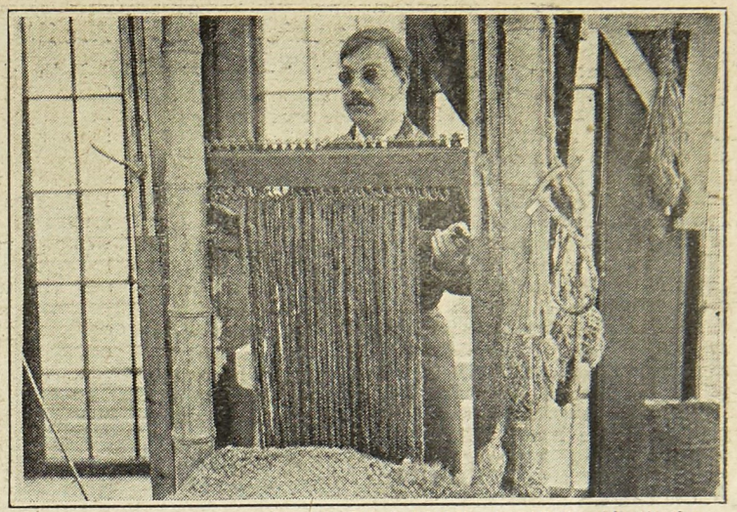
French country-folk greatly interested in a British aeroplane that has descended near their village. To the left is a "Tommy" wearing the Military Police armlet.



British big gun, drawn by a team of eight horses, rolling through the street of a small Belgian town on its way to the front. The picturesque Belgian soldiers on the right are keenly interested in our artillery.

Work for Blinded Soldiers—War's Saddest Victims

A soldier, blinded in the war, receiving instructions in boot-making at the Hostel, St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park.

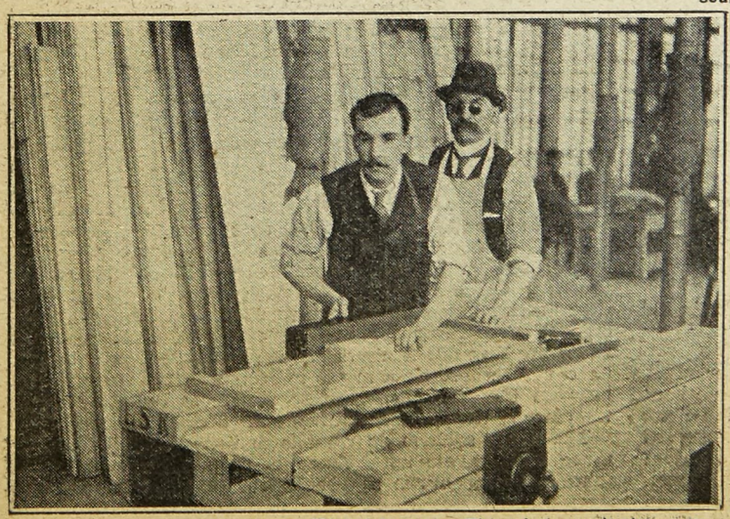


Another craft now being taught at the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Institution, Regent's Park. A private learning to make mats.

ONE of the most urgent and appealing problems of the war is that of finding suitable employment for soldiers who have lost their sight on the battlefield. Blindness is surely the most tragic fate that can befall any man, and should it be the sacrifice suffered for defending honour and liberty, it is, to say the least, the duty of humanity to see that such afflicted soldiers are ensured a livelihood in the days when peace follows the turmoil of war. With this object in view, that admirable institute, the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Hostel, St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, has been founded, and is conducted with the concurrence and support of the War Office, the Prince of Wales's Fund, the Order of St. John, and the National Institute for the Blind. Here, and at a branch hostel, these most pitiable of all our heroic wounded are being taught various trades, some of which are illustrated in the photographs on this page. Joinery, basket-making, boot-making, and typewriting are a few of the occupations that can be learnt by those who have lost their vision.

It is to be hoped that so praiseworthy a cause will receive all the support of which it is deserving. Fortunately the number of soldiers who have lost their sight in the war is comparatively small.

Recreation for the soldiers who now live in darkness. They are being taught to scull on the lake in Regent's Park.



Joinery is also taught to these afflicted heroes. This photograph shows an apprentice and his master at work in a corner of the carpenters' shop.

Secretarial work for those who have lost their sight on the battlefield. A soldier learns typewriting by touch.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

WE are entering into the most critical period of the war, and the character of the summer campaign will be largely decided within the next three weeks. The campaign must of necessity be terrific and costly, and casualties cannot fail to be very great. At point after point in long sustained fighting now ahead we are bound to receive some hard knocks. We may lose positions that we desire to hold. There must come days when the messages from the fighting-front will cause us all grief. Our resources will be taxed to the utmost.

This is the inevitable necessity in a war such as we are now waging. I emphasise this darker side because I believe that there is at present a very decided and dangerous tendency to over-confidence. The peril is that the people who are elated by a false complacency to-day are apt to be plunged into needless pessimism to-morrow. The man who is certain now that the Germans will soon be swept from the board will be inclined, a month hence, when the fighting is fiercer than ever, to declare that we can do nothing against them. Each extreme is equally harmful and equally absurd.

Let us Face the Facts

Let us face the facts as they are. In the opening move of the spring campaign the Germans have gained several initial advantages. Their new army of one and a half million men, carefully trained throughout the winter months, has taken the field. It has been thrown with the utmost vigour and at the most terrific cost on the British front in Flanders, and on the flank of the Russians in Western Galicia. It is sufficiently strong in both these regions to maintain attack after attack, and to throw away the lives of hundreds of thousands of men.

The German losses in the recent fighting round Ypres, for example, have been appalling. The men, charging in their solid formations, have been swept down not by the hundreds, but by the many thousands. The same is happening in the east. But the Germans have sufficient forces to adopt this policy. The soldier is cannon food to be sacrificed without thought, if need be.

Temporary foil to the Huns' poisonous gases. The bottom of the three layers of cotton gauze, of which the respirator is made, is left open so that the wool pad can easily be taken out and a fresh one put in.

The Bombardment of Dunkirk

Next, the new German artillery is surprisingly numerous and powerful and amply equipped with ammunition. The factories of Essen and of Liège have done their work well. The bombardment of Dunkirk from the land was unexpected, and it is foolish to dismiss it as futile. It is in keeping with the regular German policy of "frightfulness." A bombardment which destroys the sense of security of the people of a great port and drives a large proportion of them into flight as fugitives cannot be dismissed as without result. The demoralisation and terrorising of the population of an enemy country has always been regarded by Germany as part of her plan of campaign, and it is our business to stop her from doing this.

We expected to have the initiative when the spring fighting started. At this moment the Germans are holding it. It yet remains to be seen whether our authorities are carrying out some wider plan of campaign which will wholly alter the immediate aspect of affairs. There is good reason to be hoped that they have.

The Tenth Month

We are now in the tenth month of the war, without decisive result for either side. The main Fleets have not been engaged. None of the chief combatants has received a crushing blow. Germany occupies nearly all of Belgium and part of Northern France, with a slice of Poland. Russia holds part of Galicia, and we have taken possession of nearly all the German colonies.

Both sides have done better than expected. The Germans have marred their courage in the field by excesses in Belgium, and by illegitimate methods of war. They have shown unexpected financial resources, and their enthusiasm as a people for the war is undeniable. On our side, the two surprises have been the response of our Dominions and of India and our ability to raise great armies of the finest fighting men in the world. France, woefully unready at first, has now mobilised to the full her splendid fighting strength. Russia is moving on, slowly and with frequent checks, but with ever firmer steps.

Ten months ago the neutral nations were generally against us. To-day, from the United States to Norway, nearly all of them are for us. We have good cause for confidence but none for slackening.

Russia at Bay

The Russian advance over the Carpathians has been checked. A combined Austro-German army, moving from Cracow, has attacked the Russians on the flank, and, as I write, a great battle is proceeding. The Germans declared that they had the Russians broken, and Berlin was illuminated. They have already discovered their mistake. The Russians had to retire at points, but they retired to their own prepared lines, and there they fought on.

Whatever the result of this fighting may be, no Briton is likely soon to forget the real debt of gratitude we owe to Russia for her work during the past nine months. She has kept a large proportion of the German, and the greater proportion of the Austrian Army, constantly engaged. She has suffered heavily, but she has inflicted cruel punishment on her foes.

Russia has suffered during the war from lack of ammunition. This it was that on point after point held her up, and on one occasion was responsible for a bad reverse. The shortage is being provided for, and week by week the vast resources of the Tsar's Empire are becoming more and more available.

Our Own Men

As I write this our own Army in the trenches in Flanders is ready for another German attack. Below it, with renewed confidence and magnificent equipment, the French are to-day keeping the foe at bay. We are fortunate indeed in that every day gives us increased knowledge of the splendid valour of our troops. The Cockney shopman and the Yorkshire miner, the Lancashire factory hand and the west country peasant are proving themselves the finest of soldiers.

The Final Rites

I have received many inquiries from people whose relatives have fallen in the war concerning the arrangements made for the final rites. Let us give all the facts available. At the close of the South African War a committee was appointed to inquire what could be done to avoid the confusion that then took place.

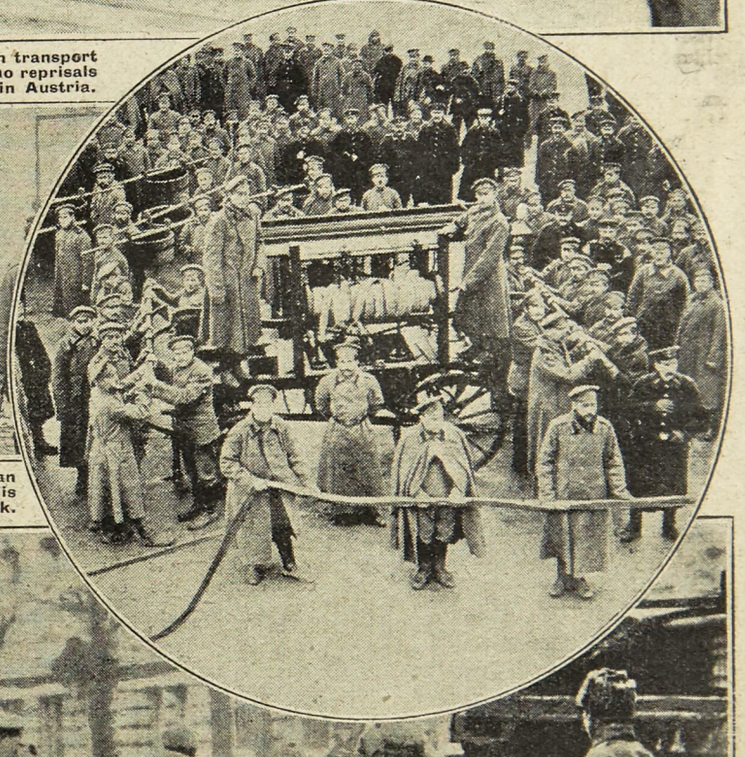
As a result of this committee's recommendations, a special section of the Adjutant-General's department at the War Office was formed. When war broke out this department engaged a numerous staff, from special grave-diggers to recording clerks. Everything possible is planned to ensure that our honoured dead shall have decent burial. Of course, where an army is in retreat, or where men fall between the lines, little can be done. In the other cases, the place of the grave is marked and officially recorded.

The living soldiers do what is in their power to honour those who have gone. There is no more moving sight than midnight burial at the front, the padre saying the final prayers in darkness, and the little party of friends bowing their heads while the guns roar overhead.

War Prisoners made to toil for their Captors

Austrian prisoners, captured by Serbians, engaged in transport work. The Serbians treat their prisoners well, taking no reprisals for the ill-treatment suffered by their own soldiers in Austria.

At various French towns the authorities put German prisoners to work as scavengers. In Germany a point is made of compelling British officers to do such menial work.



Russian prisoners of war cleaning the streets of Cassel, in Prussia. Inset: Captured Russians who have been formed into a fire-brigade at Cassel. It is, of course, quite according to the usages of war to make prisoners do humiliating work, but Germany's savage treatment of British soldiers is without precedent in modern warfare. Lengthy reports of the horrors of prison camps in Germany are frequently published, and tell terrible stories of the privations suffered for the "crime" of defending their countries.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

WITH the break-up of ice we begin to hear of German war craft operating in the Baltic, and this seems to be the most likely quarter for a naval action in the near future. Additional interest is given to operations in that sea this summer, as compared with last autumn, by the fact that Russia has completed four Dreadnoughts of the Gangut class, with heavy armament of twelve 12 in. guns, which, added to the two Imperator Pauls, each carrying four 12 in. and fourteen 8 in. guns, make a formidable six-ship modern squadron. Last autumn the Russians succeeded in destroying the armoured cruiser Friedrich Karl, the fast cruiser Magdeburg, and a number of destroyers belonging to Germany. They themselves lost the modern armoured cruiser Pallada through the now familiar trick of a submarine sheltering under a neutral vessel.

Russia's Surprise for Germany

One thing is certain. The defence of German interests in the Baltic can no longer be entrusted to old battleships of the pre-Dreadnought era, and Germany must face the problem of splitting her modern fleet. The completion of the Russian Dreadnoughts is somewhat of a surprise for Germany, as she hoped that the strikes she had promoted among the Russian State-owned and private works in 1913 and the beginning of 1914 had crippled the chances of completing warships. The Russian Minister of Marine in January last issued an order congratulating the workers on having falsified these expectations. After pointing out that one ship was delayed for a whole year by the strike at the Obukoff steel works, he said: "When the war began the employees of the Obukoff works, swayed by the sentiment of duty and the call of their chief, unanimously set to work, and in four months made amends for the delay, for during this short time they accomplished as much work as would have required twelve months under peace conditions." This psychological factor will probably make a considerable difference in German plans.

Minefields that Guard the Russian Coast

In October the Russians announced that they had mined from the line running west through Reval to a line running N.E. through a point about twelve miles east of Gothland and ending in the Gulf of Dantzic, which is just east of the German naval port of Dantzic. This minefield closed the Gulf of Riga, and another minefield at the Aland Islands sealed the Gulf of Bothnia. Practically the German fleet could not gain access to the Russian coasts without removing the Russian mines. Probably similar arrangements will obtain with the end of the winter ice this year. The sole change will be that Dreadnoughts will have to be used by Germany on the Baltic side of the Kiel Ship Canal. Last year the Germans only used seven old battleships, a few cruisers, and a number of small craft in the Baltic, and on one occasion were stated by the Russian Admiralty to have destroyed eight of their own torpedo flotilla in the night, having mistaken them for the Russian squadron.

Germany's Dreadnoughts in the Baltic

The reason why Germany cannot afford to be without Dreadnoughts in the Baltic may be stated shortly. The German pre-Dreadnoughts cannot fight the Russian Dreadnoughts because of their utter inferiority in gun-power. Von der Goltz pointed out in 1900 that sea-power in the Baltic gave freedom of action to the German army on that side both for advancing and retreating, and Königsberg would be a perpetual threat for the right flank of a Russian invading army. Then he added that "all these advantages would be nullified if hostile squadrons appeared on our coasts and maintained their position there. If we wish to secure the Baltic for ourselves, it would be necessary to drive back the Russian fleet into the Baltic harbours and to blockade them there." Hence the stationing of Dreadnoughts in the Baltic is a move we may expect to hear of very soon.

The Enemy's Attempt to Menace Archangel

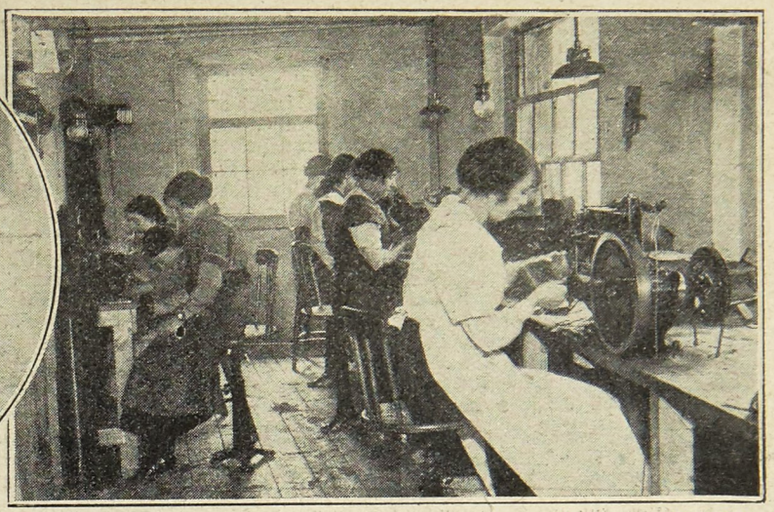
We must also expect the Germans to make a determined effort to lay mines on the route from Scotland to Archangel in the White Sea. This Russian port, now about to be reopened from ice, has become of great importance in consequence of the war. With commerce in the Baltic gravely hampered by mines and by the German fleet, and the Black Sea cut off by the Turkish supremacy in the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, Archangel becomes the only reliable port for supplies in European Russia. There remain only the supplies which can be sent over the long Siberian route from Vladivostock, from the Japanese ports in Manchuria, or from a quite inadequate Mediterranean port in Bulgaria. It is therefore very satisfactory to know that every nerve has been strained to improve the transport communications and the accommodation of the port of Archangel, and it is precisely because of its increased importance that the Germans will try to threaten supplies passing in that direction.

The fact that the activity of Germany's small craft and dirigibles has shifted from the Channel to the southern basin of the North Sea may therefore be the prelude to a movement still farther north. The net result of the week has been that we have lost a destroyer—a very old one—and a number of trawlers, and they have lost a couple of "patrol boats," probably the torpedo-boat type which preceded the destroyer type.

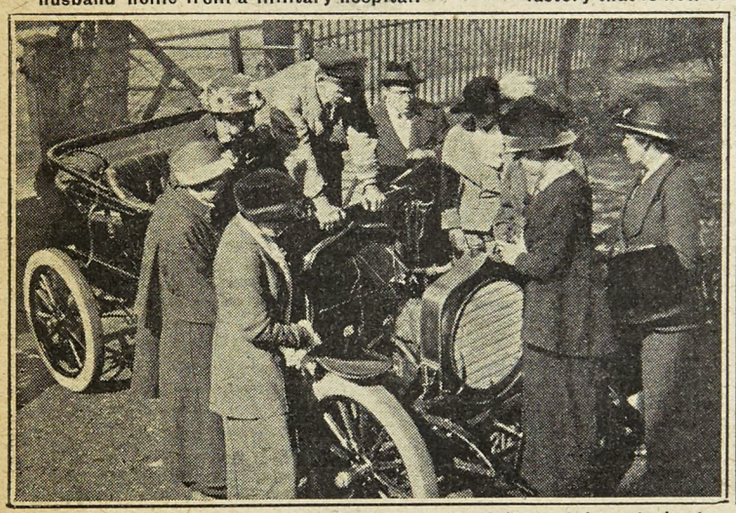
British bluejackets hauling a big gun ashore. They carry out the strenuous operation with wonderful quickness. Doubtless some of our big naval guns have been landed in this way at the Dardanelles.

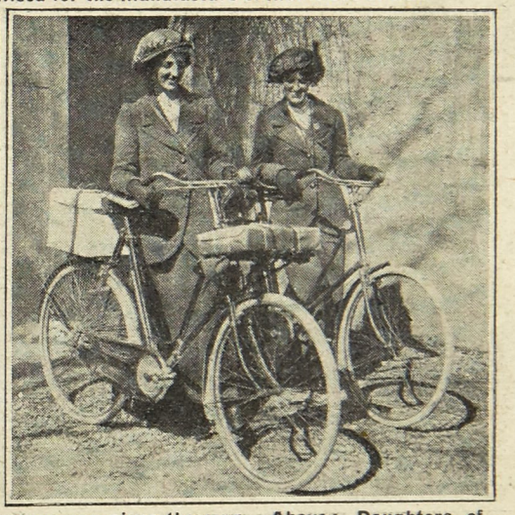
Women fill Gaps that Men may fill Trenches

Serbian woman helping her wounded soldier-husband home from a military hospital.



Women war-workers making ammunition pouches in a well-known cricket-bat factory that is now utilised for the manufacture of munitions of war.





Motor-driving is one of the new spheres of activity that the war has opened up for women. This group of embryo "chauffeuses" is taking a lesson from a motorist who has trained many women since the war. Above: Daughters of country clergyman who, in order to release postmen for the Army, are delivering letters, each cycling forty miles a day.

This wealthy Parisienne, a qualified dentist, takes great interest in our soldiers' welfare, and gives their teeth free attention. Each patient is given a large box of cigarettes, made by this lady and her daughter in their spare time. Above: Fair grocers' assistants who are taking the places of men who have left the counter for the trenches.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

A CASUAL note in an out-of-the-way corner of a daily paper drew attention the other day to a little matter which has probably escaped the notice of most people, even those who are keenly interested in aeronautical matters. It related how the crews of two trawlers, fishing off the East Coast only some twenty miles from Lowestoft, saw a Zeppelin airship cruising about for over an hour. Then a strong wind sprang up, the airship altered her course, and made off towards the east, apparently going home.

According to this report the incident occurred late in the afternoon, and it was therefore fairly evident that the airship was only waiting for nightfall to start on another raid over the Eastern Counties, for the trawler men say that the course on which she was moving would have taken her over the English coast somewhere between Cromer and Yarmouth.

What We Owe to Our Weather

The defeat of the Zeppelin's object owing to the wind getting up at just the right moment makes one wonder how many "aerial invasions" of England have been stopped by our much-abused weather. As a matter of fact, England would have been a mighty unpleasant place before now but for our weather. It was our weather which blew the Spanish Armada up the Channel and out into the North Sea, and prevented it from landing its troops on our comparatively unprotected South Coast in 1588. It was our weather which kept Napoleon's fleet bottled up in harbour in the early 1800's, so that he never had a chance of embarking the great army he had encamped at Boulogne for the invasion of England. And now, if our weather is not exactly preventing a wholesale invasion by air, which is not at present possible owing to lack of German aircraft, it is, at any rate, preventing a large number of annoying little raids by both airships and aeroplanes from Germany, which might do quite a fair amount of damage to property and cause some loss of life, even though they could not affect the course of the war in any way.

German Airmen's Lesson

The big Zeppelins and smaller Parsevals would certainly risk being attacked by our defensive aeroplanes, especially at night, if they could be sure of fine weather; but they will not risk having to fight weather and aeroplanes together.

Right at the beginning of the war we skilfully cut all the cables to Germany. Then we stopped issuing weather reports from the West Coast of Ireland. Also, all German vessels of any size capable of carrying long-distance "wireless" have been cleared out of the Atlantic. In this way Germany is cut off from all knowledge of what the weather is doing to the west of the British Isles, and as all changes of weather come in from the Atlantic the German air fleet can get no warning of what to expect if it ventures across the North Sea. It was owing to this that the two German airships were wrecked recently on the Danish coast, and that incident has evidently taught the Germans a useful lesson.

Our Aircraft's Weather Advantage

As things are, all the German airships can do is to start out in a spell of fair weather, and hope it will last. If they meet a puff of wind when near the English coast they have to chase off home as fast as they can go for fear the puff may be the preliminary warning of a big storm.

Our own aircraft have an immense advantage in this way, for not only are the meteorological stations on our West Coast working as usual, but we have full reports of the weather from all over the Atlantic, so that every air station is informed every day just what sort of weather to expect for the next twenty-four hours or so. Consequently, none of our airships have yet been caught in a storm, and as for the aeroplanes, their pilots do not particularly care what the weather does, because if it gets too bad they can land anywhere and peg their machines down till the weather improves, whereas the airships need sufficient warning to allow them to get back to their harbour.

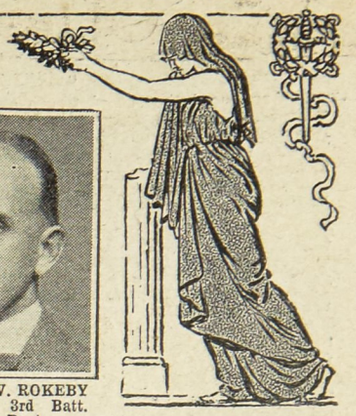
Seeking Comfort from the Clouds

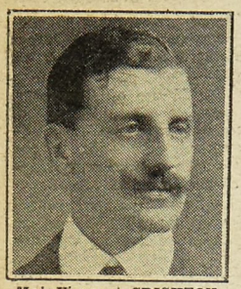
Incidentally, people who are worried by the idea of airship raids at night may often find comfort by watching the clouds late in the evening, or at night if there is a moon or starlight to show what the clouds are doing. In the summer, particularly, it often happens that at night there is a dead calm on the ground while there is quite a strong wind aloft. This is owing to the air cooling suddenly near the ground. If then, on looking up, one sees that the clouds are travelling fast, one may be sure that there will be no airship raid that night. Even if they are moving fairly slowly it is unlikely that there will be trouble, for even what appears to be a slow movement means that the clouds are really moving at quite a fast pace, just as a train going at thirty miles an hour seems to be crawling if one sees it from a distance of a mile or so across a big open space.

If the clouds are moving at, say, ten miles an hour from west to east—that is to say, from England to Germany—it means that an airship whose best speed is fifty miles an hour would have to leave the day before yesterday in order to get here to-day, so to speak—which is always a comforting thought—and if the clouds are moving fast from east to west, airships are very unlikely to leave Germany for fear of being unable to get back. Also, if their engines failed they would either have to come down in the British Isles or be driven out into the Atlantic, neither of which they would allow to happen for choice.

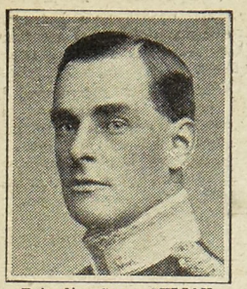
The funeral of a British soldier in a little town in France. There is something grandly significant in the homage paid by these French people to one of Britain's unnamed hero sons. (Photograph exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

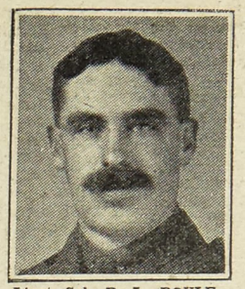




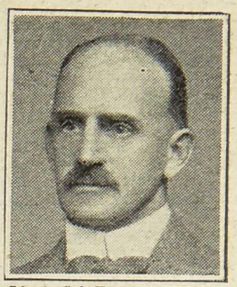
Maj. Viscount CRICHTON, M.V.O., D.S.O., Royal Horse Guards.



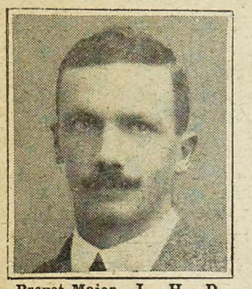
Brigadier-Gen. JULIAN HASLER, The Buffs.



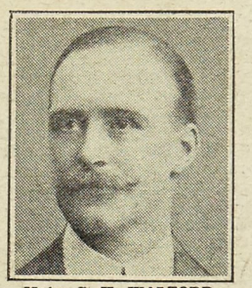
Lieut.-Col. R. L. BOYLE, 10th Canadian Contingent.



Lieut.-Col. E. W. ROKEBY STEPHENSON, 3rd Batt. Middlesex Regt

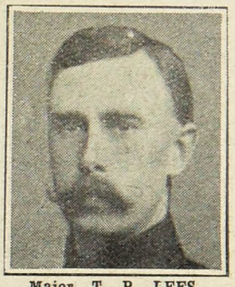


Brevet-Major J. H. D. COSTEKER, D.S.O., Royal Warwickshire Regt.



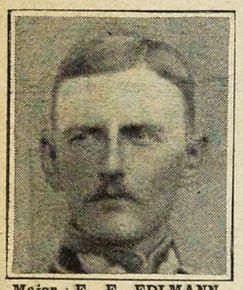
Major G. H. WALFORD, Suffolk Regt.

Major G. W. BENNETT, 2nd Batt. Canadian Inf.



Major T. P. LEES, Queen Victoria's Rifles.

Lieut.-Col. W. HART-McHARG, O.C. 7th Canadian Infantry Batt.



Major E. E. EDLMANN, D.S.O., Roy. Gar. Artillery.

Major Viscount Crichton, M.V.O., D.S.O., who was killed at the front, was the eldest son of the Earl of Erne, who died last December. Lord Crichton did not live to succeed his father, and the heir to the Earldom is Lord Crichton's eight-year-old son. Lord Crichton was in the Royal Horse Guards, and was an equerry to the King.

Brigadier-General Julian Hasler had seen service in Asia, Africa, and Europe. He joined the Buffs on the outbreak of war, when he was named for a battalion command, and got a brigade about a month before he was killed.

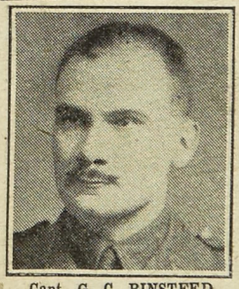
Lieutenant-Colonel R. L. Boyle was in command of the 10th Alberta (Infantry) Battalion, Canadian Contingent. He served in the Boer War as Major in the 15th Canadian Light Horse. He was at the relief of Mafeking, later being employed in the operations in the Transvaal east and west of Pretoria, when he was wounded. On his recovery he took part in the engagement in the Orange River Colony. He was awarded the Queen's Medal with three clasps.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ernest William Rokeby Stephenson, 3rd Battalion Middlesex Regiment, was killed in action near Ypres. He joined the Middlesex Regiment at the age of twenty (in 1884), and became commandant of the 3rd Battalion in February, 1912. Colonel Stephenson served in the South African War, and had the Queen's Medal.

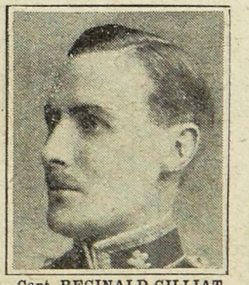
Lieutenant-Colonel W. Hart-McHarg, commanding the 7th Canadian Infantry Battalion (British Columbia Regiment), had served for twenty years in the Canadian Militia in all ranks, from private to commandant. In the South African War he was with the first Canadian Contingent, and obtained the Queen's Medal with four clasps.

Major F. A. DICKINSON, Duke of Cornwall's L.I.

Capt. WYNDHAM HALSWELLE, Highland Light Infantry.



Capt. G. C. BINSTEED, Essex Regt.

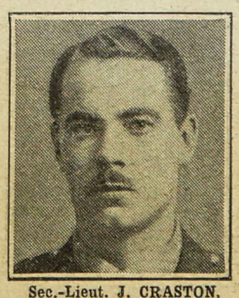


Capt. REGINALD GILLIAT, 5th Batt. Leinster Regt. (Royal Canadians).

Capt. W. C. KENNEDY MEGAW, Norfolk Regt.

Lieut. C. C. EGERTON, 1st Duke of Wellington's Regt.

Sec.-Lt. J. A. C. CROFT, 4th Royal Warwickshire Regt.



Sec.-Lieut. J. CRASTON, Royal West Kent Regt.

Sec.-Lt. J. O. G. BECKER, East Surrey Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. B. C. K. JOB, Royal West Kent Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. F. M. WOOKEY Royal Irish Regt.

Portraits by Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, Swaine, Speaight, Barnett.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, May 1st to May 7th

MAY 1.—Announced that allied troops at the Dardanelles have established themselves firmly at three separate points, two on the European and one on the Asiatic coast, beating off constant Turkish attacks. They advanced, after storming Seddul-Bahr, towards the interior of the Gallipoli Peninsula.

Destroyers in Action. Two German torpedo-boats and one British destroyer sunk off the Dutch coast. The latter, the Recruit, was torpedoed by a submarine, four officers and twenty-one men saved by a trawler. The German vessels were caught by a British destroyer flotilla, after they had torpedoed a trawler. After a running fight of an hour, the German vessels were sunk. Two officers and forty-four men rescued and made prisoners. We had no casualties.

Continued success of General Botha's campaign in German South-West Africa reported. Enemy dispersed near Gibeon and pursued twenty miles.

MAY 2.—An official note from Petrograd makes light of the German raid into the Baltic provinces. The incursion is described as of no strategical importance, and merely a movement for foraging purposes.

MAY 3.—More German Attacks at Ypres. Sir John French reports enemy attacked Hill 60, using asphyxiating gas, and near St. Julien.

Reported Russian Check. The German headquarters claim to have inflicted a great defeat on the Russians in Western Galicia and to have pierced "their entire front" and crushed it.

Russia reports that, beginning on the evening of May 1, a battle characterised by the greatest desperation has been developing on the front from the Lower Nida as far as the Carpathians in the region of Gladycheff.

MAY 4.—Sir John French reports the British line in Flanders has been readjusted, and now runs to the west of Zonnebeke. He is of opinion that the enemy has definitely decided to use asphyxiating gas as a normal procedure and that protests will be useless.

French Troops Gained Ground at Bagatelle, in the Argonne, and pushed north in the Bois-le-Prete, on the southern flank of the St. Mihiel wedge.

Allies advance in Gallipoli.

Press Bureau announced that in the Gallipoli Peninsula, during nights of May 1, 2, 3, the enemy launched strong attacks in mass against our positions. Not only did the Allies repulse every attack, inflicting enormous losses, but assumed the offensive, drove enemy out of their positions, and advanced into interior of the peninsula.

Latest official report from Petrograd contains nothing to confirm Austro-German claims of a serious Russian reverse in Western Galicia. Our Ally has stopped the enemy's advance from the River Dunajec.

Second War Budget introduced in the House of Commons. Mr. Lloyd George foreshadowed a possible expenditure of £1,132,654,000, but announced no further new taxation.

Heavy Turkish defeat in Persia reported. Russians in the Khoi and Dilman region completely routed enemy after three days fighting. More than 3,500 Turkish dead were found on the battlefield.

MAY 5.—**Renewed Battle for Hill 60.** The Germans obtained a footing under cover of poisonous gases and favoured by weather conditions.

Poisonous gases used for another German attack east of Ypres, which was repulsed with heavy loss to enemy.

Slight set-back to Russians. Owing to the great strength of the enemy in Western Galicia some Russian units fell back to the second line.

Reported Ultimatum by Japan to China as a result of the irreconcilable attitude adopted by latter since Japan modified certain demands she made in January last.

Heavy Canadian Losses. Announced in Parliament that casualties in Princess Patricia's Regiment up to May 2 were 20 officers and 308 other ranks. In the Canadian Division the numbers were: Officers 232; other ranks, 6,024.

British recapture some of lost trenches on Hill 60, south-east of Ypres.

MAY 6.—Announced that German Commander in South-West Africa admitted in a letter to General Botha that orders had been given to poison wells.

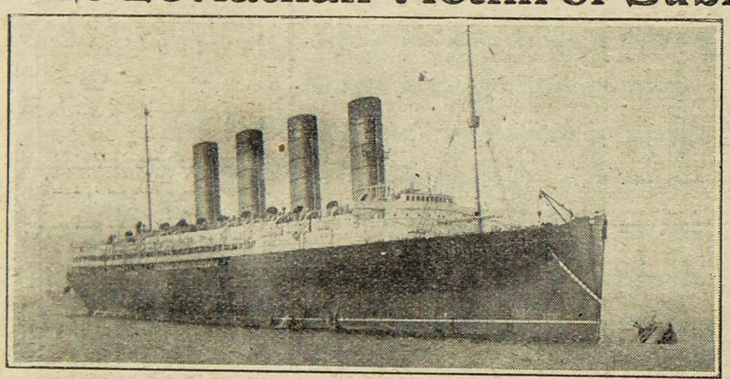
Officially announced that General Botha has occupied the important railway junction of Karibib (German West Africa).

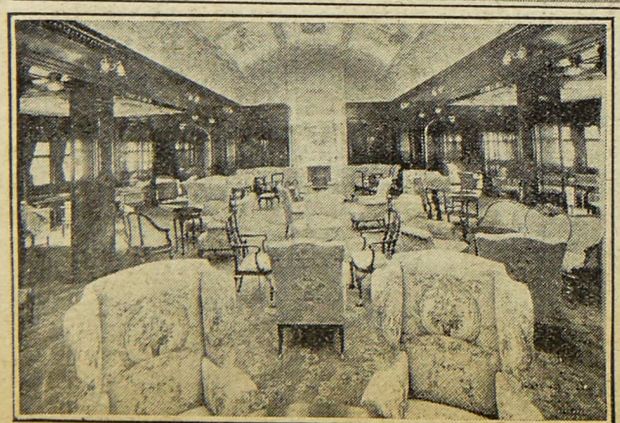
Desperate battle in Galicia continued. Russian troops "severely tried owing to the superiority of the enemy's heavy artillery."

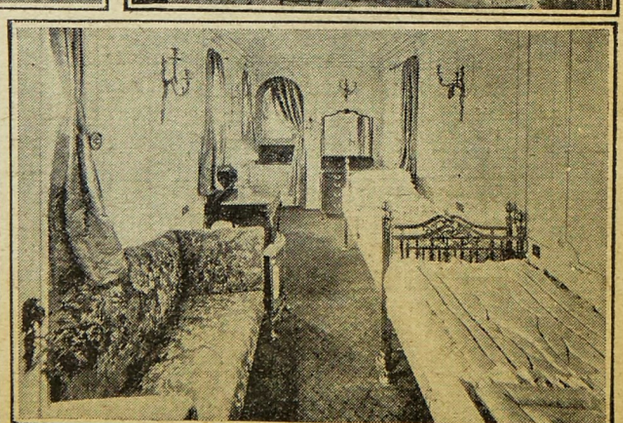
MAY 7.—Italy's decision near at hand. Latest telegrams describe situation between Austria and Italy as extremely serious, and war expected to be declared every hour.

Lusitania Torpedoed and Sunk. Giant Cunarder torpedoed by German submarine about ten miles south of Kinsale. About 700 lives saved.

The Leviathan Victim of Submarine Frightfulness

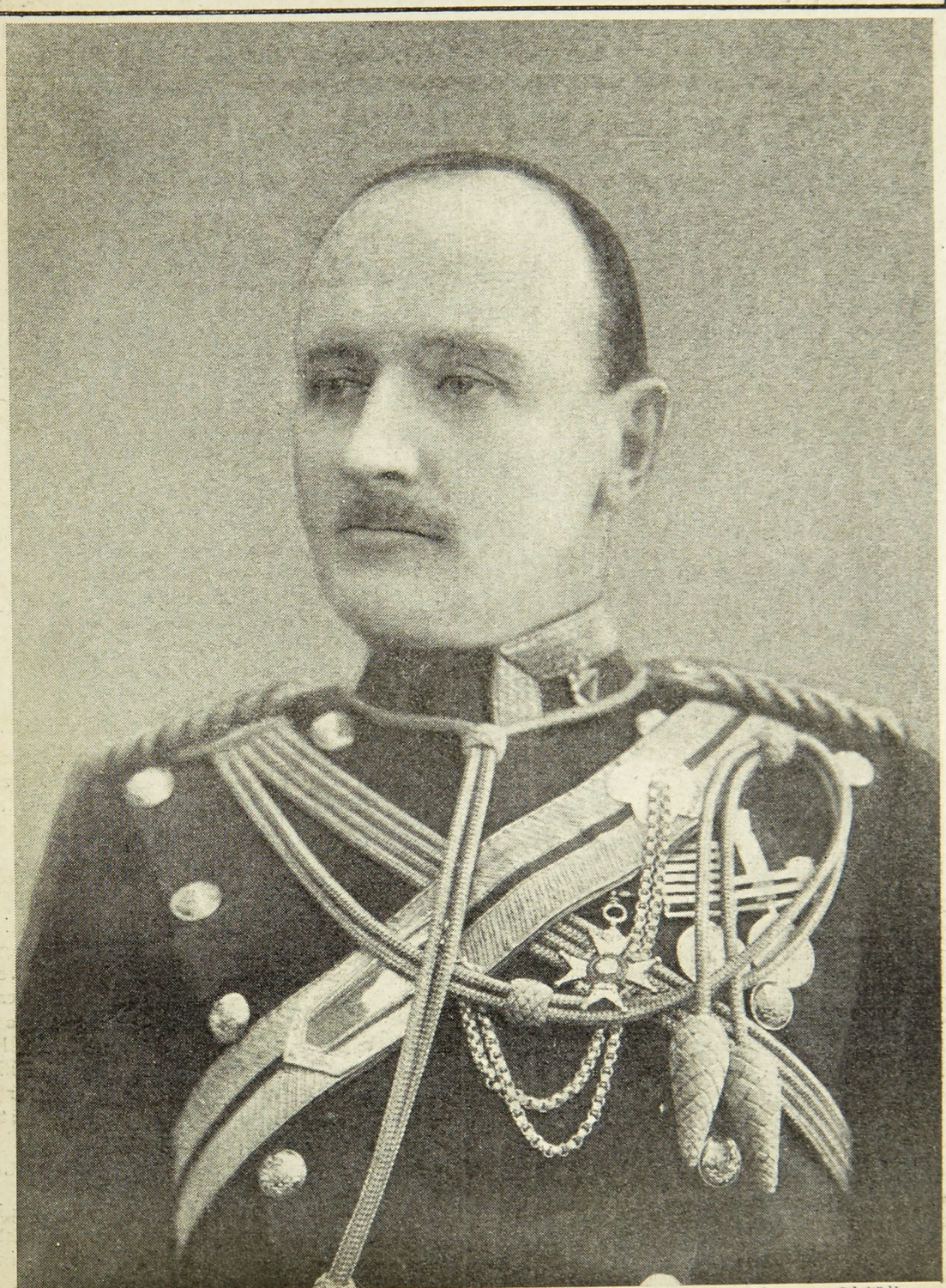






The huge Cunard liner Lusitania, torpedoed and sunk off the coast of Ireland on May 7, was one of the fastest "greyhounds" of the Atlantic. She had a speed of 25 knots, was 790 feet long, 88 feet broad, and 80 feet deep. Her turbine engines were of 70,000 horse-power. A veritable floating palace, the design and decoration of her state rooms and saloons were rich and elaborate. (1) s.s. Lusitania. (2 and 3) Views of the drawing-room. (4) A bed-room in the Royal suite.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS



Gale & Polden

LT.-GEN. EDMUND HENRY HYNMAN ALLENBY, C.B.

Commanding the Cavalry with the Expeditionary Force.

These pages, numbered with Roman numerals, may be included or omitted from the bound volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *as the subscriber prefers.*

Royal Academy & the War

Splendid Art Supplement of 16 pages to be given
FREE
with next number of "The War Illustrated."

IT has been said frequently that this is an unpicturesque war, that diabolical mechanism, miles of grey trenches, and a utilitarian sameness of costume of soldier and peasant alike have robbed modern fighting of that romance associated with former conflicts of nations.

On the face of it there is something to be said for this theory. We have seen thousands of photographs of fighting men on the march, of enormous guns firing monster shells, of ships of war in action and sinking, of devastated city and shattered farmstead, of hostile and friendly aircraft, and wounded warriors, but, save in a few isolated cases, the traditional glory and pageantry of war have been absent from these none the less wonderful photographs.

* * *

AS a medium of rapid, truthful, and popular illustration, the camera is unsurpassed, but, of course, the photograph is usually without a suspicion of sentiment.

The opinion, however, that evolution has reduced modern battles, pictorially, to a prosaic struggle of science is by no means correct, as a glance at the war impressions in the Royal Academy for 1915 will prove beyond a doubt.

At this famous shrine of our national art, a large number of paintings directly inspired by the most momentous racial upheaval of all time are now on show.

The steel leviathan of the deep, the aeroplane of the skies, the automobile of the war-riven road, the trench teeming with its khaki-coloured defenders, the hapless refugee, interpreted by brush and colour, have acquired as much poetic dignity and sombre mystery as any tableau of the weather-beaten frigates of Trafalgar or Corunna, or of the gaily uniformed warriors of Waterloo.

* * *

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, impressed by the extent and variety of these pictures, has hit upon the happy idea of presenting its many readers with a special 16-page supplement of the principal and most appealing works to be seen at Burlington House.

These include pictures by such well-known and popular painters as JOHN LAVERY, FRED ROE, W. L. WYLLIE, W. B. WOLLEN, C. NAPIER HEMY, etc.

The Free Art Supplement has been compiled with minute care and at great expense, and will be presented with our next issue. It will be readily understood that such a publication at such a price is unprecedented in the annals of illustrated journalism, and only the phenomenal success of "The War Illustrated" makes it within the bounds of possibility.

* * *

THE influence of Armageddon on pictorical art will be far-reaching. It will echo down the ages of posterity.

Since the beginning of history war has been a factor pregnant with inspiration for creators. The ancient Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans have expressed the grandeur and heroism of mortal strife in fresco and statuary. Duerer has given us the panoply and circumstance of mediæval fighters in his exquisite engravings, and more recent artists, such as Meissonier, Turner and Crofts, have shown us the glory of Napoleonic wars.

Who has not been moved by Meissonier's masterpieces—"The Retreat of Napoleon from Moscow," or "The French Troops Cheering their Emperor at Friedland"? "Bonaparte's Clemency with the Sleeping Sentry" has fired every child with a secret regard for "the Corsican Ogre," as he was called by our forefathers.

* * *

THE illimitable European War of to-day is likely to be even more productive of paintings than the struggle which culminated in the overthrow of "The Man of Destiny" exactly a hundred years ago.

To take our own part alone—Mons and the Marne, Landrecies, the Dogger Bank Fight, Neuve Chapelle, the Falkland Islands, Ypres—actions in which the blood of the Britisher has soaked the soil or tinged the sea, will be immortalised in picture and story, so that the future generations may realise exactly what sacrifices, what devotion brave men can give for an ideal.

A collection of our Royal Academy pictures, illustrative of the greatest of all wars, will constitute a rare possession, a unique acquisition, which, in years to come, will prove a highly interesting as well as an historical document.

Readers are urged to order next week's "The War Illustrated" at once, as the supply of this splendid FREE ART SUPPLEMENT of 16 pages cannot be multiplied indefinitely and the demand is likely to be enormous.

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada. 48. N

The War Illustrated, 22nd May, 1915. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

Free 16 pages Art Supplement with this Part

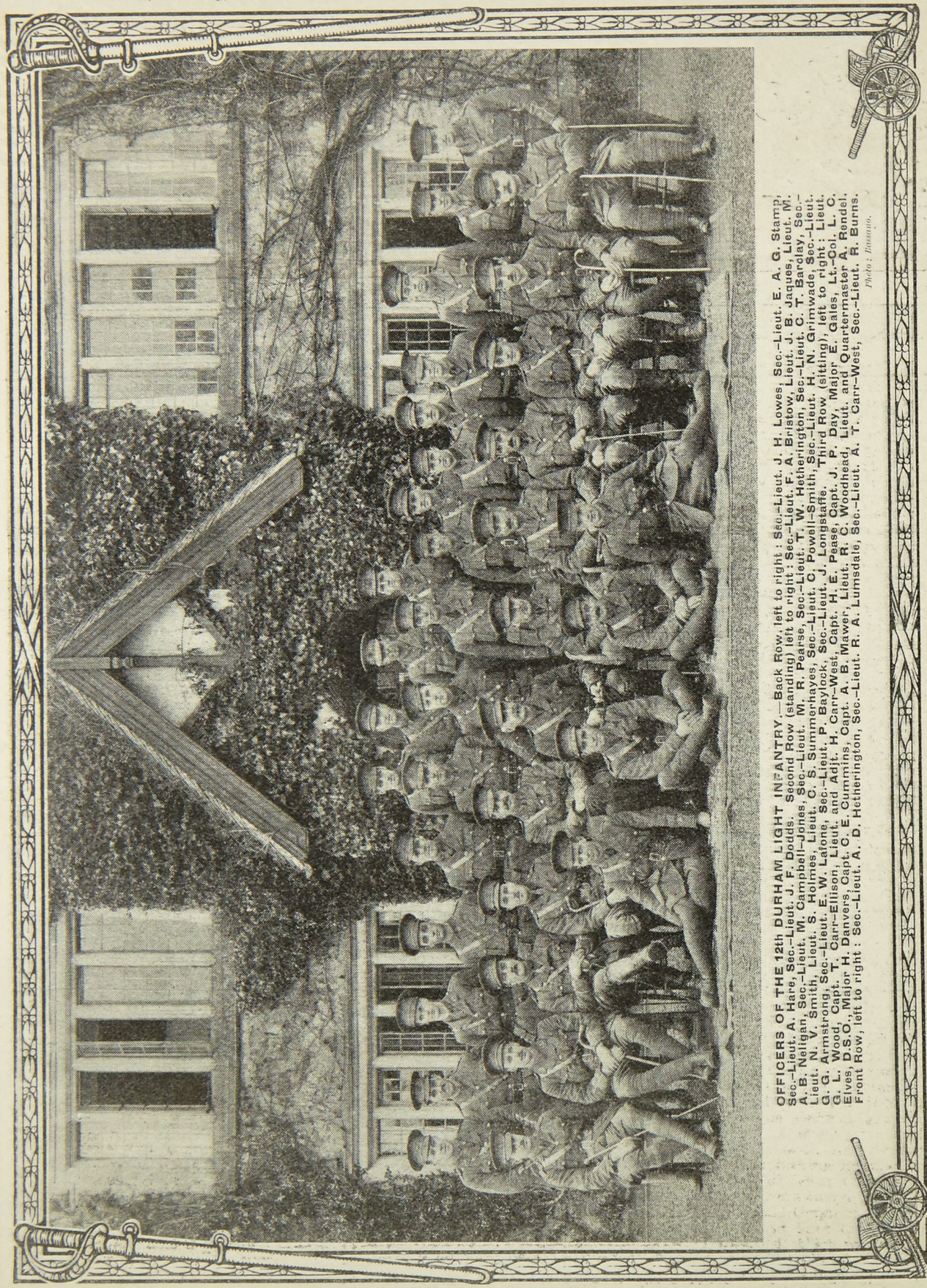
The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly

Vol. 2

After a desperate Counter Attack: The Roll-call in the Trenches

No. 40



OFFICERS OF THE 12th DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY.—Back Row, left to right: Sec.-Lieut. J. H. Lowes, Sec.-Lieut. E. A. G. Stamp, Sec.-Lieut. A. Hare, Sec.-Lieut. J. F. Dodds. Second Row (standing) left to right: Sec.-Lieut. F. A. Bristow, Lieut. J. B. Jaques, Lieut. M. A. B. Neligan, Sec.-Lieut. M. Campbell-Jones, Sec.-Lieut. M. R. Pearse, Sec.-Lieut. T. W. Hetherington, Sec.-Lieut. C. T. Barclay, Sec.-Lieut. N. V. Smith, Lieut. S. Holmes, Lieut. C. S. Summerhayes, Sec.-Lieut. C. Powell-Smith, Sec.-Lieut. H. N. Grimwade, Sec.-Lieut. G. G. Armstrong, Sec.-Lieut. E. W. Lafone, Sec.-Lieut. P. Baylock, Sec.-Lieut. J. Longstaffe. Third Row (sitting), left to right: Lieut. G. L. Wood, Capt. T. Carr-Ellison, Lieut. and Adjt. H. Carr-West, Capt. H. E. Pease, Capt. J. P. Day, Major E. Gales, Lt.-Col. L. C. Elves, D.S.O., Major H. Danvers, Capt. C. E. Cummins, Capt. A. B. Mawer, Lieut. R. C. Woodhead, Lieut. and Quartermaster A. Rendel. Front Row, left to right: Sec.-Lieut. A. D. Hetherington, Sec.-Lieut. R. A. Lumsdale, Sec.-Lieut. A. T. Carr-West, Sec.-Lieut. R. Burns.

Photo, Bassano.

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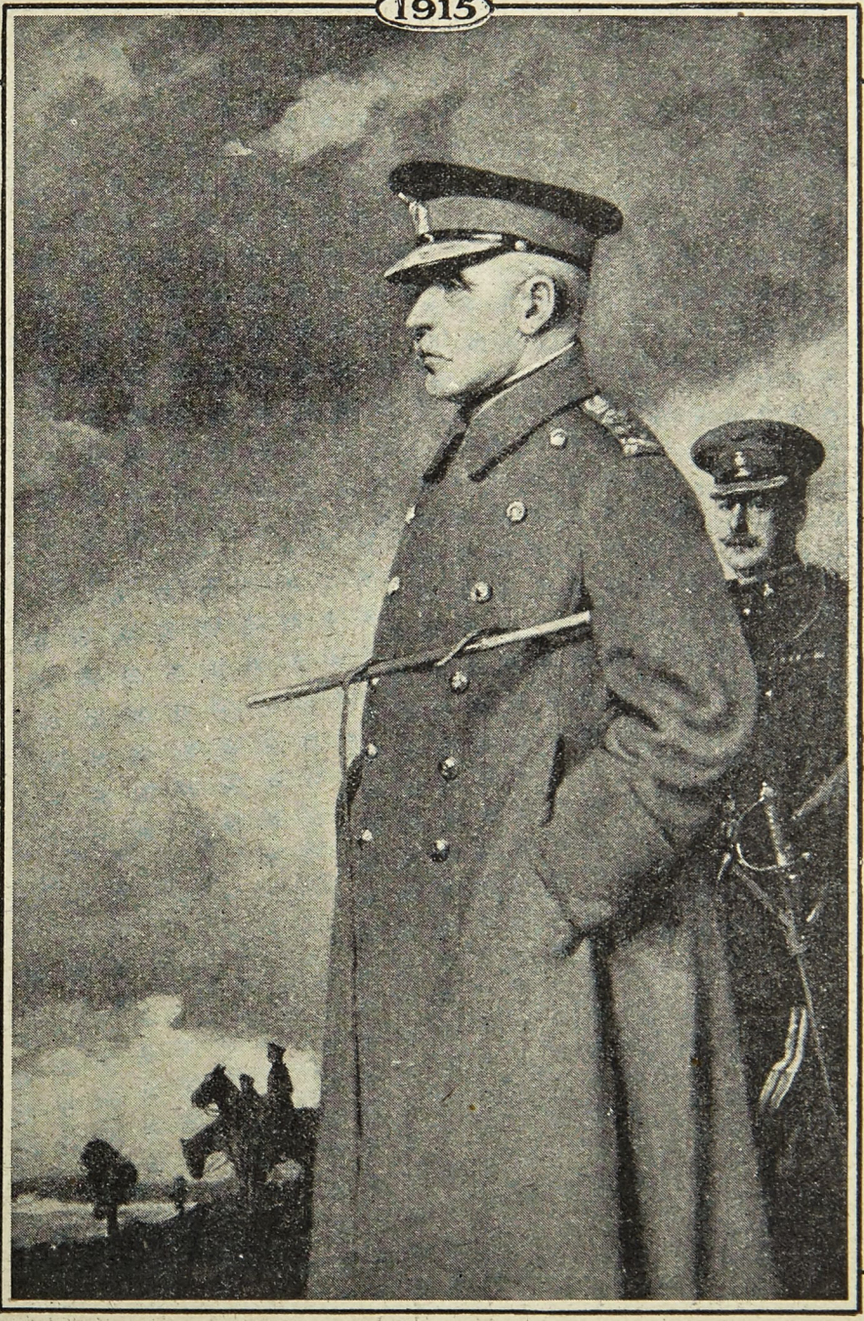
Free Supplement to "The War Illustrated" 22nd May, 1915

ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

1915

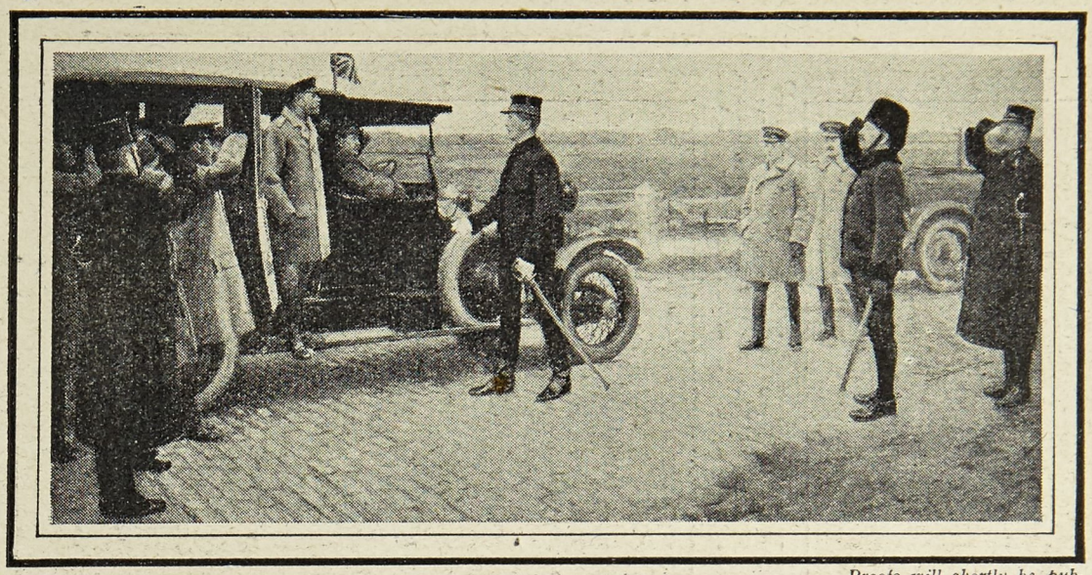


FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH, O.M., K.C.M.G., G.C.B., G.C.V.O.
By John St. Helier Lander.

The copyright of the pictures in this Supplement is in each case strictly reserved by the owners.

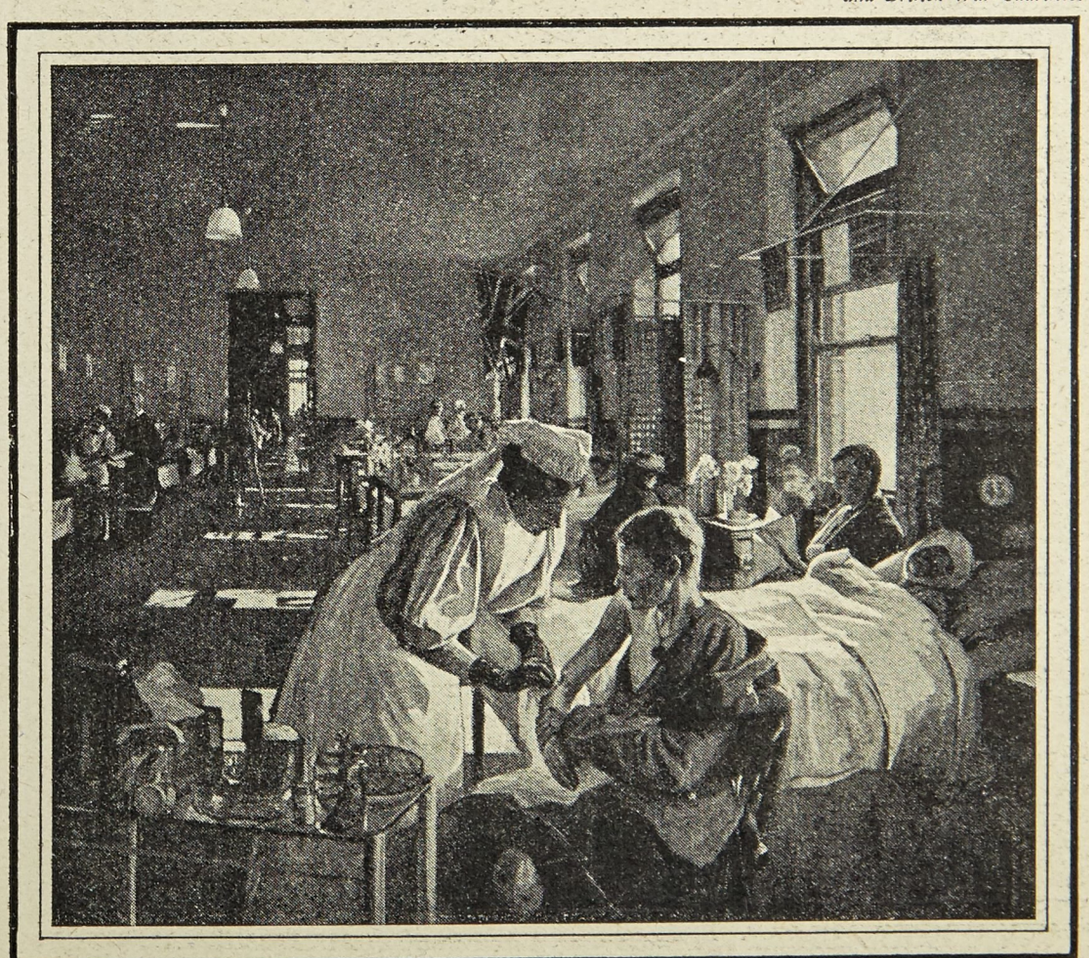
HOMELESS By Richard Jack, A.R.A.

Poignant with pathos, this picture brings home to us the tragedy of invasion with striking force. Young and old, fleeing before the ruthless foe, are bound for a new environment. The mute resignation of the aged, and the look, half fear, half curiosity, of the children are admirably expressed.



WHERE BELGIUM GREETED BRITAIN
By H. A. Olivier.

Proofs will shortly be published by the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street, W. The proceeds from the sale will be divided between Belgian and British War Charities.



WOUNDED: LONDON HOSPITAL, 1915
By John Lavery, A.R.A.

Copyright donated to the London Hospital. Proofs in photogravure in aid of the hospital will be published by the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street, W.

MINE-SWEEPERS By W. L. Wyllie, R.A.

The subject of this picture is what has been regarded by some as the most heroic of all war work. A fleet of mine-sweepers puts out to gather the grimmest harvest of the sea.

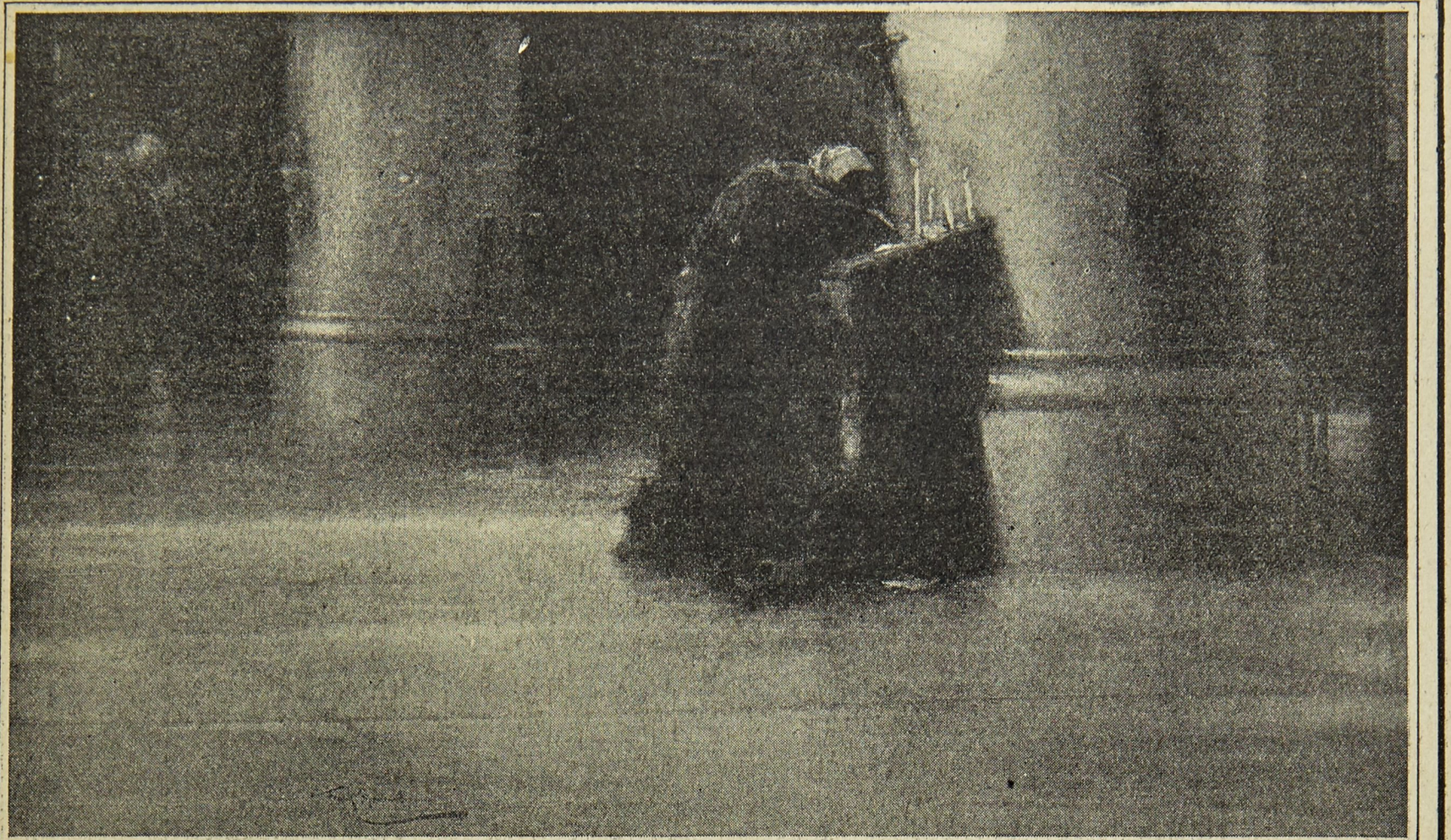
BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED "LION" By W. L. Wyllie, R.A.

On a sinister, grey day a silent cortege moves slowly up the Forth. The Lion, sorely wounded in her fight with the flying German squadron, comes into dock for repairs, escorted by destroyers.

THE STRONGEST

By F. Matania

The Belgian child is bitterly contemptuous of the German aggressor. He knows no fear for the barbarian who has ravaged the land of his fathers. This picture, humorous as it is in one sense, is very eloquent of the terrible martyrdom of great little Belgium.



BELGIUM: THE LOWLY-BORN TO SHARE A NATION'S WOE - By Frank Spenlove-Spenlove, R.I.

The aged peasant woman, in the hour of her country's martyrdom, is supplicating "La Mere Immaculee de Dieu." In front of the crucifix, lighted by the votive candles, her prayers and tears are falling fast. Near the praying-stool she had carefully placed her sabots, the wooden shoes which but yesterday carried her over the beautiful pastureland, now the scene of endless mortal misery.

COMRADES

By J. P. Beadle

The trench has been considered an uninspiring subject for pictorial expression. Certainly, its prosaic rigidity exacts very skilful treatment to be effective. The artist of this picture has invested it with considerable romance and pathos. The Allies are together repelling the common enemy. A French comrade has been struck, and his British friend is about to move him to a place of safety. In the background the flame of war consumes the smiling countryside.

"CONSERVET CORPUS TUUM ET ANIMAM TUAM."

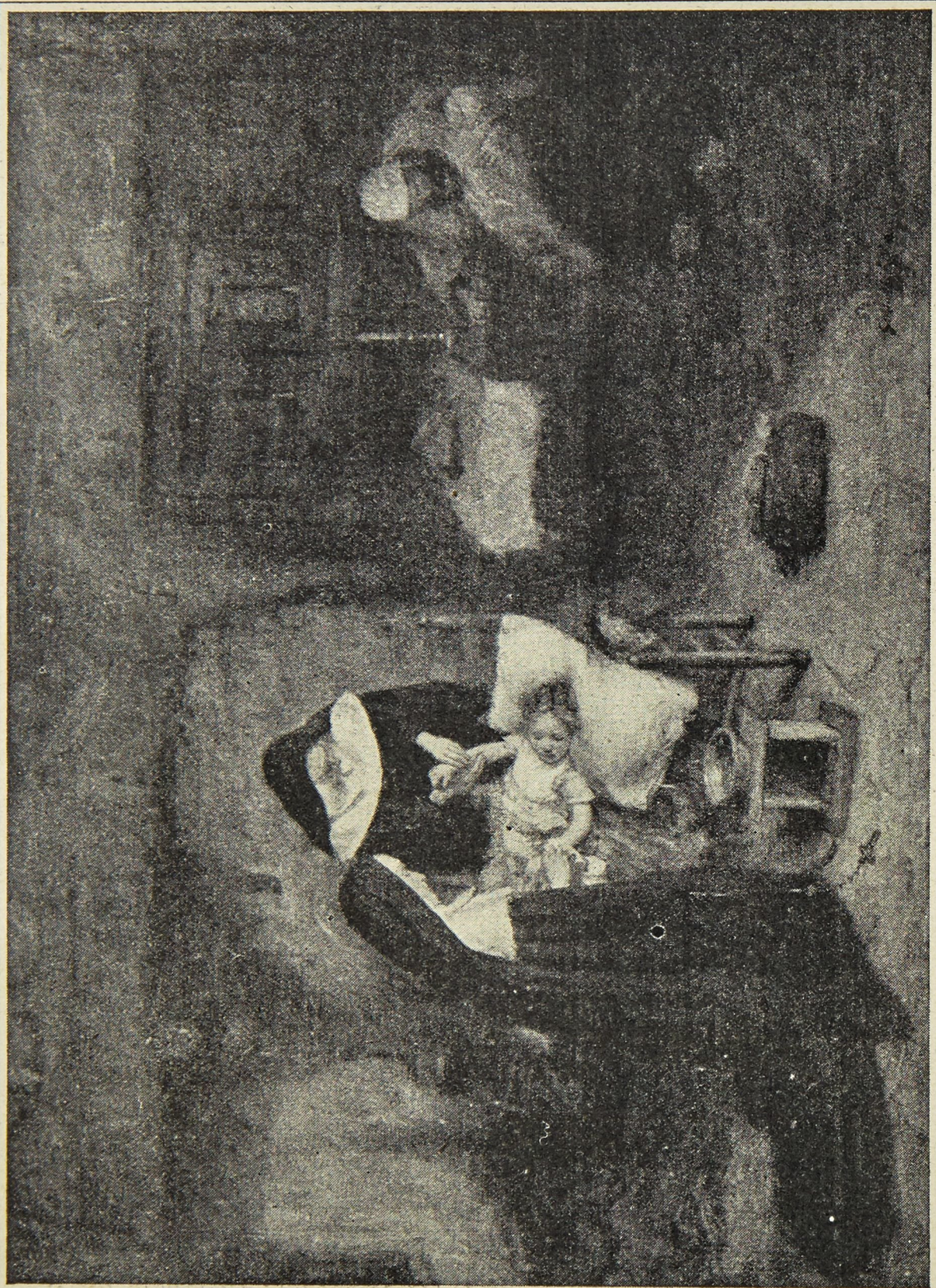
By W. H. Y. Titcomb, R.W.A.

Nothing is more affecting than the simple piety of the fighting man. This picture shows men from the trenches at prayer on the battlefield. A soldier priest (his spurs are visible beneath the cassock) administers the Sacrament to a reverent congregation before they set off to join their comrades marching to battle in the background.

The fighters have returned from the wars broken, but happy in the thought that they have done their duty. They are convalescing in a quiet and beautiful country house converted into a hospital. A priest comes regularly to celebrate Mass, and the soldiers, their friends and relations and the nurses, bow their heads in bious supplication.

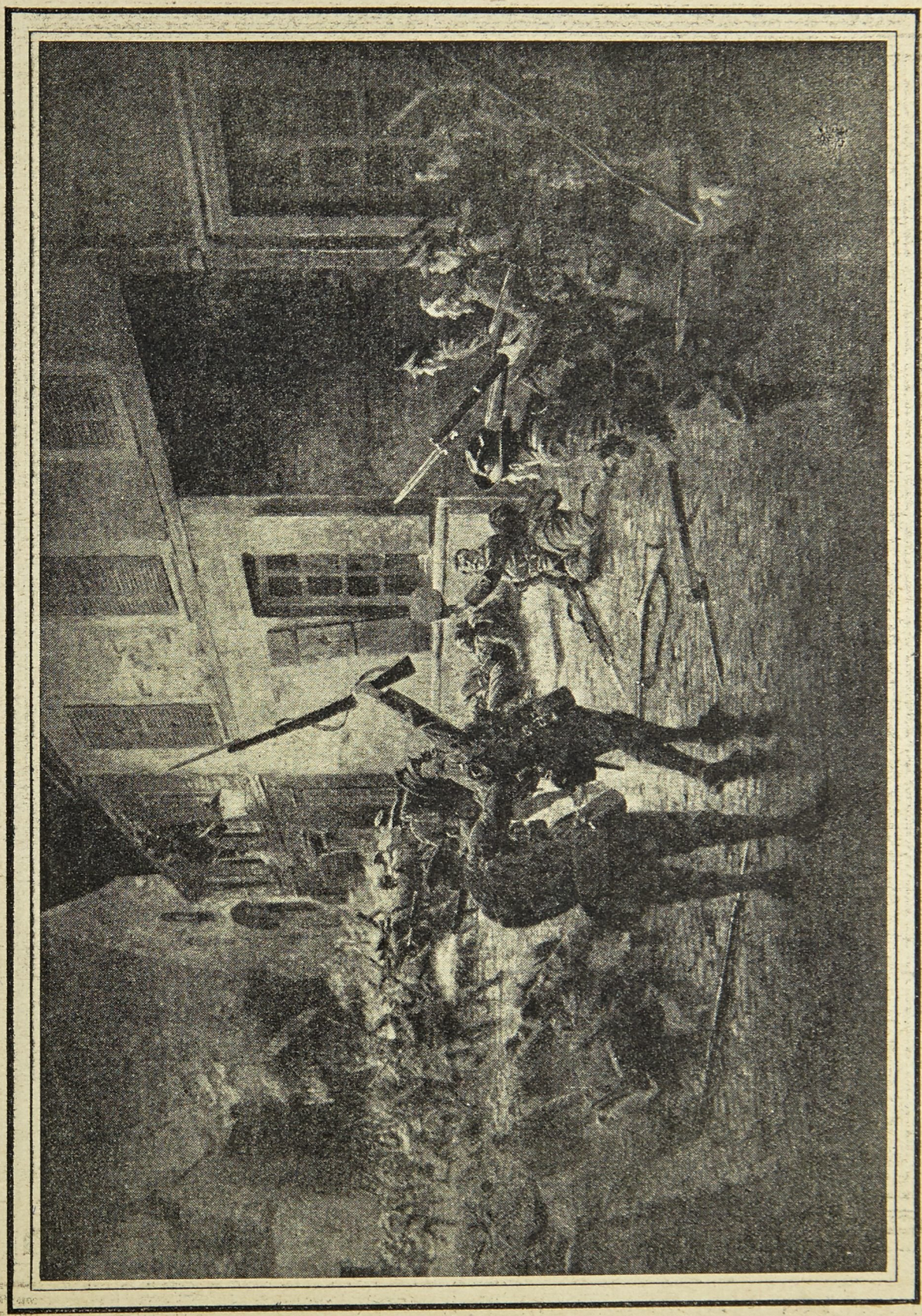
MASS FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN AN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE

By W. Hatherell, R.I.



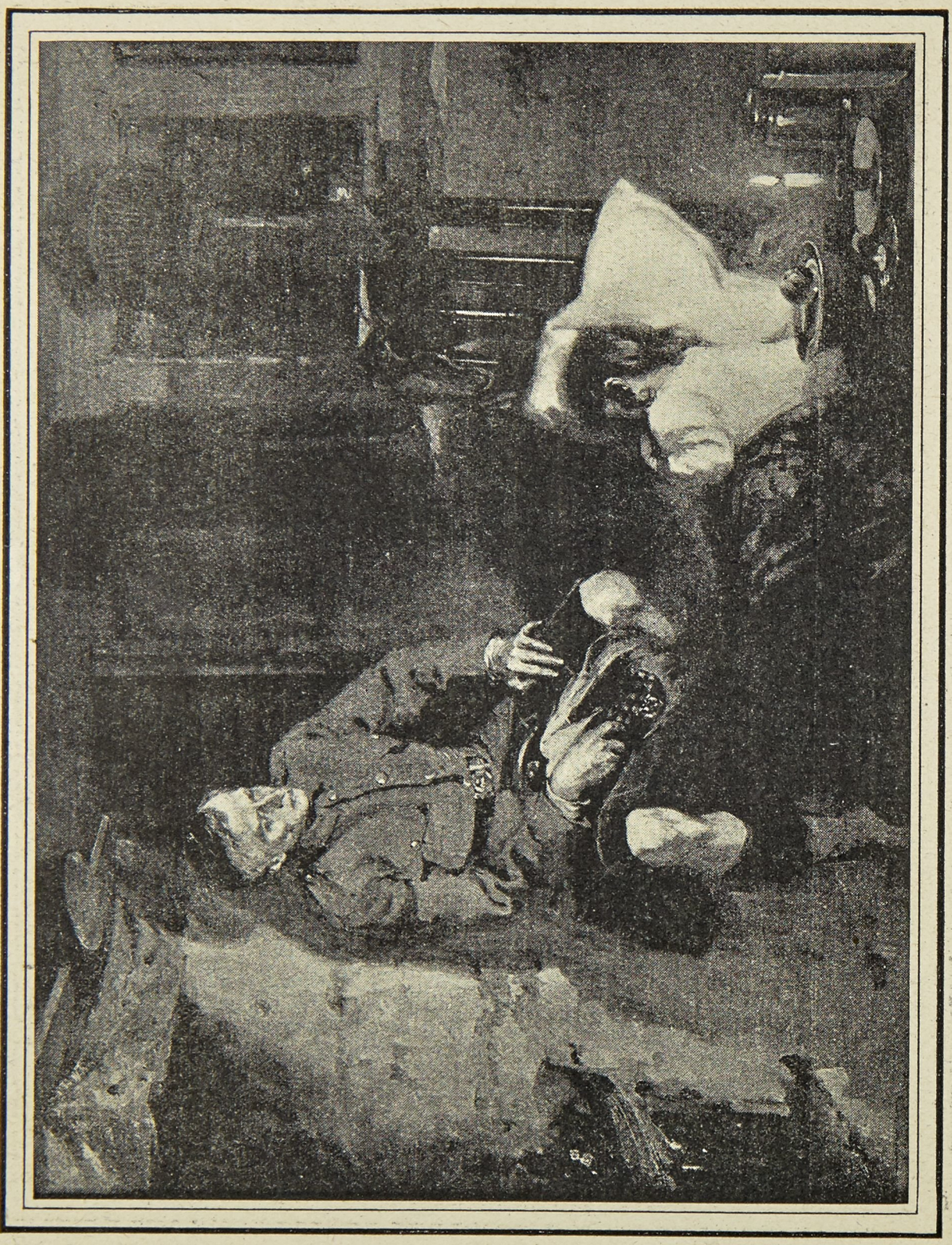
RESCUE THE PERISHING, CARE FOR THE DYING: BELGIUM, 1914 - By R. Gemmell Hutchison, R.S.A.

Two Sisters of Mercy succour the weak and oppressed in a Belgian homestead, with the devotion characteristic of their religion.



LANDRECIES, AUGUST 25th, 1914. By W. B. Wollen, R.I.

Just after the memorable retreat from Mons, a British army corps held up the German advance near Landrecies. This spirited picture shows the Guards, with fixed bayonets, charging the Germans in the main street.



THE FOSTER-PARENT

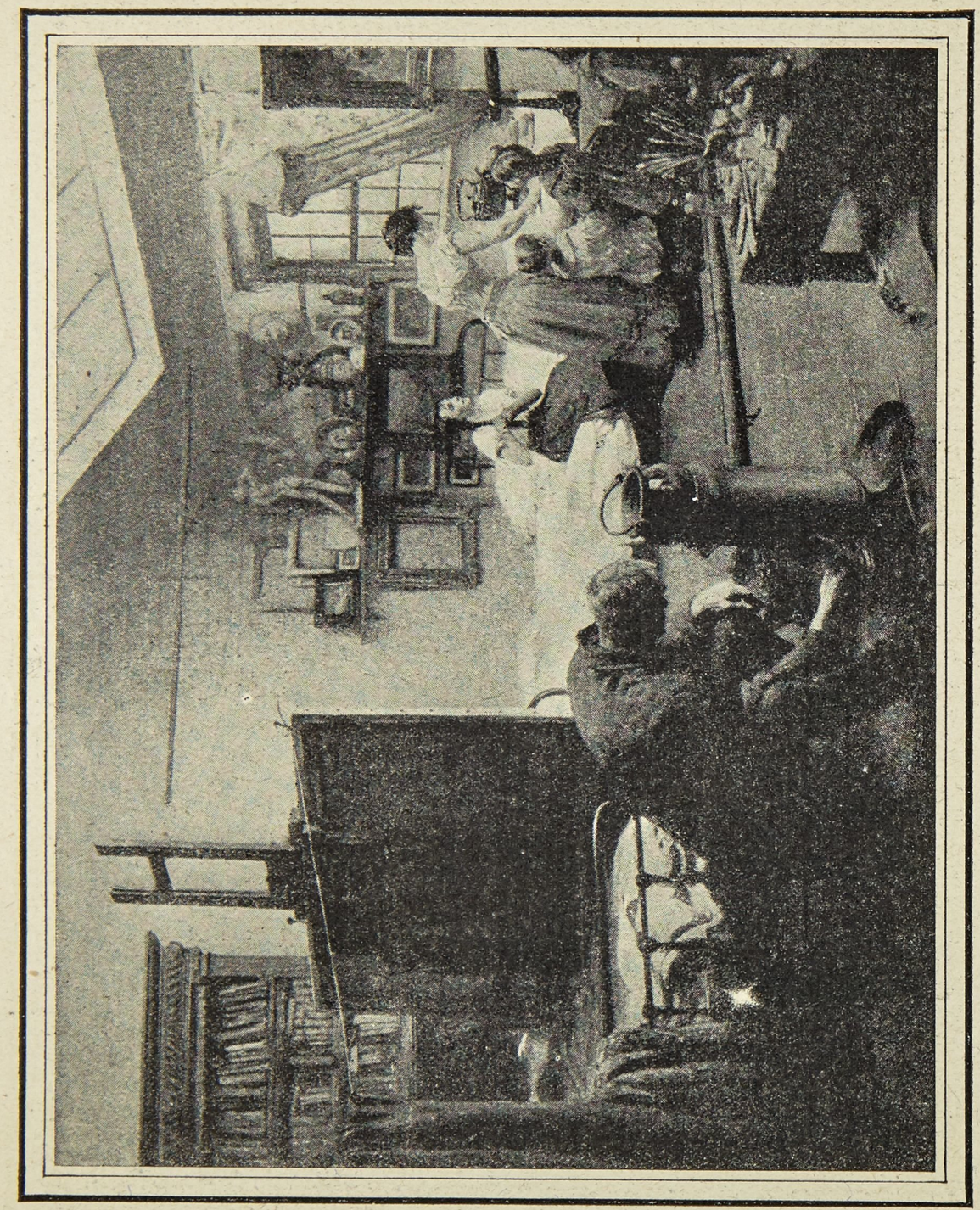
By Fred Roe, R.I.

This picture tells its own story with singularly strong appeal. The handsome Scotsman, a type that we can all admire, watches over the innocent sleep of the pretty infant refugee whom he has rescued from the vortex of war. Torn from her parents and homeless, she has found a friend in the kilted stranger.

The happier note in Royal Academy war pictures. Night scene in a dug-out somewhere at the front. A British Tommy is reading home news to his comrades in the warm glow of the lantern. Outside a sentry keeps vigil.

SOMEWHERE AT THE FRONT

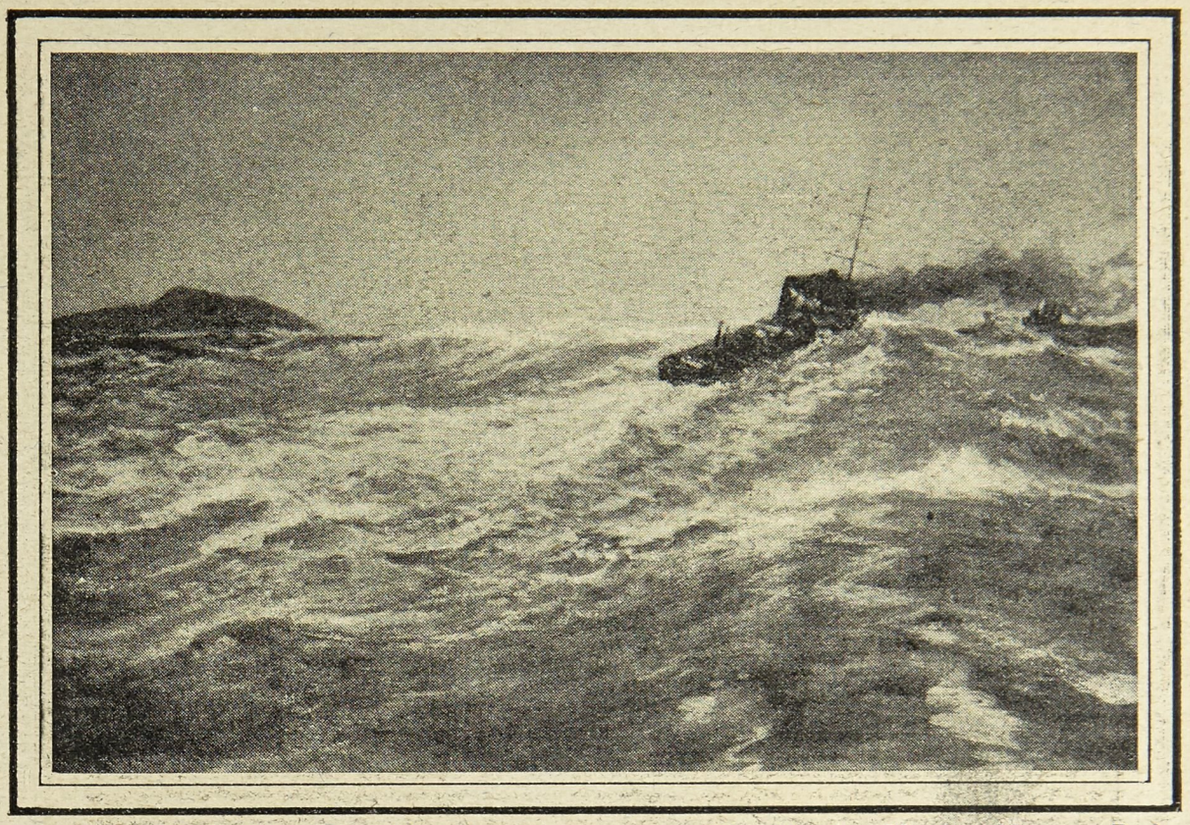
By Fred Roe, R.I.



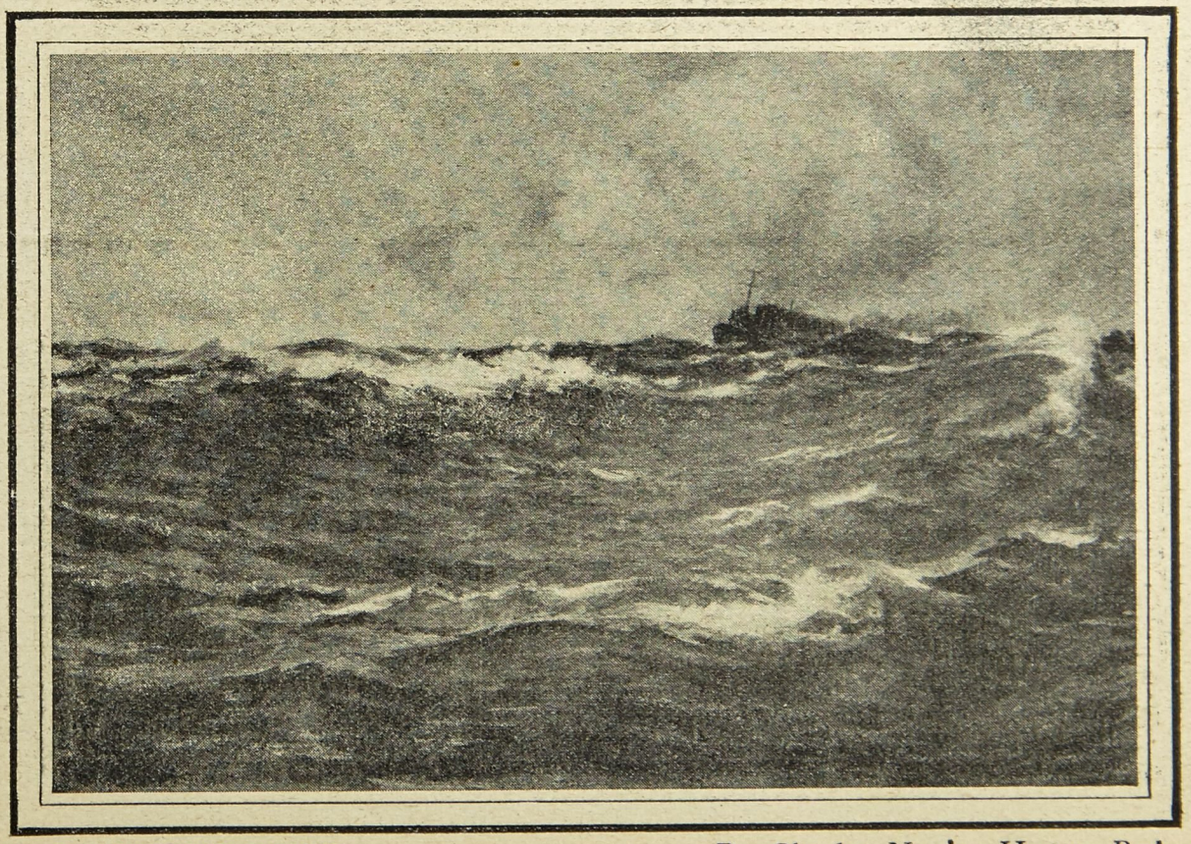
REFUGEES: IN MY STUDIO

By Frederick W. Elwell

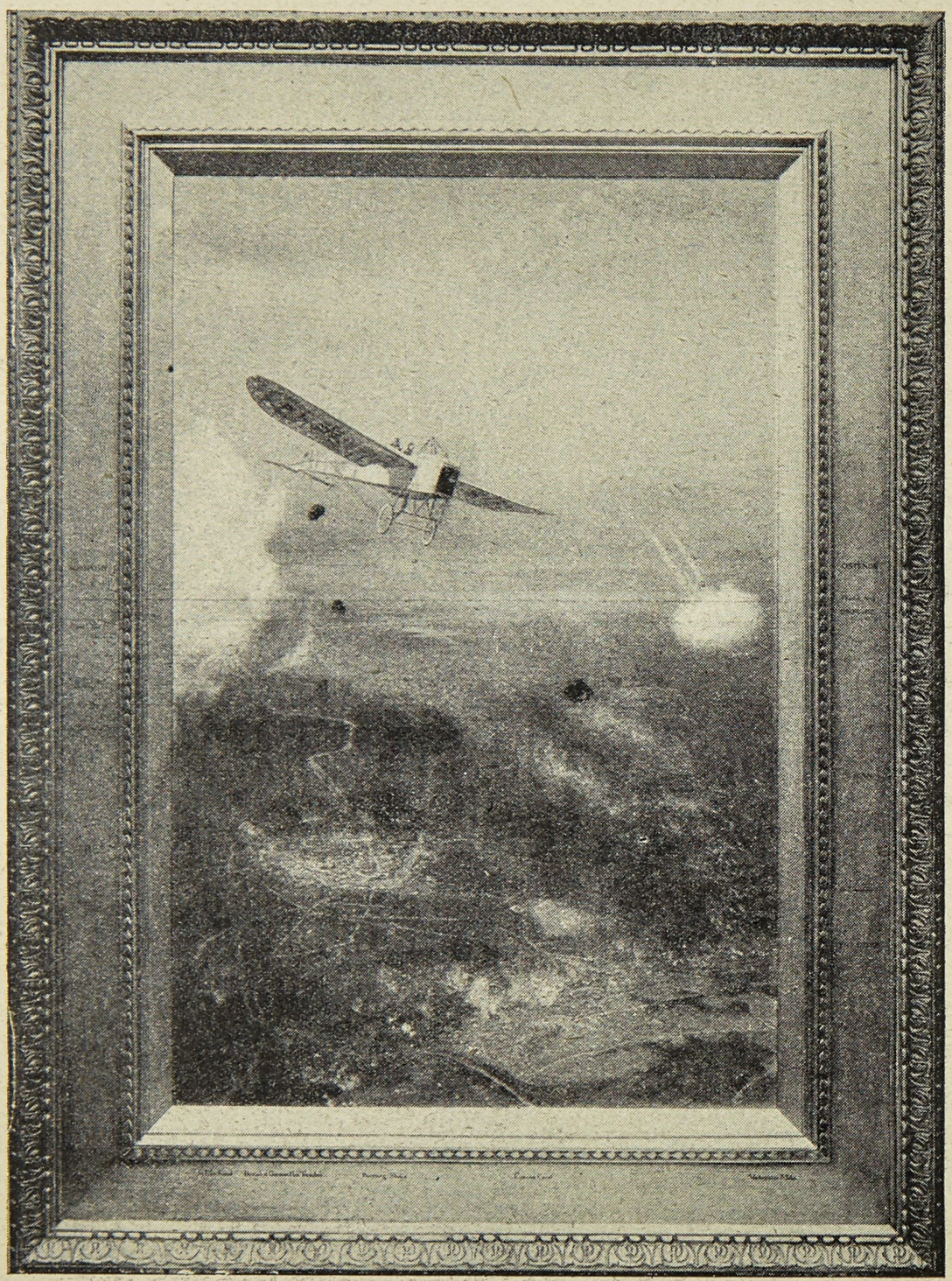
Safe at last from the brutal foe, after many vicissitudes and adventures, the refugees have found an anchorage in the artist's studio. He has caught them at their morning toilet. The old man is lighting the stove, while his daughter prepares the breakfast for her children. A pretty subject pleasingly executed.



DESTROYER FLOTILLA By Charles Napier Hemy, R.A.



A DISPATCH BOAT By Charles Napier Hemy, R.A.



THE FIGHTING-LINE FROM YPRES TO THE SEA

By W. L. Wyllie, R.A.

What the battlefields look like from above. An ingenious diagrammatic painting showing the fighting line in perspective from Ypres to the sea. The various points are marked on the frame. A British aeroplane, flying over the enemy's lines, comes in for a hot fire from anti-aircraft guns.

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 40. Vol 2
22nd May, 1915

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

SIR JOHN FRENCH'S SISTER AS A RED CROSS NURSE.—While our valiant Commander-in-Chief is fighting the Empire's battles in France and Flanders, his sister, Mrs. Harley, is fighting as strenuously in the cause of the wounded at a new military hospital in the Abbaye de Royaumont, Oise. The sister of the Commander-in-Chief directs the institution, and the staff is composed exclusively of society ladies who have willingly volunteered their services. This photograph shows Mrs. Harley conversing with wounded French soldiers in the Abbey gardens. Her resemblance to Sir John is very noticeable.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

WE have reached the critical hour at the front. Briefly, what has happened is this. The Germans, realising that we were planning a great advance from our right wing in co-operation with the French, and that we had transferred our main troops and heaviest artillery there, attempted a counter-move by attacking north of Ypres in force. The initial attack, on April 22nd, although checked by the gallant counter-attack of the Canadians, enabled the Germans to take up such artillery positions that our hold of Ypres was seriously threatened.

The Germans had brought very heavy artillery to bear on this point, far stronger than our own. They knew the exact lie of the country, and had the range of every square and street in Ypres. Their artillery commanded the entire district east of the canal. On Ypres itself they were able to maintain a fire from two sides which made life in that town almost impossible. The big bulge into the German lines which we had secured at this point — a bulge where many of our men lie buried—became a death-trap. To hold it as it was would have meant a continuous sacrifice of our troops.

General French had the courage to readjust his line, to sacrifice some sections of much fought-over land to the enemy, and to strengthen our hold along the canal. The ruins of Ypres have formed a centre for spreading lines of our troops ahead, who have dug themselves in around Wieltje and elsewhere.

Can We Hold Ypres?

Can we hold Ypres? We can at a price, but it may well be, in the events immediately ahead, that our Commander-in-Chief may not think it worth the price. The loss of this town would undoubtedly be severely felt at home. But the town is so shell-shattered that it is now little more than a ruin. The position between the two lines at this point is one great waste. The German artillery has destroyed everything—houses, farms, sheds—between itself and the canal.

There has been very little pause in the fighting north of Ypres since April 22nd. We can rest confident that our position to the rear there has been greatly strengthened. The tide of battle has turned now this way, now that. The Germans are making their fresh, crowning effort for Calais. Our best reason for confidence in the outcome is our knowledge of how they failed before. But the fighting at this point has been of an intensity which is worthy to compare even with the first Battle of Neuve Chapelle.

What We are Trying to Do

We aim at holding Ypres, checking the Germans there, and driving so strong a force into their flank from farther south that they will be compelled, for safety's sake, to retire. The great British advance towards Lille and the French advance from Arras will, if they succeed, transform the situation. The capture of the German fort on the crest of the commanding hill of Notre Dame de Lorette, our attacks on La Bassée, and the capture of village after village, are all of good omen. But it must be remembered that we are now attempting the most difficult advance any army has ventured upon. We are pushing forward in a country barricaded at every point, with barbed-wire entanglements in the most unlikely places, with men with machine-guns hiding behind almost every hillock. It is too much to expect that such a forward movement should be rapid or easy. It will tax and is taxing even our fine army to the full.

The operations of the French Army during the past month justify increasing optimism in the fighting efficiency of our ally. It becomes more and more proved that the weaknesses of the early part of the war have been eliminated. The French Army to-day shows a combination of patience, persistence, and dash which is beyond praise. It was once taken for granted that the Frenchman, splendid in attack, could not stand the strain of a long defensive campaign. The new French Army has shown, not alone that it can fight for months at a time on the defensive, but that at the end of that time it can dash forward with spirit unbroken and enthusiasm worthy of Napoleon's first army.

Praise for the French

The policy of secrecy adopted by our authorities over recruiting is possibly justified from a military point of view. They have succeeded in concealing our strength. The wildest and most divergent estimates are made of our available men. An American authority, largely engaged in the work of supplying the armies of the Allies, recently declared that Britain has now three million men under arms, apart from her Indian troops. Others, who should be equally well informed, put the figure at less than half. We do not know how many men there are in France, how many in the Dardanelles, how many at home.

One thing we do know. There are a great many young men at home who ought to be in the ranks. The photographs of the crowds in the anti-German riots show that they are mainly composed of young fellows just of the right military age. Bands, speeches, appeals to their patriotism do not touch them. Even the open taunts of the lads in khaki do not pierce their thick hides.

The Japanese Army has in times of war an excellent plan of dealing with the young fellows who are not thought good enough for the front line. They are enlisted in transport work, and set to the much harder task of dragging carts, packing stores, carrying supplies, and keeping up lines of communications. Maybe these loafers have not spirit enough to be worthy to go in the ranks. Then make them the servants and attendants on those who do fight, until, by good work, they have proved their value.

Grounds for Good Hope

The man who points out the possibility of danger always runs the risk of being dubbed a pessimist. But it must be obvious to the most unthinking that the present situation is such as to demand our utmost exertions. This spring campaign comes, however, it is well to remember, as no surprise. Our military authorities know what to expect. They had nine months to prepare for it, and every part of Great Britain showed during the winter months how extensive the preparations were.

In Lord Kitchener we have, on the testimony of his greatest foes, one of the greatest military leaders of the age. General French has proved, time after time, his right to his high post and his supreme fitness for command. Our soldiers have, time after time, shown that they are in the very first line of the fighting men of the world. The battles of the past month have proved that our infantry can beat the German infantry man for man every time, and both sides know it. As for our cavalry, it has become an axiom in this war that seven thousand British cavalry can charge through twenty thousand Germans.

Let us have confidence in our men. But let us redouble our preparations to back them with more troops, more guns, and unending supplies of ammunition. These are the great needs of the day.

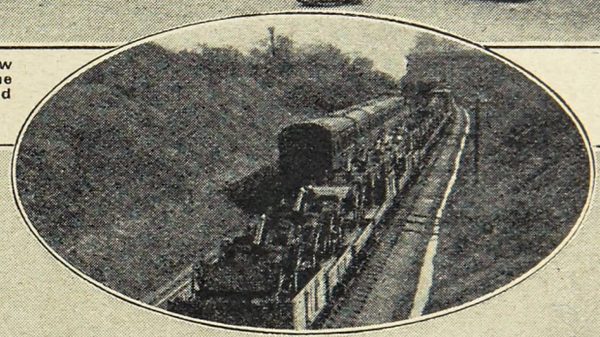
Royal Academy War Pictures

Our Free Art Supplement

WITH this issue of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is presented a beautiful 16-page portfolio containing reproductions of all the most noteworthy paintings exhibited at the Royal Academy this season which illustrate phases of our war-time life. Subscribers who bind the parts in volume form should preserve this supplement and bind it in at the end of our Second Volume.

Building Up Britain's Great Military Machine

Scottish public school boys prepare to take their places in the New Army. Hundreds of Scotland's public school men have entered the numerous training corps. Inset: Trainload of newly-made field kitchens on their way to be shipped to France.



Men of the 104th Brigade, Royal Field Artillery, taking part in a wrestling competition on horseback] at Folkestone. [All manner of sports play a prominent part in the training of the New Army, and the men are encouraged to foster a sportsmanlike spirit.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

WE have reached the critical hour at the front. Briefly, what has happened is this. The Germans, realising that we were planning a great advance from our right wing in co-operation with the French, and that we had transferred our main troops and heaviest artillery there, attempted a counter-move by attacking north of Ypres in force. The initial attack, on April 22nd, although checked by the gallant counter-attack of the Canadians, enabled the Germans to take up such artillery positions that our hold of Ypres was seriously threatened.

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General French had the courage to readjust his line, to sacrifice some sections of much fought-over land to the enemy, and to strengthen our hold along the canal. The ruins of Ypres have formed a centre for spreading lines of our troops ahead, who have dug themselves in around Wieltje and elsewhere.

Can We Hold Ypres?

Can we hold Ypres? We can at a price, but it may well be, in the events immediately ahead, that our Commander-in-Chief may not think it worth the price. The loss of this town would undoubtedly be severely felt at home. But the town is so shell-shattered that it is now little more than a ruin. The position between the two lines at this point is one great waste. The German artillery has destroyed everything—houses, farms, sheds—between itself and the canal.

There has been very little pause in the fighting north of Ypres since April 22nd. We can rest confident that our position to the rear there has been greatly strengthened. The tide of battle has turned now this way, now that. The Germans are making their fresh, crowning effort for Calais. Our best reason for confidence in the outcome is our knowledge of how they failed before. But the fighting at this point has been of an intensity which is worthy to compare even with the first Battle of Neuve Chapelle.

What We are Trying to Do

We aim at holding Ypres, checking the Germans there, and driving so strong a force into their flank from farther south that they will be compelled, for safety's sake, to retire. The great British advance towards Lille and the French advance from Arras will, if they succeed, transform the situation. The capture of the German fort on the crest of the commanding hill of Notre Dame de Lorette, our attacks on La Bassée, and the capture of village after village, are all of good omen. But it must be remembered that we are now attempting the most difficult advance any army has ventured upon. We are pushing forward in a country barricaded at every point, with barbed-wire entanglements in the most unlikely places, with men with machine-guns hiding behind almost every hillock. It is too much to expect that such a forward movement should be rapid or easy. It will tax and is taxing even our fine army to the full.

The operations of the French Army during the past month justify increasing optimism in the fighting efficiency of our ally. It becomes more and more proved that the weaknesses of the early part of the war have been eliminated. The French Army to-day shows a combination of patience, persistence, and dash which is beyond praise. It was once taken for granted that the Frenchman, splendid in attack, could not stand the strain of a long defensive campaign. The new French Army has shown, not alone that it can fight for months at a time on the defensive, but that at the end of that time it can dash forward with spirit unbroken and enthusiasm worthy of Napoleon's first army.

Praise for the French

The policy of secrecy adopted by our authorities over recruiting is possibly justified from a military point of view. They have succeeded in concealing our strength. The wildest and most divergent estimates are made of our available men. An American authority, largely engaged in the work of supplying the armies of the Allies, recently declared that Britain has now three million men under arms, apart from her Indian troops. Others, who should be equally well informed, put the figure at less than half. We do not know how many men there are in France, how many in the Dardanelles, how many at home.

One thing we do know. There are a great many young men at home who ought to be in the ranks. The photographs of the crowds in the anti-German riots show that they are mainly composed of young fellows just of the right military age. Bands, speeches, appeals to their patriotism do not touch them. Even the open taunts of the lads in khaki do not pierce their thick hides.

The Japanese Army has in times of war an excellent plan of dealing with the young fellows who are not thought good enough for the front line. They are enlisted in transport work, and set to the much harder task of dragging carts, packing stores, carrying supplies, and keeping up lines of communications. Maybe these loafers have not spirit enough to be worthy to go in the ranks. Then make them the servants and attendants on those who do fight, until, by good work, they have proved their value.

Grounds for Good Hope

The man who points out the possibility of danger always runs the risk of being dubbed a pessimist. But it must be obvious to the most unthinking that the present situation is such as to demand our utmost exertions. This spring campaign comes, however, it is well to remember, as no surprise. Our military authorities know what to expect. They had nine months to prepare for it, and every part of Great Britain showed during the winter months how extensive the preparations were.

In Lord Kitchener we have, on the testimony of his greatest foes, one of the greatest military leaders of the age. General French has proved, time after time, his right to his high post and his supreme fitness for command. Our soldiers have, time after time, shown that they are in the very first line of the fighting men of the world. The battles of the past month have proved that our infantry can beat the German infantry man for man every time, and both sides know it. As for our cavalry, it has become an axiom in this war that seven thousand British cavalry can charge through twenty thousand Germans.

Let us have confidence in our men. But let us redouble our preparations to back them with more troops, more guns, and unending supplies of ammunition. These are the great needs of the day.

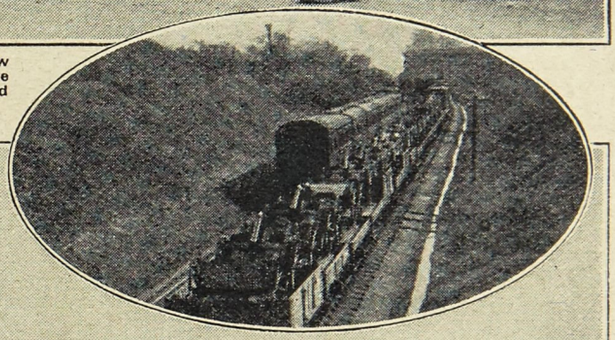
Royal Academy War Pictures

Our Free Art Supplement

WITH this issue of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is presented a beautiful 16-page portfolio containing reproductions of all the most noteworthy paintings exhibited at the Royal Academy this season which illustrate phases of our war-time life. Subscribers who bind the parts in volume form should preserve this supplement and bind it in at the end of our Second Volume.

Building Up Britain's Great Military Machine

Scottish public school boys prepare to take their places in the New Army. Hundreds of Scotland's public school men have entered the numerous training corps. Inset: Trainload of newly-made field kitchens on their way to be shipped to France.



Men of the 104th Brigade, Royal Field Artillery, taking part in a wrestling competition on horseback at Folkestone. All manner of sports play a prominent part in the training of the New Army, and the men are encouraged to foster a sportsmanlike spirit.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XXII.—The Demoniacal Destruction of the Lusitania

WHEN the Lusitania left New York for Liverpool on May 1st, 1915, the Great War had been going on for nine months, amid every circumstance of barbarity on the part of the enemy, yet without the British people being stirred to a full depth of active indignation. But as Froissart said many hundred years ago of the English, they are very patient under great suffering, but in the end they pay back terribly.

It wanted but little at last to arouse our strangely sluggish and mild race to a complete sense of all that is involved in the crusade for civilisation. For this reason it is probable that the torpedoing of the unarmed Cunard liner may prove to be, from the British side, the most important event of the war.

Why Full Speed was not Maintained

The actual facts concerning the loss of the Lusitania are brief and simple. After an easy, pleasant voyage across the Atlantic, the superb ship passed the Fastnet at eleven o'clock on Friday morning. There was then a fog at sea, and the Irish coast was veiled in haze. To avoid any danger of colliding with small vessels, Captain Turner ordered his engineers to slow down to fifteen knots. But the weather cleared up, and the coast-line became plainly visible across the blue expanse of sea, and the speed of the ship was increased to eighteen knots. As a matter of fact, the Cunarder was the fastest liner afloat, and could be put to a speed of twenty-five knots or more. Captain Turner, however, kept her down to eighteen knots so that he should not arrive too soon by the bar at Liverpool, and have to wait, exposed to submarine attack, until the water was high enough to float the ship over the sand.

Meanwhile all the bulkhead doors were closed and the boats were swung out, as the ship neared the danger zone, about two o'clock in the afternoon. For the Old Head of Kinsale, fifteen miles south of which the Lusitania was steaming, was one of the chief places on our coasts from which ships took their bearings, so the sea assassins of Germany were lurking there.

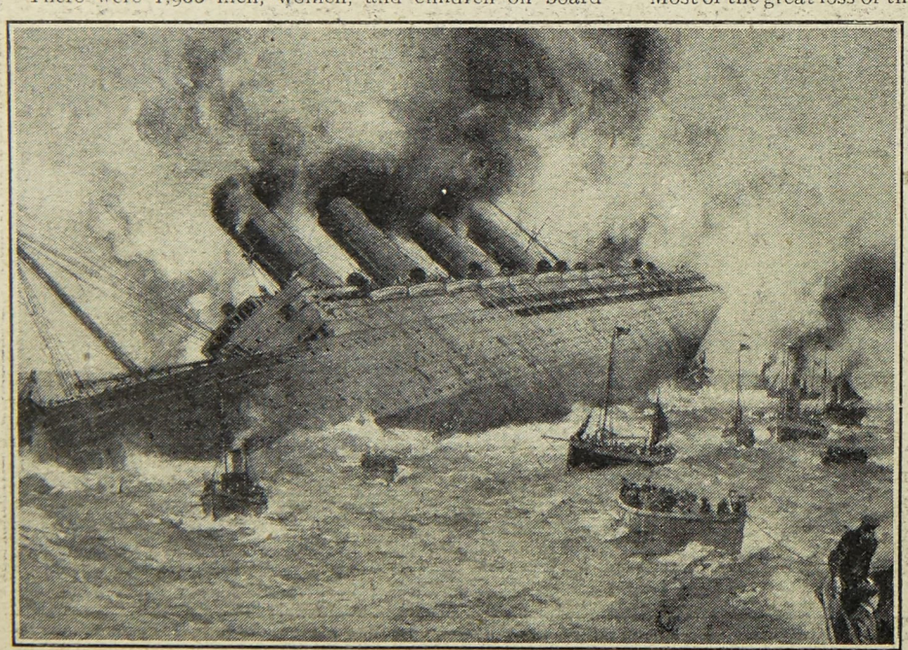
There were 1,906 men, women, and children on board the Cunarder, and, though most of them knew that the German Government had threatened to sink the ship, they felt perfectly safe. For, if the fastest passenger steamer in the world could not escape from submarine attack, when slower British troopships had for months worked across the Channel without a mishap, then all was not well with Britain. And the passengers, including hundreds of Americans and members of other neutral nations, thought with amusement upon the warning notice from the German Embassy at Washington, published in American newspapers. Lunch was finishing, and the band was playing "Tipperary," when a torpedo struck the Lusitania by the engine-room. Immediately afterwards there was another loud report; but it was not known whether this was due to an indirect explosion or to the impact of a second German torpedo.

Danger in Launching the Boats

The large amount of high explosive contained in the torpedoes used by the enemy submarine burst open some of the bulkhead doors and broke the steam-pipe, putting the engines out of action. The immense ship listed to starboard the moment she was struck, making it impracticable to lower boats on the high side. Moreover, as the engines were useless, it was impossible to get the way off the ship, and she continued to move until she dived. It is always extremely dangerous to attempt to lower boats from a moving ship, and though Captain Turner and his heroic crew laboured with calm and eager skill to save the passengers, there was a natural tendency to wait until the vessel slowed down. As in the case of the Titanic disaster, it was expected that the great ship, with her double skin and numerous water-tight compartments, would float for an hour or more.

Meanwhile, lifebelts were served out, and the women and children were helped into some of the boats that had been lowered to the rails, and some of these boats were launched safely. The captain's orders were promptly obeyed, and, with few exceptions, everybody was calm.

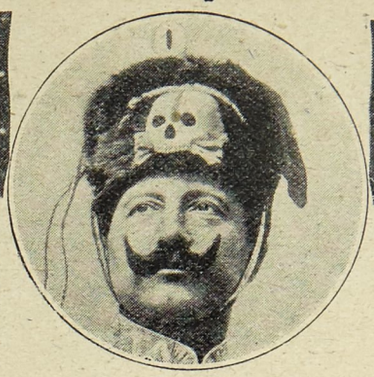
Most of the great loss of the lives of 1,134 non-combatants, a large proportion of whom belonged to neutral nations, was occasioned by the terrible rapidity with which the ship sank while she was still in motion. She was struck at fifteen minutes past two, and she dived at thirty-three minutes past two. The extraordinary suddenness of the final disaster appears to have been due to the immense damage done to the watertight bulkheads by the two explosions. Among the dead men remarkable for their heroism was Mr. Vanderbilt, who gave all his time to getting little children into the boats. Another American, the theatrical manager, Mr. Frohman, said a fine, memorable, and consoling thing. "Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure in life!" That was the way the victims of the German sea assassins met their Maker. The quiet, patient Anglo-Saxon people are not easily cowed, as the savages of Europe will in the end discover.



An impression of the Lusitania, the leviathan Cunarder, going to her doom off Kinsale.

"My Handiwork!" By the Pirate Emperor

The banner of the Death's Head Hussars, which should also be the flag of the Kaiser's pirate fleet. The "Jolly Roger" is the most appropriate ensign for the Undersea Huns.



THE KAISER
in the uniform of a Death's Head Hussar.

"LET us ring the joy-bells in Berlin to celebrate a great German victory. Let the news of our prowess penetrate throughout the Fatherland and to the remotest corners of the earth. Rejoice, ye Huns, over this spectacle of sixty-four coffins which contain the mortal remains of innocent women and children. At my orders have they and countless others been done to death. Have I not told you that I am more terrible than Attila, more ruthless than Nero and Herod? Woe to humanity! Woe to civilisation!"

These words, if not actually used by the Lord of Torture and Bloodshed and Vanity, no doubt are expressive of his sentiments in regard to the Lusitania outrage. He is the arch-fiend—his the shame.

Touching scenes were witnessed in the picturesque little cemetery of Queenstown when the unfortunate victims of the Kaiser's blood-lust were interred. This photograph was taken at the moment when the last rites were being celebrated over one of the graves, dug by the soldiers training in the district, which contains sixty-four coffins.

Victory and Counter Victory on the Eastern Front

Unlike the brutal relations generally existing between German officers and their men, a pleasing camaraderie is prevalent among leaders and troops in the Russian Army. This striking photograph shows a Cossack officer in the centre congratulating his men on a recent success with friendly appreciation and unreserve.

A Russian surrender before a violent Austrian bayonet charge. One of the most remarkable photographs of the war yet published, showing the actual onslaught of the Austrian soldiers. The enemy trench is being stormed, and its defenders stand in an attitude of surrender. It will be seen that some of the attacking Austrians have been shot down in the assault.

Sven Hedin with the Huns · The Lost Rider

Sven Hedin, the celebrated explorer who was so highly honoured in England (second figure from the left), with his staff, watching the result of artillery fire in Poland. Sven Hedin's pro-German tendencies have entitled him to follow the movements of the Hun forces in the field. But this renegade Swede is disowned by many of his own countrymen, who are sympathetic to the Allies.

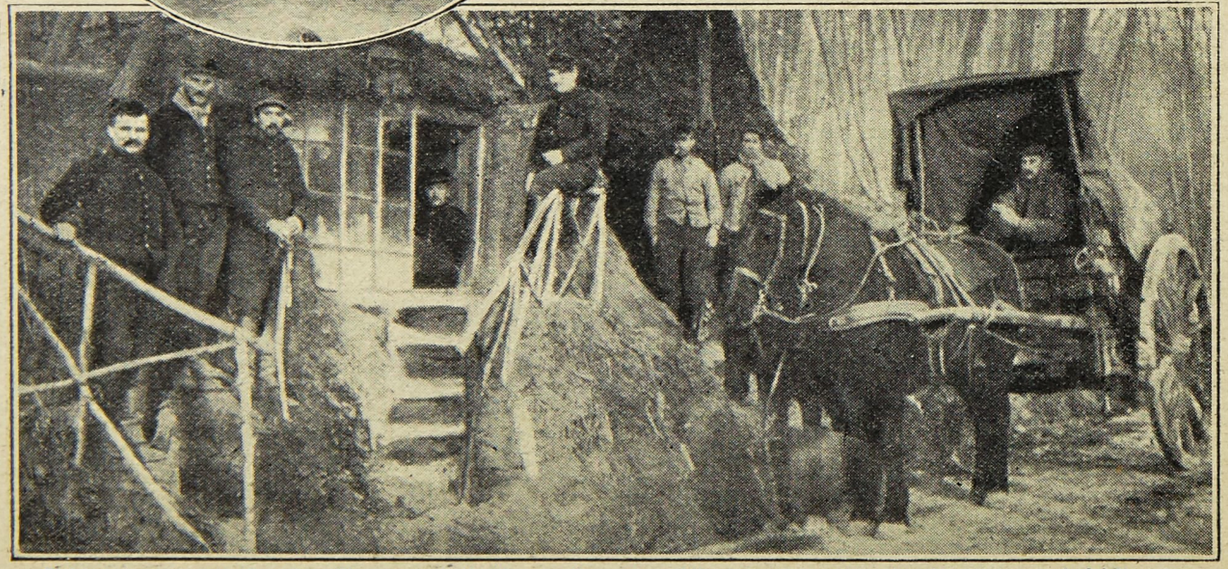
Waiting for the officer who never returned. Amid the debris of a recent battle the orderly remains with his master's horse. The German attack was repulsed with heavy loss, many men being killed and taken prisoners, among whom was the officer who owned the charger seen in the photograph.

The Soldiers' Postbag links Home & Battlefield

Our soldiers' relatives and friends are not always careful in packing parcels for the front. The "repair" department at the G.P.O.

Owing to the splendid system of sorting, comparatively few of the thousands of letters and parcels addressed to "Tommy" go astray.

Left: French post-office at Youville, which the Germans took over for their own use. Right: Heavy post of letters and parcels for prisoners of war being sorted at Geneva, before being sent to the internment camps.



Picturesque scene at a French artillery camp in the Woevre, the postal waggon having just brought the mails. Far from all loved ones, a numbered unit among millions fighting in the war, the soldier knows no greater joy than the arrival of letters from home. Eagerly he waits for news, and tears have been seen in the eyes of hardy heroes when there has been nothing for them.

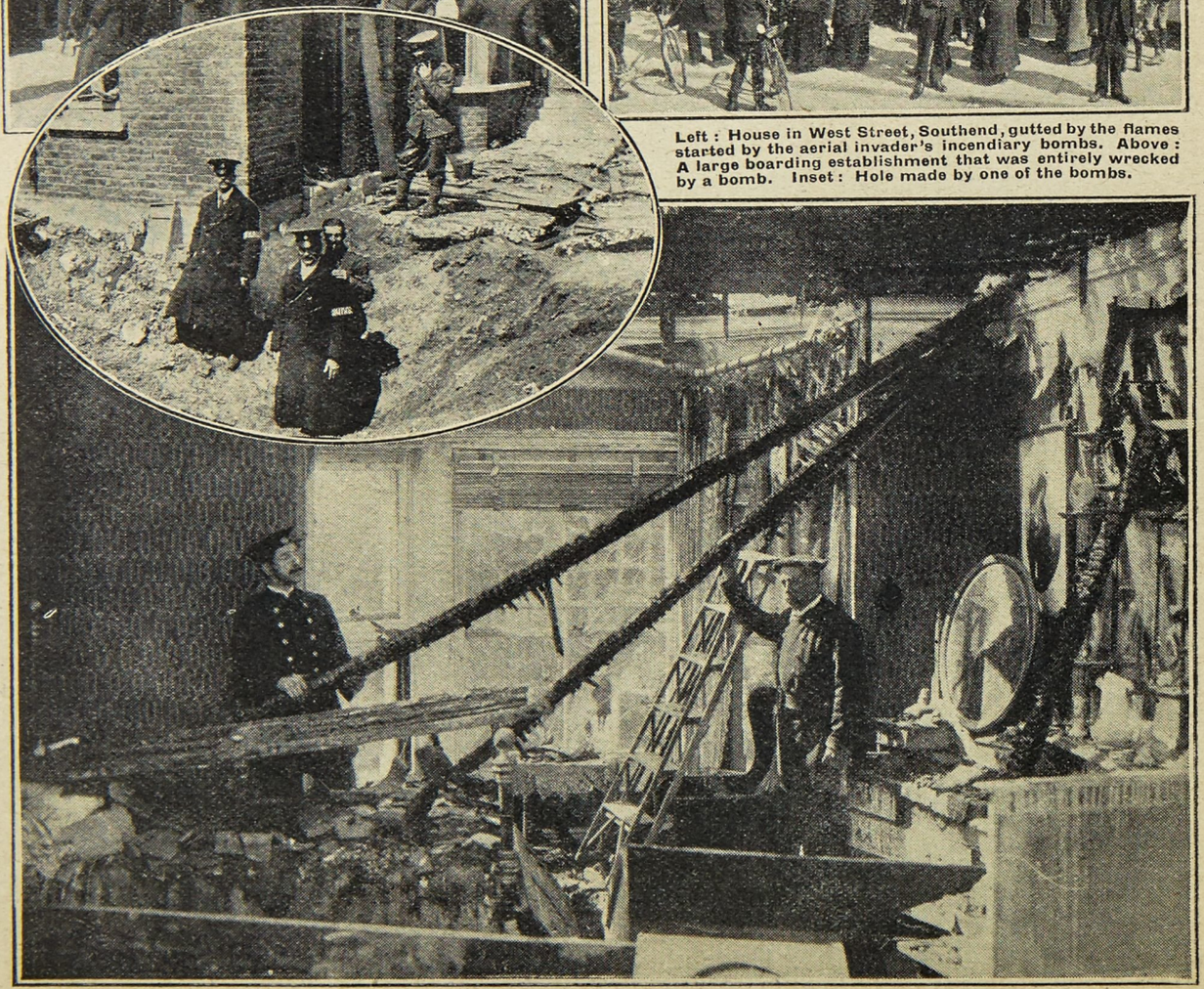
The Teutonic Wave and the Wreck it Leaves

German infantry rushing to take cover at a new position on their front in France. This photograph of the enemy lumbering over fields that a year ago were being prepared for the harvest, and past farmsteads and cottage homes from which the unhappy country-folk have fled, forms, with the picture below, a striking illustration of Cause and Effect.

Graphically suggestive of war in one of its most terrible phases, this photograph, with its atmosphere poignant with hopeless sorrow, scarcely needs a title. What words could tell a more complete story of the tragedy than is depicted by the grass-grown ruins of the little French cottage, the tears of the woman, and the dejection of the peasant who has returned, after months of weary wandering as a refugee, to find his home an empty shell?

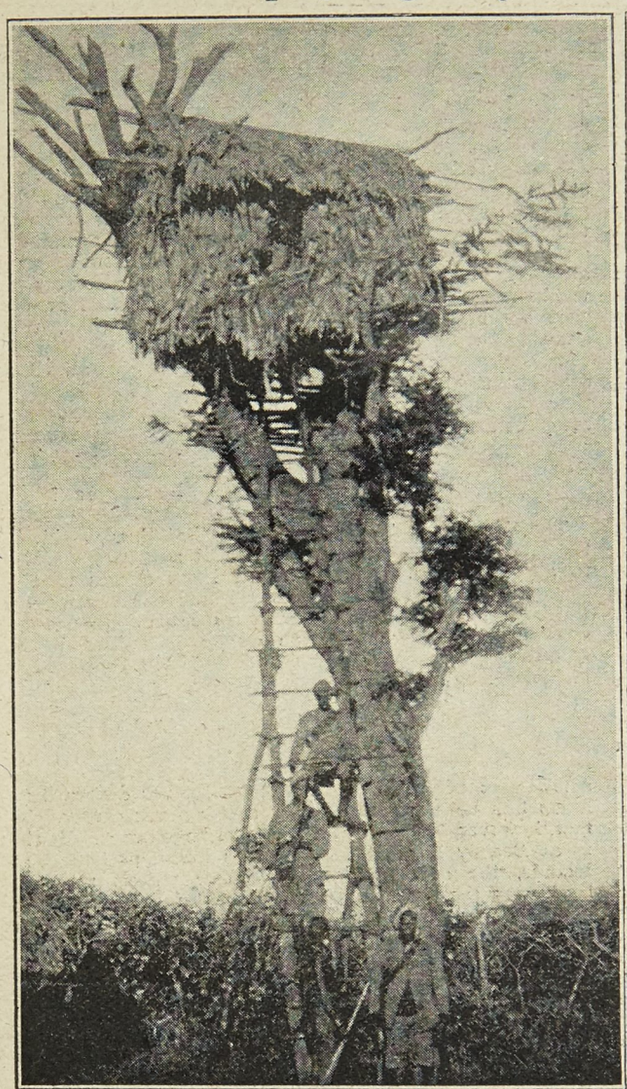
English Homes after a Visit from Aerial Ghouls

Left: House in West Street, Southend, gutted by the flames started by the aerial invader's incendiary bombs. Above: A large boarding establishment that was entirely wrecked by a bomb. Inset: Hole made by one of the bombs.

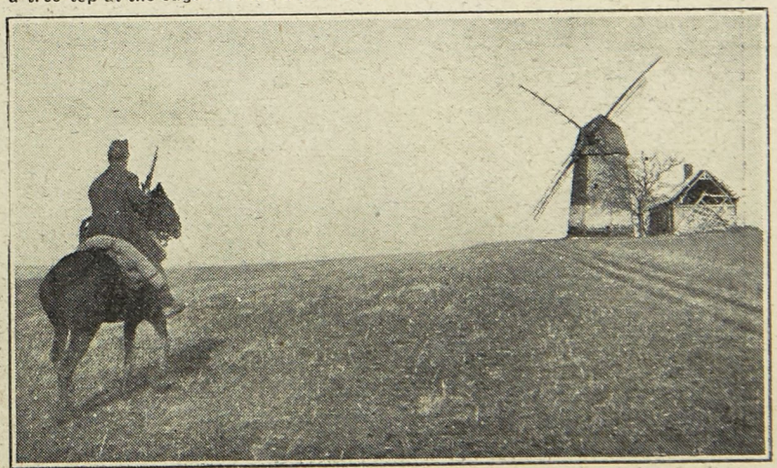


Bed-room in a house that was almost entirely wrecked by a bomb and the fire that followed. One hundred bombs were dropped on Southend by a Zeppelin early in the morning of May 10th. One woman was killed, several people were injured, four houses and a timber-yard were burned, and six other buildings struck. Then the Zeppelin that had succeeded in reaching to within twelve miles of London returned to report its duty done. "Frightfulness" had again triumphed—over one sleeping Englishwoman.

Ever-prying Eyes of Friend and Foe



German observation post on a tree-top in East Africa. This photograph was taken by a British scout who had reconnoitred the position and, finding it deserted, took possession. The men on the ladder are Somali scouts. Right: A British scout's look-out, built on a tree-top at the edge of a wood in France.



Eyes of the enemy near the Yser. German battery commander using a field periscope at an artillery observation post built on top of a haystack; inside the rick is a telephone. Right: Mill in the North of France used by Germans as an observation post, and the first French soldier to approach it after the enemy had been dislodged. The body of a German officer was found there.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

WE have had a bad week for the prestige of our Cabinet system of control, or, at any rate, for the control by so large a Cabinet as twenty members where war operations are concerned. The Lusitania perishes from a warlike operation within the control of the Admiralty, and the Board of Trade sets up an inquiry under a civil judge, as though the matter were on all fours with the loss of the Titanic. If the Prime Minister and the Cabinet meant business they would select the three great shore admirals—the Commanders-in-Chief of Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham, men of great services and prestige—to inquire as to her loss, whether it was avoidable, and to recommend what steps should be taken in the future.

Even before the loss of the battleship Goliath and five hundred of her crew, we had already paid dearly for giving complete confidence to the Admiralty, and the Cabinet which is supposed to control it, in the Dardanelles. We are paying there in blood and material, both badly needed in Flanders, for the ineptitude of those who would not recognise that sea-power as against the land must conceal where its blow will fall until it can strike suddenly, with all its force. This force should invariably include an army, so that navy and army combined put in the maximum of mutual assistance, or, what I like to call team work in the forward movement. For the purpose of this war our object in the Dardanelles was to get munitions to Russia and food from Russia by an easier route. At a certain stage of the war the cost seemed clearly worth while if the Foreign Office had satisfied itself there would be no bad political effects among the Balkan nations.

The Wonder-Ship of the Mercantile Marine

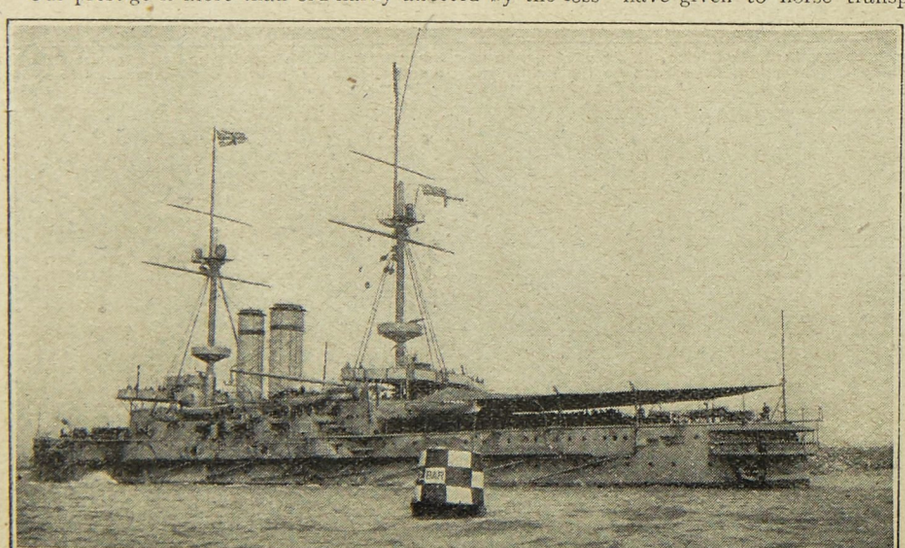
The pity is that, having roused Turkey to a great effort of preparation, we have now got to pay far more heavily in costs than is worth while, for our prestige demands that we should succeed when difficulties have been multiplied against us through faulty strategy. It is difficult for a sailor to believe that both sailors and soldiers, at Whitehall and in the Mediterranean, did not warn the Cabinet of the folly of striking with naval force alone.

Our prestige is more than ordinarily affected by the loss of the Lusitania, because she had been the wonder ship of the mercantile marine, and had close Transatlantic connections. To build the Lusitania and Mauretania the Admiralty advanced the capital at a low rate of interest, and to run them and obtain their services as cruisers they gave an annual subsidy of £150,000. When war broke out the Admiralty did not take them up or place the armaments on board. The reasons of this acknowledgment of errors are obvious. They are large targets, and as armed cruisers would absorb crews of about 700 men each. Assuming that we maintained these crews in peace time, then, allowing for the subsidy, the crew, the stores, and depreciation, their cost, apart from fuel, would represent an annual expenditure of over £300,000 per annum. This is greater than the amount for the battle-cruiser Tiger, whose services are priceless.

Where Were the Destroyers?

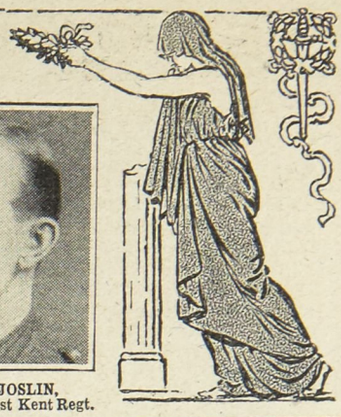
The Germans not only announced that they would sink the Lusitania, but they advertised it and sent warnings to all passengers. The American Press alleges that we gave a guarantee of safe passage under the convoy of warships, but this must surely be a mistake. Her captain states that she followed the course prescribed by the Admiralty; but, if so, it is astonishing that a course should have been prescribed making the ordinary landfall for all Atlantic ships at the usual distance from the land for peace passages. The Admiralty would certainly not have prescribed an economical speed for the sake of saving coal, especially as the City of Lathom had been torpedoed only a few days before in this part, and further eastward two liners had been torpedoed only a few hours earlier. The fact, however, that as with the cases I have drawn attention to at Beachy Head, St. Catherine's Point, and the Scilly Islands, the ordinary landfall, where vessels make the land, was selected, causes the question to jump to the mind: "Where were the destroyers?"

Mr. Churchill says "the resources at our disposal do not enable us to supply destroyer escort for merchant or passenger ships, more than two hundred of which, on the average, arrive or depart safely every day." Nobody has suggested that the Admiralty should do so, though they have given to horse transports what they denied to the Lusitania, carrying passengers, mails, bullion, and ammunition. Apart altogether from protecting the Lusitania—and there has been too much of this business of patrolling and waiting for an enemy, like policemen on a beat—the business of the Navy is to exterminate the submarines. The place to look for them, among others, was an important landfall like Kinsale Head, near our naval dockyard of Haulbowline, at Queenstown, and this was more than ordinarily the case in view of the threats to the Lusitania. Not a patrol boat, much less a destroyer, appeared for hours after her destruction. So secure did the submarines feel that they showed their conning-towers, one of them actually heading the Lusitania off to a more dangerous course by this expedient.

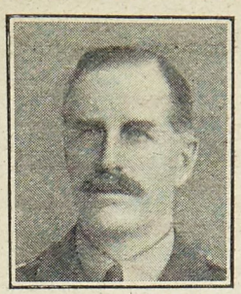


H.M.S. Goliath, that was torpedoed on the night of May 12, just inside the Dardanelles Straits while protecting the French flank. She sank with the loss of five hundred men. The Goliath was an old British 13,000 ton battleship, laid down in 1897 and completed in 1900.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

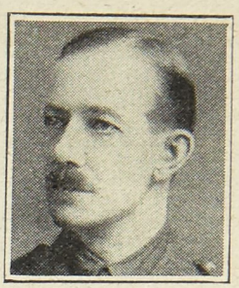


Lt.-Col. H. W. E. HITCHINS, 1st Batt. Manchester Regt.



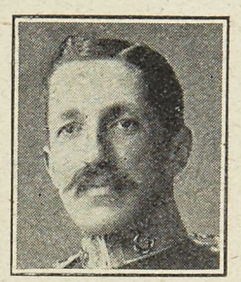
Lieut.-Col. H. CARINGTON SMITH, 2nd Batt. Hamps. Rgt.

Lieut.-Col. A. STEPHEN KOE, 1st K. O. Scot. Borderers.

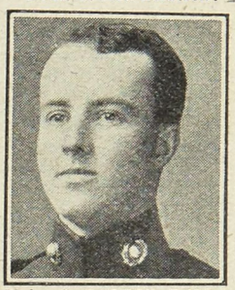


Major F. J. JOSLIN, 1st Batt. Royal West Kent Regt.

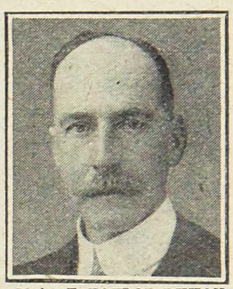
Major C. T. WIGLEY GRIMSHAW, D.S.O., R Dublin Fus.



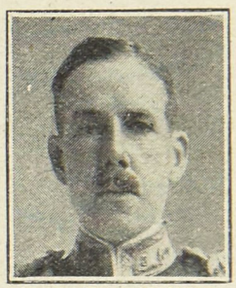
Major J. H. DEANE, 2nd Batt. Hampshire Regt.



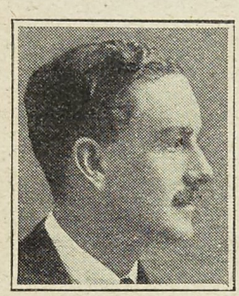
Major G. BARKER, R.M.L.I., Drake Batt., R.N.D.



Major F. TAYLOR DUHAN, 19th Punjabis (57th Rifles).



Captain H. M. SPENCER, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders.



Captain R. C. Y. DERING, 2nd K. O. Scottish Borderers.

Lieut.-Colonel Herbert Carington Smith, 2nd Hampshire Regiment, was killed in action during the landing in Turkey. He first saw service in the Nile Expedition in 1898, being twice mentioned in despatches, and receiving the Order of Medjidieh and the Egyptian Medal with clasp. He went through the Boer War, and was Special Service Officer; was twice severely wounded, several times mentioned in despatches, and awarded the Queen's Medal with five clasps and the King's Medal with two. In 1903 he served in the Aden Hinterland campaign; in 1913 he was given command of the 2nd Hampshire Regiment.

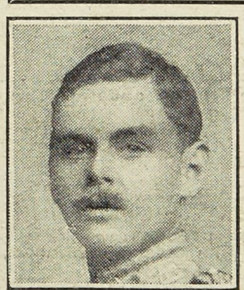
Lieut.-Colonel Archibald Stephen Koe, 1st King's Own Scottish Borderers, entered the Army in 1886. In 1894 he became Captain, and in 1899 was appointed a first-class station Staff officer in India. He was promoted Major in 1904, and Lieutenant-Colonel in 1913. He served with the Chin-Lushai Expedition, 1889-90, and the Chitral Relief Force, 1895, gaining for both the medals and clasps.

Major Francis John Joslin, 1st Royal West Kent Regiment, became a Second-Lieutenant in 1895, a Lieutenant in 1897, and received his company in 1903. He was promoted Major in 1914. From 1904 to 1907 he acted as Adjutant to his regiment. Major Joslin served through the South African War, receiving both medals with five clasps.

Major Cecil Thomas Wigley Grimshaw, D.S.O., Royal Dublin Fusiliers, entered that regiment as Second-Lieutenant in 1897. He was a Lieutenant the following year, and a Captain in 1904. During the Boer War he served with the mounted infantry, and experienced much fighting. He was twice mentioned in despatches, and received both medals with five clasps, and the Distinguished Service Order.

Captain DAMER WYNYARD, 1st Batt. East Surrey Regt.

Captain L. R. E. WEST, 8th London Regt. (Post Office).



Capt. and Adjt. W. D. HEPBURN, 5th Royal Scots.

Lt. E. H. UNDERWOOD BUTTANSHAW, 2nd Batt. The Buffs.

Lieut J. F. GLASS, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders.

Captain G. N. MACKIE, 54th Sikhs (57th Rifles).

Lieut. T. L. BAINBRIDGE, 5th Northumberland Fusiliers.

Lieut. A. R. BURNESS, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders.

Lieut. R. H. OWEN, 2nd Duke of Wellington's Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. P. E. KELLY, 8th Middlesex Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. D. E. GROSE-HODGE, 1st Suffolk Regt.

Portraits by Lafayette, Barnett, Chancellor, Russell, Heath, Lambert Weston, Bassano, Bacon, Elliott & Fry.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

ONE of the curious off-the-map incidents of the war was brought to notice the other day when a German official communiqué expressly stated that a German naval airship had fought an action with several British submarines, and had sunk one of them with a bomb. To this the British Admiralty promptly replied with a statement that *one* British submarine had had a fight with a Zeppelin, which tried to drop a bomb on her, but was driven off by the submarine's gun fire, after having been hit and damaged.

Of course, both accounts cannot be true; so, despite the fact that the German official communiqués are generally very accurate indeed, as distinct from German "wireless" reports—which are generally wholesale lies concocted for foreign consumption—we may accept our own account as the truth. After all, no one was there except the crew of the submarine and the crew of the airship, so it is merely one man's word against another's, and of the two I think I would rather believe our submarine officer.

Airship and Submarine Duel

However, the chief thing to note is the novelty of an action between an airship and a submarine, the two latest weapons of sea war, and the two which, of all others, one would expect to be incapable of damaging one another. A submarine, when attacked by aircraft of any kind, can at once "get out and get under," and aircraft can always get out of the way by superior speed. The fact that they stayed to fight it out shows how sure each was of its ability to avoid being damaged by the other. Presumably, the submarine skipper thought that bomb-dropping is such an inaccurate science at present that he was fairly safe—as proved to be the case. On the other hand, the airship skipper doubted the ability of the submarine to reach him with a small quick-firer.

As a matter of fact, a regular action between a well-manned airship and several submarines at a time should be possible. I know of one sailor-man, now on one of our airships, who is a perfect artist with a machine-gun, and is guaranteed to put seventy-five shots out of a hundred into a life-buoy floating on the water from a height of 1,000 feet. If a submarine bobbed up and attacked his ship, I think he could be backed to keep the crew from ever getting on deck to work their gun against the airship. Probably every man would be picked off as his head showed through the hatchway. In this way an airship ought to be able to avoid being hit back while it was manœuvring for the exact position from which to drop its bombs on the submarine—or submarines, if there were more than one.

Battle Experience in a Submarine

On the other hand, if sufficient men ever got on deck to work their quick-firer it would probably be "Good-bye, airship!" For at 1,000 feet or so one could hardly miss hitting one of the cars of the ship, and even if the ship tried to rise hurriedly she would be well within range of the quick-firer long after the submarine was out of range of her machine-guns.

Consequently, almost the only chance an airship has is to catch submarines when they are just coming to the surface. If a submarine has already emerged, and has her gun crew at their posts, an airship has very little opportunity of doing damage, for she cannot rise high enough to be out of the vertical range of a modern quick-firer, even if only a 3-pounder.

One young friend of mine who was down in a submarine, on which a Zeppelin was trying to drop bombs, told me it was a most unpleasant sensation, for though no bombs fell very close, those which burst as they struck the water some twenty to a hundred yards away gave such a shock to the water that it was felt all over the boat, which was then submerged twenty or thirty feet.

Our Diary of the War

Chronology of Events, May 8th to May 13th

MAY 8.—Lusitania outrage shocks the whole civilised world. Two torpedoes from German submarines struck the giant liner, which sank in eighteen minutes. The number on board was 1,906, and those who were drowned numbered 1,134, as the number of survivors is believed to be 772.

MAY 9.—**British Forward Movement.** The First Army attacked the enemy's lines between the Bois Grenier and Festubert, and gained ground south-east towards Fromelles.

British Destroyer Mined. Announced that while operating on May 7th off Belgian coast the torpedo-boat destroyer Maori struck a mine two miles north-west of Weilingen Lightship. The crew took to the boats when the ship was sinking. H.M.S. Crusader lowered her boats to assist in picking up crew of Maori, but owing to enemy's fire had to leave her boats and retire. Crew of Maori and boats' crews of Crusader taken prisoners.

Important French Advance. Our allies' troops just south of the British lines went forward south of Carency three miles on a front of about five.

Capture of Libau, on Baltic coast, by Germans admitted by Russians.

Zeppelin Raid on Southend. Early in morning a Zeppelin attack made on Southend; ninety bombs dropped in the town, and fifty more in the vicinity. One woman killed, and two persons injured. There was some damage to property, but not of a serious character.

French Gains to North of Arras maintained, notably between Carency and Souchey. Total number of prisoners exceeded 3,000, including 40 officers, one of them a colonel, 10 guns, and 50 machine-guns captured.

Russian headquarters reports that in the region of Shavli, in northern front, its offensive continues with success.

The Lusitania Crime. In the House of Commons Mr. Churchill stated that the Admiralty sent a warning to the Lusitania and directions for her course. Both messages were acknowledged, the second message shortly before the attack. No escort was sent.

British in Great Battle. One of greatest battles of the war raging about Ypres and down the line. Sir John French reports that enemy, under cover of poisonous gases, made attack east of Ypres in neighbourhood of the Menin road. Our shrapnel inflicted very heavy casualties on the enemy when in massed formation, "literally mowing them down."

MAY 11.—**French Army Push On.** Successes gained to the north of Arras extended. In engagement of extreme violence before Loos, a large German work and a whole system of trenches astride the Loos-Vermelles road captured. Farther to the south the large fort and chapel of Notre Dame de Lorette carried by assault. This success followed up without stopping, the French vigorously driving the enemy between the chapel of Notre Dame de Lorette and Ablain St. Nazaire. From Souchez to Carency the German position was closely invested.

Growing resentment against Germans in this country. German shops wrecked in London and provinces. Troops called out.

MAY 12.—Sir John French reports the repulse of a German attack east of Ypres. This attack, he pointed out, was the third costly failure experienced by the enemy.

Paris reports a slight check to French advance. All gains won during last few days in the section north of Arras maintained, except on the front of Loos. A later communique showed that this set-back has been retrieved, and marked progress made round Carency. Total prisoners captured since May 9 reach 4,000.

Anti-German Riots in London and elsewhere. Many shops wrecked. At Southend military called out.

MAY 13.—Announced that United States has decided to send a Note in severe terms to Germany, demanding that sinking of merchant and passenger vessels shall cease.

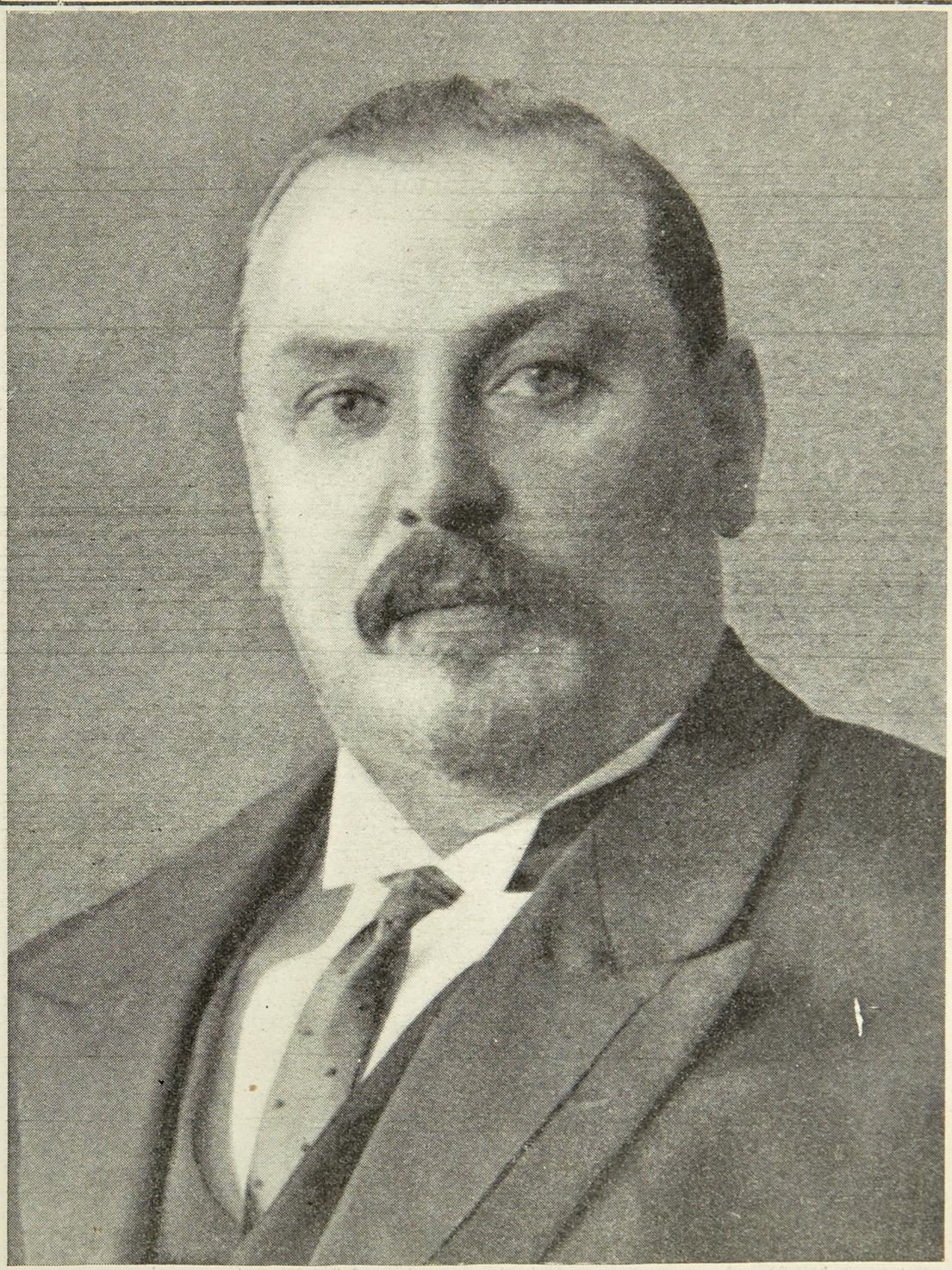
Conquest of German South-West Africa. General Botha enters Windhoek at the head of Union forces.

H.M.S. Goliath torpedoed in Dardanelles Straits. Five hundred lives lost. About 20 officers and 160 men saved.

E14 reported sinking of two Turkish gunboats and a transport.

When Will the War End? **In our next issue begins an important series of letters from famous public men on this the most interesting question of the day.**

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

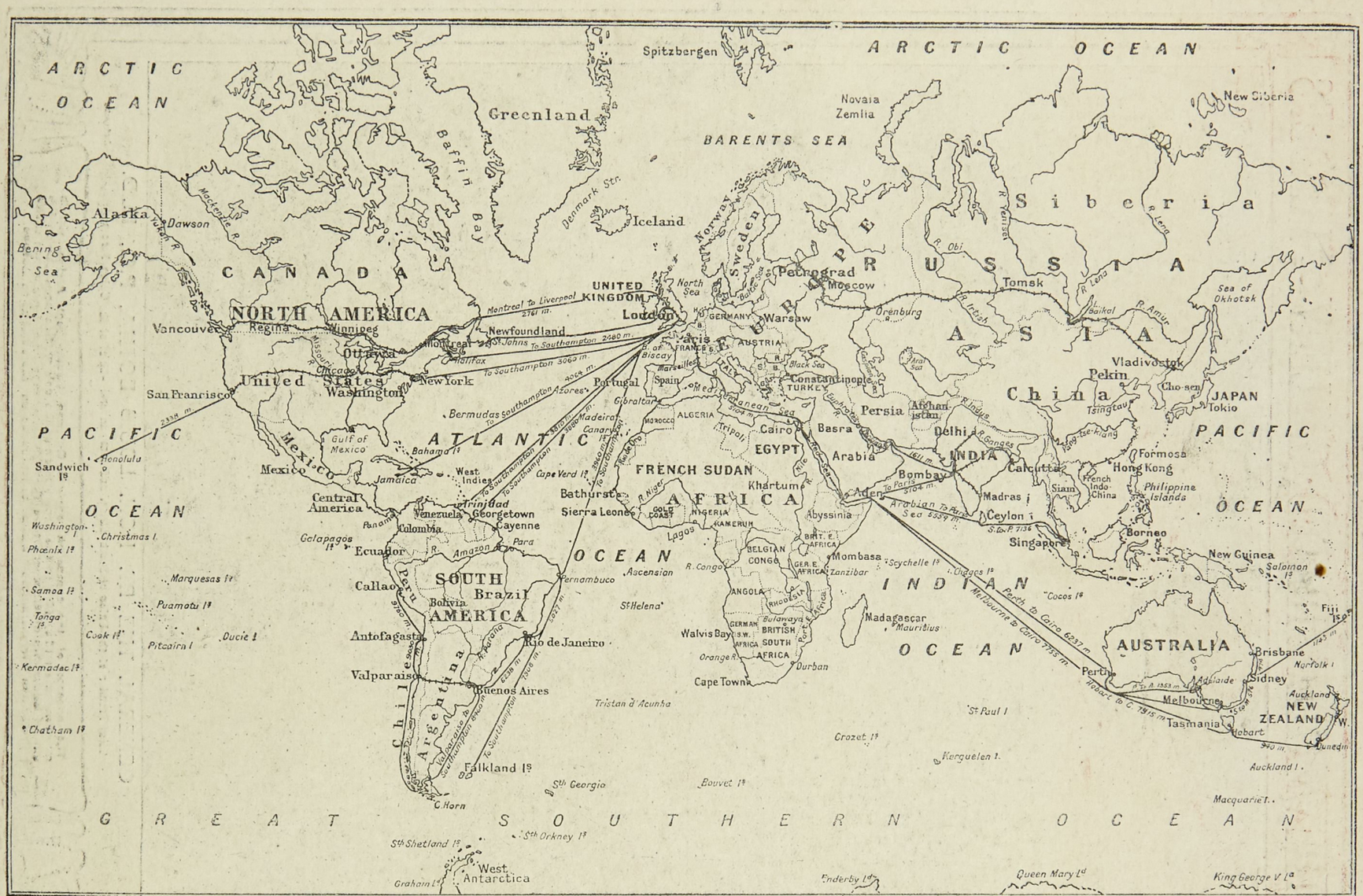


GENERAL THE RT. HON. LOUIS BOTHA, P.C., LL.D.

First Premier of the Union of South Africa, and Commander-in-Chief of the Union Forces. *Lafayette*

The success of the campaign against German South-West Africa, which culminated on May 12th in the capitulation of the colony, has been due to the skilful leadership of General Botha through many months of fighting, in which German "frightfulness" was as conspicuous on the Veldt as in Europe.

These pages, numbered with Roman numerals, may be included or omitted from the bound volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *as the subscriber prefers.*


ARCTIC OCEAN
Spitzbergen
Greenland
Baffin Bay
Iceland
Novaia Zemlia
New Siberia
BARENTS SEA
Siberia
Alaska
Dawson
Bering Sea
CANADA
NORTH AMERICA
Vancouver
Regina
Winnipeg
Ottawa
Montreal
Newfoundland
St. Johns
Halifax
United States
Washington
New York
San Francisco
PACIFIC OCEAN
Honolulu
Sandwich Is
Mexico
Gulf of Mexico
Bahama Is
Jamaica
West Indies
Central America
Trinidad
Venezuela
Georgetown
Cayenne
Colombia
Panama
Galapagos Is
Ecuador
Peru
Callao
Bolivia
SOUTH AMERICA
Brazil
Amazon R.
Para
Pernambuco
Antofagasta
Valparaiso
Chile
Argentina
Buenos Aires
Rio de Janeiro
Falkland Is
C. Horn
Tristan d'Acunha
St. Helena
Ascension
ATLANTIC OCEAN
UNITED KINGDOM
London
North Sea
Norway
Sweden
Petrograd
Moscow
RUSSIA
Tomsk
Siberia
Orenburg
Baikal
Sea of Okhotsk
Vladivostok
Pekin
China
Cho-sen
JAPAN
Tokio
Tsingtau
Hong Kong
Formosa
Philippine Islands
French Indo-China
Siam
Borneo
Singapore
New Guinea
Solomon Is
Fiji Is
AUSTRALIA
Brisbane
Sydney
Melbourne
Adelaide
Perth
Tasmania
Hobart
Norfolk I.
Auckland
NEW ZEALAND
Dunedin
Auckland I.
Macquarie I.
Chatham Is
Kermadec Is
Samoa Is
Tonga Is
Cook Is
Marquesas Is
Phœnix Is
Washington I.
Christmas I.
Pitcairn I.
Ducie I.
Tuamotu Is
INDIAN OCEAN
Cocos Is
Seychelle Is
Mauritius
Madagascar
Zanzibar
Mombasa
Aden
Arabian Sea
Persia
Afghanistan
Arabia
Basra
Delhi
INDIA
Bombay
Calcutta
Madras
Ceylon
Abyssinia
EGYPT
Cairo
Suez Canal
Red Sea
Khartum
FRENCH SUDAN
Bathurst
Sierra Leone
GOLD COAST
NIGERIA
CAMEROON
Lagos
AFRICA
BELGIAN CONGO
GER. E. AFRICA
BRIT. E. AFRICA
ANGOLA
RHODESIA
GERMAN S.W. AFRICA
BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA
Walvis Bay
Cape Town
Durban
Orange R.
Zambesi R.
Congo R.
Niger R.
Black Sea
Caspian Sea
Aral Sea
Constantinople
TURKEY
Smyrna
Tripoli
ALGERIA
MOROCCO
Gibraltar
Portugal
Spain
Bay of Biscay
Marseilles
FRANCE
AUSTRIA
Warsaw
GERMANY
Denmark Str.
Norway
Sweden
Barents Sea
R. Obi
R. Lena
R. Irtish
R. Amur
Bermudas
Azores
Madeira
Canary Is
Cape Verd Is
Gulf Stream
Montreal to Liverpool 2761 m.
St. John's to Southampton 2480 m.
Halifax to Southampton 3063 m.
Bermudas to Southampton 3646 m.
Azores to Southampton 1960 m.
Madeira to Southampton 2360 m.
Canary Is to Southampton 2640 m.
Cape Verd Is to Southampton 3400 m.
Pernambuco to Southampton 3960 m.
Rio de Janeiro to Southampton 5067 m.
Buenos Aires to Southampton 6139 m.
Valparaiso to Southampton 6300 m.
Valparaiso to Panama 2327 m.
Panama to Southampton 5600 m.
Sandwich Is to Buenos Aires 2334 m.
Aden to Bombay 1704 m.
Aden to Port Said 1411 m.
Suez to Port Said 120 m.
Suez to P. Tewfik 7136
Arabian Sea 3359 m.
Perth to Cairo 6237 m.
Melbourne to Cairo 9795 m.
Fremantle to C. Leeuwin 1515 m.
Perth to Adelaide 1403 m.
Adelaide to Melbourne 494 m.
Melbourne to Sydney 570 m.
Sydney to Brisbane 722 m.
Brisbane to Norfolk I. 1425 m.
Sydney to Auckland 1340 m.
Auckland to Dunedin 840 m.
Dunedin to Hobart 1210 m.
Hobart to Melbourne 340 m.
Tasmania to C. Leeuwin 1915 m.
Colombo to Singapore 1161 m.
Singapore to Hong Kong 1440 m.
Hong Kong to Shanghai 1000 m.
Shanghai to Tsingtau 360 m.
Tsingtau to Taku 180 m.
Taku to Tsing-kiang 160 m.
Tsing-kiang to Shanghai 360 m.
Shanghai to Yokohama 1500 m.
Yokohama to Vancouver 4210 m.
Yokohama to Honolulu 3440 m.
Honolulu to Vancouver 2090 m.
Honolulu to Sandwich Is 2334 m.
Suez Canal
Aden to Suez 1411 m.
Aden to Port Said 1704 m.
Port Said to Marseilles 1411 m.
Marseilles to Gibraltar 1000 m.
Gibraltar to Southampton 1000 m.
Southampton to Liverpool 200 m.
Liverpool to Montreal 2761 m.
Montreal to Halifax 600 m.
Halifax to Southampton 3063 m.
Southampton to Azores 1960 m.
Azores to Bermudas 2360 m.
Bermudas to Halifax 1030 m.
Halifax to Boston 400 m.
Boston to New York 200 m.
New York to Washington 200 m.
Washington to Chicago 700 m.
Chicago to Winnipeg 900 m.
Winnipeg to Regina 400 m.
Regina to Vancouver 1000 m.
Vancouver to Honolulu 2090 m.
Honolulu to Yokohama 3440 m.
Yokohama to Shanghai 1500 m.
Shanghai to Hong Kong 1000 m.
Hong Kong to Singapore 1440 m.
Singapore to Colombo 1161 m.
Colombo to Aden 2704 m.
Aden to Bombay 1704 m.
Bombay to Karachi 681 m.
Karachi to Basra 1411 m.
Basra to Constantinople 1000 m.
Constantinople to Smyrna 360 m.
Smyrna to Tripoli 1000 m.
Tripoli to Malta 300 m.
Malta to Marseilles 1000 m.
Marseilles to Bay of Biscay 600 m.
Bay of Biscay to Southampton 600 m.
Southampton to London 80 m.
London to Edinburgh 400 m.
Edinburgh to Aberdeen 120 m.
Aberdeen to Stavanger 360 m.
Stavanger to Christiania 200 m.
Christiania to Stockholm 400 m.
Stockholm to Petrograd 600 m.
Petrograd to Moscow 400 m.
Moscow to Orenburg 1000 m.
Orenburg to Tomsk 1000 m.
Tomsk to Baikal 1000 m.
Baikal to Vladivostok 1000 m.
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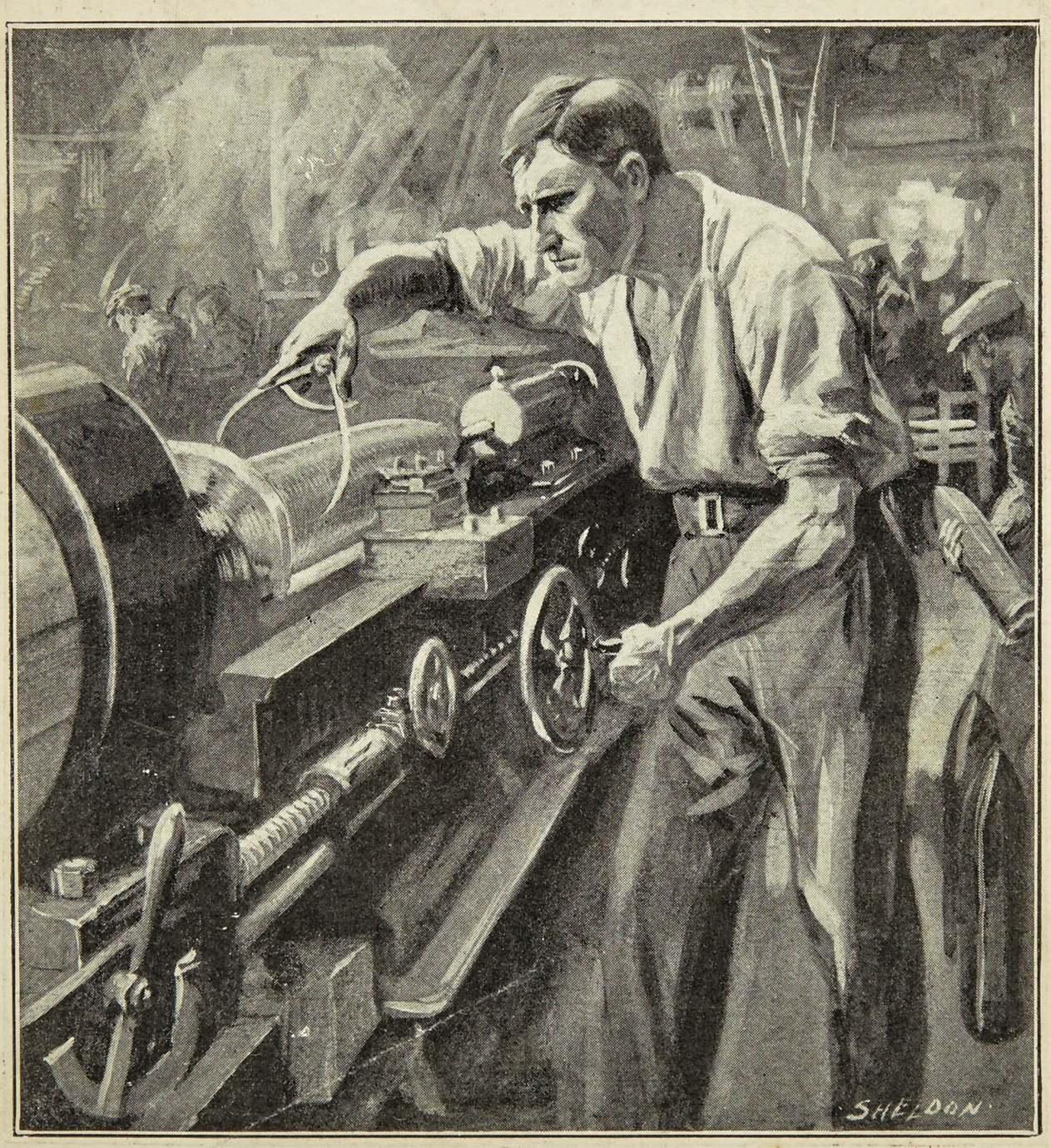
Boston to Halifax 400 m.
Halifax to Montreal 600 m.
Montreal to Liverpool 2761 m.
Liverpool to Southampton 200

The War Illustrated, May 29th, 1915. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post*

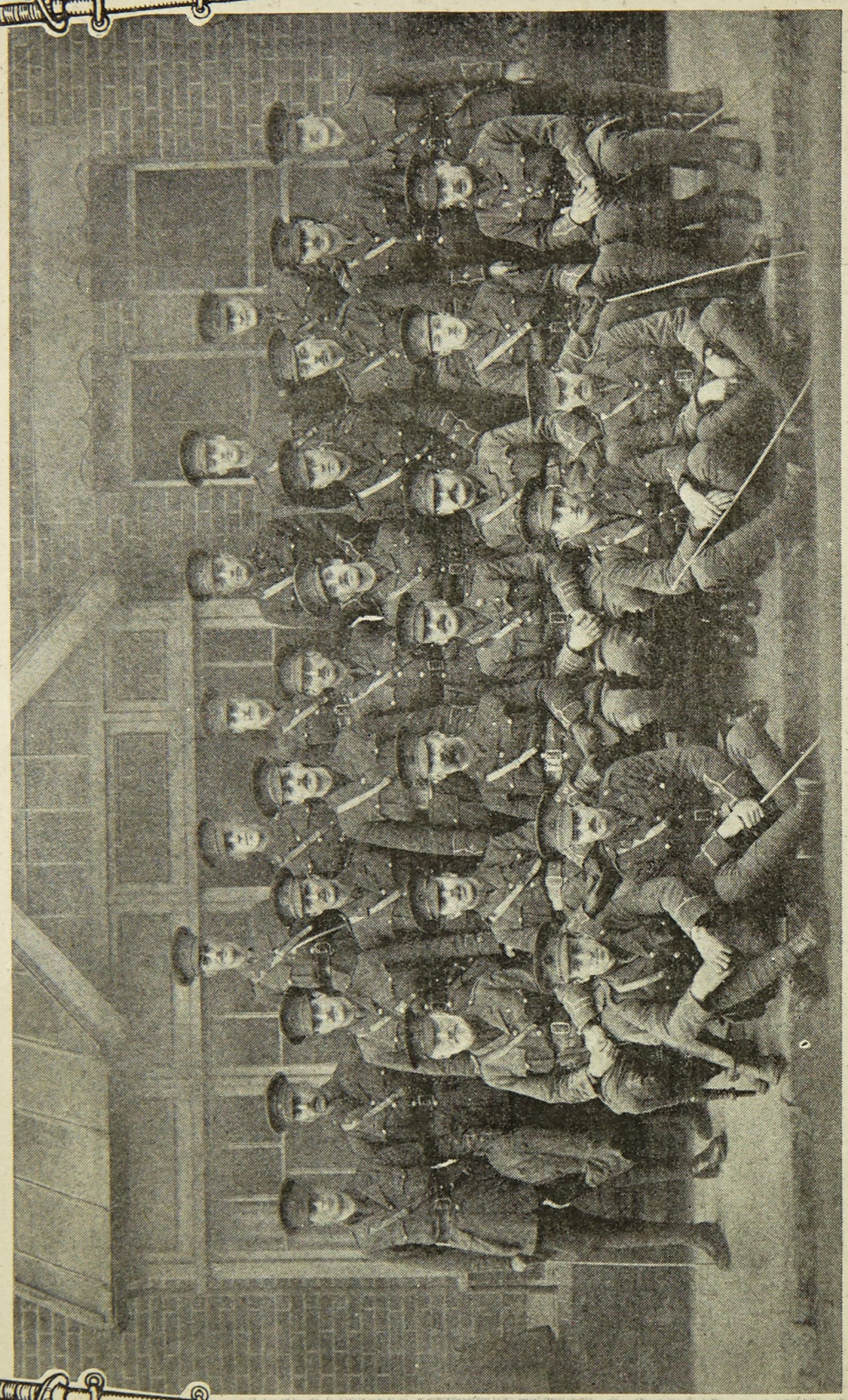
"How Long Will the War Last?" See pages 330 332.

The War Illustrated

2d Weekly



Vol. 2 "Shells, Shells, and still more Shells!" The Ammunition Worker "does his little bit." **No. 41**



OFFICERS OF THE 6th BATTALION SOUTH WALES BORDERERS (PIONEERS).—Back row, left to right: Sec.-Lieut. H. S. Ede, Sec.-Lieut. D. Jenkins, Sec.-Lieut. J. C. Owen, Sec.-Lieut. L. C. W. Deane, Sec.-Lieut. E. C. Meacock, Lieut. W. B. Carter. First row (standing), left to right: Sec.-Lieut. H. N. D. La Touche, Sec.-Lieut. C. C. P. Bailey, Sec.-Lieut. T. G. Evans, Sec.-Lieut. H. R. C. Morgan, Sec.-Lieut. G. Rattenbury, Sec.-Lieut. R. L. Eskell, Sec.-Lieut. T. J. Neale, Sec.-Lieut. S. Evans, Lieut. J. N. A. James, Lieut. F. B. Thomas, Sec.-Lieut. D. P. Joss. Second row (sitting), left to right: Capt. E. W. Wakefield, Capt. W. G. Evans, Lieut. and Adjt. F. Carter, Major J. P. Wood, Lieut. and Quartermaster A. Case, Lieut. C. N. Beston, Lieut. S. C. Morgan. Front row, left to right: Sec.-Lieut. R. W. Amos, Sec.-Lieut. H. J. Evans, Sec.-Lieut. M. C. Ede, Lieut. E. Ll. Lloyd.

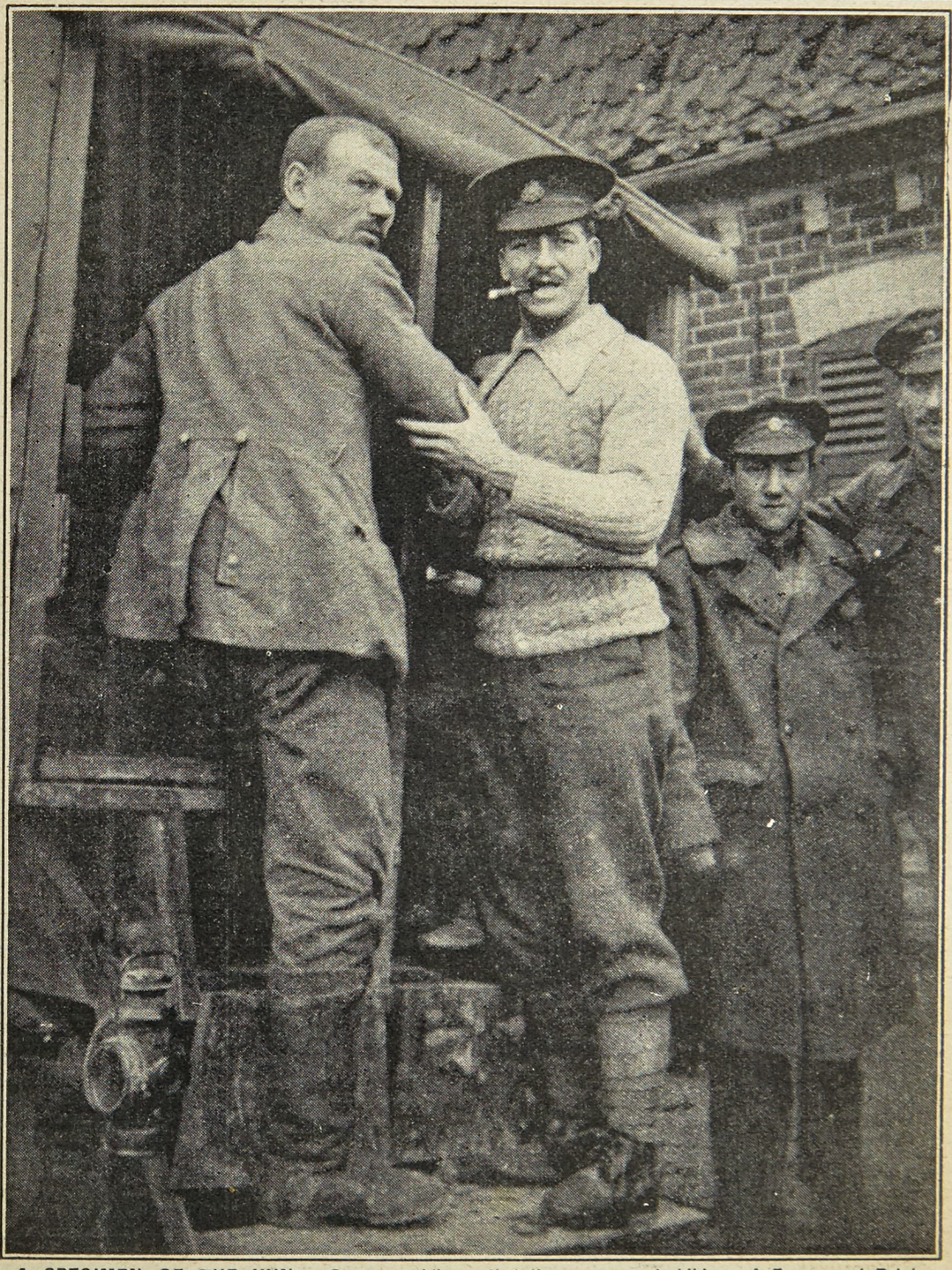
Photograph by Bassano.

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 41. Vol 2
29th May. 1915

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton



A SPECIMEN OF THE HUN. — German soldier captured in the recent fighting on the British front. His face is fully expressive of all the savagery and "frightfulness" associated with the exponents of "higher civilisation," so called, and it is from such-like beings that the women and children of France and Belgium have suffered unspeakable horrors. One shudders to think of what misery a horde of these men could cause if they invaded these shores. Compare his physiognomy with the frank, open countenance of the Briton.

HOW LONG WILL THE WAR LAST?

Private Opinions of Public Men

The Editor has invited a number of well-known public men, representative of all departments of thought and activity—captains of industry, men of letters, members of Parliament, scientists—to contribute their views on the all-absorbing question of the day, and will print such replies as come to hand.

Mr. F. T. JANE, the eminent Naval expert, takes the gloomy standpoint that this war, not being merely a racial quarrel, but Democracy v. Oligarchy, may go on, saving the unexpected, for generations.

FAILING some big social upheaval brought about by financial stress caused by sea-power rendering one side impotent, it seems to me that this war must go on for years and years. At any time there may be a temporary truce, but any real abiding peace seems absolutely impossible until German military domination is completely victorious or completely destroyed. There is no middle course.

It is the old story of the Peloponnesian War or of the wars between Rome and Carthage. This present war is not the ordinary quarrel between two nations; it is a conflict between two rival ideas of civilisation. Just at present it is on the lines of resolving itself into a fight for "a place in the sun," and, apart from the ethical side of the matter, it is becoming very questionable whether, commercially, there is room in the world for both the German Empire and our own.

That, however, seems likely to be merely a passing phase just as the racial side of the matter is. After a truce or two born of mutual exhaustion, we may presently expect to see developed a modern edition of the Peloponnesian War of two thousand odd years ago. The war between Athens and Sparta, if ever it were national, soon ceased to be so. It became a general war between the two main elements of the entire civilised world of those days—Democracy against Oligarchy—roughly a state of civil war between these two rival forces in every State engaged.

That—short of the unforeseen—is, I think, what we shall eventually come to in the future. It is rather an advanced idea to expound to-day, of course; it is unlikely to happen for years; though already two things are clear. Of these, one is that roughly speaking Germany stands for oligarchical ideas, we for democratic ones. The other is that, far apart as they seem, Prussian military despotism and Socialism have one thing in common—Collectivism, approached from two different points of view, as opposed to Individualism. Roughly, call this whether the human race shall be dragooned into what certain people think (or say) is for its benefit, or whether every man shall be free to live his own life as he sees fit.

Believers in both ideals have long co-existed in every country. Till this war came along they co-existed peacefully. But now that the clash of arms is our normal existence, the sword has replaced the ballot-box. Consequently, I am of conviction that what to-day we describe as "Crushing Prussian Militarism" will—the sword being now the arbitrator of all things—eventuate in a life-and-death struggle between two ideals which by no pitch of the imagination can ever coalesce or coincide.

So my answer to your question is that—*saving the unexpected*—this war may go on interminably for at least one generation, possibly for two. Bloodshed begets bloodshed. It will be war in perhaps varied form—but still war. A war, perhaps, in which all our civilisation may ultimately perish, and the remnant left begin painfully to work out afresh a new scheme of things.

Fred T Jane

Mr. CHIOZZA MONEY, the well-known journalist and M.P., foreshadows a prolonged campaign, and urges full-steam preparations and an absolute blockade of Germany as imperative to eventual victory.

AT the beginning of the war a number of us freely indulged in what has been called the most gratuitous form of error. Recalling what I said myself, I find that I made two bold assertions.

The first was that there was not the slightest need to apprehend distress and unemployment during the war, but, on the contrary, that the working classes would probably be better off during its continuance than ever before. I think I was the only man who ventured to say this, and I have been fully justified by results.

The second was that the war would not be a "long" one, but I pointed out that even the "short" Franco-German campaign of 1870-71 lasted for nearly a year, and that I used the term "long" as indicating my opinion that the contest would not be protracted for years; certainly I expected the war to be over in two years.

Now that we have entered upon the tenth month of the campaign, I am asked to give my opinion as to how long the war will last, and to give reasons for my answer, as they say in the examination papers. I am one of those who have learned a good deal since August 4th, 1914, and what I have learned prompts me to make reply that I think the man wise who now declines to utter prophecy in this connection.

Chiefly I have learned how few of the factors of the case it is possible to get to know anything about. We do not even know what our own Government is doing; what then can we know of what is being done by France, Russia, Serbia, Germany, Austria, and Turkey, to say nothing of present neutrals who may soon be for us or against us; to say nothing of other wars which may run concurrently with this and indirectly influence it.

Amongst the things we do not know are the numbers of the combatants actually engaged, and the numbers of effectives that can yet be produced by the different nations taking part in the war. I can say that of men of military age (aged nineteen to thirty-eight) Britain has 7,000,000; France has 6,000,000; Germany has 10,000,000; Austria has 8,000,000; Russia has 23,000,000. I do not know however, what proportions of these can be *effectively produced in the field, armed, and maintained.* Take our own case; we have 7,200,000 men aged nineteen to thirty-eight; we have 9,200,000 men aged nineteen to forty-five. I do not even know as I write what the British Government intends to do about these men; I only know what I think they ought to do.

It is, indeed, just because of the many uncertainties of the case that it is our duty to make every possible preparation for a prolonged campaign. The nation—nay, more, the Empire—ought to be organised forthwith to bring to bear all our magnificent resources of men and material to achieve the object that must be attained. And simultaneously the British Navy should be used, as it has not yet been used, to make sure that no supplies of any sort or kind either enter Germany or leave it.

L. G. Chiozza Money

(Further opinions on page 332.)

Before & After a Hot Fight on the French Front

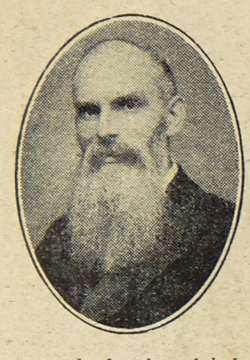
More pills for MM. Les Boches. French gunners loading an ammunition waggon with shells. Our Gallic friends, realising that the war would be a question of projectiles, taxed their resources to the utmost, and now they have shells in plenty and to spare.

A welcome refresher after the heat of a fight at Flirey. Members of the 6th French Battalion washing in a stream at Andilly, after having repulsed a violent German counter-attack. It will be seen that one of the houses in the background has been razed by a shell.

HOW LONG WILL THE WAR LAST?

Mr. SILAS K. HOCKING, the popular novelist, is confident of victory by Christmas, 1915, being of the opinion that Germany, having failed in her first objective, will squander her resources much more quickly than the Allies.

WHEN the war broke out I expressed the opinion that it would not be over before Christmas of the present year. My friends laughed at me as a dreary pessimist, but I have seen no reason yet for changing the view I then expressed. My assumption is based on the simple fact that this is a war of attrition. It is not a question of a big victory here or there, or of a few miles gained or lost in the long battle-line. It is a question of wearing down the enemy, and the enemy will take a lot of wearing down. It is true he is losing his strength and wasting his resources much more rapidly than we are, but his resources are by no means exhausted yet.



I saw a good deal of Germany during the years that preceded the war, and formed my opinion of the character of her people, though I did not think she could descend to such depths of infamy as she has done. The fact remains, however, that she had been preparing for this war for forty years, that she had accumulated vast stores of ammunition, that she had a well-stocked war-chest, and that she could at an hour's notice swing the whole of her manhood into the firing-line.

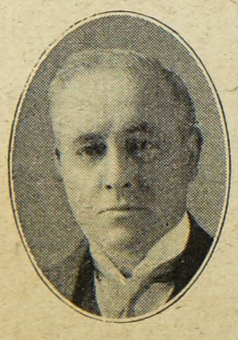
But her doom was sealed when she failed in her first objective. If she could not succeed then she cannot succeed now; but the wearing down is a slow process—that is the simple fact we have to face. The fighting strength of the Allies has not yet reached its maximum, the fighting strength of the enemy is slowly tapering towards its minimum. In that lies our confidence.

Germany will fight to the last ounce of her strength, and the last copper of her resources; but we shall need another seven or eight months to wear her down completely.

Silas K. Hocking

Mr. RONALD McNEILL, the notable writer and M.P., thinks that the Allies will not be able to impose peace conditions before 1916, at the present slow rate of progress, due to slackness of national organisation.

THE duration of the war depends on the thoroughness with which we determine to achieve the objects for which we are fighting. When driven back to their frontiers, the Germans might perhaps be ready to make a peace which would restore to Belgium her independence, and to France her stolen provinces. But no such peace would put an end to the menace of Prussian military aggression, which all the Allies have vowed to accomplish. I believe that no mere treaty between Governments will do that, unless it has been preceded by an invasion of German territory which will make the whole German people realise the horrors of war, and implant among them a tradition which will give them dread of repeating the experience.



But the Germans will fight with desperation before Westphalia and Hanover can be occupied, and peace dictated in Berlin. The unexhausted resources of the Allies are greater than those of the Germanic Empires, but, so far as Great Britain is concerned, her maximum of energy has not yet been nearly reached. Our slackness of national organisation has already made the end of the war more distant than it need have been; and as there is no sign as yet of this weakness being effectively remedied, the war will thereby be greatly prolonged. Shortage of munitions will continue to hamper military operations and to increase loss of life. We have nothing approaching a sufficiency of men to keep the Army up to proper strength beyond next autumn, nor is there any prospect of obtaining them by voluntary enlistment, magnificently as that system has served us up to the present. Unless, then, Russia succeeds in laying hands on the next harvest in Hungary and East Prussia, we shall have to face another winter campaign west of the Rhine. The exhaustion of the enemy in this war of attrition should enable us in that event to advance next spring into his territory; and we may reasonably hope that the Allies will be able to impose their conditions of peace, and to bring the war to an end, about September, 1916.

Ronald McNeill

SIR CHARLES W. MACARA, late President of the Federation of Master Cotton Spinners, is emphatic that the mobilisation of the nation's resources is the only way to exterminate the Prussian scourge within a reasonable time.

IN reference to your request for my views upon the war, I may say they are the same as they have been from the first. Everyone must admit that no Government has ever before had to face so colossal a task as dealing with war on such a gigantic scale. It was evident that the mobilisation of the entire resources of the nation was necessary to deal successfully with such a situation, and that thorough organisation, simultaneous action, tact, judgment, and, above all, knowing how to handle men were essential to success. In my opinion, Ministers have erred in attempting to keep so much in their hands, instead of at once securing the co-operation of the industrial, mercantile, financial, scientific, transport, and labour interests.

It was pointed out to the Government at the very commencement of the war, and repeatedly since, that it had at its disposal an Industrial Council which it appointed in 1911, after receiving the approval of many of the captains of industry and labour leaders, and composed of men representing capital and labour, and thoroughly conversant with the carrying on of the great staple industries, and whose services, if requisitioned, would have been invaluable in dealing with many of the difficult problems which were bound to arise in connection with the war; but so far its existence has been ignored. It is surprising that whatever help was offered by men of extensive experience in organisation was not gladly accepted, and a good deal of discouragement has been felt by many who have all along been anxious to render whatever assistance they had in their power. Whatever the errors of the past may have been, this is no time for recrimination, but, on the contrary, every man and woman should be stimulated, in face of the dreadful barbarities that are being practised, to redoubled energy and determined and united action.

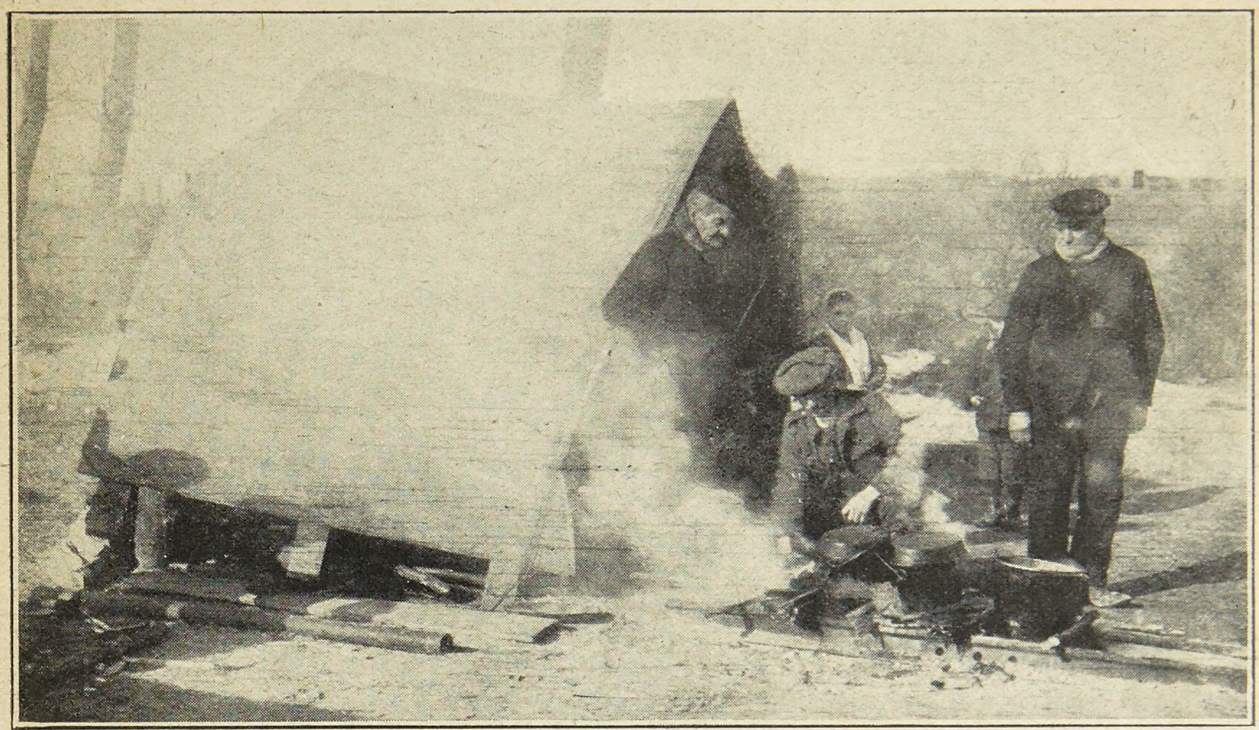
The complete mobilisation of the nation would certainly show who ought to join the defensive forces, and who are required in the equally important work of providing the necessaries of life, munitions of war, and in keeping the national machine going. Under such a scheme as this the position of the "slacker" would have soon become absolutely unendurable.

It is by this means alone that Great Britain and her Allies will succeed in their defence of freedom, and in ridding the world of a scourge which becomes more apparent each succeeding day, and that is striking at the very foundation of civilisation.

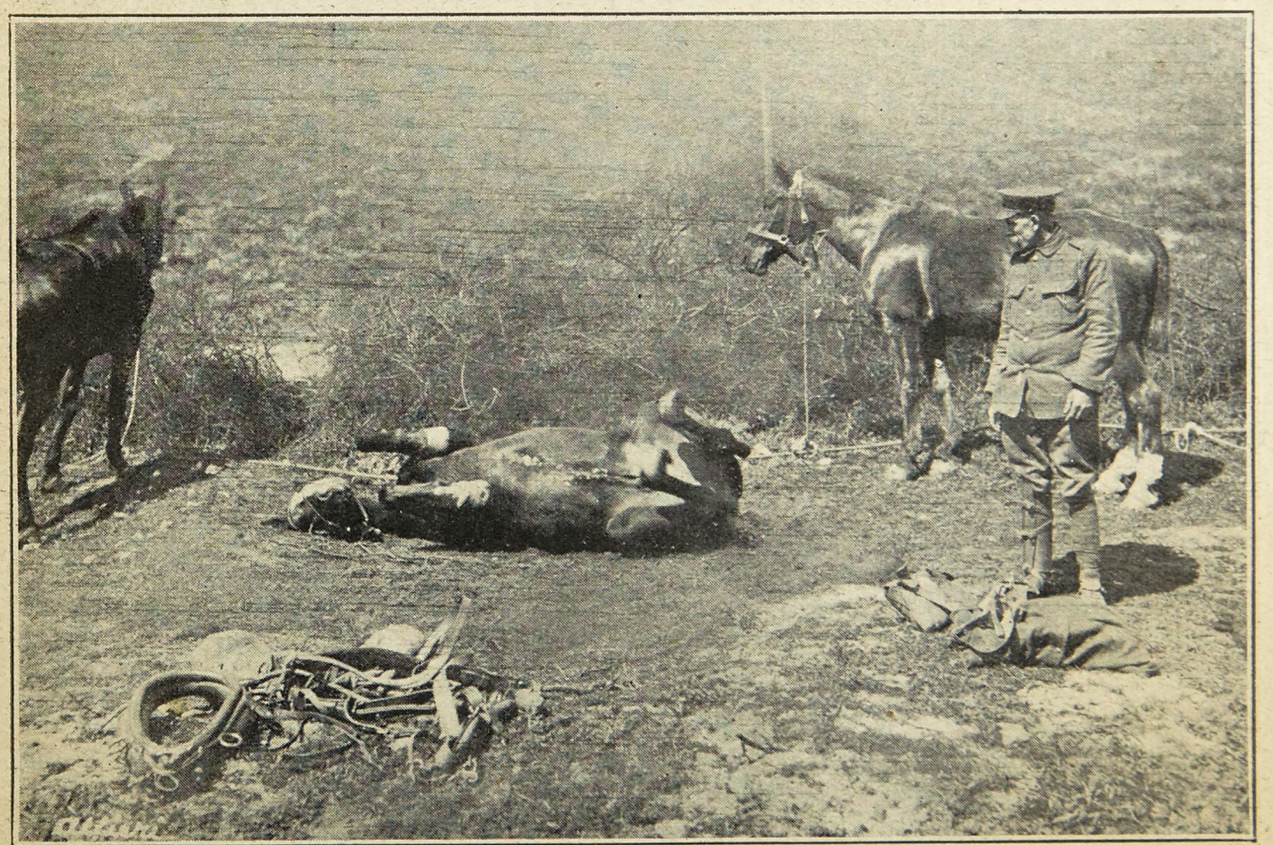
(A further series of contributions on this subject will appear in next week's number.)

C. W. Macara

A Kitchen in the Wilds · The Frolicsome War-horse

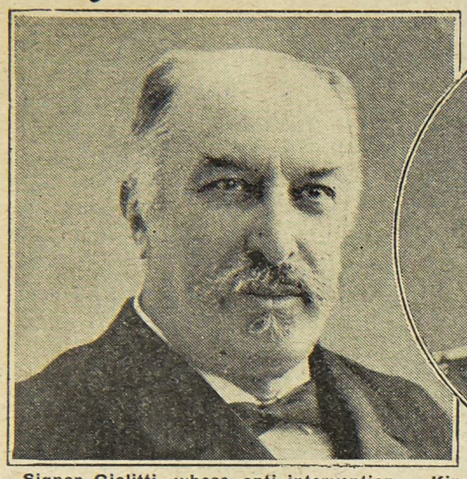


Keeping the pot a-boiling. British military chef preparing dinner at an improvised "restaurant" behind the trenches in Northern France. The characteristical-looking old Frenchmen and small children regard "Tommy's" methods with critical appreciation.



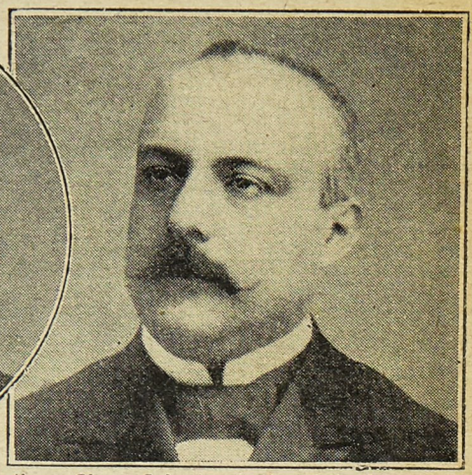
Kicking its heels. Artillery horse after a hard day's draft work in Northern France, pleased to be relieved of its harness, takes a rest lying down. Before the war the shortage of horses was considered a serious defect in our military organisation, but modern fighting has proved that the quadruped is not so indispensable as it was in former wars.

Italy on the Brink—War Excitement at Fever Pitch

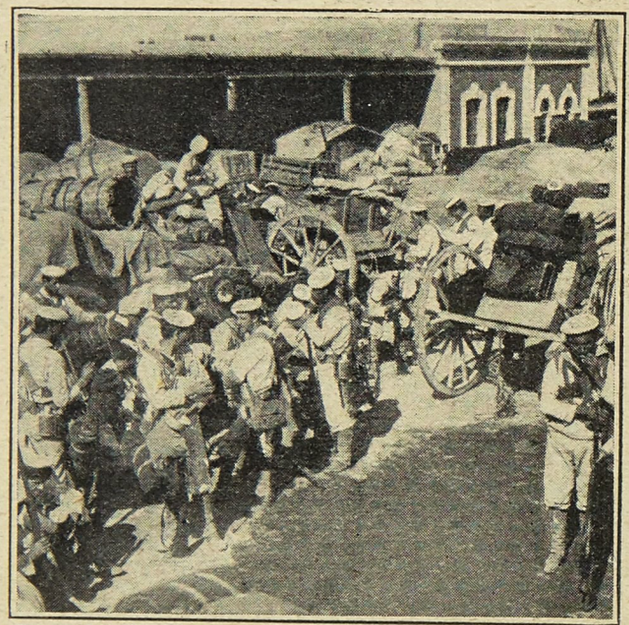


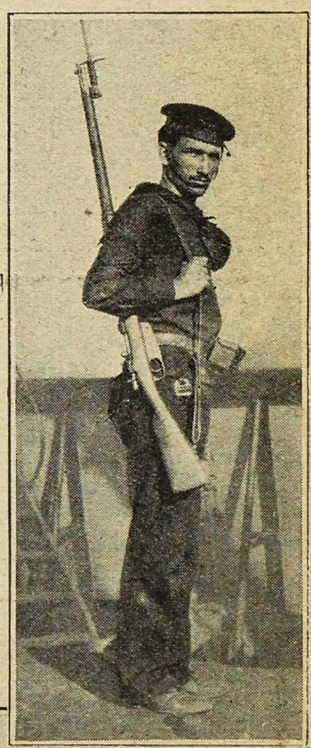
Signor Giolitti, whose anti-intervention plot with the German Ambassador, Prince Buelow, has been exposed.

King Victor Emmanuel who recognises the urgent necessity for his country to take sides with the Triple Entente.

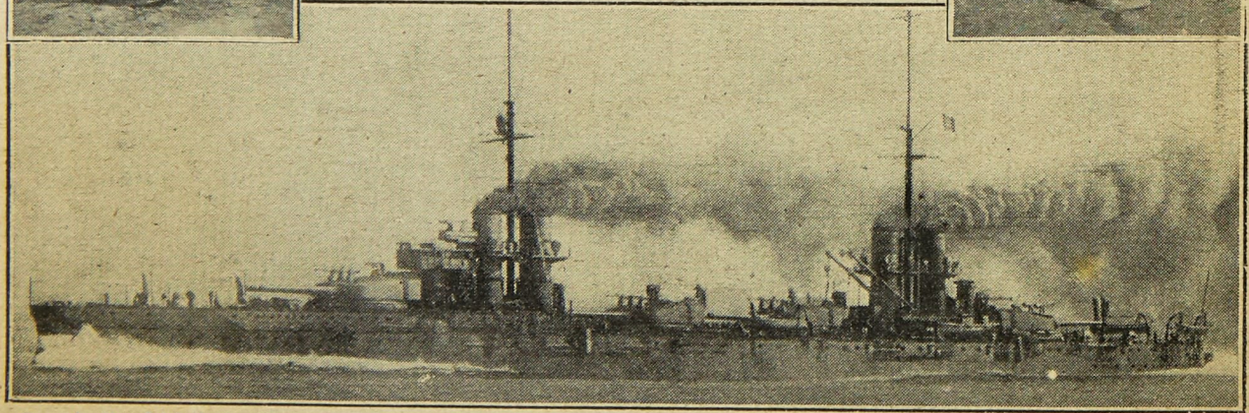


Signor Salandra, leader of the Interventionists, who resigned before the machinations of Signor Giolitti, but was recalled.



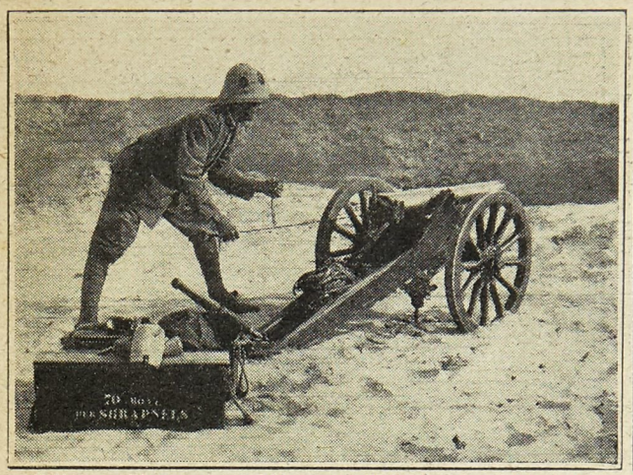


Types of Italian sailors. Italy, which is geographically similar to Great Britain, has made rapid strides as a sea-power. Inset (on left and right): A typical Italian infantryman and an armed bluejacket. Already there are about two million soldiers mobilised.

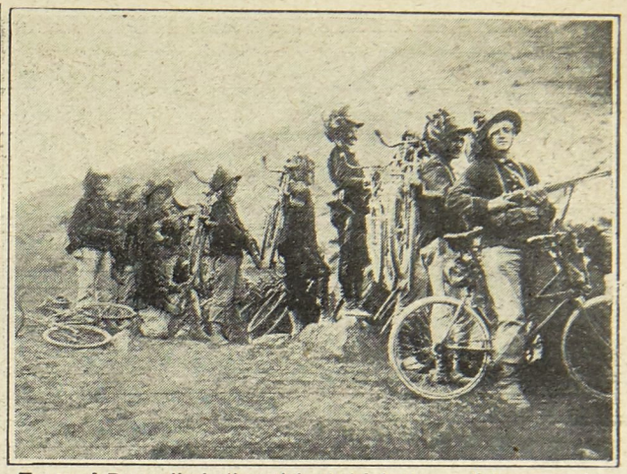


To rule the Adriatic for Italy. The Dante Alighieri, the latest addition to Italy's growing fleet. This magnificent Dreadnought, commissioned in 1914, has a displacement of 19,000 tons, and is fitted with engines of 34,000 h.-p. She has a speed of 24 knots, and is armed with twelve 13 in. and twenty 4·7 in. guns, as well as three torpedo-tubes.

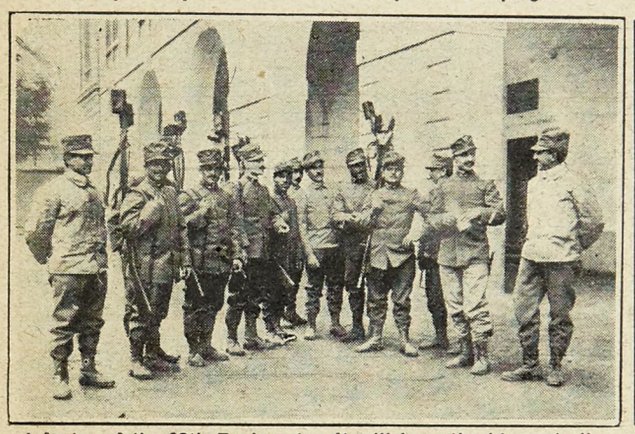
Italians impatient to enter the European Arena



Italian artillerymen working a small field-gun which proved exceptionally serviceable in the Tripolitan campaign.



Types of Bersaglieri, the celebrated infantry cyclist corps, who are wild with enthusiasm for La Guerra.

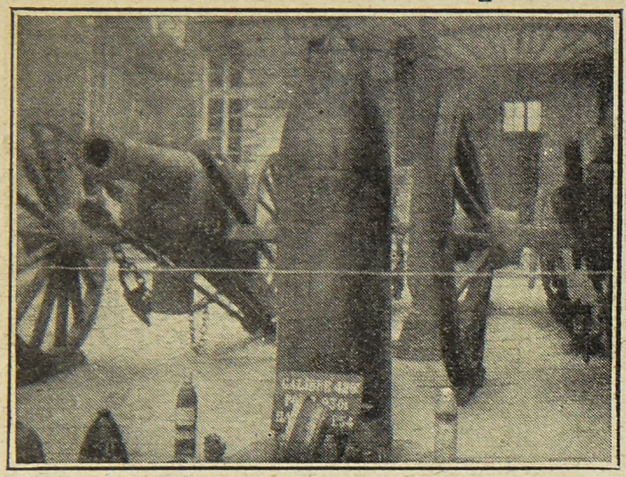


Infantry of the 68th Regiment. It will be noticed how similar are their uniforms to those of the French.

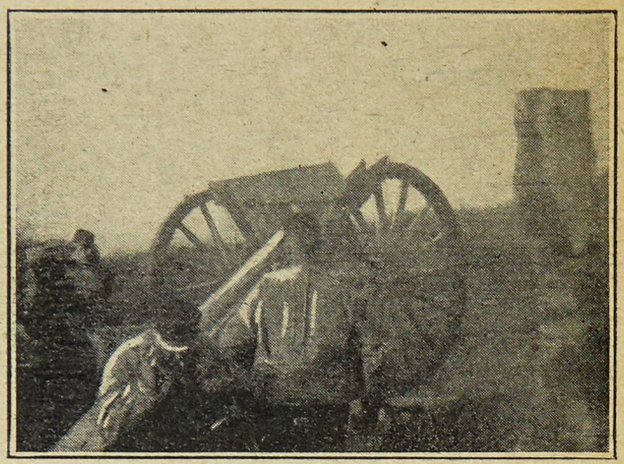
Italian cavalry. Some of the impressive dragoons, who are not unlike the famous French cuirassiers.

Italian infantry on the march in Tripoli. Italy has made progress with her new colony in Northern Africa, the Government assisting emigrants to develop the territory; but even Tripoli has not been free from German intrigue, to the detriment of the Italian.

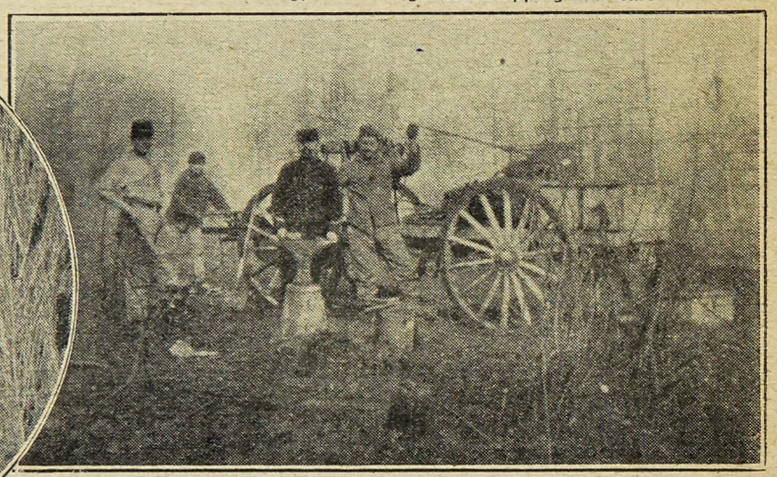
Our Camera-Correspondent with the Fighting French:



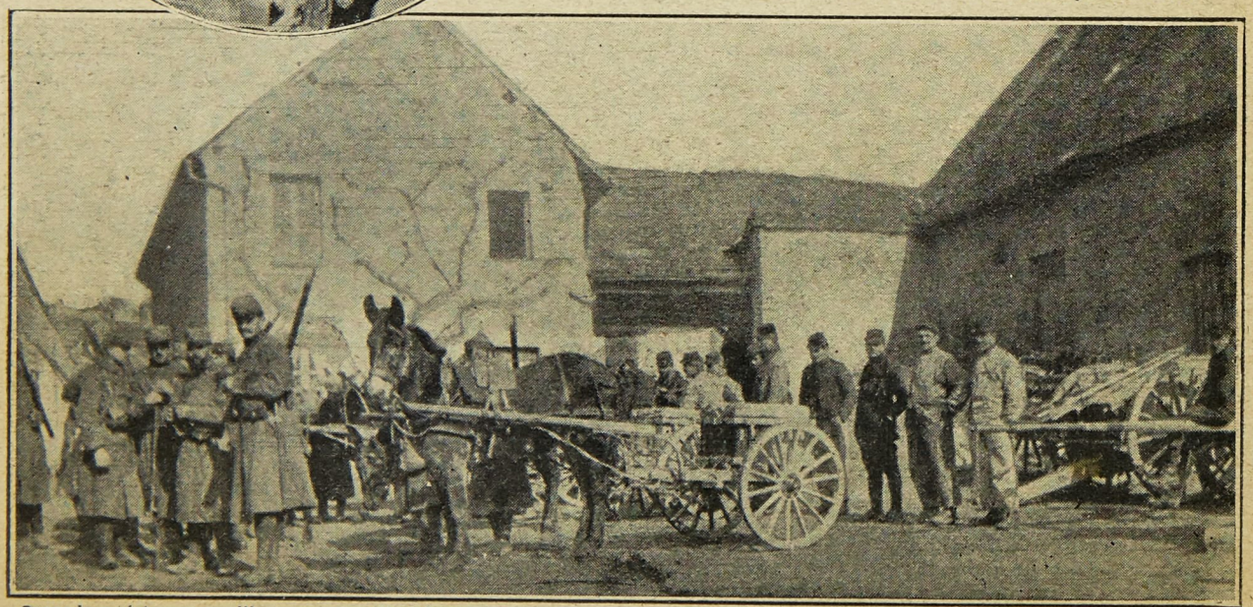
Mammoth German shell of 420 mm. which failed to explode when fired at a French fort. The projectile of the "75," which is seen on the left, is veritably microscopic in comparison.



"75" gun, mounted on a platform for high-angle fire against a reconnoitring Aviatik. The photograph, taken at the moment of firing, shows the gunners stopping their ears.



Open-air smithy in the Forest of Argonne. French soldiers working at a forge, the furnace of which is mounted on a gun-carriage. Inset: One of our French friends studying "The War Illustrated" in his bomb-proof shelter.



Scene in a picturesque village on our allies' front. A cortege of mitrailleuses lines up for inspection before proceeding into action. It is interesting to note that nearly all the French soldiers in this photograph are clean-shaven. Tommy's smooth chin has revolutionised fashion in the Army of our allies. Where are the beards of yester year?

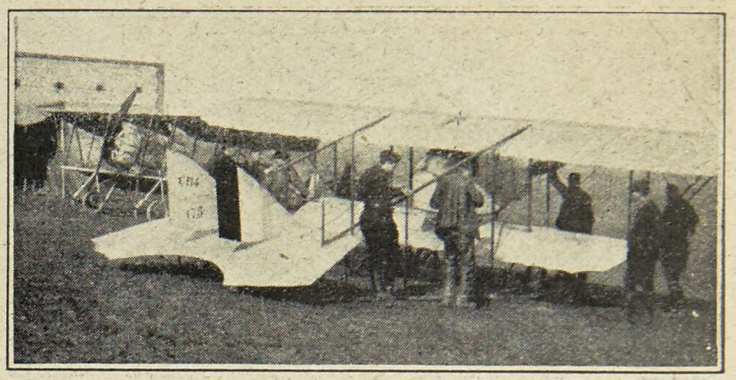
Worthy Men and Weapons the Hope of Joffre

THE photographs on this page, which reach us from one of our camera-correspondents in the French lines, represent widely-contrasted mechanical achievements, each an important spoke in the wheel of modern scientific warfare.

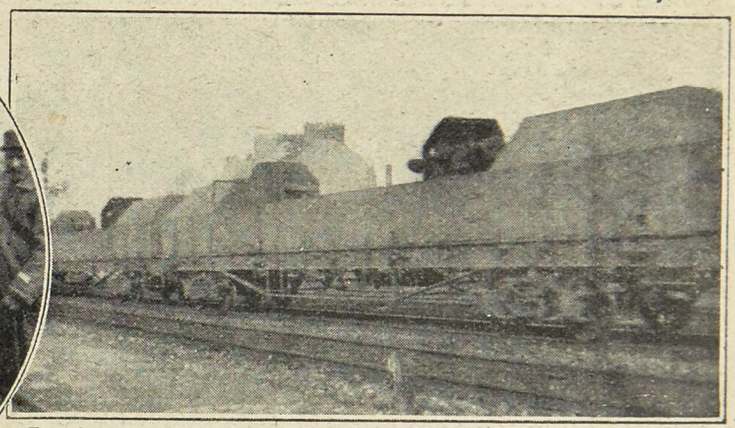
The colossal 155 mm. gun, the delicate mitrailleuse, the fragile aeroplane, and the ponderous armoured train are seen about to discharge their various functions in the conflict of nations.

Brilliantly ingenious as are these destructive inventions of the mind of man, it seems ironical that they should have been able to keep pace with the evolution of civilisation throughout the countless ages of time.

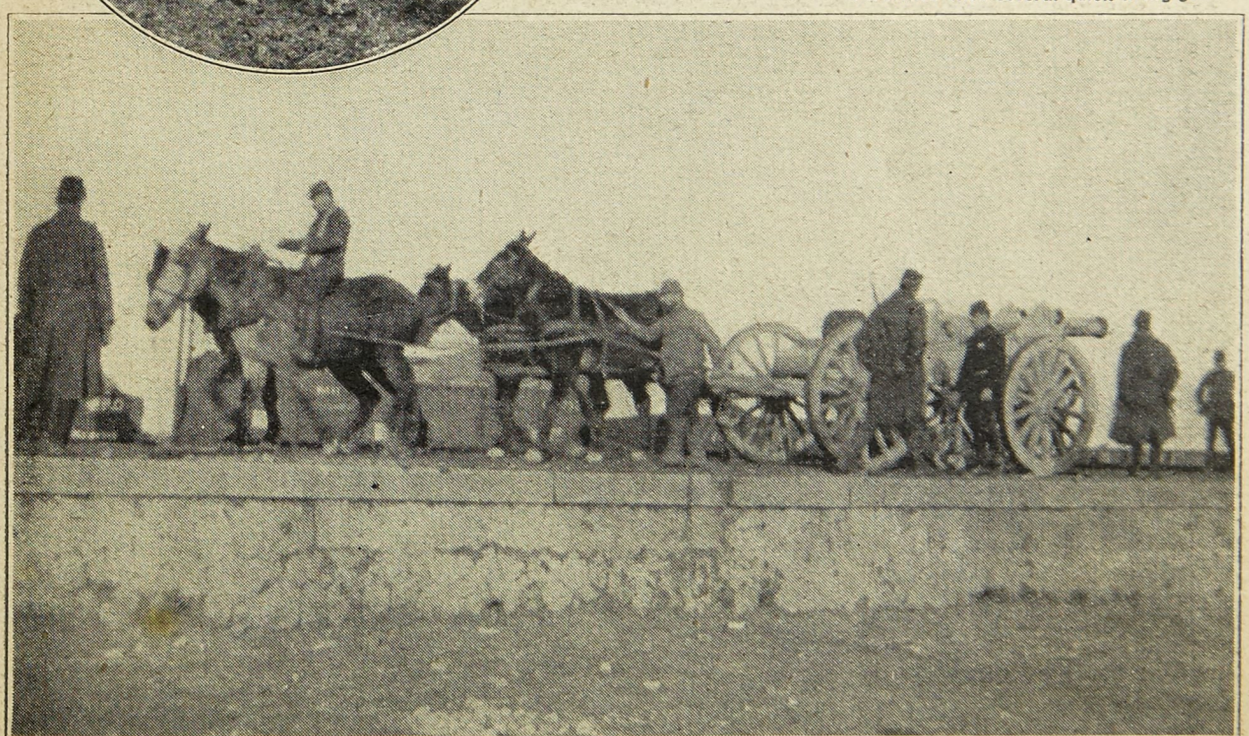
But civilisation, as it is understood by Democratic Britain and France, is the very antithesis of the pernicious Oligarchical ideal of Prussia.



Scene of activity at an aerodrome in close proximity to the firing-line. Mechanics are assisting at the departure on reconnaissance of a Caudron aeroplane, the machine most generally used for co-operation with French artillery.

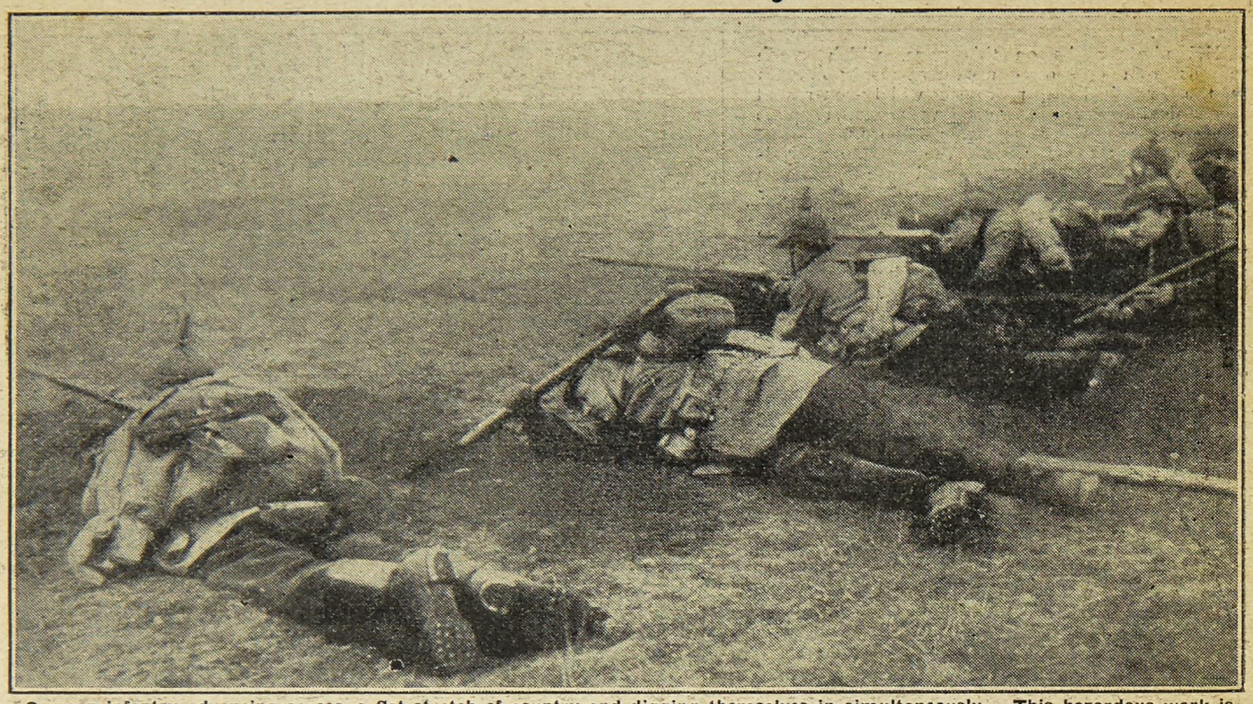


French armoured train setting out from a station in the battle area on its voyage of death and destruction. It is armed with several quick-firing guns.



One of the most thrilling incidents in modern warfare. Heavy French gun of 155 mm., whose efficiency has considerably surprised the Germans, being dragged into action by a team of mules. Inset above: French gunners with the other extreme in ordnance. The mitrailleuse, one of the most rapid and mobile light weapons in existence.

With the 'Boches' in France by Field and Stream

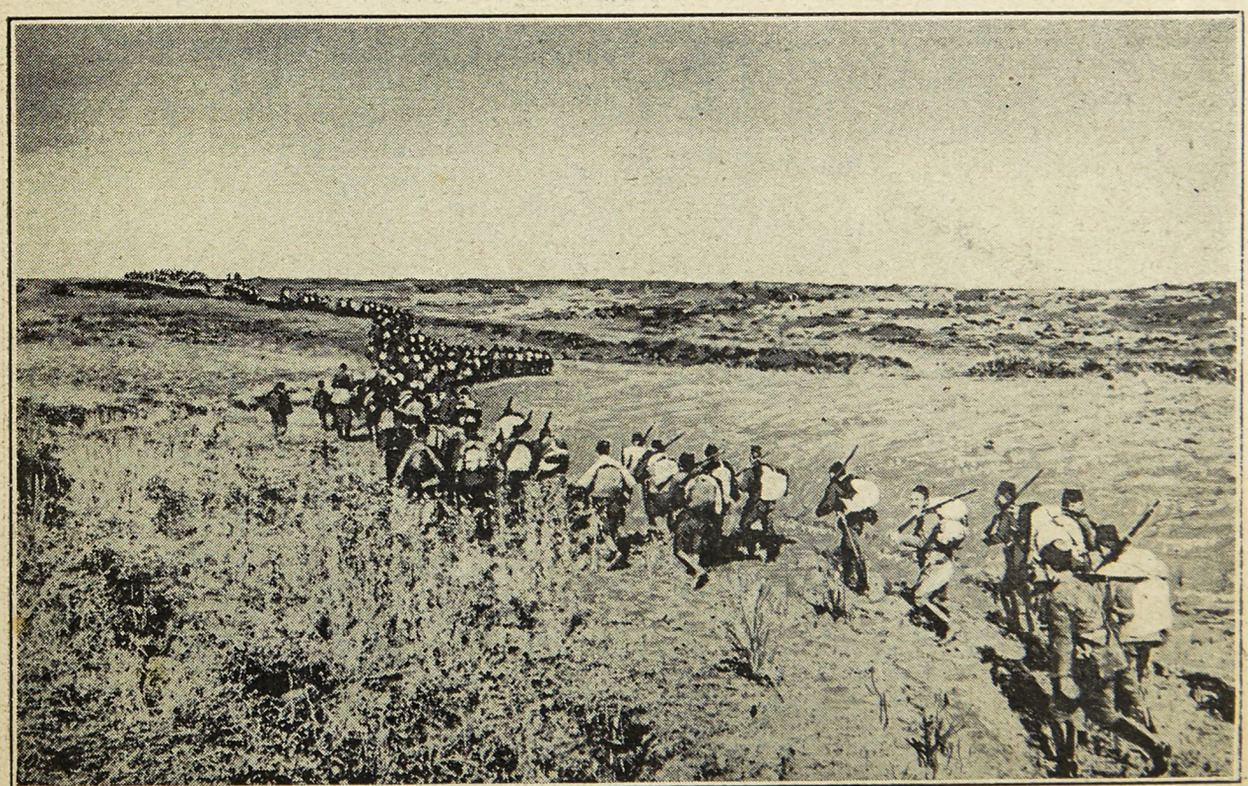


German infantry advancing across a flat stretch of country and digging themselves in simultaneously. This hazardous work is carried on, like all infantry advances, under cover of rifle and artillery fire. Frequently in storming a position soldiers carry sacks in order to barricade captured trenches.

"Where every prospect pleases and only the Hun is vile." Animated pastorale somewhere in North-Eastern France. German invaders of French territory watering their horses in the running stream.

The Tramp of Hun & Turk in Belgium and Gallipoli

Scouting party of Uhlans on patrol duty in Belgium. Riding in files on either side of the road, with lances held in readiness for action, they are on the alert to see that the adjoining woodland is clear of the allied troops before the main body of German infantry advances.



Turkish infantry in the Gallipoli Peninsula moving into positions that will enable them to defend the road to Constantinople. The Turco-German forces are fighting desperately in their attempt to prevent the allied troops from forcing the gates of the stronghold of Islam.

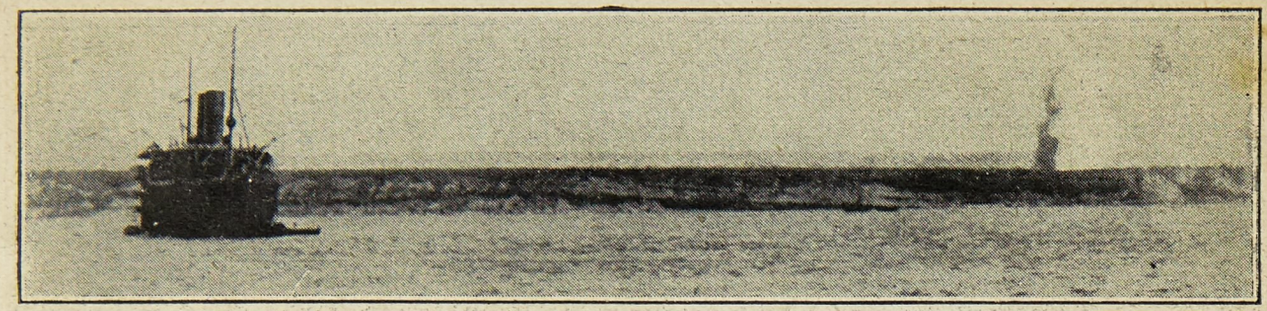
Back to Back: Canadians' Heroism near Ypres

With the plains of Flanders and of Artois aflame, there takes place during the fierce fighting along the whole front from Arras to the sea many battles that, if this war were as other wars, would be written down as "great." Recently, for instance, the enemy attacked our trenches west of Zonnebeke with the most terrible artillery fire. A tornado of shells were poured upon the British position, until the trenches were soon knocked out of all semblance of trenches. Yet, standing back to back, a small group of Canadians fired and stabbed in both directions at the charging Germans who had enveloped their narrow front-line trench. With amazing courage they held on until, in the end, the Germans were repulsed all along the line.

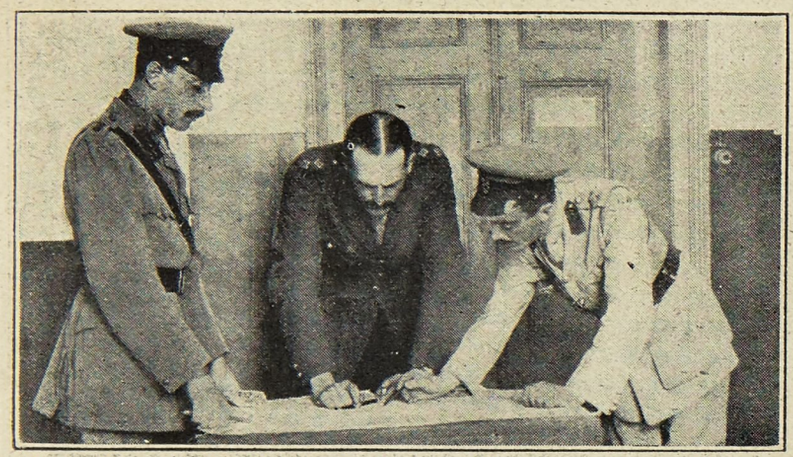
Hun Sneers at British Victims of Poison Gas

"Eye-Witness" recently wrote that the spirit of savagery animating the Germans is almost incredible. An instance is here illustrated from the official description. During the fighting north of Ypres a captured Prussian officer—whose life had been spared by our men even in the heat of a charge, and in spite of their exasperation at the enemy's use of deadly gases—while being escorted to the rear passed some British soldiers who were lying in agony on the ground fighting for breath, their lungs filled with the ghastly poison fumes. The Prussian stopped, looked at them, and then, pointing to the prostrate forms he burst into a sneering laugh and said, "What do you think of that?"

Britons Invade the "Impregnable" Peninsula



Shrapnel fired from our men-o'-war in the Dardanelles Straits, bursting over the Turkish troops which were opposing the landing of our forces from the transport to the left of the photograph.



Prince Alexander of Battenberg, the Marquis of Anglesey, and Captain Walford, members of Lieut.-General Sir John Maxwell's Headquarters Staff in Egypt.

THE first stage of the Allies' journey to Constantinople was over when our troops had landed and firmly entrenched themselves astride the Gallipoli Peninsula, facing the heights of Achi Baba, the first of the Turco-German forces' commanding positions that we have to gain before we can move up the Peninsula and open the gates of the Narrows for the Allied Fleet.

When our Navy is through the Narrows, then the end will have come for the Turks and their German leaders. Meanwhile, the enemy is fighting his hardest to carry out General von Liman's command to drive us into the sea. This, however, will never be done, for the Allies' position is impregnable. Still, as the official correspondent at the Dardanelles has stated, "Victories leading to decisive results can no more be gained in a day on the Gallipoli Peninsula than they can be in France or Belgium."

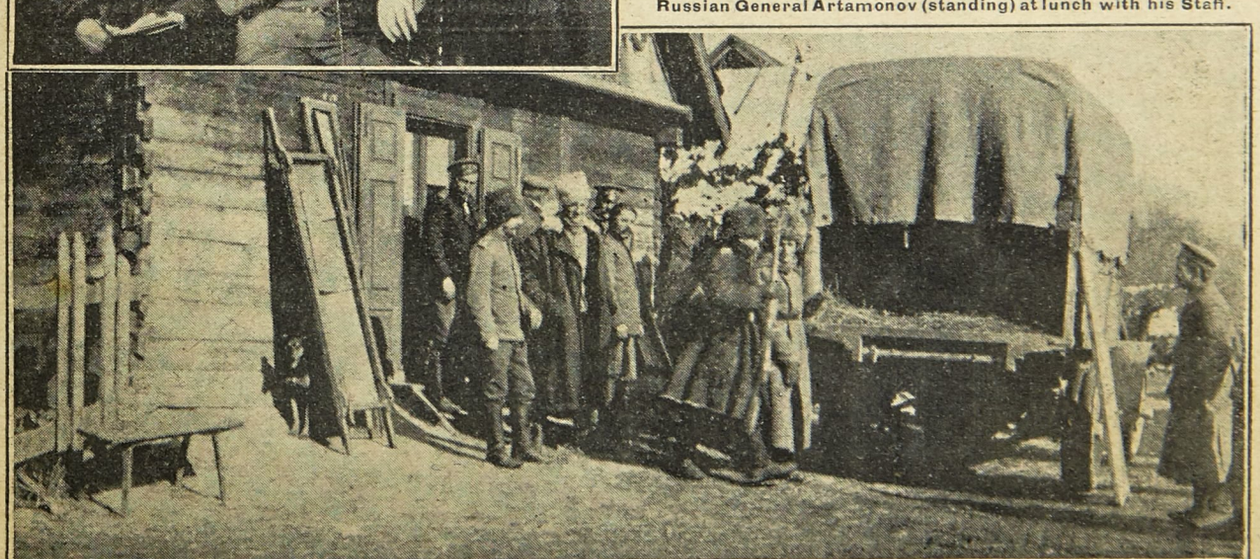
Two of the striking photographs on this page illustrate a portion of the great work of our Navy and Army on that memorable 25th of April, when, under the covering fire of our warships' guns, yet in face of difficulties that seemed insuperable, the landing-parties gained their first footing on the Peninsula.

Australian members of our Expeditionary Forces at the Dardanelles landing at the Gallipoli Peninsula under covering fire from our battleships, whose guns kept the Turks at bay until the British troops had obtained their footing ashore.

With our Russian Allies in Poland & Galicia

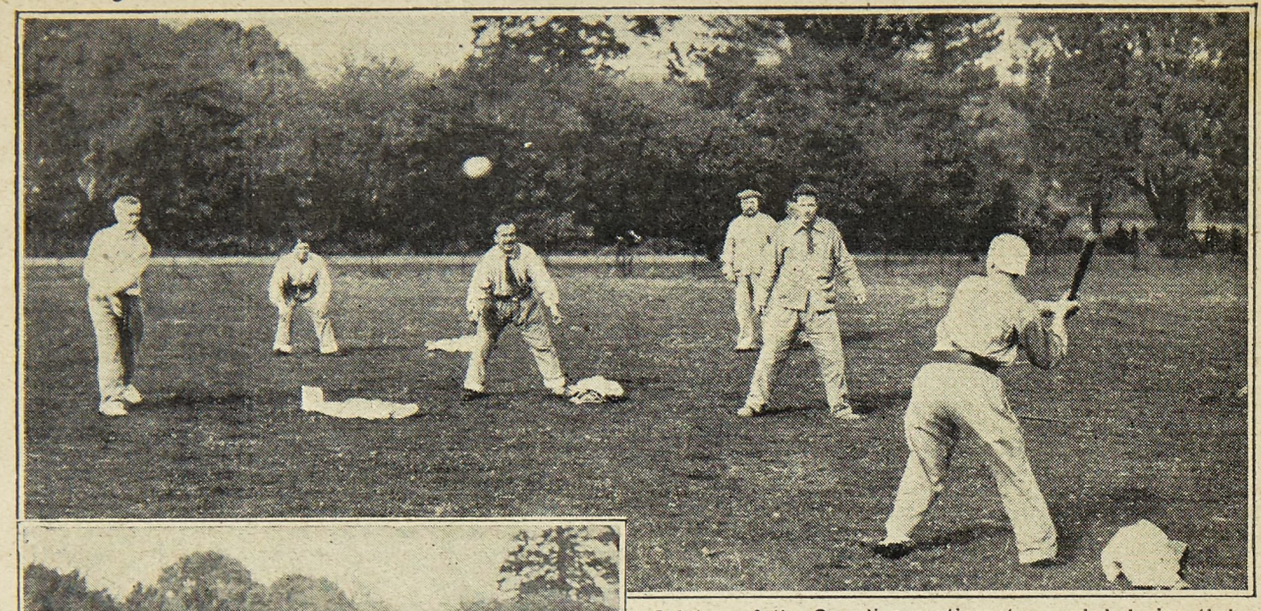
The authorities of Radom, Poland, with the Governor at their head, held a parade in honour of the fall of Przemysl. This photograph, taken after the ceremony, is of a group of the leading officials.

The new military Governor of the Przemysl fortress. The Russian General Artamonov (standing) at lunch with his Staff.



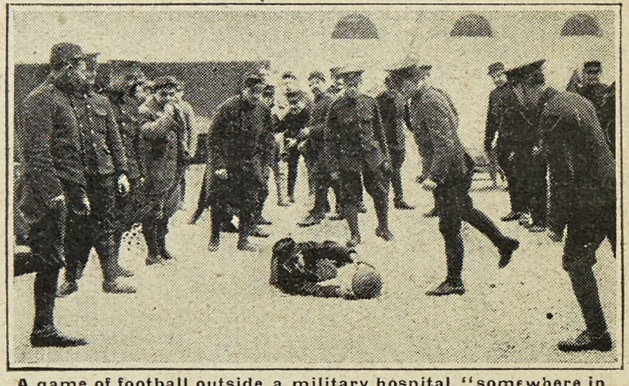
Though arsenals are working day and night in an endeavour to cope with the demand for arms, there is always a shortage, and our Russian allies, immediately after a battle, send round automobiles to collect rifles and ammunition from wounded comrades. Inset: How headquarters keeps in touch with the firing-line. Russian officers transmitting orders to the field by telephone.

Players in the "Grand International Final"



Soldiers of the Canadian contingent wounded during their gallant dash near Ypres, and now convalescent, playing base-ball at Shorncliffe. Soon they will be ready and eager to join once more in the greater game.

"Great Britain is proud of her Canadian brothers." These men recently returned wounded to England; convalescents, they are enjoying games in the grounds at Shorncliffe.

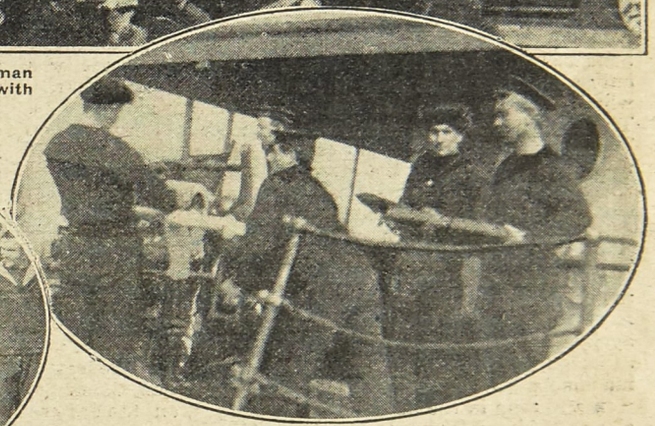


A game of football outside a military hospital "somewhere in France," between teams of British and French soldiers who had been wounded in the trenches. A Frenchman has the ball.

Having played their part in the "Grand International Final," these British soldiers back at home recovering from their wounds, took part in a football match against men of the 7th Middlesex. Though wounded in chest, shoulder, arm or leg, the team put up a splendid game. British "Tommies" will suffer much inconvenience for their beloved game of football.

Allied Sea Men and Piratical Sea Huns

Present-day pirates. Men of the Prinz Eitel Friedrich, the German cruiser that sank the U.S.A. grain ship William P. Frye, with their pets.



Left: Happy British and French "tars" on shore-leave "somewhere." Right: Crew of a 12-pounder on a British patrol vessel in action in the Channel. They are about to fire a warning shell.

"Jack Tars" of our Ally. Representative group of the gallant French sailors who have been doing valuable work by backing up the British Navy in the Dardanelles operations. These men are French naval gunners on their ship Jaureguiberry.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XXIII.—The Triumph of Young France at Carency

AT the opening of the spring campaign the position of the German armies in North-Eastern France was very strong. For, although they had failed to capture Calais the previous autumn, they had then occupied, with their superior forces, all the best positions from Ypres to the Aisne. In particular they held, about twelve miles south of our trenches near La Bassée, a series of fortified heights, which they converted during the winter into a new "Gibraltar." General Maud'huy's Tenth Army vainly tried to work its way through by sap, mine, and night attack. The German front seemed impregnable. And the galling thing about it was that it assured the enemy's conquest of the neighbouring coal-mining district of Lens, and deprived France of the resources of her richest industrial region.

The German defences consisted of a range of hills about four hundred feet high, running by the villages of Carency and Ablain, and ending northward in a spur, 607 feet high, crowned by the chapel of Notre Dame de Lorette. Behind this line of heights was another ridge of about the same height, also extending north and south, by the villages of Souchez and Neuville St. Vaast. The last village was only about two miles from the wreck of the city of Arras, which was the centre of General Maud'huy's operations. The French troops were entrenched in the western valleys, beneath the guns of the German fortressed ridges, and their position seemed the most hopeless of any section of the allied lines. The German trenches above them were cut out of the chalk-hills, and strengthened by concrete and armour-plate, upon which ordinary howitzer shells made no impression.

But when our troops were storming the German lines north of Neuve Chapelle, the German General at Carency felt so confident of his strength that he sent reinforcements against the British troops. Thereupon General Maud'huy attacked, and in spite of the sweeping fire of the enemy's machine-guns and howitzers, the Zouaves and Chasseurs won a footing in the middle of March, 1915, on the eastern slopes of Notre Dame de Lorette. The amount of ground gained was insignificant, as was the case in all these preliminary trials of strength. But the military importance of the footing obtained on the dominating spur of the German stronghold was perceived by General Joffre.

Stupendous Preparations in Secret

For seven weeks the French Staff fed the Ninth Army secretly with shells, howitzers, and young recruits. A store of something like a hundred thousand of the heaviest high-explosive shells was collected, and many thousands of newly-trained lads were drafted into the companies of Zouaves and Chasseurs, to the mutual delight of the hairy veterans and the smooth-faced, untried boys of nineteen and twenty years of age. As at Neuve Chapelle, all this work of preparation was disguised from spies and hostile airmen, and by Saturday, May 8th, the strength of the Ninth Army had been increased by an additional hundred thousand bayonets, and perhaps another thousand guns.

Then at dawn on Sunday the First British Army, under Sir Douglas Haig, operating some twenty miles northward, made a fierce attack upon the Aubers ridge, in front of Lille. Our troops almost carried the ridge by storm, but a lack of shells for our heavy guns defeated us of a greater success than had been won at Neuve Chapelle. As it was, only the expected happened. Prince Rupert of Bavaria collected every possible German soldier available along the line against us, borrowing all the troops he could from General von Bülow's army that faced General Maud'huy's force. At the same time there was a raging battle still farther northward at Ypres, which helped to keep the Germans fully employed.

When the enemy was stretched out to his full strength in a desperate fight raging all along the Yser down to La Bassée, General Maud'huy began to bombard the hill of Notre Dame de Lorette with unexpected and tremendous fury. Hitherto, we had held the record for overwhelming artillery fire at Neuve Chapelle. But the French completely beat us on this glorious Sunday morning.

The infantry attack that followed extended along a front of ten miles, from a point close to Vermelles, near the La Bassée Canal, to a point east of Neuville St. Vaast, four miles north of Arras. Some hundreds of thousands of French soldiers charged with the bayonet. They found that nearly all the German wire entanglements in front of them had been destroyed by their magnificent artillery. On the other hand, many of the enemy's machine-gun shelters were still intact. But nothing could stop the French troops.

Two battalions of the line headed the charge, mostly formed of the youngest recruits. They met with no resistance at the first line of the German defences; for all the trenches had been blown up. But in the second and third lines the Bavarians held their ground and fought gamely. The youngest soldiers of France rushed the machine-guns, at no matter what loss, emptied their magazines into the crowded trenches, and then jumped in and fought with the bayonet. By the time the Chasseurs hurried up to reinforce them they had won the height, and when the German guns on the other ridge tried to shell them out they took cover in the holes made by the artillery fire from both sides, and then swept down the other slope in pursuit of the foe.

Great Dash of Young Frenchmen

Meanwhile their comrades were equally successful to the south. About four miles north of Arras, the village of La Targette was first wiped out by artillery fire, and then stormed by a French division. La Targette commanded cross-roads leading towards Carency, Souchez, and Neuville St. Vaast. The last village was attacked at three o'clock the same afternoon. It was a nest of houses and orchards, concealing a large hostile force with many machine-guns and trench mortars. Every building was loop-holed, and every cellar had been made into a covered trench. House by house the indomitable Frenchmen advanced, while another French force began to carry Carency in a similar manner.

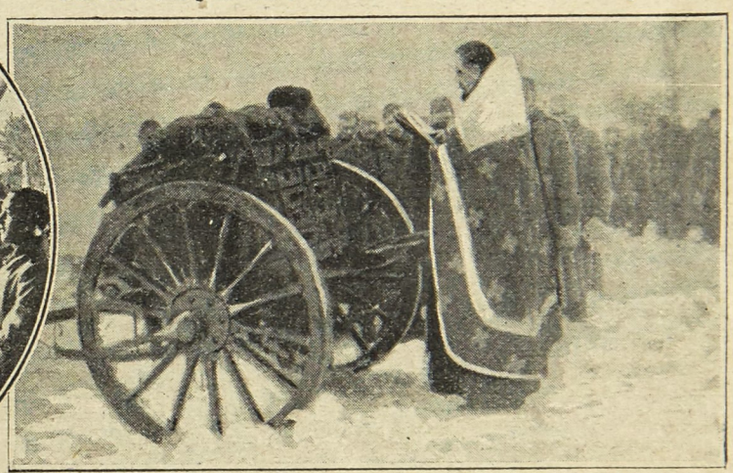
The only difficulty was with the youngest French troops. They wanted to do everything with the bayonet and the bullet, and somewhat like our Australians in the Dardanelles they could not be held back. General Maud'huy, on the other hand, had planned a great victory with comparatively little loss to his men; and when the young troops had been checked in the evening by the enemy's machine-guns, the General's scheme was carried out. Instead of trying to take Carency by a frontal attack the French brigades closed round it from east and west, until there only remained a ravine, near the village of Ablain, connecting the German garrison at Carency with its main forces at Vimy.

In the wooded ravine were communication trenches, which were slowly gained by fierce, incessant fighting on May 11th. Having entirely enveloped Carency, the French General wasted no more men, but brought all his guns to bear on the enemy, who held a hill and a quarry by the village. In the afternoon both the hill and the quarry were stormed, and at half-past five a line of waving handkerchiefs appeared on the German trenches, and all the Germans who remained alive—about a thousand of them—surrendered.

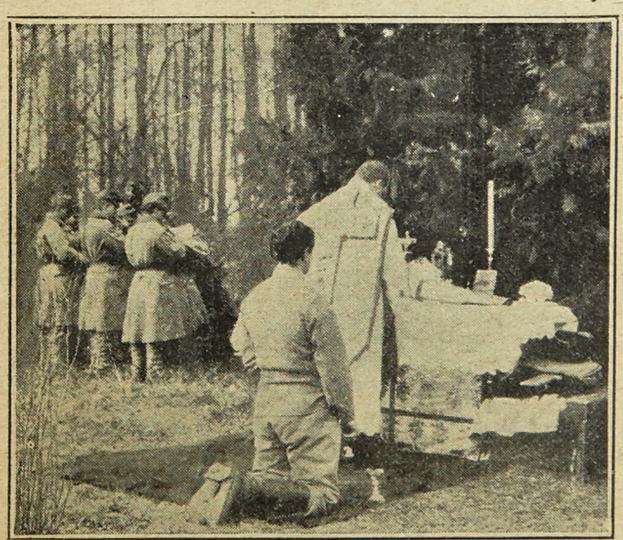
In the night the last German position of Ablain was set on fire by the French artillery, and then stormed. Thus ended the most remarkable episode of the great war in the west since the repulse of the great German offensive at Ypres in the autumn of 1914.

Friends and Foes at Worship on the Field

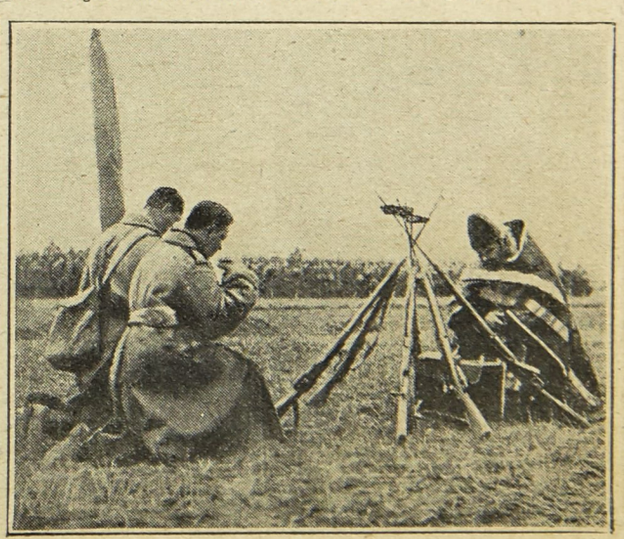
Austrians taking communion at a temporary altar in Poland. Shakespeare made Henry V. say, before Agincourt, "O God of battles, hear my prayer," and friend and foe in this great war call to their Maker for aid and blessing.



Left: Russian prisoners of war at Guben taking part in a service. Beside the priest is a soldier with an incense brazier. The Tsar's soldiers consider this a Holy War. Right: Priest of the Greek Church blessing a gun-carriage.



Austrians holding Mass in the field. The priest is attended by a soldier, and sacred music is played by the regiment's band.

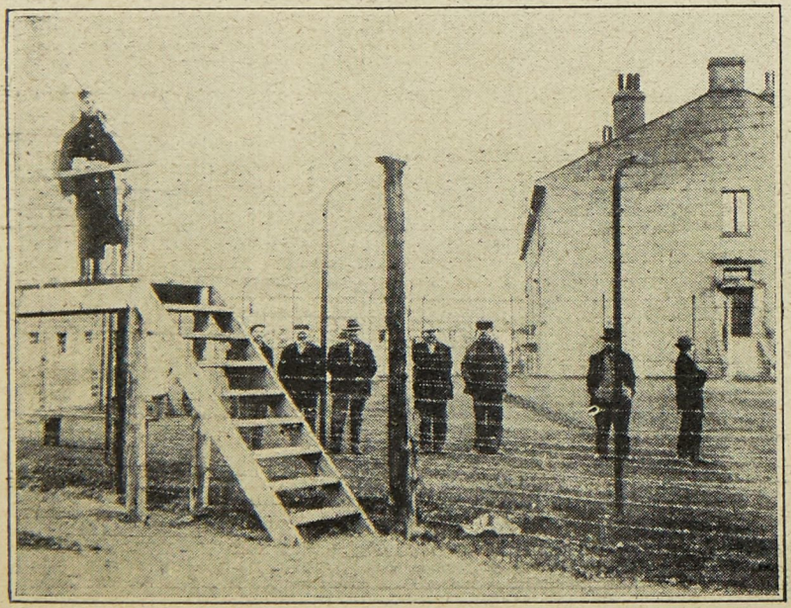


Priest praying before the colours of a Russian regiment. A bible and cross are placed on the stacked bayonets.

German Prisoner "Colonies" in Four Continents

Victorious Belgian and vanquished Teuton. Our photograph shows a number of German prisoners taken recently in the Battle for the Coast. They are being led into captivity in charge of some Belgian soldiers. Downcast German prisoners in Asia. Exponents of "Kultur" in the Celestial Empire marching to prison under a Japanese guard.

The internment in Morocco of Germans captured by our French allies must be a bitter irony, for the Fatherland and its world-power maniacs have always coveted French activities and possessions in Africa. The above photograph depicts some German prisoners who are to be employed at road-making in the French Colony until peace releases them.



Even Toronto is not free from a Teuton prisoner "colony." About sixty Germans and Austrians, many of them army reservists, have been placed in a detention camp. Above they are seen at recreation.

Quite happy in "perfidious" Albion. More German prisoners making the best of things in a British concentration camp.

New Specimens in our Army's Mascot Menagerie

This dog followed some of our men for five miles while they were marching in France, and now they have adopted him.

"Kitchener" is the proud nickname that has been given to this pet of one of the A.S.C. transport sections at the front.

"Princess Pat," the mascot bear of the Canadian Light Infantry, making friends with a wounded Highlander.

A philosophic pack-mule, with his new master, a Marine on shore at the Dardanelles.

The pet of a Belgian hospital ship. A little refugee griffon that has been adopted by the ship's officers.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

OWING to the Whitsuntide holidays, this review has to be completed in advance of publication, and events happening in the interval may materially change the outlook. At the moment of writing, our prospects are more cheerful than for some time. The readjustment of our line north of Ypres has enabled us to check the German onslaught there. Ypres itself is now little more than a geographical name; but if the Germans have made it almost untenable for us, they have not succeeded in approaching it themselves. To the north, the French and Belgians are doing well. South of Ypres, the carefully prepared forward movement of the French and British Armies is going splendidly. The French have made advance after advance, along an extended line. We ourselves, after a preliminary failure, have had a succession of marked victories.

The German attempt on Calais has again been foiled. The Allies are approaching nearer and nearer to Lille. For some weeks this great French city has been absolutely cut off from independent communication with the outside world. The Germans have enveloped it with secrecy. The many hundreds of Lillois refugees in London find it impossible to obtain the slightest news of their friends. Civilian letters to the allied nations neither come nor go. It is believed that the Germans have systematically stripped the place, taken all machinery out of it into Germany, and robbed it of all that is valuable. Some parts of Lille, we know, are in ruins.

When Lille is Restored to France

The plunder of Lille by the Germans is, from one point of view, a very hopeful sign. It indicates that the Germans recognise this city to be outside their main northern defensive line. Its reoccupation by the Allies is not likely to be accomplished without prolonged and costly fighting. Day by day, however, this recapture is becoming more and more of a possibility.

The reoccupation of Lille by the Allies will afford us a point of vantage from which the whole German front in Northern Belgium can be seriously threatened. Given the constant strengthening of our own forces, and continued attacks by our Allies to the south, this means the eventual retirement of the Germans upon the shorter line of Antwerp, Brussels, Namur. If the summer campaign which is now commencing leads to this, we will have very good reason to be satisfied with it.

With the first signs of advance in the field there come telegrams from correspondents moving behind the lines of the Allies proclaiming the breaking-up of the Germans, the failure of their moral, and the discontent in their ranks. This is pernicious nonsense, pernicious because it is false, leads to false hopes, and if acted upon would cause the slackening of our preparations. There is no weakening in Germany, and no sign of weakening. The breaking of the German line, even at several points, does not of necessity mean a vital defeat of the Army or the reversal of its plans. The Germans, like ourselves, have line after line along their front, several miles apart. Each set of lines has to be attacked in turn. To hold that, because we have captured a mile or several miles of German trenches, the German army in the north is disheartened and ready to give up the fight, is as stupid as it would be for the Germans to believe that we lost heart when the Germans advanced north of Ypres.

A Special Corps of Free-shooters

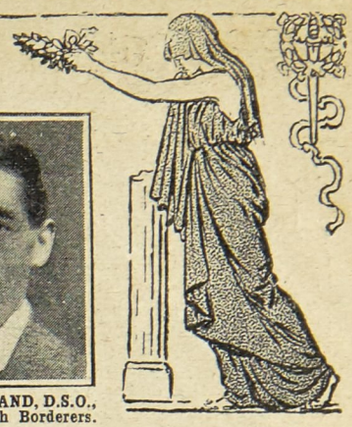
I have no desire, in this weekly review, to plunge into the ancient controversy over conscription. The young farmer and the young middle-class countryman hang back, in many cases, because they feel that their positions entitle them to commissions, and they are unwilling to serve in the ranks. I once knew an Asiatic navy composed of seventeen admirals and one very small gunboat. Is that the kind of thing they want?

Yet there is one way in which it might be possible to give the specially qualified countryman a distinct place in the Army, where his expert knowledge of shooting and his familiarity with open-air life might be used. One of the most effective sections of the German Army is the Jaegers, the sharpshooters, drawn from just such a class. These men, trained by a lifetime of experience in the open to exact shooting, have done great damage along our front. They set to work with the craft, the keenness, and the subtlety of the hunter, only in place of hunting wild beasts their prey is men. They creep out into woods, in the very heart of our lines, and concealed in them, pick out leading officers in our ranks.

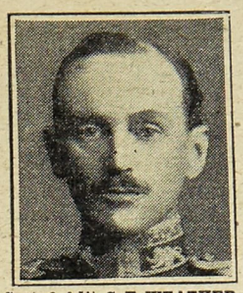
Why not have special corps in our own Army, drawn from our hunting and shooting men and our young farmers, for just such work. Thousands of overseas Britons, accustomed to backwoods and tropical life, would, I believe, join. The farmer would be among his own kind. The test might well be very severe; the work would admittedly be of equal danger with that of the bomb-thrower; and from these freeshooters might be selected a certain number of the many new officers who soon will be needed.

Fully equipped against and cheerful in spite of the poison-gas "frightfulness." One of the first photographs from the fighting-line showing how British "Tommies" look while wearing their respirators.

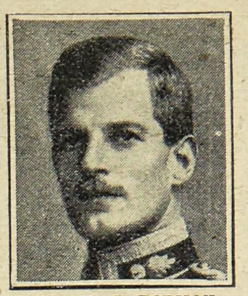
Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead



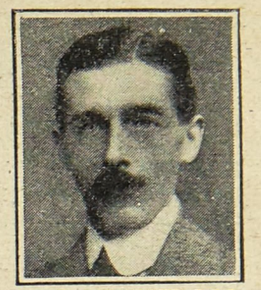
Brig.-Gen. JOHN FOSTER RIDDELL.



Capt. & Adjt. G. E. WEATHERHEAD, 2nd K.O.R. Lancs Regt.

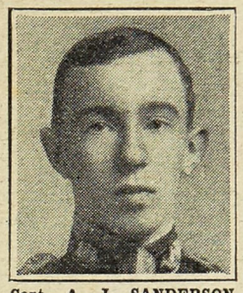


Capt. E. C. DORMAN, 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers.



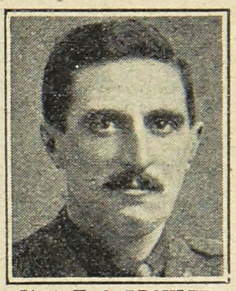
Capt. C. E. W. BLAND, D.S.O., 2nd K.O. Scottish Borderers.

Lieut. W. M. OZANNE, 2nd Duke of Wellington's Regt.

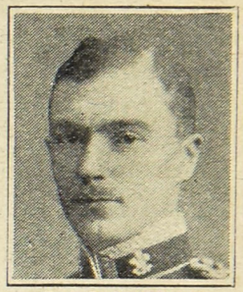


Capt. A. J. SANDERSON, 1st K.O. Scottish Borderers.

Capt. V. K. GILLILAND, 2nd Royal Irish Rifles.



Lieut. H. A. BROMLEY, 7th British Columbia Regt.



Capt. J. G. ADAMS, 1st Leinster Regt.

Lieut. C. G. BUTCHER, 1st Dorsetshire Regt.

Brigadier-General John Foster Riddell, who was killed in action, was regimentally a 5th Fusilier. He commanded a battalion from 1904 to 1908; was on half-pay until 1911, but was promoted colonel from the brevet of that rank, and became a temporary brigadier-general on mobilisation. His previous campaigns were the Hazara and the South African. Prior to the present war he commanded the Northumberland Infantry Brigade, which comprises the county and Newcastle Territorial battalions of his regiment.

Captain Edward Crump Dorman, 1st Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, received a commission, after three years' service in the ranks, in November, 1908. He was a lieutenant in 1910, and secured his company last November.

Captain Charles Ernest William Bland, D.S.O., 2nd Battalion King's Own Scottish Borderers, was gazetted to the Army in 1900, and had his company six years later. He served in South Africa, receiving the Queen's Medal with three clasps and the King's Medal with two. Captain Bland was created a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order during this present war.

Second-Lieutenant G. W. V. Hopley, 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, was the second son of the Hon. W. M. Hopley, recently Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of South Africa, and now a judge in Southern Rhodesia.

Second-Lieutenant R. A. Lloyd, 10th King's (Liverpool Regiment), (T.F.), was a well-known Rugby footballer, and enlisted at the commencement of the war with nearly all the members of the Liverpool Rugby Club.

Captain A. F. Wilding, Royal Marines, was a well-known lawn tennis player, retaining the singles championship from 1910 until last year.

Lieut. N. A. JESSOP, 7th British Columbia Regt.

Lieut. O. C. F. HAGUE, Canadian Artillery.

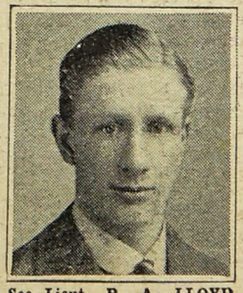
Sec.-Lt. W. B. W. DURRANT 4th Rifle Brigade.

Lieut. C. C. ANDERSON, R.N.V.R. (Anson Batt.)

Sec.-Lieut. A. J. R. ANDERSON, 3rd Royal Irish Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. A. C. HAINES, 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. W. TREVELYAN, 4th Rifle Brigade.



Sec.-Lieut. R. A. LLOYD, 10th King's (Liverpool Regt.)

Sec.-Lieut. G. W. V. HOPLEY, 2nd Grenadier Guards.

Capt. A. F. WILDING, Royal Marines.

Sec.-Lieut. W. FISHER, 1st Loyal North Lancs Regt.

Portraits by Bacon & Sons, Lafayette, Brooke Hughes, Speaight, Chancellor, Elliott & Fry.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THE Lusitania having been lost near the spot where an attempt was made to torpedo the Cayo Romano, and exactly where the City of Lathom was torpedoed and sunk by a submarine acting as a surface boat, the Admiralty have learned wisdom, as they probably did at Beachy Head, after repeated submarine attacks, and have stationed patrol boats at the Old Head of Kinsale. This point of arrival and departure of ships was the most obvious hunting-ground for submarines, and, therefore, the place to look for them. We have not had long to wait for results at the Old Head of Kinsale, since there has already been a patrol boat attack on a submarine which was so ill-advised as to come up for fresh air.

Submarines as Surface Craft

And now once again, as in the case of the Formidable, we have to lament the loss of a battleship in circumstances which point to the absence of destroyers. Destroyers are the great safeguard against attacks on battleships from surface craft at night or submarines by day, since they keep a ring of defence around them. The Goliath was the flanking ship blockading the Dardanelles, and she was sunk with great loss of life at night by Turkish destroyers. What is evident is that the widespread demand for speedy small craft is precisely what it was in former wars, as when Nelson cried out from his heart again and again, and that is almost infinite. What is the lesson in the attempt to meet this demand? Above all other things, standardise types so that we can build a large number in a short time. Secondly, all of us must feel the absolute waste which induced us to build submarines of low surface speed which cannot, therefore, be used like destroyers to hunt enemy submarines. Why is this? Because in a submarine the moment we attempt to get surface speed, it must be at the expense of underwater speed, the two being antagonistic. If strategists instead of submarine officers, as should have been the case, had settled the problem they would have said that for twenty-three hours in the day a British submarine can act as a surface boat, and therefore surface speed is the sole consideration. That is because a British submarine acts on a sea commanded by her fleets composed of battleships, battle-cruisers, cruisers, and destroyers. Had we, therefore, built submarines in which surface speed was the sole consideration we should have been able to reinforce our destroyers very largely. It is to be hoped that all we are now building will be of high surface speed.

A Reward of £500

I have pointed out from time to time that the communications of the Turks where we are operating are so bad and without railways that the bulk of the supplies for Gallipoli and the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles go by water in the Sea of Marmora. In the early days of the Turkish war a submarine pierced five rows of mines and torpedoed a very old Turkish battleship. It was a brave feat, but a pity from the point of view of the general situation, as together with desultory bombardments it led to a higher degree of preparation where we hoped later on to attack. To stop Turkish transports it was necessary to send submarines into the Sea of Marmora, and this has been done. Mr. Churchill announced that E14 had sunk two Turkish gunboats and a transport. The Germans acknowledge that the submarines have sunk two transports.

Telegraphing from Mudros on May 9th, "The Times" correspondent says that it was known there that "until a few days ago they (the submarines) were having it all their own way from Gallipoli to Constantinople, having sunk more vessels than the Germans liked to confess, providing themselves with fuel and provisions at the expense of the Turks, and spreading confusion and panic among Turkish shipping." On the other side of the balance-sheet it appears that German submarines have made their way to the Mediterranean. The important thing is to locate their supplies of fuel, and the Government have, therefore, very wisely offered a reward of £500 for information which will lead to the destruction of the supply vessels.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

APROPOS the recent remarks in this column on the reported fight between a submarine and an airship, I learn on very good authority—rather from the inside of things—that the submarine really did "get" the airship, though whether the airship was actually sunk or not is not certain. It appears that the submarine was spotted by the airship as it came to the surface, and a number of bombs were dropped at it. None of them hit it, fortunately, but a number were uncomfortably close.

Meantime, the officer of the submarine had got his conning-tower open, saw the airship right overhead, and proceeded to get his gun on deck as quickly as he could. The number of shots fired was not stated, but one at least of them hit the airship in one of her forward compartments. It may be that the shell did not burst on hitting such a light structure as the fabric and thin wire bracing of the Zeppelin frame, but merely tore one of the gas-bags badly as it passed through it. Or it may be that the shell exploded inside a hydrogen bag, and having no air to burn with it, did not set the thing on fire. In any case nothing was set alight, but it was noticed in a very few minutes that the airship was badly "down by the head." She got away from the submarine as quickly as possible, apparently getting nearer and nearer to the water, and those on board the latter are pretty sure that she was actually on water level when they were compelled to shut the conning-tower and dive, owing to the approach of hostile destroyers, with which the airship was evidently co-operating.

An airship of the Zeppelin type, which is divided into a number of separate cheese-shaped gas-bags inside a rigid frame of metal-girder work, is quite easily damaged by even a little 3-pounder shell that does not burst. If the shell hits the girders, as it is nearly sure to do when passing through the machine at an angle from below, it may not burst, but it is pretty sure to carry part of the aluminium girders with it, or else to throw bits of metal about and puncture the gas-bags.

If a Zeppelin does come down in the sea it is practically certain to be smashed up, for the aluminium girders, of which the framework is built, are so light that even small waves are enough to crumple them up, and the strong linen cloth with which the outside of the frame is covered affords a nice flat surface on which the waves can get a good grip. The cars, or "gondolas," underneath the framework, which contain the engines and the crew, are built to float on water. In fact, the original Zeppelins actually got off and alighted on the smooth water of Lake Constance. But they are not enough to float the weight of the whole ship if much gas is lost, and, light as the framework is, it would topple over sideways into the water if it had only the flotation of the gondolas to hold it up.

Thus one sees that a damaged Zeppelin is just as likely to be smashed up if it is forced to come down at sea as if it comes down on tree-tops.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR.

Owing to pressure on space the above does not appear in this issue; but will be given complete, to date, in our next number.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

[*Lafayette*

GENERAL SIR IAN STANDISH MONTEITH HAMILTON, G.C.B., D.S.O.
Commander-in-Chief of the Expeditionary Forces in the Dardanelles

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is now obtainable everywhere on Wednesday of each week.

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Map showing the Kingdom of Italy to-day, including Sicily and Sardinia, and illustrating the national ideals which she hopes to realise in the near future by throwing in her lot with the Allies. Beyond the boundary line of the north and on the eastern shore of the Adriatic will be seen the Trentino, Istria, and Dalmatia. It is Italy's fervent desire to embody this territory, mainly inhabited by Italians now under the tyrannous heel of Austria, in Greater Italy.

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Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

"What can Italy do for Freedom's Cause?" See pages 370-2-4

The War Illustrated

2d Weekly

Vol. 2 "Viva l'Italia!" The War-scarred Allies hail the new Fighters in Freedom's Cause. **No. 42**

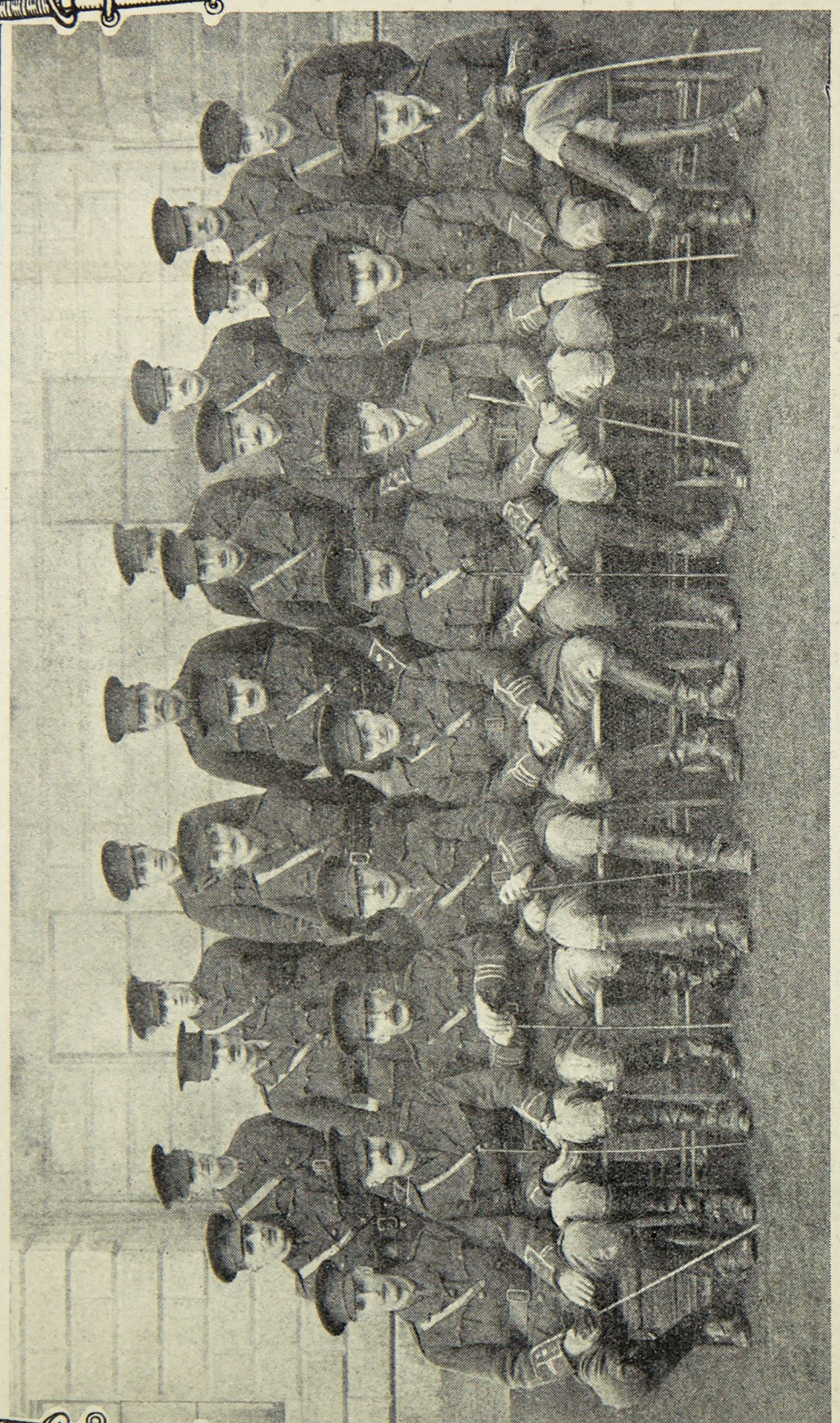


Photo by Bassano

OFFICERS WHO WILL LEAD OUR NEW ARMIES TO VICTORY.—GROUP NO. III.

THE SURREY YEOMANRY (QUEEN MARY'S REGIMENT).—Back row (left to right): Sec.-Lieut. W. H. Bravell, Sec.-Lieut. A. D. Campbell, Sec.-Lieut. F. D. Playford, Sec.-Lieut. P. Havers, Sec.-Lieut. W. T. Bridges, Sec.-Lieut. H. E. L. Bolton, Lieut. E. R. Holt. Middle row (left to right): Sec.-Lieut. D. Moir-Byres, Sec.-Lieut. C. F. Meade, Sec.-Lieut. A. Hill, Sec.-Lieut. P. H. G. Gosse, Sec.-Lieut. B. C. Brodie Lieut. T. A. T. Bucknill, Sec.-Lieut. J. C. Woodall, Sec.-Lieut. L. H. Cantle. Front row (left to right): Capt. G. C. Garrick, Capt. L. C. W. Phillips, Maj. M. B Bovill, Maj. R. W. Barclay, Lieut.-Col. H. M. Fisher-Rowe, Capt. L. F. Ricardo, Capt. J. M. Rye-Smith, Maj. A. J. West, Capt. J. Everidge.

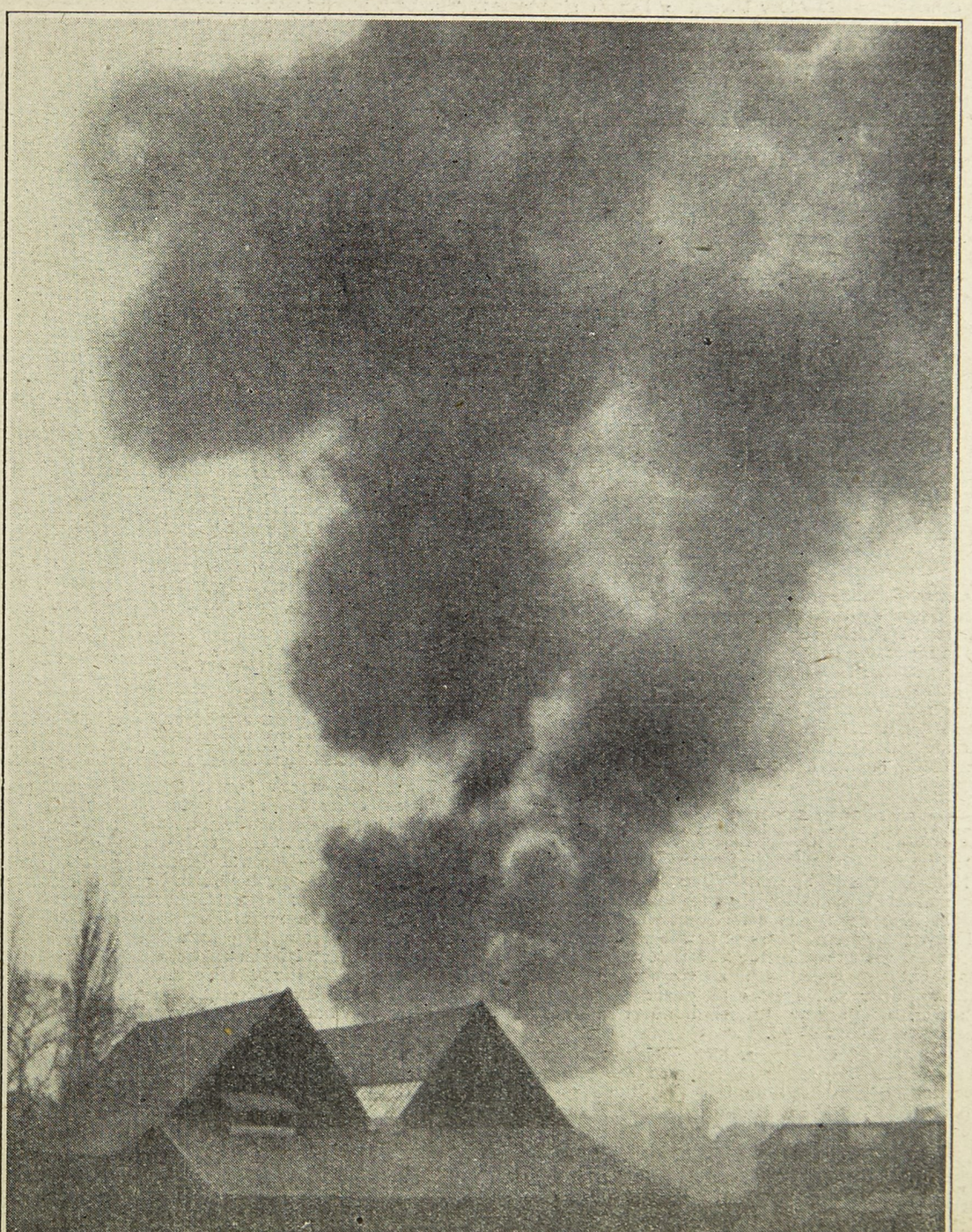
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is now obtainable everywhere on Wednesday of each week.

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 42. Vol 2
5th June, 1915

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton



THE FRIGHTFUL MOMENT AFTER THE CRASH.—A remarkable impression of a bursting shell at Ypres. Some idea of the power of these huge projectiles may be gathered from the enormous cloud of smoke emitted when they burst. The German bombardment of Ypres completely obliterated the town from the face of Belgium. It exists now only in name, its glorious old buildings reduced to shapeless ruins.

HOW LONG WILL THE WAR LAST? Private Opinions of Public Men

In the last number of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *appeared the first of this series of exceptionally interesting views on the duration of the war. Apart from their present interest, these opinions will have peculiar value in the future, as showing what our prominent men thought of the situation after ten months of warfare. A second selection is here printed, and others will appear from time to time.*

Mr. H. W. WILSON, the well-known author of "With the Flag to Pretoria," "Ironclads in Action," and Editor of "The Great War," is not hopeful of victory within two years, without compulsory service.

THE war will come to an end—if by end is meant a conclusion satisfactory from the British standpoint—in from six months to two years from the date on which the British nation begins to devote its whole energy to the defeat of the enemy. The first sign that the nation is doing this will be the introduction of compulsory military service, the adoption of summary measures against shirkers and strikers, and the abandonment of "pleasure as usual."

The plain truth is that the Germanic forces are still superior to the Allies, because their numbers are greater and their output of munitions and shells far larger. They are superior because every German workman is working his hardest for his country and not thinking of drink or amusement, or extorting an extra penny or twopence an hour at the risk of defeat for the nation's forces. They are superior because Germany prepared for war and Great Britain did not; because since the war the whole German nation has been organised thoroughly for the conduct of war, while the British nation is still only a mob governed by irresponsible committees. They are superior because of furious unremitting efforts on Germany's part, contrasted with an apathy and slackness among large classes in this country that are almost incredible.

War means the application of the intensest energy to the destruction of the enemy's will. A war ends when the enemy's will is broken down by the slaughter or capture of his troops and the material losses of his people. Hitherto the Germanic losses in men have been about equal to those of the Allies, and the material losses of the Allies have been far heavier than those of the Germans. There is then no sign that the war is approaching an end nor that the Allies are gaining the upper hand on land.

H. W. Wilson

Major-Gen. Sir ALFRED TURNER is optimistic in thinking that the Germans, fighting a fight of desperation, cannot endure another winter campaign. According to his view, late autumn will see the downfall of the Teuton.

THOUGH the British public has been roused to great and holy wrath by the unspeakable and unparalleled savagery and atrocities of the German Army and Navy, there are numbers of people still among us who do not seem yet to realise the fact that we are locked in a life-and-death struggle with a treacherous, cruel, and relentless Power which aims at world domination, and which will adopt any means, however murderous or dastardly, to effect its end.

Its ruler is like Nero, a bloodthirsty monarch who would sacrifice the whole of his own subjects without scruple, as he has shown in this war, the responsibility and barbarities for which lie entirely upon his shoulders.

This is not a war in which our Army is engaged only with the Army of Germany, but it is one in which the civilised nations of Europe and Japan are fighting against the whole German nation. There is no differentiating between the Kaiser and his militant Pan-Germanic party and the rest of the German people, for the eyes of the latter are apparently in no ways open to the infamies of the former, or to the inevitable destruction which they are bringing upon Germany.

Germany is now on the defensive, from which, east and west, she delivers her counter-attacks with more failure and loss than success, but she is like a cornered and wounded wild beast who is dangerous to the last gasp, and who will inflict such death and destruction as she can contrive.

The length of the war depends upon how long this resistance of despair can hold out, for even Germany does not possess an unlimited number of lives to sacrifice at the shrine of their sanguinary Moloch. Their infamous use of poisonous gases shows that they have given up all idea of succeeding by fair means, and we all know but too well that there is no crime of murder, lust, pillage, and vandalism which the German soldiers and sailors of to-day, ordered by their officers and commanded by the all-high criminal, will not freely commit.

It is difficult to forecast the probable duration of the war, as it depends upon many factors besides that stated. The French and British nations are doing magnificently, and if the supply of munitions is maintained, they should make great progress next month.

The boasted victories of Germany and Austria over Russia are in the main enormously exaggerated, and are only despairing checks to the inexorable advance to the great Russian forces. Much depends on the action of remaining neutrals; if Greece and Rumania come into the fray the length of the war will certainly be much curtailed. One thing appears certain—that the Germans will not endure another winter in the trenches; and I think that, unless some extraordinary change occurs in the present progress of things, the late autumn will witness the crushing of the German monster and his allies.

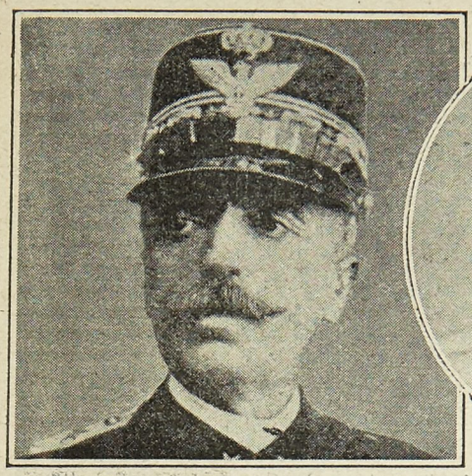
Alfred Turner

Mr. JEROME K. JEROME, the eminent novelist, thinks that the new, enthusiastic British armies will constitute the deciding factor in the war. The beginning of the end will be when Britain can maintain two million troops in the field.

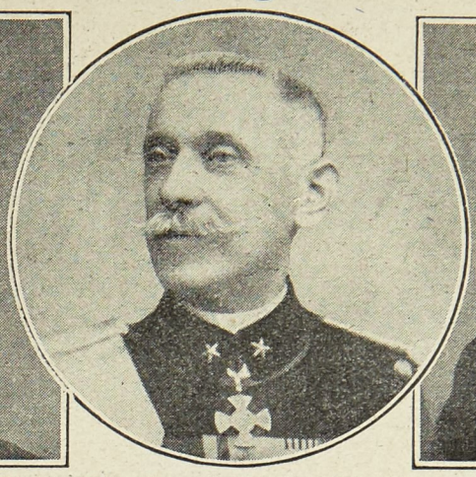
I THINK it is our new armies—the young men with their eager faces busy in every town and village shaping themselves into soldiers, the young men with the far-away look in their eyes waiting at the doors of the recruiting offices—who will decide this war. Last year we talked of a Germany bound to be starved out before the winter was gone; of a Germany running short of ammunition before the spring; of anything from ten to twenty million Russians marching on Berlin; while the French armies, aided by our own Expeditionary Force, slowly but steadily advanced to meet them. We have found the mistake of all that, and the sooner we clear our minds completely of it the better. The forcing of the Dardanelles will be slow and costly. Properly led, the Turkish Army should prove itself a formidable force. Austria has not yet reached the end of her resources. Some of her finest troops have not yet been employed. The German reserves are not yet exhausted. The likelihood is that the present armies in Europe will continue to hold each other in check. Russia will keep the Turkish Army from going

[*Continued on page* 356.

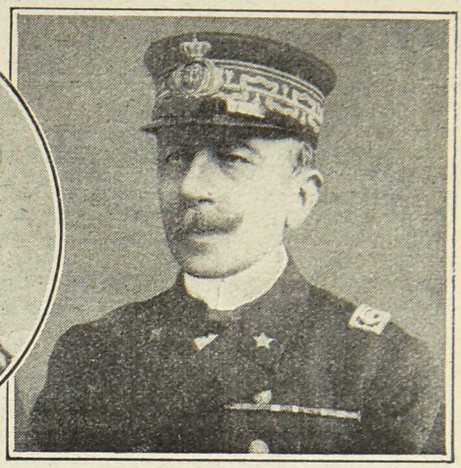
Leaders of United Italy against the Modern Huns



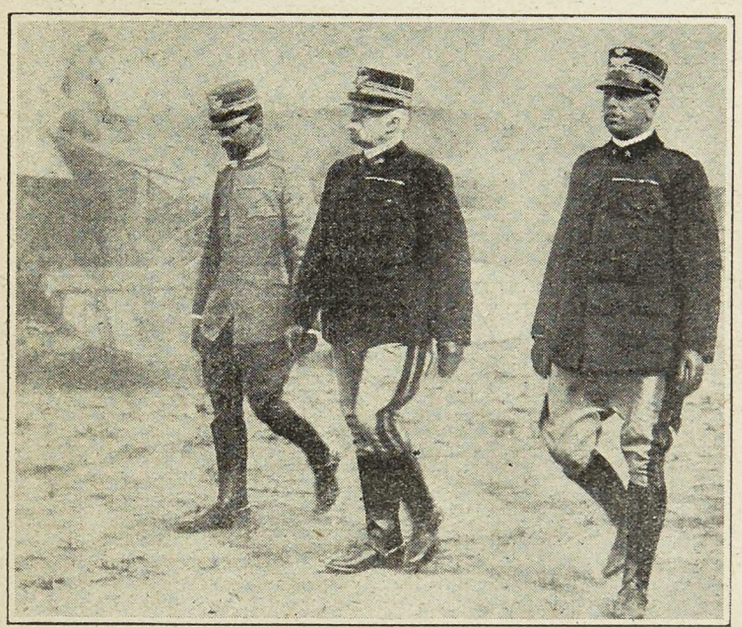
General Cadorna, Chief of the General Staff, and Commander-in-Chief of the Italian Armies.



Major-General Vittoria Zupelli, the Minister for War.



Admiral Viale, the Italian Minister responsible for efficiency of the Marine.



Two prominent Italian leaders, General Di Mayo and General Besozzi, inspecting the aviation camp.

AFTER ten months of official deliberation, during which time public opinion was almost entirely in favour of the Allies, Italy has entered the European imbroglio in the interests of racial liberty and progress.

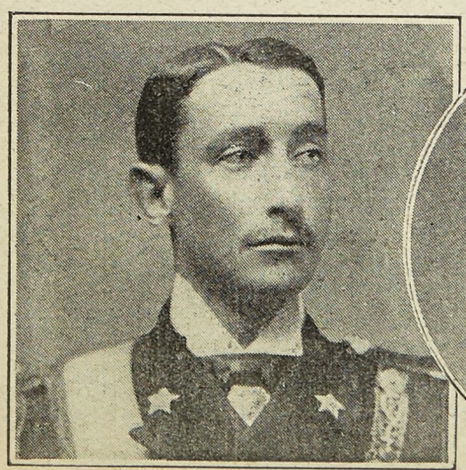
The political intrigues of Prince von Bülow and his accomplice, Signor Giolitti, have failed hopelessly to prevent war against the Central Empires, for a righteous cause.

The number of men in the Italian Army has been figured at something over three millions. The Tripoli War opened the eyes of the world to Italy's astounding progress as a Great Power, both as regards fighting men and war equipment.

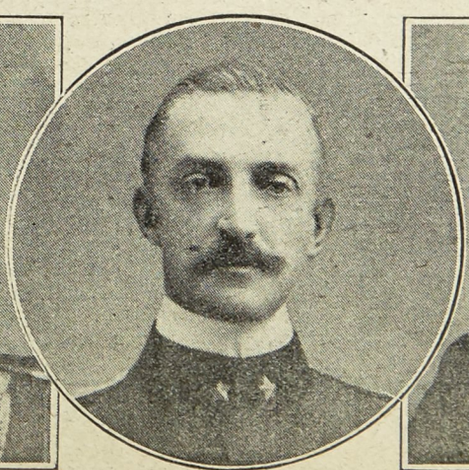
She is prepared for every contingency. Still more important, the men who hold the destiny of the nascent Mediterranean Empire in their safe keeping are leaders of singular ability, fervent patriots animated with great ideals and illimitable genius and energy.

Italy has her "Alsace-Lorraine" to reconquer from the Hun scourge. The Trentino and Istria will be hers again. The Kaiser can back the Austrians with his unscrupulous Uhlans and barbaric Bavarians, but our new ally is more than ready for them.

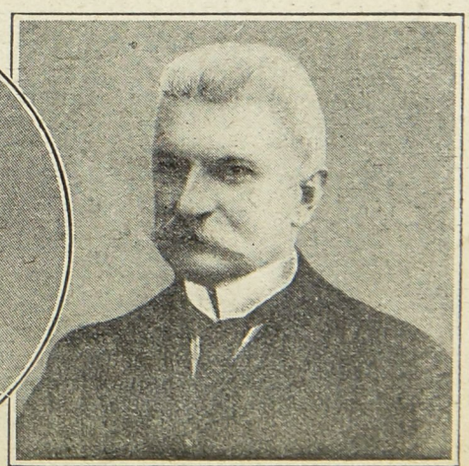
The photographs on this page are of some of the personalities in Italy's war against the common enemy, prominent military, naval, and political leaders, the directing power of modern Rome.



Duke of the Abruzzi, King Victor's cousin, in command of the Adriatic Squadron.



Duke of Aosta, brother of Duke of the Abruzzi, has gone to the front.



Baron Sonnino, the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs.

HOW LONG WILL THE WAR LAST?

Continues from page 354

to the assistance of Germany, will keep Hindenburg busy in Poland, and the bulk of the Austrians and Hungarians along the line of the Carpathians. France has been quite open about her numbers. We know exactly how many men she can put into the fighting-line. Military men estimate that to break through the trenches on either side would demand a numerical superiority of at least three to one, which means that the Germans will get no nearer Paris and the French no nearer Berlin. Here and there at enormous cost the enemy may be forced back a mile or so. Here and there, paying dearly for it, he may gain a little.

The beginning of the end will be when Great Britain can throw in and maintain two million fresh troops upon the western line. It is our young men now busy training, waiting at the doors of the recruiting offices—the war will last till they are ready.

Jerome K. Jerome

Mr. F. A. McKENZIE, the prominent War Correspondent and our Military Expert, forecasts a three years' struggle, not being of the opinion that any plans contemplated by the belligerents could bring the war to a speedy termination.

THE war will probably last at least three years.

Neither side shows as yet signs of exhaustion in men, money, or material. Germany was never more confident of victory than to-day. She has more than made up her original strength in the field, and her new troops, while lacking possibly the physique and experience of the first armies, are better equipped, particularly in heavy artillery, than before.

Among the Allies there is growing strength and resolution. France has reached her supreme fighting form. Our new armies have proved themselves among the finest fighting material in the world. This is not the opinion of Britons only, for we are naturally prejudiced, but of the German soldiers themselves. Russia is making up her shortage of ammunition and of heavy guns, and is more united than ever in pushing forward the war. The strong Court party that at first disliked hostilities with Germany has apparently been overcome.

Can any of the plans now contemplated by either side immediately finish the war? I think not.

The Allies evidently hope, by an advance in force, to clear part of Belgium this summer and to approach the Rhine. They further hope by capturing the Dardanelles to open the Mediterranean to Russian traffic. These would be very important gains, but they would only be the preliminaries to an attack on the vital strength of Germany.

Germany hopes to capture Calais and the northern coast of France, and from there to conduct a campaign against England. She further hopes, by a policy of "frightfulness"—Zeppelin attacks with incendiary bombs on our great cities, particularly London, and submarine attacks on our merchant shipping—to drive us into surrender.

Let us suppose that she succeeded, that part of London was burnt, and that much of our shipping trade was paralysed. This is a very extreme supposition. Would we yield? I need scarcely answer the question. Better for every city to be burnt and every ship sunk than to have our women outraged, our children slain, and our manhood shot at the whim of a brutal soldiery. The man who seriously talked of yielding to Germany would be hanged by the crowd at the nearest lamp-post.

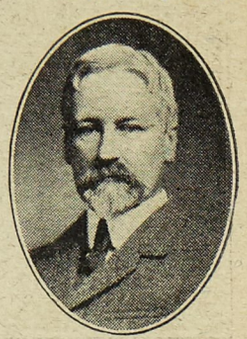
Two factors may come into play and change the outlook. The first is an epidemic sweeping over Europe, as a result of the terrible conditions now prevailing along the front fighting-lines. The second is the revolt of the womanhood of Europe against the wholesale slaughter of the pick of their men.

F. A. McKenzie

Mr. H. W. NEVINSON, the experienced War Correspondent, believes that it will be a long war, as economic pressure and attrition cannot be relied upon to crush the organised Prussian spirit.

THE length of the war depends upon so many uncertainties—the action of Italy, Rumania, Bulgaria, and even Switzerland (in case an attempt is made to force a passage through Swiss territory).

Much depends on our dubious enterprise in the Dardanelles, much on Russia's power of recovery, and perhaps most on the success or failure of our allied forces to pierce the German lines, or of the German forces to pierce ours.



I doubt if mere "attrition" or economic pressure will ever induce Germany to pray for peace. The Germans are a very tough and resourceful people, organised beyond British endurance, socialised into entire subservience to the State, obedient as ants or bees, and confident that they are fighting for the existence of the community to which they willingly sacrifice freedom and life. They have, in short, constructed the highest type of the military State—the life which so many of our own political guides urge us to imitate, while they proclaim the necessity of "crushing German militarism." War against such a State is sure to be long, and at present I can see no terms which either side would take or offer. That is the worst of it.

H. W. Nevinson

Com. BELLAIRS, R.N., M.P., the Naval Expert of "The War Illustrated" and other journals, is of the opinion that at the present rate of wastage the German forces will, politically, be broken in December, but war may continue until the summer of 1916.

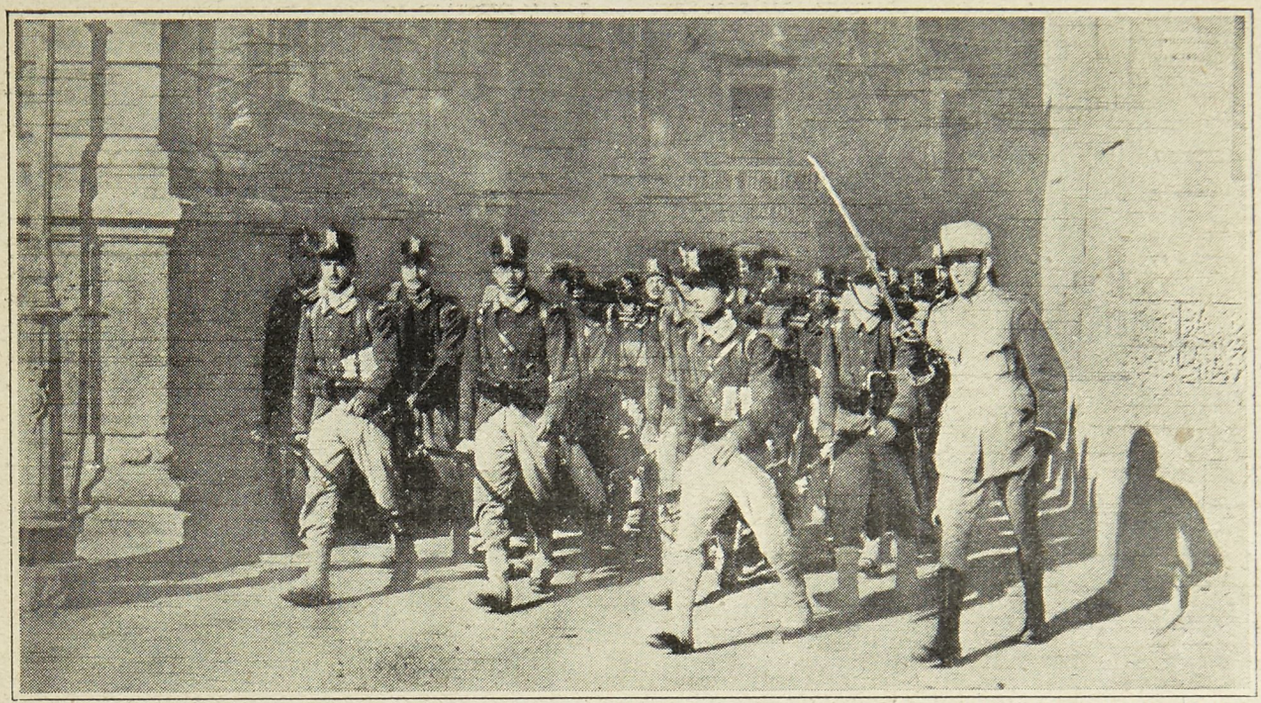
A FORECAST of the length of the war depends on an approximate balance of moral and material factors as they affect traders, armies, and nations. These latter include the belligerents of the future as well as the belligerents of to-day. The will to win, the preparation for winning, and the knowledge of how to win are the three greatest factors. In all three the Allies have clearly gained, though we have not improved as much as is to be desired.

The enemy wastes away at the rate of 260,000 a month, and his cotton is used up to the extent of 120,000 bales a month. We have cut off cotton since the middle of March. This wastage enables us to say that the enemy is unlikely to be able to hold such present or prospective lines as are dictated by the strongest political considerations after the middle of December, and that means the recognition of defeat by the higher German authorities. A nation does not, however, surrender when its Government recognises that it is defeated, but it is more than willing to negotiate for peace. It is here that the great controversy of the future will shape history, and we may witness the first attempt of the United States to take a hand in European politics of its own volition while trying to remain outside the vortex. The Allies are bound to ask for onerous terms to safeguard the future, but the force behind the Governments in this matter may be weakened by controversy advocating compromise on the terms of peace. If the absolute leadership of Prussia among the German States can be maintained in face of defeat, and a population suffering from the rigour of the blockade, the onerous demands of the Allies will certainly be refused. The war may then continue into the summer of 1916, though politically the defeat of the Germanic nations is accepted as a *fait accompli* before the year is out.

Carlyon Bellairs

A further series of contributions will appear in our next number.

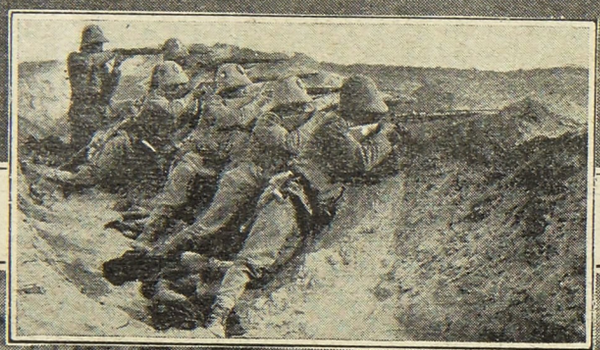
Sons of Italy move against the Hereditary Foe



Italy now resounds with the tramp of armed men. Our new allies are swarming to the frontier intent upon the liberation of the Trentino and Istria. This photograph shows the mobilisation of infantrymen, a daily scene in any large Italian town.

Another mobilisation incident somewhere on the Adriatic coast. Italy, like France and Belgium, abounds in architectural glories, which would meet the same fate as the cathedrals of Rheims and Louvain if the Huns had their way; but in this case the Teuton forces are not striking a foe unprepared, and are not likely to be the aggressors.

King Victor Emmanuel's Warrior-Mountaineers



Alpini, King Victor's fine body of soldier-mountaineers, marching across the Alpine snows. Born and bred in the mountains, these Alpine warriors have been specially trained to fight among the rugged, snow-bound heights and passes, and the troops of Franz Josef will find them stubborn foemen.

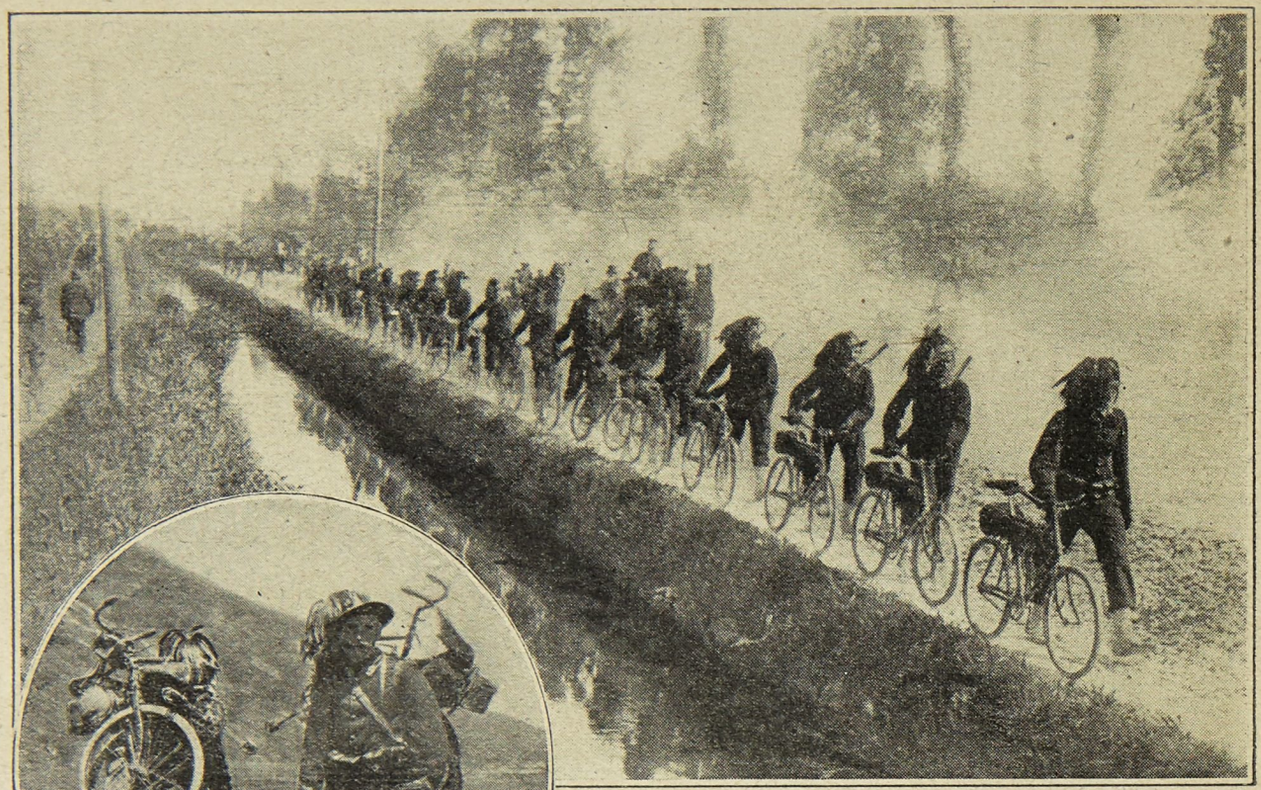
Alpini entrenched behind barricades of snow in the Julian Alps. It will be noted that they take their colours into action. It was to the south of the Julian Alps that Italian troops crossed the Austrian frontier and occupied a number of towns and villages. Inset above: Italian infantry in action against the Turks during the Tripoli War, Italy's last campaign.

Alpine Soldiers defend the Snowbound Passes

Alpine infantry encamped in the Italian Alps. Italy's regiments of Alpine infantry, the Alpini, are akin to the French Alpine Chasseurs, whose splendid fighting powers have caused the Germans to name them "Blue Devils." The Alpini are all specially-chosen mountain fighters, men of superb physique and stamina.

Machine-gun section of Italy's famous mountain warriors, the Alpini. Once again Italy's splendid Army is fighting under the leadership of the hero of the Tripoli War, General Cadorna, Commander-in-Chief of the Italian forces. It is possible that he may lead them once more against the Turks, this time at the Dardanelles.

Bersaglieri and Dragoons: Pride of Italy's Army

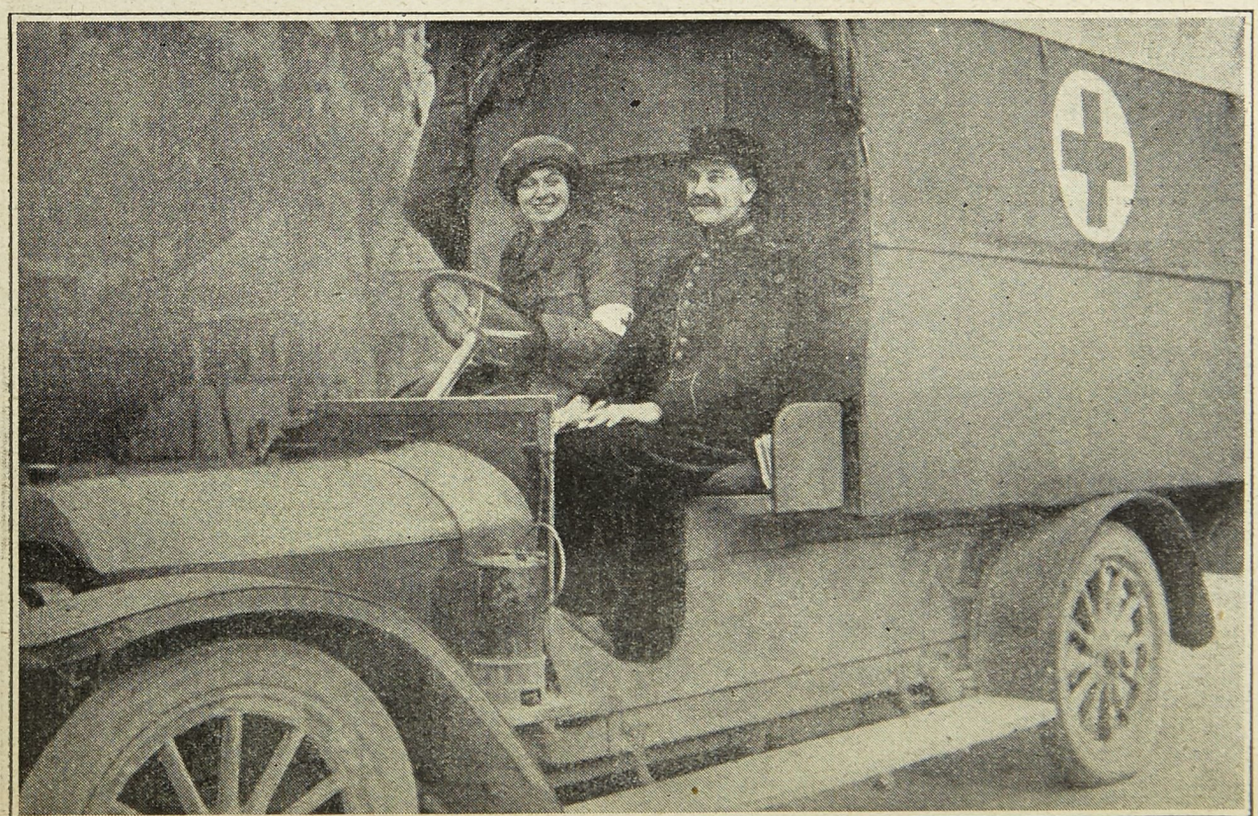


The green-plumed Bersaglieri (sharpshooters) are Italy's most celebrated soldiers, and each Bersagliero is an accomplished athlete. To every regiment is attached a cyclist battalion. The bicycles can quickly be taken apart and packed on to the Bersagliero's back.

Italian Dragoons on the march. Though the infantry sections of Italy's Army are splendidly trained and equipped, it is in the cavalry regiments that the country takes the greatest pride. The men rival the Cossacks in horsemanship and in the excellence of their mounts.

The Incessant Roll of the Caravan of Agony

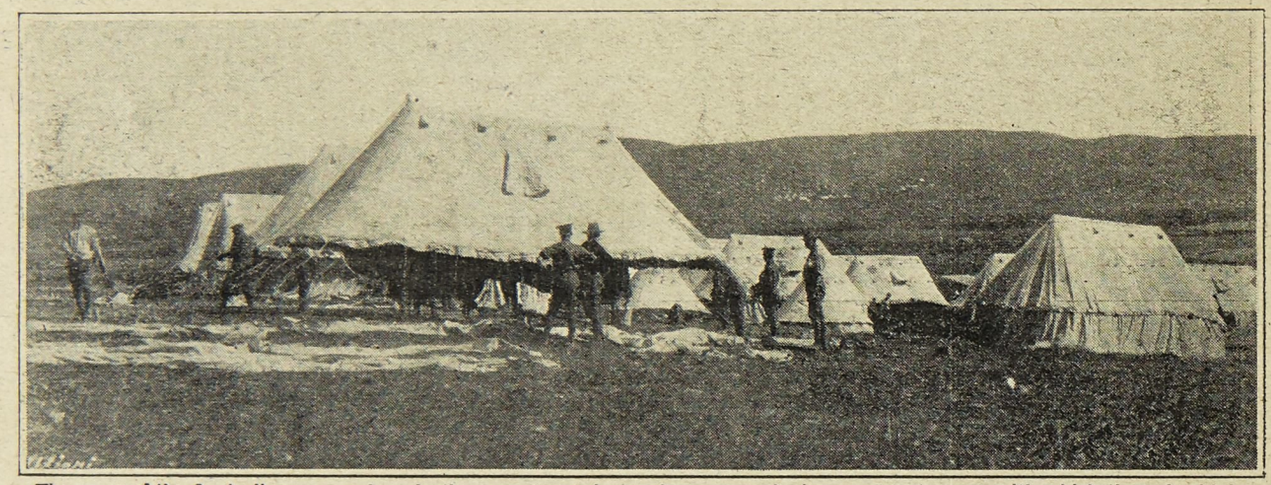
British solicitude for the wounded Hun. Members of the Red Cross conveying a badly-injured German soldier to the ambulance. The strenuous and noble work of the doctors and men attached to the Red Cross is beyond all praise.



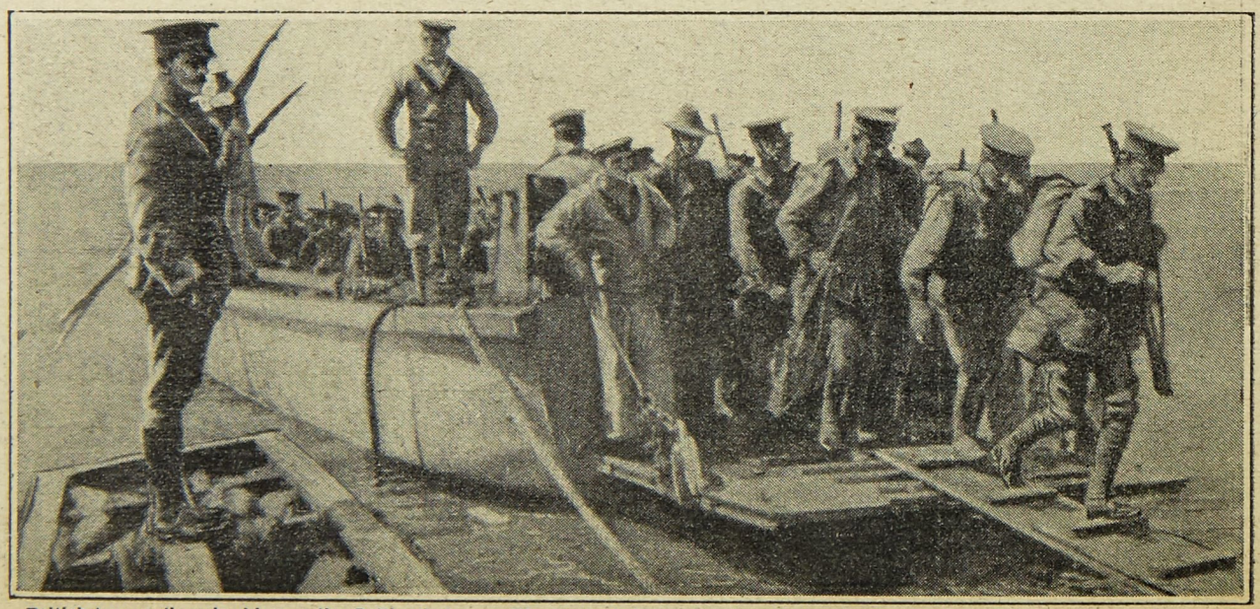
The nurse at the wheel. Miss Betty Hutchinson, chief chauffeuse of the Women's Nursing Yeomanry Corps attached to the Belgian Army, taking a wounded Belgian colonel to a base hospital in France. The debt of gratitude that the Empire owes to its Red Cross workers is a very heavy one. Toiling the whole round of the clock, their duties are as heroic as fighting in the trenches.

The Empire's Great War in the Dardanelles

Disembarked Australian troops about to proceed to the firing-line in Gallipoli. The men from the Island Continent got ashore at Gaba Tepe, and immediately distinguished themselves. In the background a British man-of-war and transports will be seen.

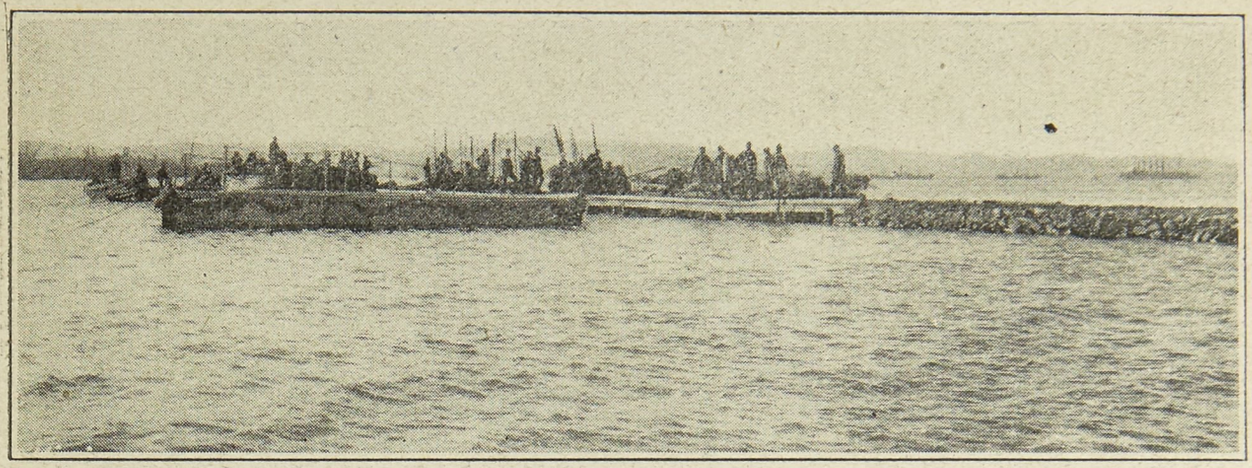


The camp of the Australians somewhere in the Levant. A body of men are rigging up a tent, work with which they should be thoroughly conversant in view of their experience in the backwoods as pioneers.

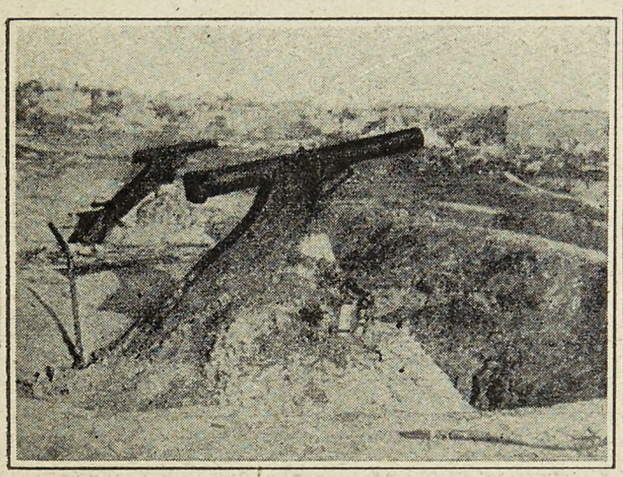


British troops disembarking on the Gallipoli shore. The Turks being well entrenched and abundantly supplied with machine-guns, the successful landing of our Dardanelles force may be considered a great triumph, though it was only possible of achievement under the covering fire of British warships in the straits.

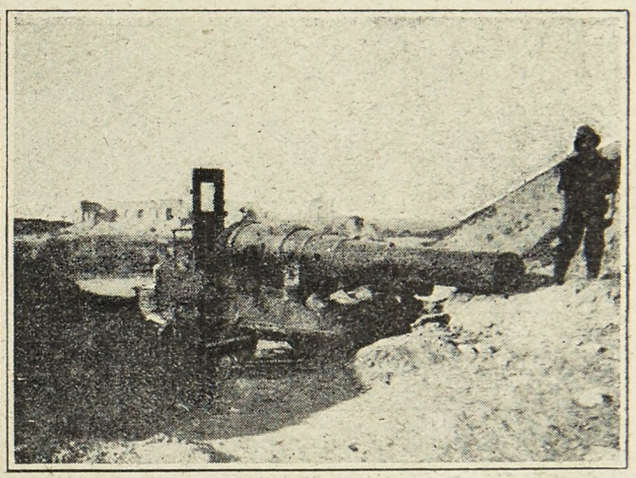
Historic Landing on Gallipoli under Fierce Fire



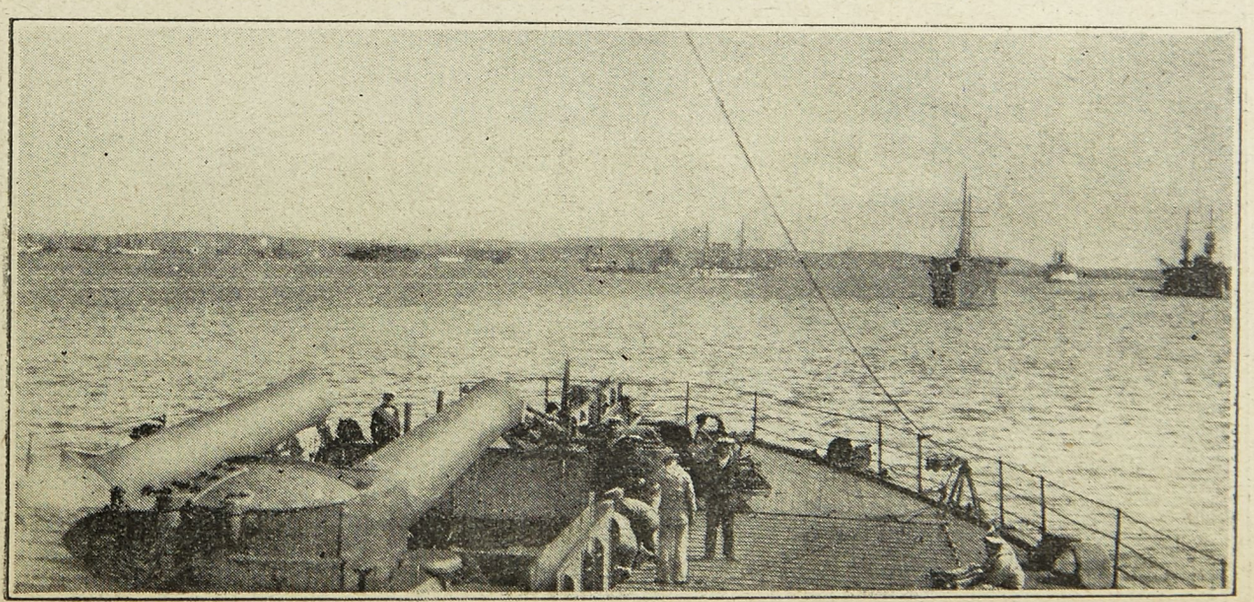
Australian troops disembarking under fire on the shores of the Gallipoli Peninsula. The photographs on these pages are just to hand from Mr. E. Ashmead Bartlett, the famous journalist and official correspondent with the British forces in the Dardanelles.



Captured Turkish trenches and cannon that defended the shore at Sedd-ul-Bahr, where a terrible battle was fought in April. Part of the town of Sedd-ul-Bahr is seen in the background.



Another view of Sedd-ul-Bahr, showing the fortress of the town that was captured by the British and one of the Turkish guns. Behind are the ruins of a monastery.



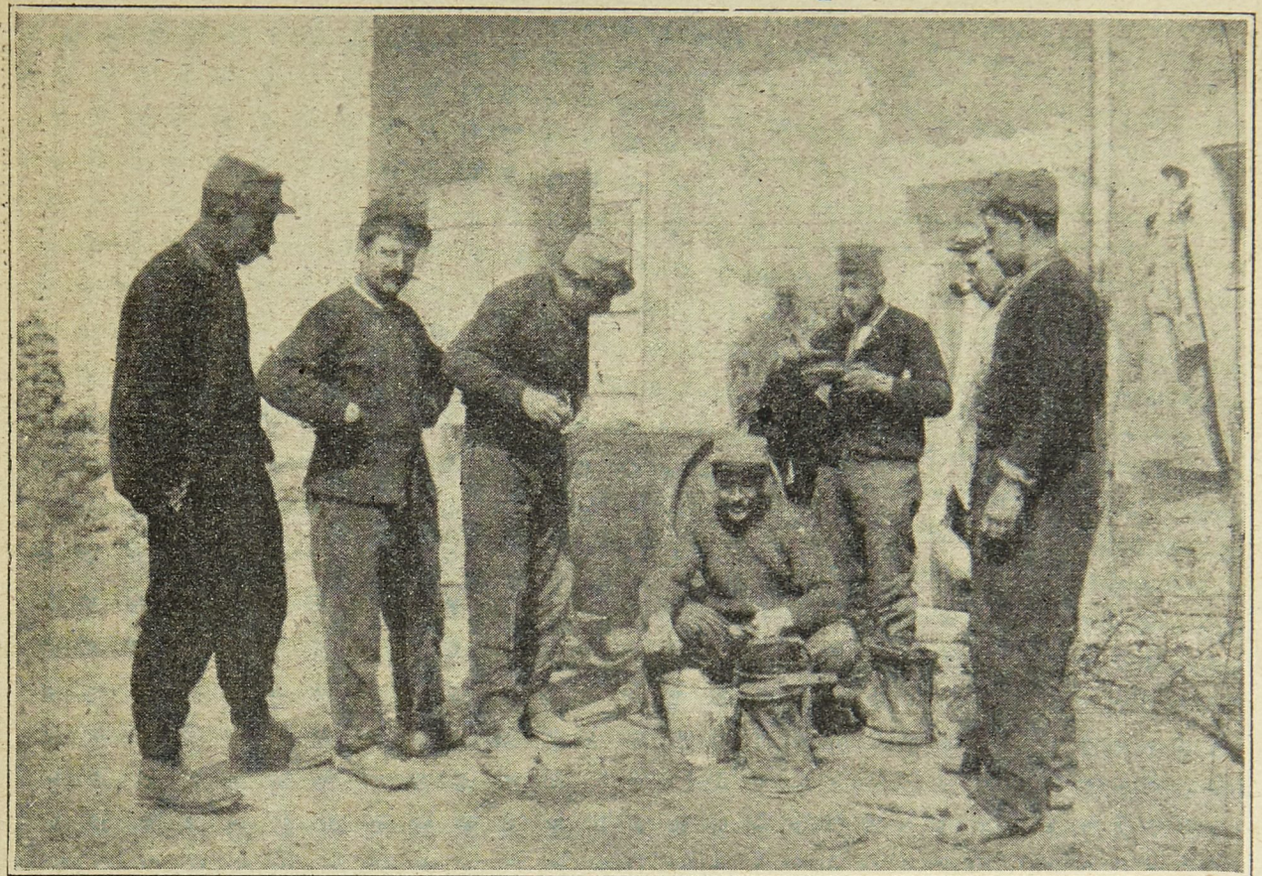
Ships of the Allied Fleet off the Dardanelles. A photograph taken aboard a British man-o'-war while British and Colonial troops were being landed on the shores of the Gallipoli Peninsula.

Enemy Scouts Working the Wooded Argonne

German patrol on a scouting expedition moving stealthily through a wood in the Argonne district. With rifles at the "ready" and every nerve on the alert, they are trying to get close enough to our ally's trenches to spy without being detected by the French sentries.

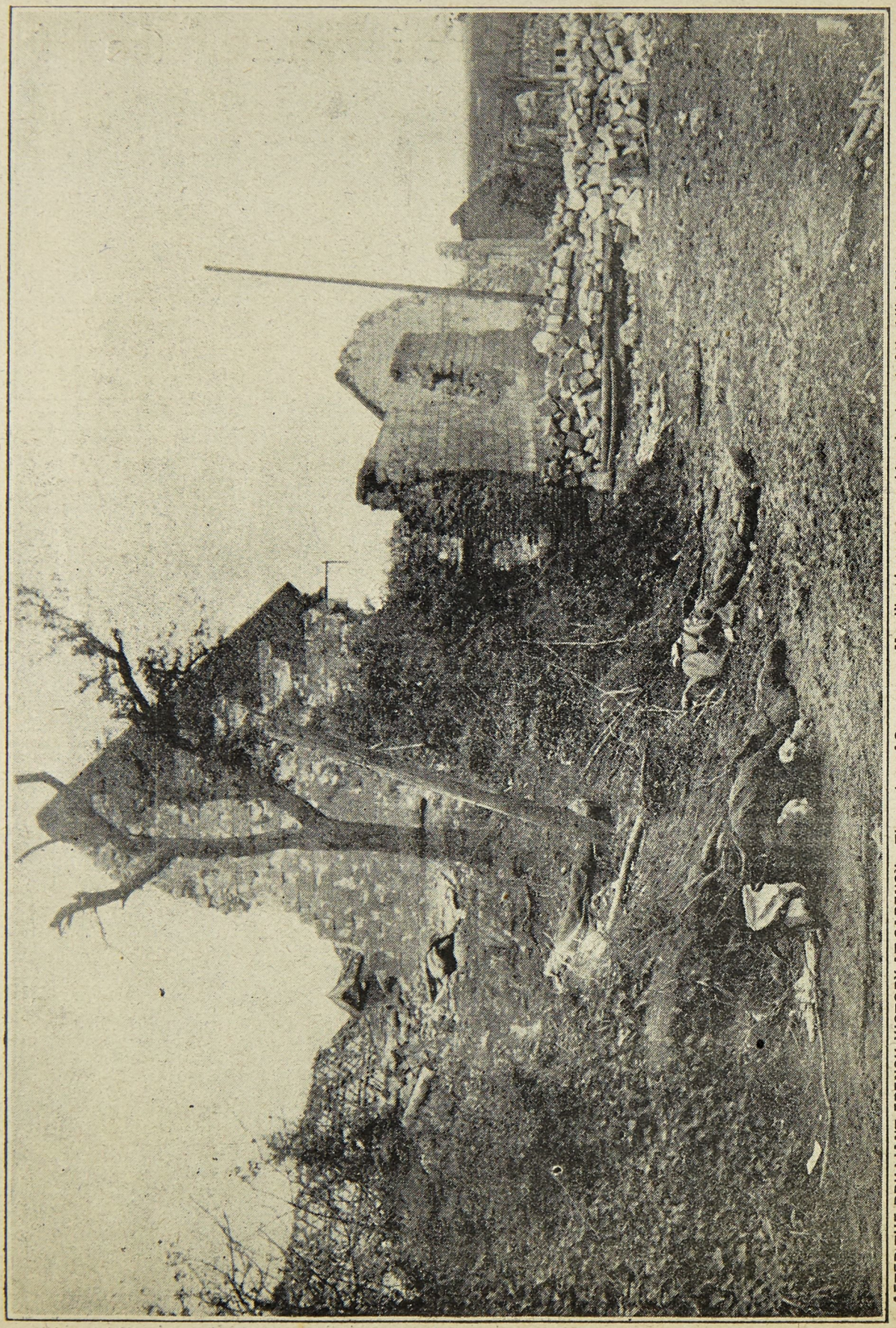
German officer and his men spying out the land on the edge of a wood in the Argonne. While a soldier tries to locate the Allies' position through his field-glasses, the spectacled officer compares the scene with his map and checks the landmarks.

French Warriors at Ease in Spite of the Huns



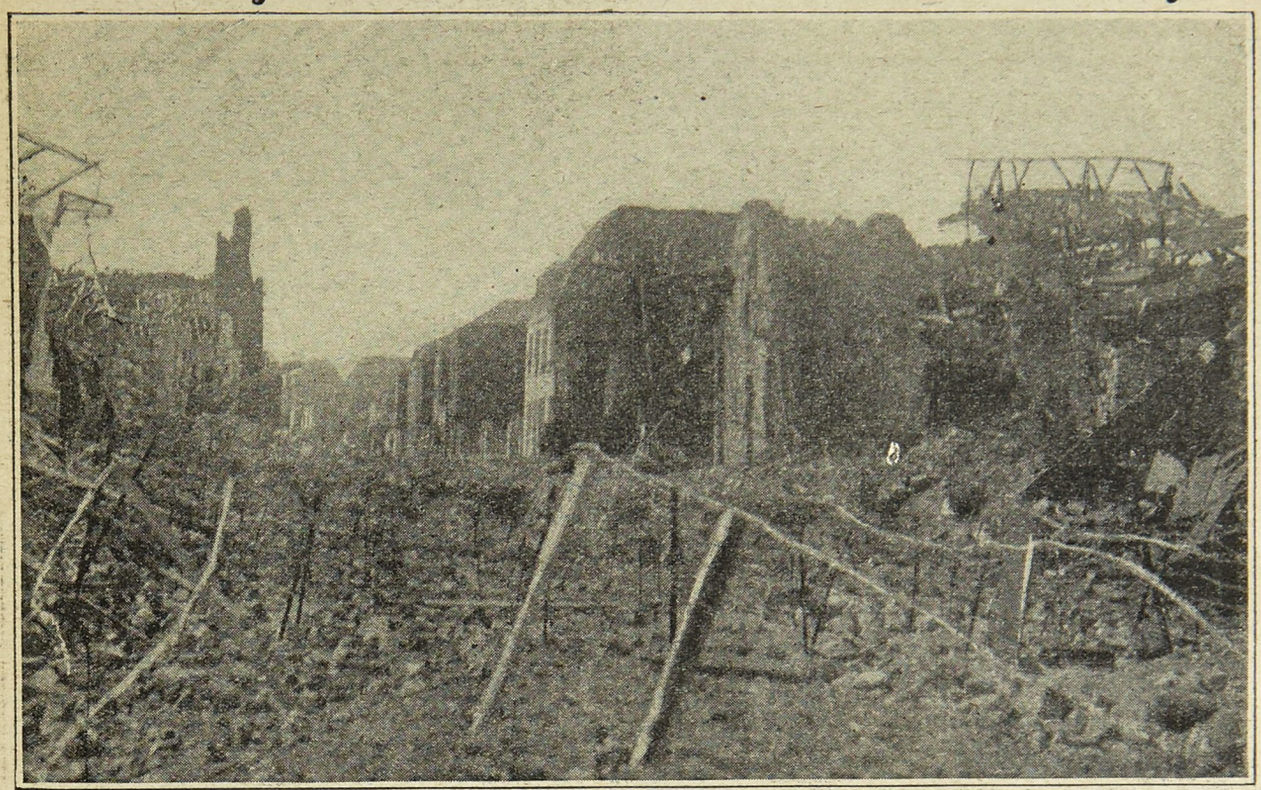
Wine being distributed to some French soldiers after an engagement. The French Army rivals our own in the splendid organisation and administration of its commissariat; in fact, no fighters have ever been so well provided for as are the British and French troops.

French cavalry officers resting and playing a game of cards at the edge of a wood in the Argonne while their horses are tethered to the trees. Some of their men are posted at various points to guard against a surprise attack by patrolling Germans. (These photographs are exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")



AFTER THE BRILLIANT FRENCH VICTORY AT CARENCY.—The capture of Carency, or the Battle of Arras, constituted a great triumph for our French Allies. For many weeks the 9th Army was secretly reinforced with young recruits, guns, and ammunition. While the Germans were fully employed against the British near Lille and at Ypres, General Maud'huy began a second bombardment of the hill of Notre Dame de Lorette, and followed it up with a sweeping infantry attack along a front of ten miles. This exclusive photograph shows the entrance to what was once Carency, with some French Chasseurs lying where they were shot down before the German barricades.

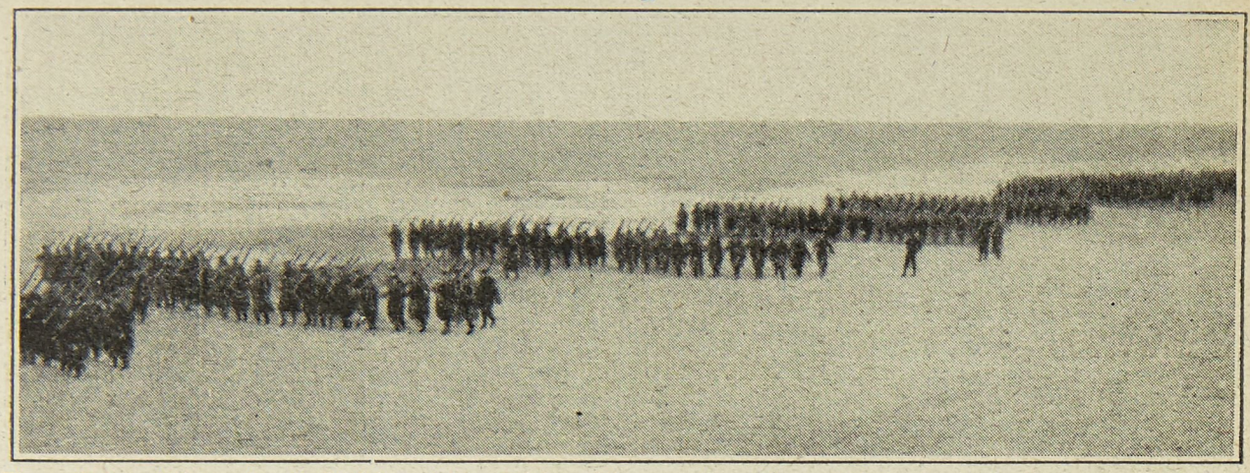
Carency after the Great French Victory



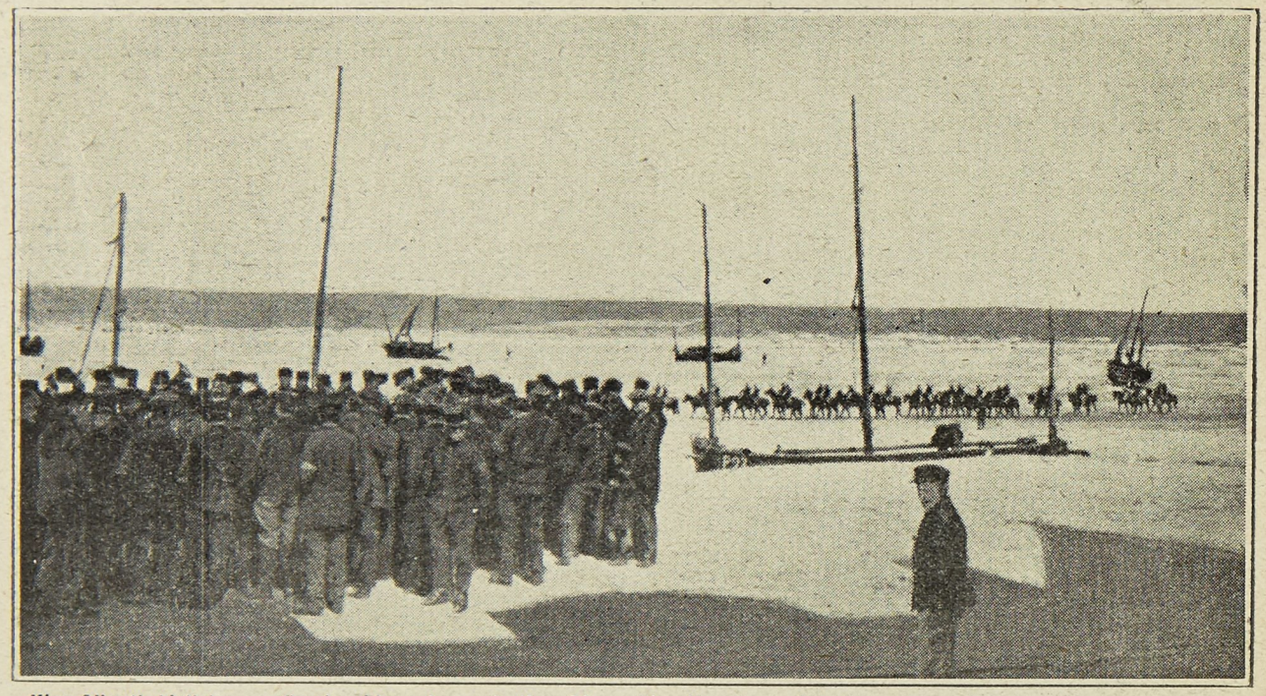
A street in Carency, the village in north-eastern France where the French troops gained such a conspicuous victory last month. The remains of some of the Germans' wire entanglements are seen in the foreground.

All that remains of another corner of Carency after the great battle that raged in the streets. The Germans had concealed machine-guns in almost every house, and the French could only silence these by completely devastating the buildings by artillery fire. Then, house by house, the indomitable French soldiers advanced. The full story of the French triumph at Carency was told in our last number. (Photographs exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

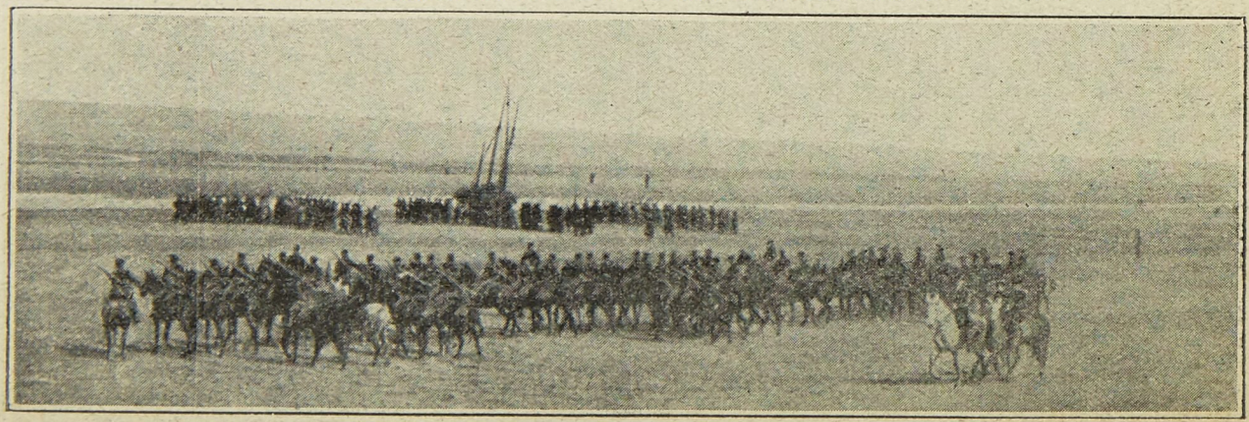
With our Camera Correspondent near Nieuport:



The muffled, martial step along the fateful coast strip. Belgian soldiers parading on the sands before leaving for the trenches at Nieuport.

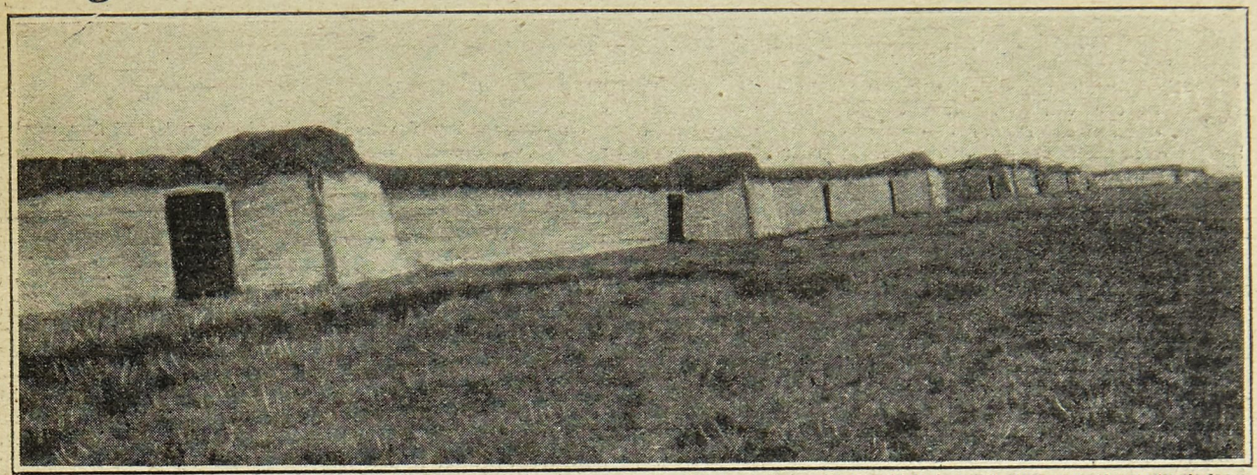


King Albert's birthday was the signal for a demonstration of fervent loyalty. Some of the brave Army of the hero-king were accorded a well-earned holiday, and this photograph shows a body of soldiers listening to a military concert on the sands.

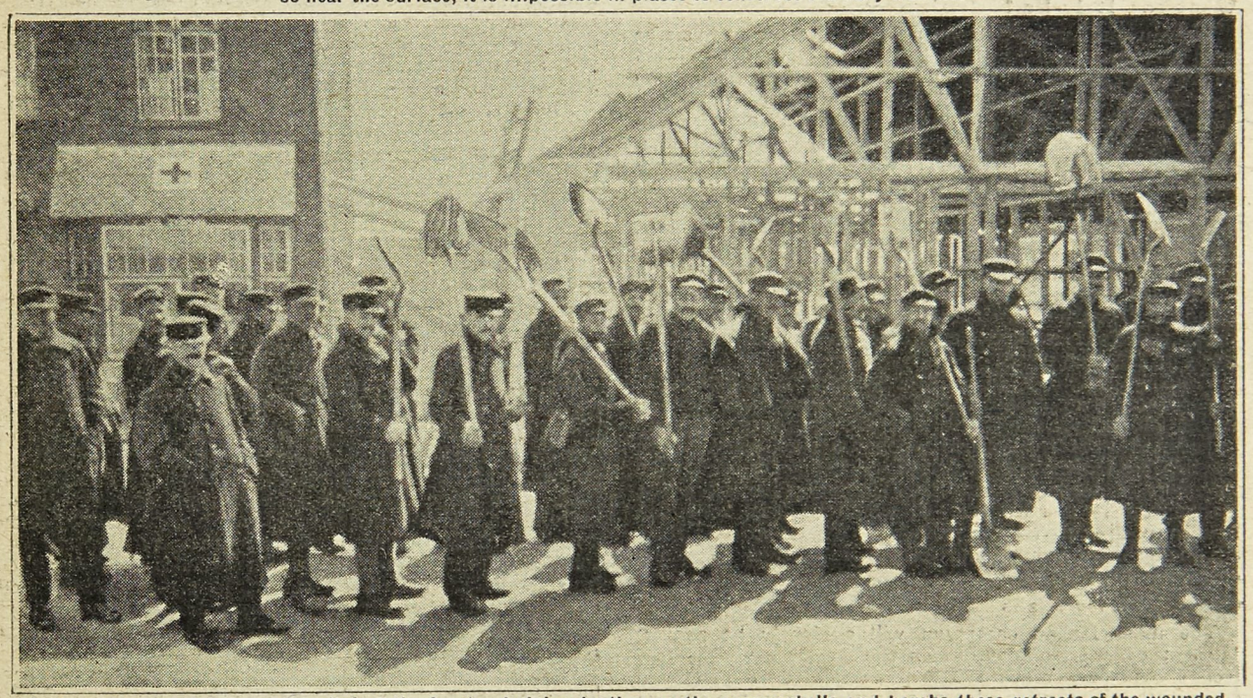


Calais to the Germans is so near and yet so far that one can almost excuse their exasperation for the British-Belgian forces which foil their every attempt to break through. But a few miles along the dunes, and the Huns are within striking distance of Dover. This photograph is an impression of Belgian cavalry on their incessant coast patrol.

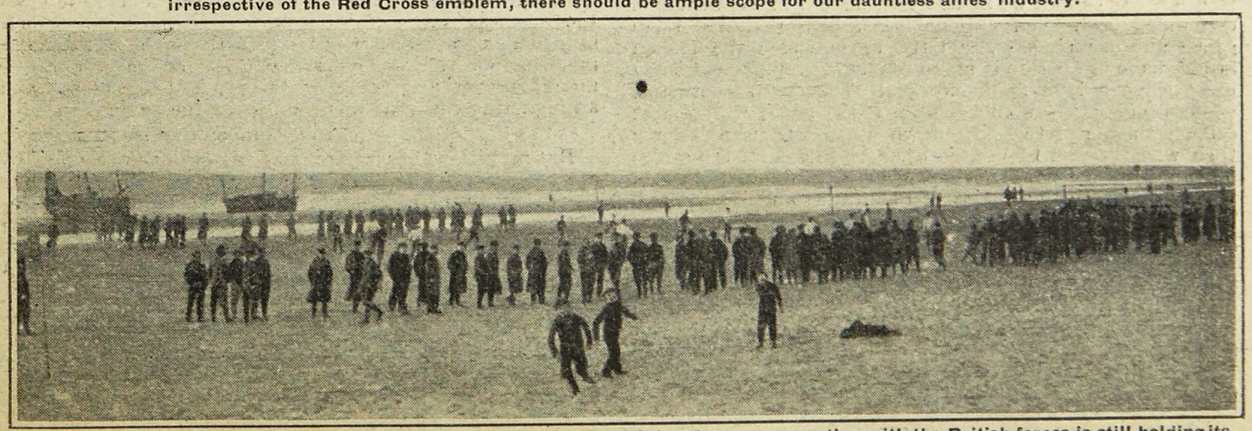
Belgian Forces hold their own along the Coast



Curious fort-like Belgian trenches on the Yser. These are generally elevated above the land level, partly because, the water being so near the surface, it is impossible in places to construct ordinary trenches.



Belgian soldiers building a hospital at the front. Judging by the way the enemy shells and bombs these retreats of the wounded, irrespective of the Red Cross emblem, there should be ample scope for our dauntless allies' industry.



Belgians playing football on the sands at Nieuport. The gallant Belgian Army co-operating with the British forces is still holding its own in that part of King Albert's realm embracing Ypres and Nieuport. The Huns have not been able to move them, in spite of their massed formations, heavy howitzers, and poisoned gas frightfulness.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

WHAT difference will the intervention of Italy make in the war? It has already made one great difference. It has compelled Germany to weaken her forces in the north and in the east in order that she may face the menace from the south. It has compelled the enemy to remain on the defensive along large parts of the French front. It may, in the early future, bring about a shortening of the whole German position, and a straightening of the line from Lille to Woevre, which would restore France much of her recently lost territory.

Germany has no fresh supplies of men immediately available to meet this new foe. We have vast armies of trained men still unused, ready and eating out their hearts in camps throughout Britain. Germany has thrown every available man into the fight. The vast armies raised and drilled throughout the Kaiser's dominions during the winter were brought up to the front at the beginning of the spring. The German policy is, and has been from the beginning, to use all the forces available all the time.

What can Italy Do?

The obvious Austro-German policy is to attempt to strike hard and strike quickly into Italy, to attack Venice with all available forces, and to cause such devastation among the historic Italian cities of the north—Verona, Venice, Milan, and Turin—that the Italian people shall be driven to revolt against the war by the sheer horror of the situation. Destroy! Destroy!! Destroy!!! will be the German watchword. Aircraft will attempt to burn cities, armies to shell and ravage them. Napoleon, by the rapidity of his movements and the suddenness of his attacks, forced his way through the fastnesses of the Alps into the rich plains of Lombardy. Can Hindenburg do the same? The problem is very different to-day. Every available route is tremendously guarded at every point. Yet this war has shown that the seemingly impossible can be done by armies ready to pay the price.

What can Italy do? The direct routes from Italy into the main enemy country are across the Brenner Pass beyond Innsbruck, or over the Carnic Alps into Salzburg. No one acquainted with this country believes such an advance possible, save without long delays and heavy losses. Some time ago, I walked across the Brenner Pass from the Italian frontier northwards. It would be hard to find a land more difficult for the passage of a large army. Italy advancing here would find herself in danger of being entrapped and enmeshed.

Grave Military Risks

The main Italian campaign will evidently be against Istria, the Austrian territory on the Adriatic, which Italy feels should be her own. The powerful Italian Fleet will co-operate with the land forces advancing over the eastern frontier. It cannot be denied that such a move, although demanded by Italian national sentiment, presents many grave military risks. The territory in which the Italian armies have to operate is mountainous and difficult. They must leave a long flank exposed. The Austro-Germans, while keeping them engaged in Istria itself, will almost certainly attempt to strike down upon Verona and force their way through to Venice, in order to cut off the entire Italian Expeditionary Force. The latter would then find itself hemmed in by chains of mountains and by the sea. Such a contingency has, of course, been seen and been guarded against, but it must always be borne in mind.

One course for Italy to adopt would be to send a strong army by rail into France through the Mont Cenis tunnel, and to strike the German front in Southern Alsace. There are many difficulties in the way of this. To convey a great army over the Alps, with all its supplies, would take time, and meanwhile the fate of the war might be settled elsewhere. The feeling of the Italian people would probably be against weakening their own defences by the removal of a really strong army from a point where it could protect their own territories. Italy has too vulnerable a north-eastern front to allow her to transfer her main army elsewhere.

One suggestion that will probably be debated during the next few weeks is the sending of our Indian troops to the Eastern Alps to co-operate with the Italians in the Tyrol. The best of our Indian soldiers are pre-eminently mountain fighters. They have had the finest training for hill war in their Himalaya frontier campaigns. They might possibly succeed in the country around the Dolomites as could few European troops. In Flanders they fight under obvious disadvantages. The Flanders war is an artillery war; and big guns are unfamiliar weapons to the Indians. In the mountains they would be fighting amid surroundings where they would be at their best.

Reckoning Up Accounts

Britain has been reckoning up her account in the war, and the results are not wholly satisfactory. In the western fighting-front we hold only thirty-odd miles to over three hundred defended by France. There are vast new armies waiting in Britain, some of the finest and best trained troops this country has ever raised. They cannot be sent to the front for lack of munitions. Even in Flanders itself our men are suffering heavy and unnecessary loss because of lack of guns and the lack of shell.

I have recently been talking with soldiers back from the fighting north of Ypres in the first and second week in May. Day by day these men were exposed to a cruel and continuous bombardment by German guns of every size, from 17 in. howitzers to field batteries. It was their business to hold the line, and they held it, sometimes at the cost of seventy-five per cent. of their strength. The soldiers do not complain. But in their plain, matter-of-fact narratives one point stood out clearly. We were, at this point, almost overwhelmingly outnumbered in guns and in shells. We paid in the manhood of our nation for the shortage. What happened at Ypres happened, we know, elsewhere along the line.

War cannot be waged without heavy cost in men. But when this cost comes because of lack of preparation at home, it should be a matter not alone for national grief, but for national shame. I have no desire to dwell on the personal aspects of the matter and to blame this man or that. The issue is much greater than any attack on individuals. If this war is to be won we, the stay-at-home people of Great Britain, must do more and do better. Our soldiers in Flanders and at the Dardanelles are doing their bit splendidly. Their heroism, their long, steady endurance, and their unbroken strength despite heavy losses will go down in history among the greatest stories of our race. Are we backing them up as we should?

Our Armies will probably from this time on have sufficient high-explosive shells. We can depend upon Mr. Lloyd George, in his new post as Minister of Munitions to organise the business forces of the country for the production of munitions of war in a way that should have been done ten months ago. He will enlist the co-operation of our great manufacturers and trade organisers, in place of snubbing and ignoring them, as was the rule at the beginning.

Problem of our Food Supplies

But munitions of war are only one of our problems. We are approaching face to face with another issue which, before many months—possibly before many weeks—are over, is bound to affect profoundly the future of the nation. That problem is the adequacy of our food supplies. One effect of the submarine war has undoubtedly been to check the sending of foodstuffs to this country. For some months we have been using up our normal reserves and our breeding stock with amazing rapidity. Tempted by high prices, farmers in all parts have killed and sold breeding cattle, lambs, and calves for food. Our armies in the field require vast amounts of meat. This problem will not be solved by advising people to eat less meat. The whole question of food supplies requires to be taken in hand immediately, on a scale not hitherto attempted.

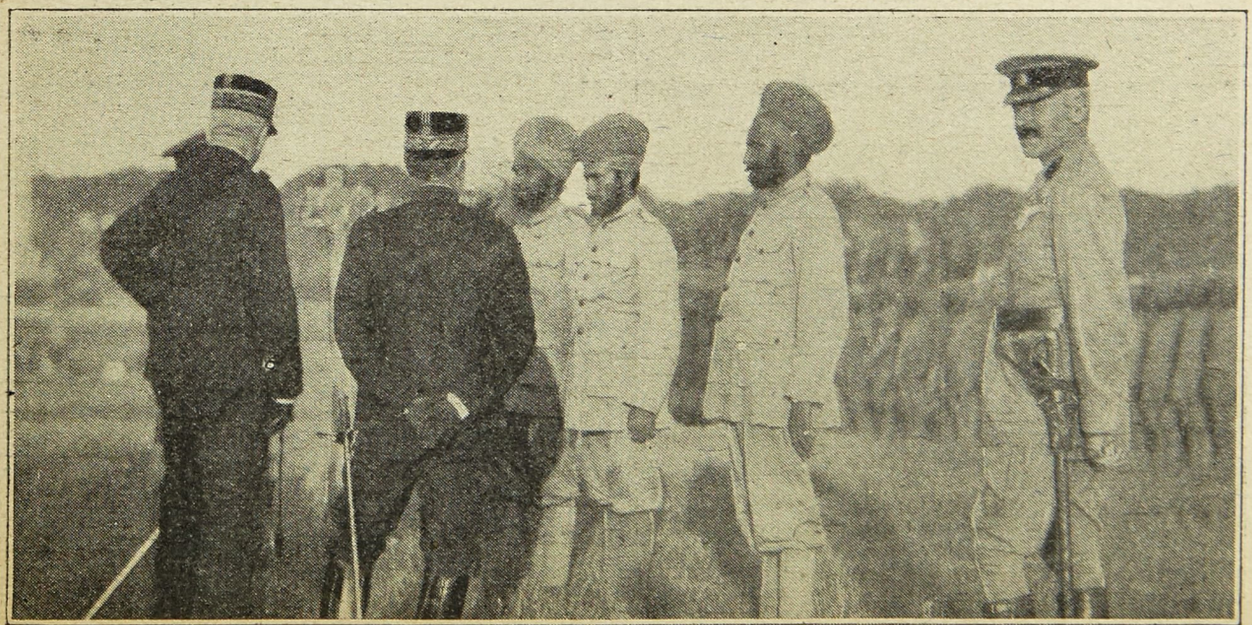
East and West join hands in France

Indians are particular as to their menu, and how it is prepared. This photograph shows a herd of goats which is kept at the base in France as food supply.

Members of the London Scottish and an Indian soldier with whom they have made friends.

Little French boy shakes hands with Indian warriors fighting in the cause of La Patrie.

British-Indian officer superintends the requirements of native soldiers after a long march in Northern France.



French generals conversing with Indian officers behind the firing-line in France. Our Allies have expressed their pleasure and gratitude at the great part played by the Indians in the war against Prussian aggression.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

WITH the entrance of Italy into the war we may expect to find the future movements of Austria's armed forces entirely ordered by Germans, and, as at the Dardanelles, a better fight will be made than would have been the case with native direction. The French confined themselves, except in the early stages, to blockading the entrance of the Adriatic.

This will now be changed, because the Italian bases of Brindisi, Ancona, and Venice are within the Adriatic. We look for some very interesting naval and amphibious war in the near future in a sea which is so confined that its entrance is only forty miles broad, while nowhere along its four hundred and sixty miles of length does it exceed one hundred and ten in breadth.

Italy's Advantages in the Adriatic

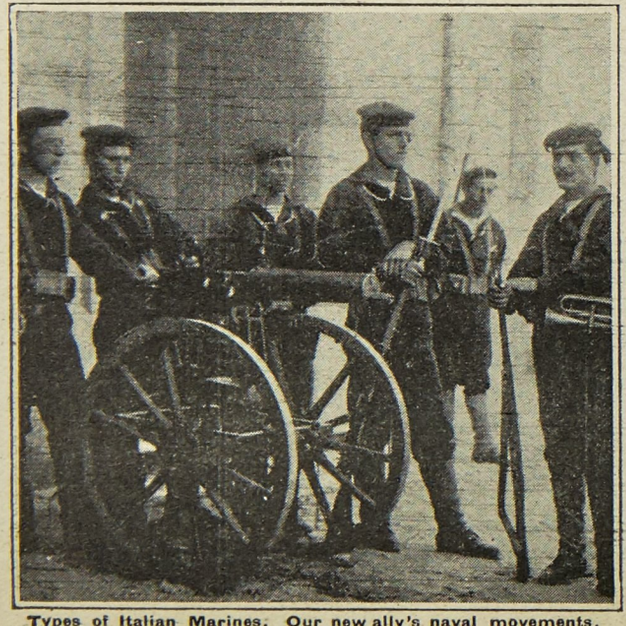
The ports are situated much nearer to each other than is the case with British and German ports. Take, for instance, the shallow northern quadrilateral of the sea with the Italian ports Ancona and Venice on the one side, one hundred and twenty-two miles from each other, and the Austrian ports of Pola and Trieste on the other, seventy-eight miles apart.

The northern side of the quadrilateral from Venice to Trieste is only sixty-three miles, and the southern side from Ancona to Pola is ninety miles. The diagonal Ancona to Trieste is about one hundred and thirty-five miles. The weather at this time of the year is unusually favourable to naval and aircraft operations, but it should be added that, like the southern end of the North Sea, all this northern section of the Adriatic being comparatively shallow, is only suitable to mining operations and for submarines lying on the bottom.

This factor, is, however, much more favourable to Italy, since she can keep her heavy ships to the southward at Brindisi, while Austria must perforce keep her heavy ships at Pola and Trieste.

From Brindisi the meteorological conditions are favourable to watching the entrance to the Adriatic by aircraft and small patrol craft with even more ease than we watch the Strait of Dover.

It is, however, unlikely that Italy's policy will be one of watching and waiting. She knows that our own difficulties in the North Sea arose from the administration's failure to allow our Navy to seize the initiative and, if mining was to be done, to do it so that the channels should be suited to British and not German plans.



Types of Italian Marines. Our new ally's naval movements, which are the subject of the article on this page, will prove an important factor in their war against the common foe.

Italy would therefore mine the northern quadrilateral at once, just as we should have mined the shallow "wet triangle" behind Heligoland. The answer that Austria has been at war for nearly ten months and has probably mined a great deal of this part is not wholly convincing. The fact that Austria experienced a good deal of trouble with her mines, while the French Fleet did not attempt to come up the Adriatic, may have led to the mines not being replaced after the winter gales.

In addition there are reasons for Italy being very well served by spies, and this would cover information as to mines as well. In the dockyards of Pola, Fiume, and Trieste, as well as in the Austrian Navy, are to be found numerous Italian sympathisers. There is, in fact, no reciprocity in this matter.

The thinly populated Dalmatian coast of Austrian territory, winding and mountainous, with numerous outlying islands, is peculiarly favourable for the operation of spies, and its inhabitants speak the Italian language.

There are certain broad geographical features which must also be borne in mind. Italy is like a long boot, and its ports outside the Adriatic or east side of the boot can be used for supplies while the east side, under absolute martial law, with its three ports, Brindisi, Ancona and Venice, joined by railways, telegraphs, and chains of wireless, can be used entirely for war purposes.

The possibility of an Italian offensive is not limited to the land frontier, for the initial command of the seas enables offensive operations against the coast and the islands, which can be made into bases for such purposes. Nothing is more marked than the difference between the two sides of the Adriatic. The straight Italian coast, with its paucity of ports and islands, affords a sharp contrast to the other side. Apart from the numerous islands, there is the five hundred and seventy miles of coast-line with many ports belonging to Austria or the nations who confront her, so that an Italian offensive may develop either in front or behind the Austrian Army in this field.

The Value of Amphibious Operations

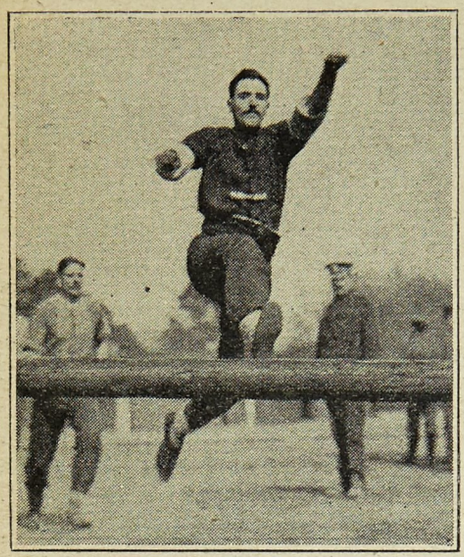
Consequently, the coast-line and island defences as well as the army in the Balkans have to be strengthened, or Italy must be kept busy by a vigorous offensive on her frontier so as to distract her from the thought of amphibious operations. The second solution is infinitely the simpler and in keeping with German practice, so it will be tried; but we hope it will fail in its object.

The farther east Austria and Germany have to fight the worse they will be served by railways and the greater the strain on their resources. The transport of such an amphibious force is perfectly feasible. As England threw an impregnable barrier across the twenty odd miles of the Strait of Dover, the Italian and French can do the like over ninety miles in the Adriatic. On the face of it, many of the ports and islands in Austrian territory such as can accommodate armadas, like Cattaro and Gravosa, are easily defended.

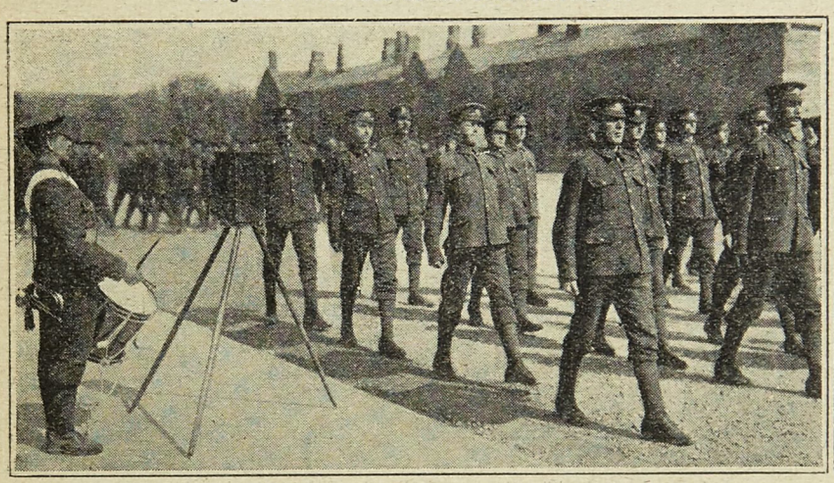
But all are threatened, and the effect is cumulative. If, say, the German General Staff find themselves unable to account for the absence of certain army corps from the frontier, the presumption will be that they are going oversea, and where then, along five hundred and seventy miles plus the islands, are they going to strike? I am not referring to bombardments, which are quite useless except to help the operations of a landing force.

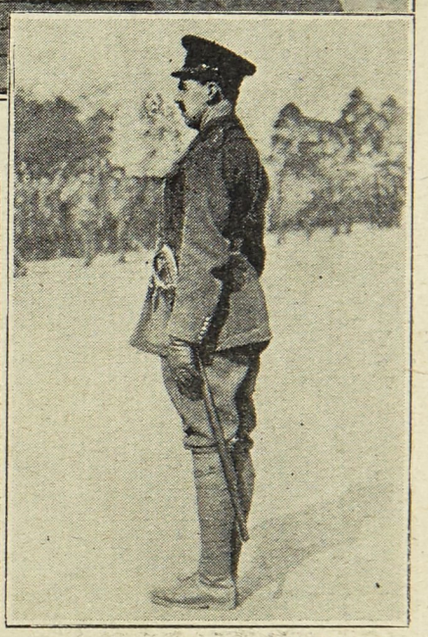
It may be taken as certain that the Italians know the exact distribution of the Austrian Fleet units. At the beginning of the war, working along the coast from south to north, they were scattered at Cattaro, Sebenico, Fiume, Pola, and Trieste. Only small forces were at Fiume and Trieste, and a number of old vessels were at Cattaro. In addition, at Cattaro were a couple of new submarines and ten modern destroyers. How far the dispositions were subsequently modified I do not know.

Guardsmen in the Making—Recruits to Famous Regiments

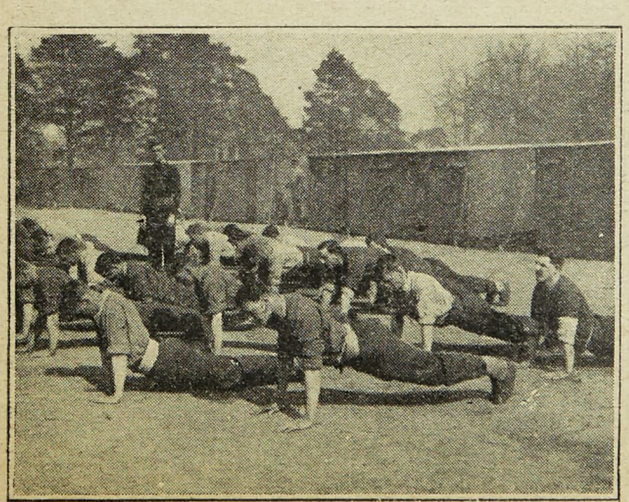


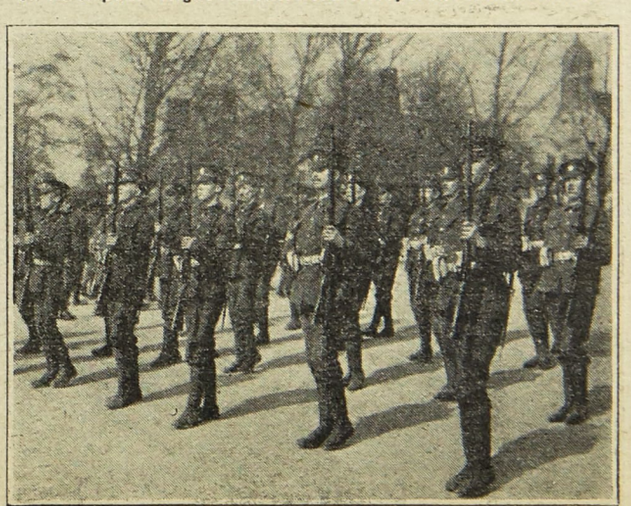
On the left and right these photographs show recruits to the Scots Guards at physical exercise at Caterham, where for nearly forty years the training depot of the Brigade of Foot Guards has been established.





New members of the Irish Guards slow-marching to the beat of a kettle-drum. The time kept by the drummer is controlled by a special instrument, known as a metronome, which is seen on its tripod. Right: Lieut. Lord Clive, of the Welsh Guards.





Grenadier Guards at physical exercise and, on the right, men of the Irish Guards drilling at Caterham, known as "the Cradle of the Guards." Since the commencement of the war thousands of new recruits to the famous regiments in his Majesty's Brigade of Guards have been trained at the depot, and are getting ready to join their comrades at the front.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

WAR in the air is likely to become still more active now that Italy has come in on the side of the Allies, for the Italian pilots are very fine, and they have a good supply of well-built and well-cared-for aeroplanes. Also the Italian airship fleet is the biggest in the world, after Germany's, and is, if anything, more effective, because its ships are, as a rule, faster and able to climb higher.

Last August Italy had over 200 military pilots, which is considerably more than this country had. Since then Italy has been training new pilots as hard as she can at all her military aerodromes. This means that she must have multiplied the number of her pilots two or three times, for she has lost none on active service, and very few in accidents—so far as I can learn from friends in Italy.

The Italian Army has had great advantages in reorganising its Flying Corps, as it has been doing during the last few months, for to begin with, quite a number of Italian flying officers have already seen active service in Tripoli, and the chiefs of the corps have had the advantage of observing the work of the aircraft on both sides of the present war; for, being neutrals, they, or their representatives, in the guise of newspaper correspondents or otherwise, have been allowed to see a good deal in France, Germany, and Austria.

Italy's Knowledge of German Aircraft

Germany in particular has rather made a point of being civil to neutral newspaper people, even to the extent of allowing an American reporter to fly over French territory and within sight of the firing-line in one of their latest warplanes. Consequently, one may assume that the Italians know just as much as there is to know about the good and bad qualities of German aeroplanes.

Very probably this accounts for the production recently of an enormous fighting aeroplane at the Italian military aeroplane works, managed by Signor Caproni—who built a number of very promising aeroplanes before entering Government employ. This machine is a huge biplane, which is really three aeroplanes rolled into one. It consists primarily of two "tractor" biplanes, of the familiar type with the air-screw in front, placed side by side, with the left wing of the right-hand body forming the right wing of the left-hand body, as if they were flying hand-in-hand. This wing, which is common to both, acts also as the central section of a "pusher" biplane, with the air-screw or propeller behind, and carries on it a "nacelle," or body of the sort commonly seen on Farman biplanes, in which the body sticks out in front so as to carry a gun.

Each of the long bodies has an 80 h.-p. engine in front, and the short central body has a 90 h.-p. engine behind, so that the machine has 250 h.-p. to heave her along, and it is stated that if one engine stops she can fly quite well on the other two. In the front of the central body, which stands out well in advance of the two tractor screws, she carries a gun of a size big enough to smash any aeroplane or airship to bits, and she is also able to carry really big bombs. It is said that with all three engines running well, she climbs at an astonishing pace and flies very fast. Thus she should easily account for anything put up against her.

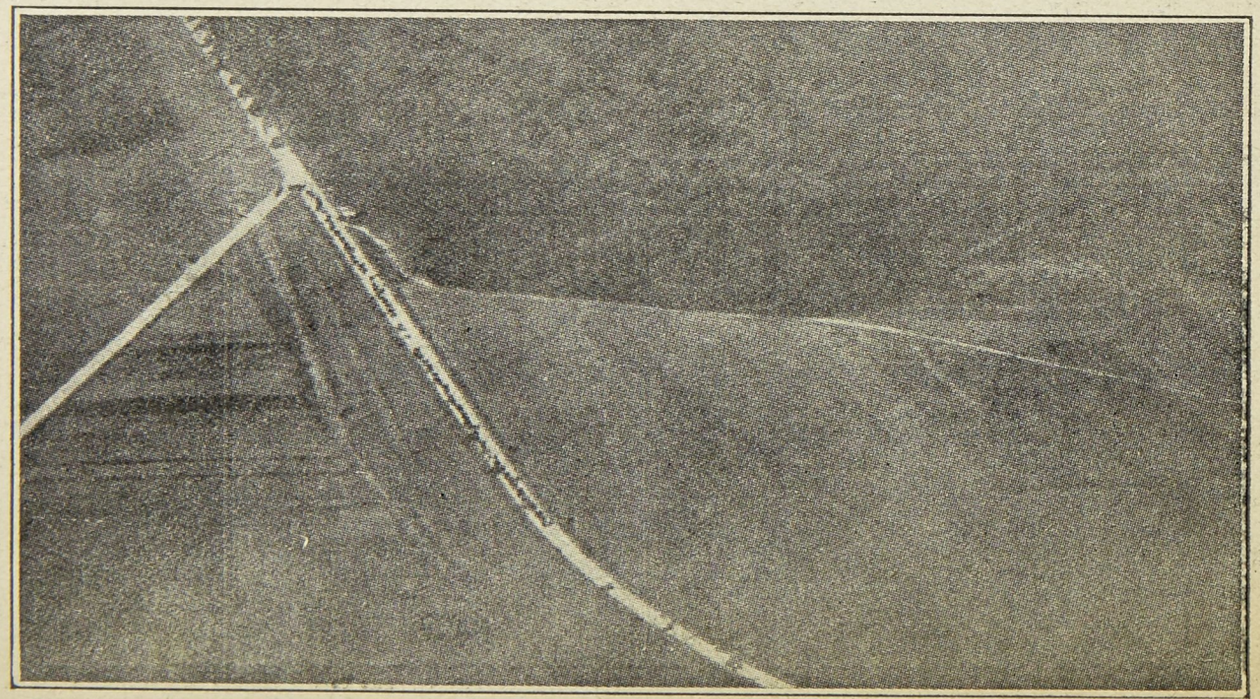
The Fastest Airship in the World

Italy also possesses an airship which is the fastest in the world. This is called the V1, and was invented and designed by Major Verduzio, one of the pioneers of Italian military aeronautics. Whether it is called the V type after its inventor, or because its "velocity" is so high, is not made known officially. Anyhow, its speed is over sixty miles an hour, so that it would take a reasonably fast aeroplane to catch it without a long, stern chase.

Against a Zeppelin the V1 should have things all her own way, for she has beaten all Zeppelin records for altitude by something like 1,000 feet—she is quite ten miles an hour faster, and can carry guns as heavy as any Zeppelin can carry, as well as a fair quantity of bombs.

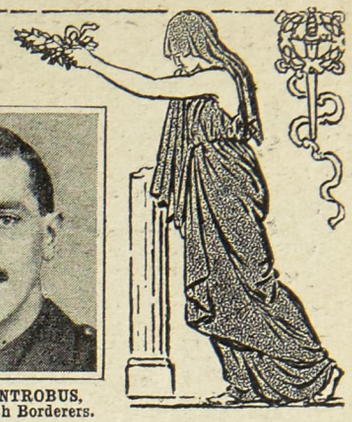
As far back as August last Italy had about 200 aeroplanes, of which between 100 and 150 were quite fit to use in war, and since then all the Italian aeroplane factories have been building as fast as they can. In addition to these, quite a fair number of American aeroplanes have been bought.

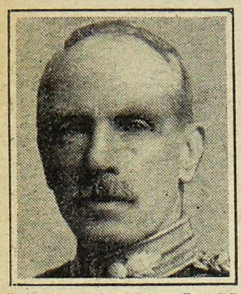
Taking it all round, Italy is very well equipped aerially, and as Austria has to depend to a great extent on Germany for her supply of aeroplanes, and pilots also, it means that a goodly proportion of German aircraft will be drawn away from the other fronts to keep an eye on the Italians.



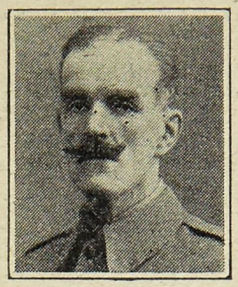
What the hostile air-scout sees from above. Remarkable photograph, from a German source, of British troops on the march.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

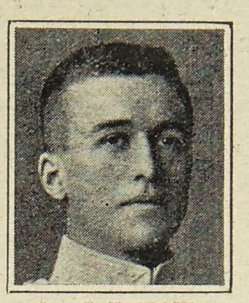




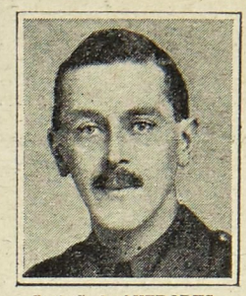
Brig.-Gen. Sir W. T. BRIDGES, K.C.B.



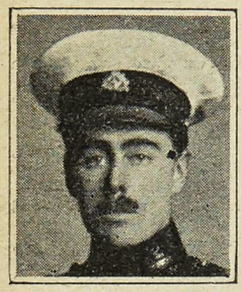
Maj. ÆNEAS C. PERKINS, 40th Pathans.



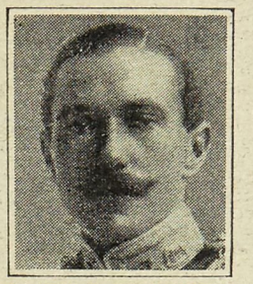
Capt. F. H. BLACK, 1st Royal Warwickshire Regt.



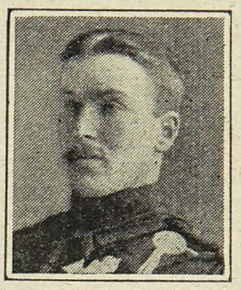
Capt. C. A. ANTROBUS, 1st K.O. Scottish Borderers.



Capt. S. A. GLEDSTANES, 1st Bedfordshire Regt.



Cpt. K. D. M. MACLACHLAN, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders.



Capt. & Adjt. the Hon. E. E. M. J. UPTON, 2nd K.R.R. Corps.

Capt. C. F. H. TWINING, Hampshire Regt.

Lieut. R. F. de TRAFFORD, 1st Gloucestershire Regt.

Engineer Lieut.-Commander H. D. BISHOP, H.M.S. Goliath.

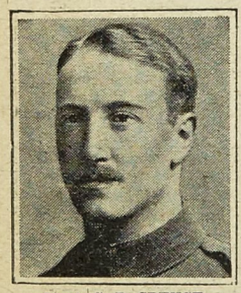
Brigadier-General Sir William Throsby Bridges, K.C.B., was the Inspector-General of the Australian Commonwealth Forces. He was gazetted a K.C.B. after his death in action.

Captain and Adjutant the Hon. Eric Edward Montagu John Upton, 2nd King's Royal Rifle Corps, was the eldest son and heir of Viscount Templeton. He joined the King's Royal Rifle Corps in 1905, when he was twenty years of age.

Lieutenant the Hon. Keith Anthony Stewart, 2nd Black Watch, was the younger son of the Earl and Countess of Galloway. He was a splendid all-round sportsman, and the year before he went to Sandhurst was captain of Harrow.

Captain Lord de Freyne, South Wales Borderers, was the fifth Baron, and succeeded his father in 1913. Lord de Freyne, who was a relative of Sir John French, served as a private in the United States Army in 1905, and was serving as a sergeant in the Philippines when he succeeded to the title.

Com. O. J. PRENTIS, R.N. Naval Division (Dardanelles).

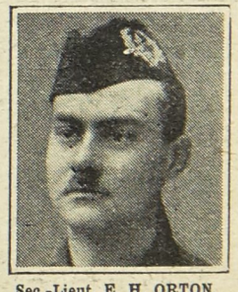


Lieut. C. B. SPENCE, R.F.A. & Royal Flying Corps.

Lieut. C. F. WHITAKER, 2nd Duke of Wellington's Rgt.

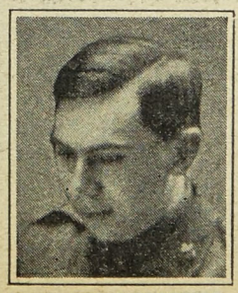
Lt. the Hon. K. A. STEWART, 2nd Black Watch.

Lieut. R. de LUSIGNAN, 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers.



Sec.-Lieut. E. H. ORTON, 2nd Cameronians.

Lieut. R. S. PRYOR, 1st K.O.R. Lancaster Regt.



Sec.-Lt. H. G. S. DELEPINE, Duke of Cornwall's L.I.

Capt. Lord de FREYNE, South Wales Borderers.

Sub.-Lt. B. T. R. MELLAND, R.N.V.R., Anson Batt.

Sec.-Lieut. the Hon. H. R. HARDINGE, 2nd Rifle Brig.

Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Bassano, Swaine, Speaight, Lambert Weston, Heath, Russell, Lafayette, Rosemont.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, May 13th to May 26th

MAY 13.—**Continued French progress.** The whole village of Carency and the wood north of it have been carried by assault.

MAY 14.—Fresh French success. Our ally carried a series of trenches south-west of Souchez, and about six miles from the railway centre of Lens.

Italian Cabinet resigns. Many demonstrations in favour of war took place in Italy.

Petrograd, admitting the retirement of the Russian armies in West Galicia, reports that a defensive concentration on the banks of the River San was being carried out. In East Galicia the Russian counter-stroke pressed home with great effect. Russian cavalry pierced the enemy's line, and penetrated almost to the Rumanian frontier.

Kaiser's Garter Banners and Insignia removed from choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Together with the Austrian Emperor and other enemy sovereigns he has been expelled from the Order.

MAY 15.—United States' Note to Germany. The full text published. It is a strongly-expressed warning against the recurrence of such outrages as the sinking of the Lusitania. Reported resignation of Lord Fisher, First Sea Lord.

MAY 16.—British break German line. Sir John French reports First Army made successful attack between Richebourg l'Avoué and Festubert (north-west of La Bassée), breaking the enemy's line over the greater part of a two-mile front.

French advance continued.

MAY 17.—Zeppelin raid on Ramsgate, forty or fifty bombs dropped. The aircraft later appeared over Dover Harbour.

North of Ypres the French Staff report a continued advance.

MAY 18.—Germans bombard Przemysl with intense artillery fire.

Lord Kitchener's Review of War. In House of Lords the Secretary of State for War announced that our troops must be adequately protected from asphyxiating gases by the use of similar methods. He also announced that 300,000 more recruits were required.

MAY 19.—Political Crisis. Premier announced that the Government is to be reconstructed.

Government request stewards of the Jockey Club to suspend all race meetings, with the exception of Newmarket.

General Officer commanding the Mediterranean Force states every day sees an improvement in the Franco-British position in the Gallipoli Peninsula.

MAY 20.—**Italy for War.** The Italian Chamber gave its approval to the declarations of the Government, which are interpreted as security for the Government and a free hand for the prosecution of war against Austria-Hungary and Germany.

Check to advance of the Austro-German Army from the lines of the Dunajec. The Russians reported having fallen back to the defences of the San. The left wing of the invading army, operating to the north of the Upper Vistula, crushed in by the Russians at Opatow, exposing the Austro-Germans on the San to attack from the north as well as from the east.

MAY 21.—British progress east and south at La Quinque Rue and numerous local fights for strong points behind the enemy's original lines.

Complete French Victory. An attack by our ally on the southern slopes of Notre Dame de Lorette had brilliant results.

Italy and War. By the enormous majority of 262 votes to 2 Italian Senate passed the Government Bill providing for the measures necessary in the event of war.

MAY 22.—Disaster to British troop train. Latter, conveying the 7th Royal Scots southwards, dashed into a local train near Gretna. Scottish express from Euston dashed into mass of debris. All three trains wrecked and caught fire. Over 200 killed and many injured.

Press Bureau issued telegram from General Officer commanding the Mediterranean Force in which stated that on May 18-19 Turks made night attacks on Australian and New Zealand corps, which were all repulsed with heavy loss.

MAY 23.—French carry a series of trenches to the north of Neuville St. Vaast.

Italy Declares War. Italian Ambassador in Vienna presented a declaration of war against Austria.

MAY 24.—Italo-Austrian War. Austrian aeroplanes attempted an attack on the arsenal at Venice. At Porto Corsini there was an air fight in which Italian aircraft drove off enemy. On the Italian coast a raid was made by an Austrian scout and destroyers on Barletta.

Italian destroyer attacked island of Porto Buso.

Austrians bombarded Ancona, an important naval base and railway centre.

General Count Cadorna, who is to command the Italian Armies, left for the front.

British forced to give ground east of Ypres owing to German attack under cover of poisonous gases. The enemy penetrated our line in two or three places. Sir John French reported that portions of original line already retaken.

In Galicia Russians have forced enemy by counter-attacks to act gradually on the defensive on almost the whole front. The offensive which opened on May 22 developed with great success.

MAY 25.—Sir John French reports part of our line east of Ypres lost during the enemy's gas attack has not yet been recovered. Over a front of five miles gas was emitted from cylinders throughout a period of four and a half hours.

Italian Army crossed Austrian frontier in north-east corner of Venetia and occupied a number of villages in and near the valley of the Isonzo.

Germans renewed their attacks north of Przemysl.

MAY 26.—New Cabinet announced, composed of 22 members, a National Government to win the war. Mr. Lloyd George is Minister of Munitions, a newly-created post.

The copyrights of the portraits published on pages 354 and 356 belong as follows:—Mr. H. W. Nevinson and Commander Bellairs, Elliott & Fry; Sir Alfred Turner, Swaine; Mr. J. K. Jerome, Lizzie C. Smith.

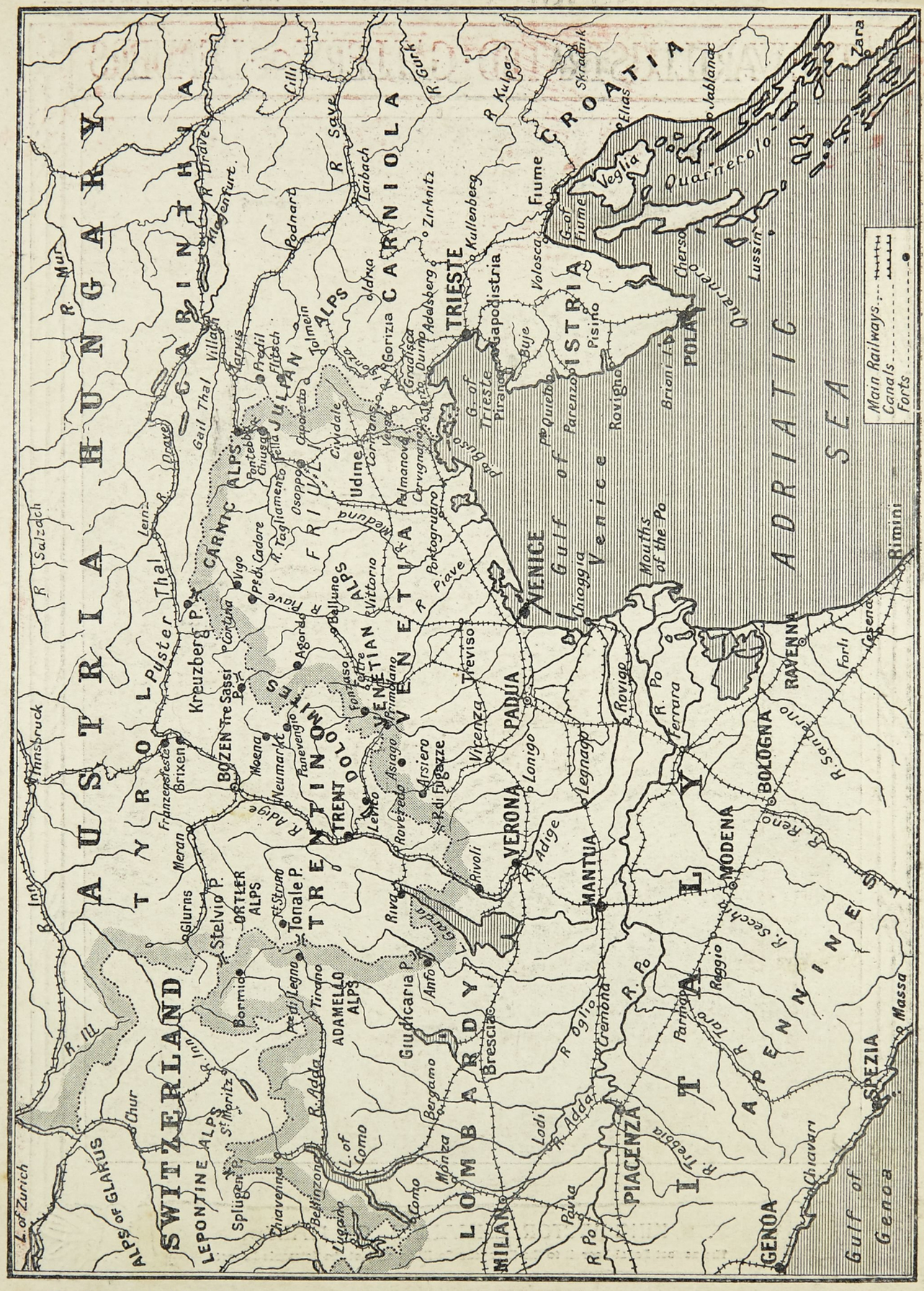
General view of Venice, the "pride of the Adriatic," and the scene of one of the first acts of Austrian aggression. On May 24th a hostile aeroplane dropped bombs on the arsenal, which is indicated by the rising smoke on the extreme right of this picture.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL OF ITALY

The newest Royal Recruit to the European Coalition against the Germanic Despots

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is now obtainable everywhere on Wednesday of each week.



Map showing the Italo-Austrian war area, indicating boundaries, the principal mountain passes, forts, and communications.

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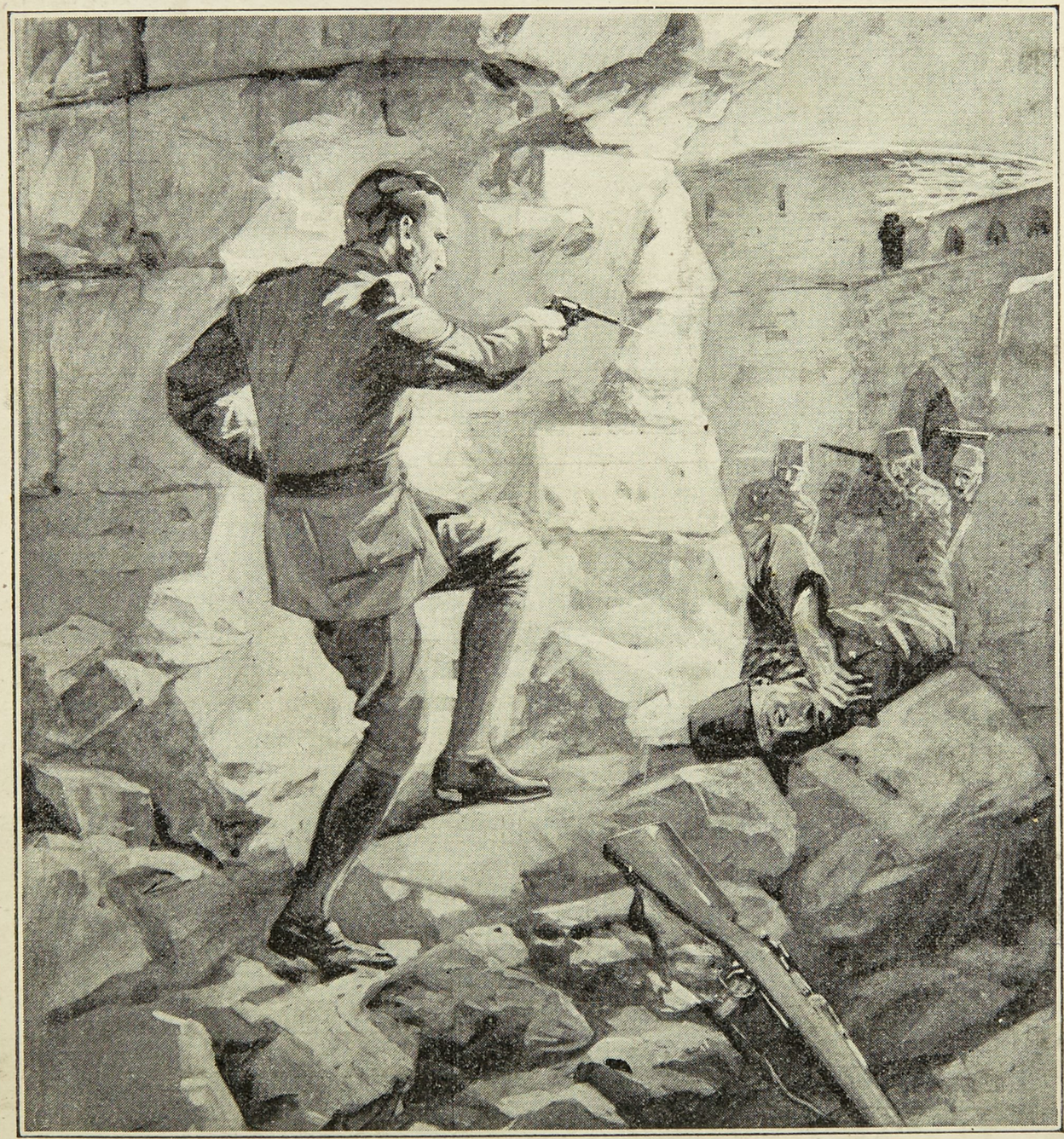
The War Illustrated 12th June, 1915. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

Why the War will not Last Long: By Col. F. N. Maude

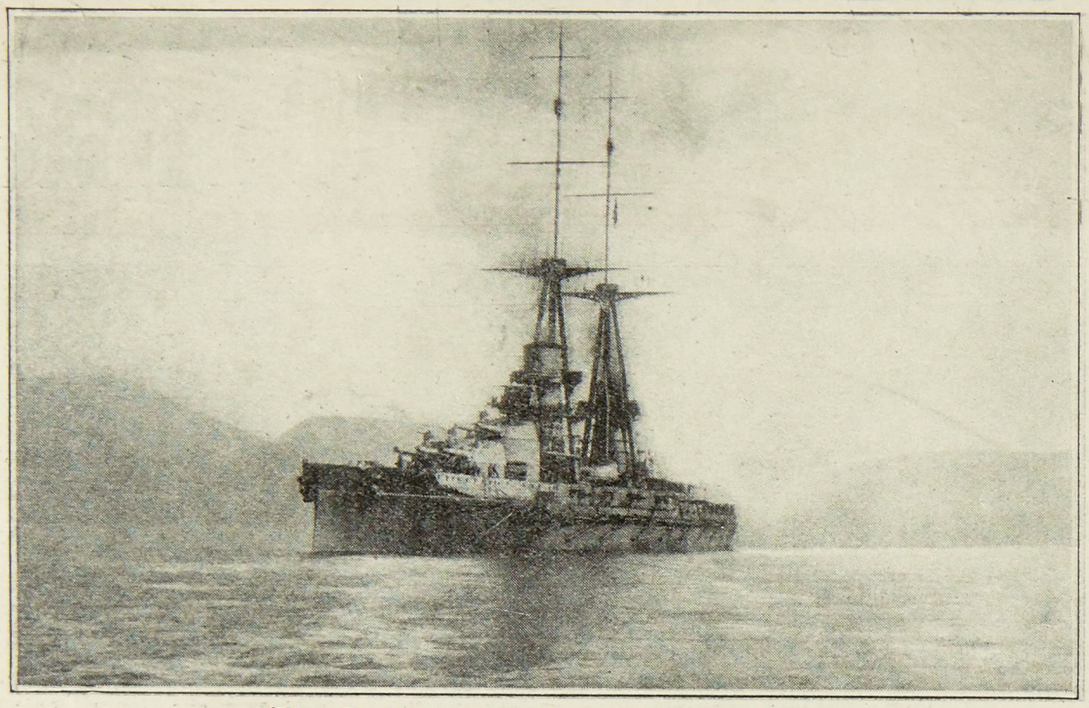
The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly



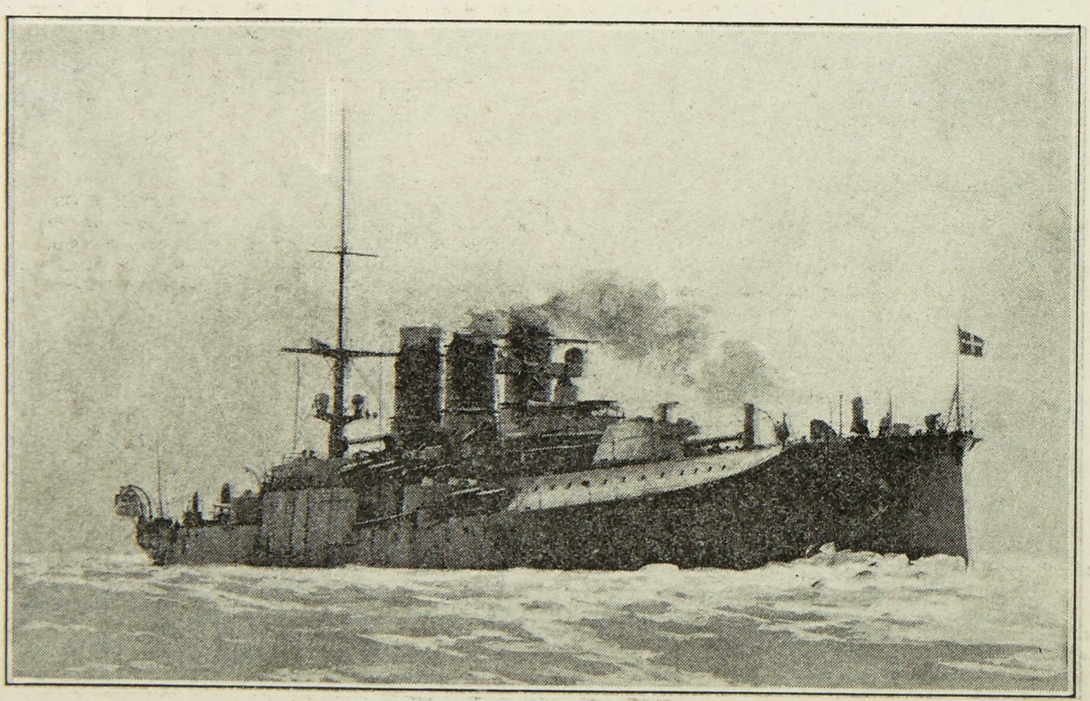
Vol. 2 Into the Breach! Daring British officer attacking a Gallipoli fort single-handed. Shooting down some of the gunners with his revolver, the Turkish fire slackened sufficiently for the Dublins to rush in and capture the stronghold. **No. 43**

ITALY'S WATCH-DOGS OF THE ADRIATIC



The Dreadnought Leonardo Da Vinci

Completed in 1914, she has a length of 577 ft., a displacement of 22,000 tons, and is armed with thirteen 12 in. guns, eighteen 4·7 in., fourteen 3 in., and three torpedo-tubes.



The Battleship Roma

Completed December, 1908, she has a length of 475 ft., a displacement of 12,625 tons, and is armed with two 12 in., twelve 8 in., twenty-four 12-pounders, two 3-pounders, two Maxims, and two torpedo-tubes.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is now obtainable everywhere on Wednesday of each week.

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 43. Vol 2
12 h June, 1915

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

"COLD STEEL!" BRITISH ABOUT TO CHARGE.—A wonderfully vivid photograph of Germans assaulting British trenches. The oncoming enemy is seen in the left-hand corner, while our soldiers, with bayonets fixed and every nerve strained to the limit of human endurance, anxiously await the inspiring command "Charge!" from their officer, standing in the centre. The moment is tense, the most thrilling in human strife. In a flash our "Tommies" will be "up and at 'em!"

WHY THE WAR WILL NOT LAST LONG

By Colonel F. N. Maude, C.B.

Probably no military expert is more qualified to write on the duration of the European struggle than Col. F. N. Maude, C.B. Prominent as a war critic, and author of "Cavalry—Its Past and Future" and "Evolution of Strategy," both of which have had the distinction of being translated into German, and other important works, his views on this momentous question are singularly valuable.

TO one who knows something of the statistical facts underlying the present struggle, the perturbation in the nerves of the British public seems entirely out of proportion to the needs of the situation. Doubly so since Italy has at length cast in her lot with the Allies. Nevertheless, the danger which threatens our national prestige in the future from ill-considered political agitation is so very real that the citation of a few figures may be useful. It may serve to check or moderate the exuberant and intemperate zeal of those who are now belabouring the very willing horses, at home and abroad, who are endeavouring to hasten the tardy appearance of our great armies at the front.

When the war broke out, the Dual Alliance was very decidedly superior in numbers and equipment, immediately ready for the field, to the combined forces of the several Allies. But the resources behind the latter, alike in men and in manufacturing facilities, were by far the greater; all they needed was time to adapt themselves to the new conditions.

The devotion of the troops, and also and above all the genius of the French Staff — who had taught their methods to Belgium and Russia as well as to our own Army—have sufficed to gain this time for us. From now onwards we not only outnumber the enemy, but we have shown that we can outfight him on anything like equal terms, man for man and gun for gun. At the same time, our strategists have shown themselves so far superior to their antagonists that they have been able to compel the enemy to waste his substance in a series of efforts, which have never had a chance of succeeding since the 7th Division closed the critical gap at Ypres in October.

Thanks to this strategy it was possible for the French Staff to establish a wastage of men in the German armies at the rate of a quarter of a million a month. This is a conservative estimate, for the German losses in Poland up to date have not been revealed, and no allowance is made therein for deaths from disease and invaliding through sickness.

At that rate the available resources of Germany would be completely exhausted before November, those of Austria much sooner. It is certain, however, that this rate of wastage has been very largely exceeded during the last three months, and it will be immensely increased now that Italy—to be followed presently by Rumania — has joined the Allies. Italy and Rumania between them can put a further two and a half millions into the field.

The balance in numbers stands, therefore, approximately as follows: Belgium, 120,000; Great Britain, 3,000,000; France, 4,000,000; Italy and Rumania, 2,500,000; Russia, 10,000,000 to draw on as and when required. I say nothing of the advantage that sea-power confers upon us. We will also leave out all but 2,000,000 Russians, for we do not know whether more than that are actually at the front. This gives 11,620,000 for the whole Alliance, as against not more than 5,000,000 Germans and 3,000,000 Austrians, including not only those on the several fronts but all who are physically capable of carrying a rifle and kit on the line of march.

Surely, with these odds in our favour, there should be no cause for despair, even if we—the British—could not send out a single round of high-explosive shell for the next six weeks!

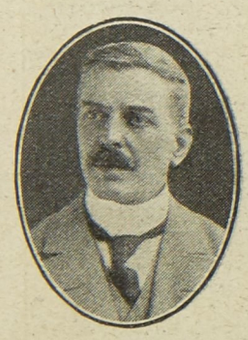
What is certain, however, is that the rest of the Allies will not wait for us if we are not ready. And it will stand as an everlasting disgrace to the whole country, should over-zealousness, engendered by newspaper competition and political wrongheadedness, create the confusion and delay in supply which could alone render such unreadiness possible.

F. N. Maude

WILL IT BE A THREE YEARS' WAR?

By Major G. W. Redway

THE answer to this question must be looked for at the end of a chain of "ifs" and "buts" of indefinite length, unless we shorten it by first resolving the question—How will the war end? For, of course, hostilities may cease from other than military causes. The death of rulers, the defection of allies, or a great accession of strength by many neutrals joining one side are circumstances that may have sudden and far-reaching consequences. But if we eliminate these political factors, the end must come either through a coup—naval or military—or by what is called the process of attrition, which implies that each side is so equally matched that neither can destroy the other by skill, and therefore will fight on until one side comes to the end of its resources in men or ammunition. In other words, we may witness a Sadowa, or we may have to live through a period of war such as that waged in the Southern States of America in the 'sixties.



Indeed, the present situation is not unlike that which Macaulay describes in his famous essay on Frederick the Great, since Frederick had seized Silesia, and only desired to retain his conquest, while William has occupied Belgium and Northern France, and doubtless would be well content to keep his present gains. The coalition in the 18th century strove against Frederick for seven years, but failed to overcome him. Even when his decimated army contained whole battalions of deserters and prisoners, the Prussian King held on, and so raised the price of success that his antagonists after all grew weary of their efforts, dissolved the coalition, and made peace separately. And here is the importance of the historical parallel. The Prussians to-day regard Frederick as their national hero and exemplar. Not a military treatise in Germany fails to exhibit "the great King" as a model ruler and his army as a model army.

On the face of it, evidently history may repeat itself; but now we must take into account modern conditions. For one thing, the pace is faster. Armies do not go into winter quarters and repair, as formerly, the ravages of war; the consumption of projectiles is greater, and therefore larger numbers of men must be maintained in the arsenals; again, armies demand more in the way of luxury, and this keeps tens of thousands of men acting as auxiliary troops — as hewers of wood and drawers of water, and as hospital attendants — who in other days would be fighting. A vast proportion of the wounded are now patched up, but for long periods they draw pay and rations, while their families have to be maintained, although no service is rendered. The financial strain will be felt all the quicker now that armies and nations no longer live the simple life. Frederick waged war for seven years without incurring debt, but his successor cannot hope to do so.

Balancing one factor with another, then, I conclude that if Germany remains passive, and so imposes the disadvantages of the offensive on her opponents, we shall have a three years' war; but if she should play into our hands by attempting a great battle for Calais or Paris, or any other geographical point, General Joffre should be able to finish the war immediately by seizing the German communications with the Rhine.

G. W. Redway

Trapped in a Gas Cloud: Victims of Poison Fumes

Victims of Germany's inhuman poison gas. French soldiers lying insensible behind a trench after a gas attack. If they do not die immediately from asphyxiation, and awake from this insensibility—which is the first effect of the gas—the soldiers are slowly strangled by the secretion, produced by the fumes, filling their lungs. Then they develop acute bronchitis, from which many expire in agony.

Looking utterly worn out and lying as though asleep, these French soldiers are suffering from the first effects of the poison vapour after having been trapped in a gas cloud. Many of the Allies' soldiers, strong, healthy, and without a wound, have died slow, agonising deaths through inhaling the stifling fumes. They have been literally drowned gradually after struggling for hours to breathe.

HOW LONG WILL THE WAR LAST? More Opinions of Public Men

SIR JAMES H. YOXALL, M.P., General Secretary of the National Union of Teachers, and author, thinks that Christmas may see the dawn of peace. According to his view, the collapse of industrialism in Germany will greatly help the Allies' cause.

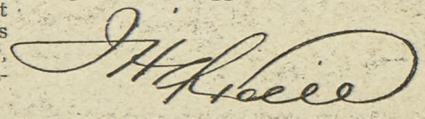
I HAVE five family reasons—in khaki—for hoping the war may end soon. But I recognise the bitterly-desperate, stubborn kind of men the German leaders are. As they promised months ago, they are likely to "fight till the last breath of man and horse." Though hopeless of final victory, they will all the more hold on, like wild cats cornered, like boars at bay, all fang, tusk and temerity.

Moreover, the Kaiser is not likely to forget the example set him by Frederick the Great, whom he thinks he re-incarnates. Frederick held on for seven years through defeat and disaster, till the Powers of Europe dropped him as too hot to hold, too prickly to handle any more. German newspapers frequently refer to that precedent now, and I think the Great General Staff expect to wear the Allies out, and by "frightfulness" and persistency to purchase a patched-up peace, such as that which followed the Seven Years' War. Then Germany would begin to prepare anew.

The probability is, therefore, that the Germans, if not the Austro-Hungarians also, will try to fight in the defensive-offensive as long as men, munitions, and guns last out. But here comes in a vital consideration. *Can* Germany hold out as Prussia did some two centuries ago? Prussia was then agricultural; the people, dwelling in villages and market-towns, lived by barter and payments "in kind." But Prussia is industrial now—or was when the war began. And Germany is besieged. Can a country which must largely live, if live at all, upon imported raw materials and food and the sale of exported manufactures, wage a long war, and last out if imports and exports have been cut off? There is no instance in history.

From what I know of the German people one can hardly expect them to revolt against the Kaiser and his policy; but they cannot hold out, even if they would, as the Prussian serfs held out under Frederick the Great. A two-thirds industrial nation does not live by food alone, but also by labour to earn money, and money to buy supplies. If German labour cannot get work, if food grows dearer just when there is less cash to buy it with, if the currency be not cash but ever-depreciating *assignats*, if internal credit be gone and external credit low, then in economic essentials as well as in men Germany is even now bleeding herself white. Now that Italy has joined the circular siege which is starving her, how long *can* Germany hold out?

I expect that they will try to hold out through another winter, but will be losing men and supplies dreadfully all the time. So that perhaps Christmas may, appropriately, witness the dawning of peace.

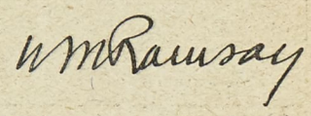


SIR WILLIAM M. RAMSAY, the eminent archæologist, historian, and traveller, believes that the war can only end within a reasonable time if the Allies' win. The Prussian, being a bully, can but hold out until he feels the allied resistance too strong for him.

THERE are two possibilities to be considered: (1) The Germans do not win. (2) The Germans win. The latter alternative we set aside; although it deserves consideration in a dispassionate treatment of the subject. The only chance of the war ending within reasonable time lies in the victory of the Allies. From a military point of view the prospect is said to be that the war will last two years more, for a war which is largely of the nature of a siege on a gigantic scale matures very slowly. I venture to think on psychological grounds that a speedier end may be hoped for. Those friends of mine who have known the Germans best agree in this conception of their character. They are a brave and resolute people, who will fight obstinately to a certain point, but who collapse after that point is reached. Put it from another point of view. The Prussian character partakes of the nature of the bully, and the bully's way is to beat down opposition, until he finds that the resistance is too strong, at which point he collapses. In my small experience of Germans in business, they try to bombard and batter their clients into buying their wares.

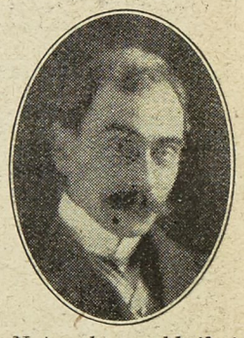
This point has not yet been nearly reached, nor is there any sign of its being reached. From all that I can learn, popular confidence in ultimate victory is as strong as ever. The confidence is indeed more chastened. At first it was a confident expectation of victory, or even of early victory; but now the qualification, "ultimate," is added. Still the feeling in the popular mind will last at least until, as the result of some serious defeat, the sacred soil of the Fatherland is definitely invaded.

Prussian policy relies greatly on terrorising its opponents, because it knows that German character is liable to collapse in this way, and it judges others by the Germans. Failing to terrorise, it still continues to invent ingenious new methods of terrorising; but it has not learned that these methods only intensify the resolve of French, Slav, and Briton to die rather than live under such a system. Moreover, from fear of this possible collapse, Prussian policy initiates various abominable ways of fighting, partly at least intending to make the nation outlaw itself so that it may be forced to fight to the end because it can expect no mercy.



MR. WALTER EMANUEL, the well-known humorous writer, does not believe in a short war, though he is of the opinion that conscription would ensure a speedier termination, and also solve the problem of the supply of munitions.

I WISH I could believe that it is going to be a short war; but we cannot, of course, make peace until Germany sues for it, *and* is really beaten—and a great *coup*, a smashing victory, on either side is more difficult than in any previous war owing to the elements of surprise and secrecy being rendered almost impossible by reason of scouting aircraft.

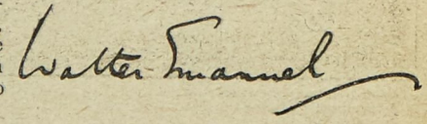


Further, I am of the opinion that we and our Allies will never be able by any terms that are imposed after victory to make a virile nation like the Germans innocuous for more than, say, twenty-five years, *unless* Germany herself says, "Never again shall Prussia be top-dog." At present there are no signs of such an internal revolution.

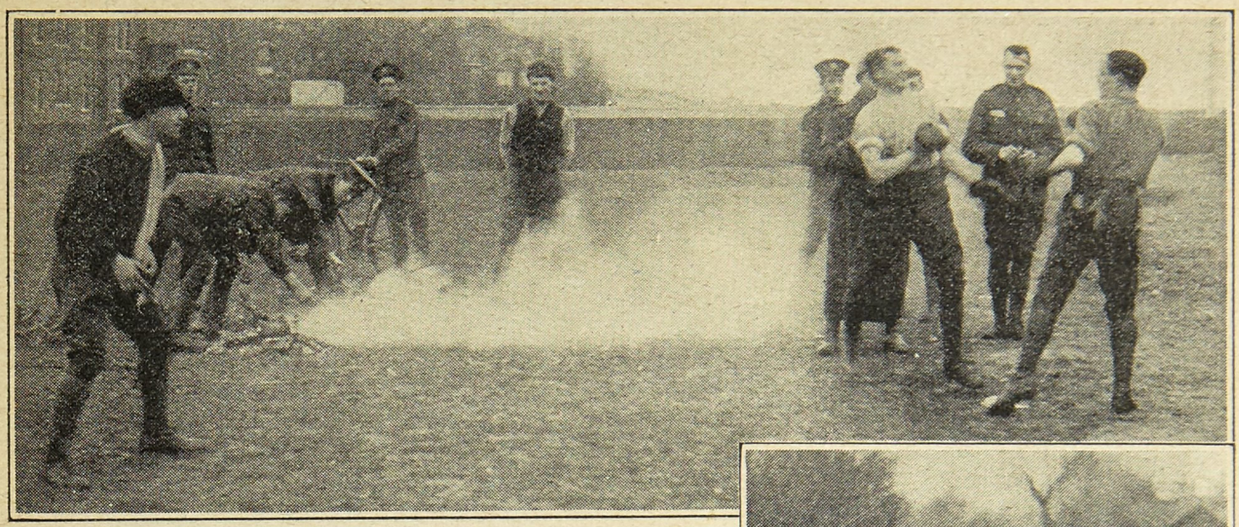
Meanwhile, a factor which would undoubtedly shorten the war would be the introduction by the Government of conscription. Not only would that be a most satisfactory intimation to Germany that we intend to go on until we win through, but it would have a most heartening influence on our troops at the front.

Never again shall we have such a chance of carrying through a measure that will be of incalculable value to the nation during and after the war. This is the heaven-sent moment for passing a statute which the dirty game of vote-catching, or politics, has hitherto made impossible.

Moreover, I believe that conscription would solve the difficulty of the delay in the production of munitions of war and other necessaries. No persons engaged in such work would, if the measure were properly drafted, be liable to serve so long as their work was satisfactory; but, so soon as they slacked, they would be sent to the front at the earliest possible opportunity, and men would be fetched back from the firing-line to take their places.

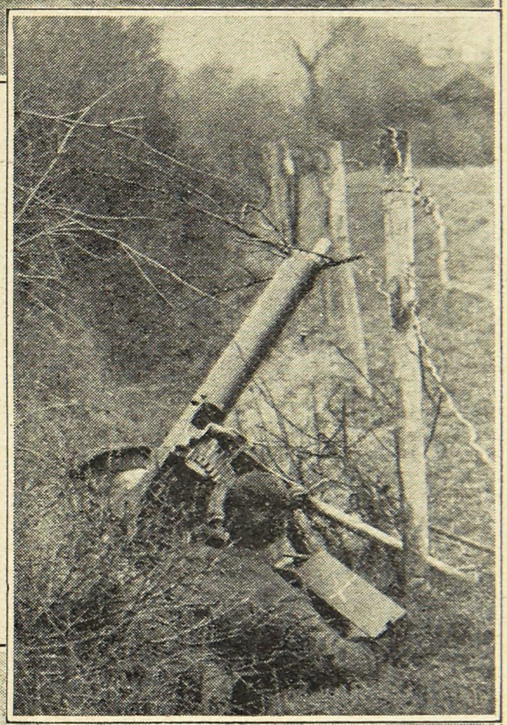


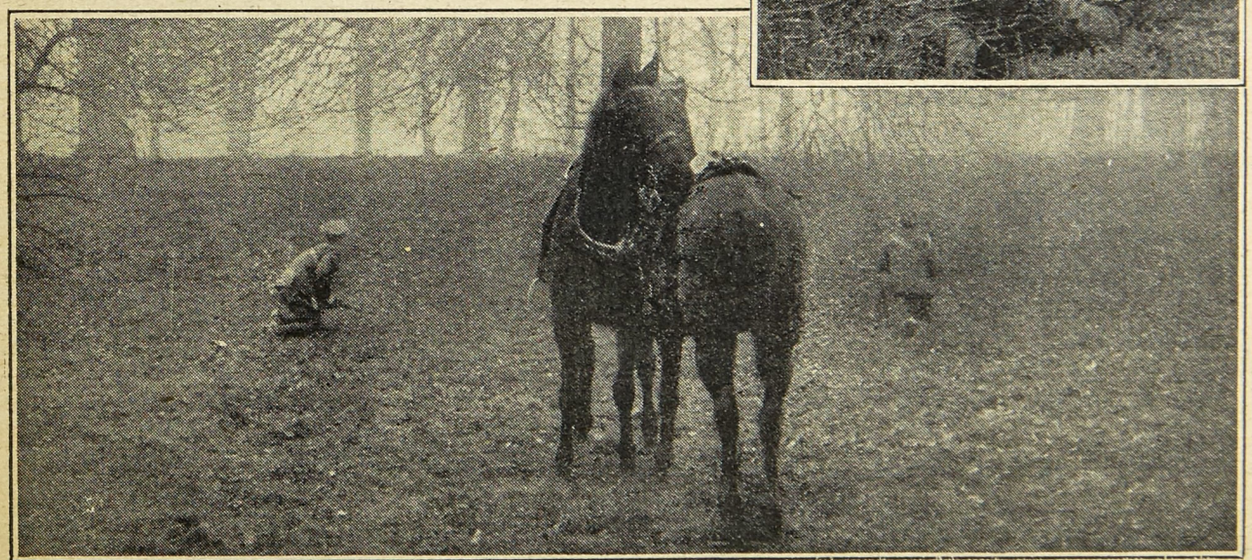
Work and Play with Britain's Manhood-in-Arms



An unrehearsed incident during manœuvres. Two soldiers of the Essex Cyclists ensuring an appetite while waiting for their dinner.

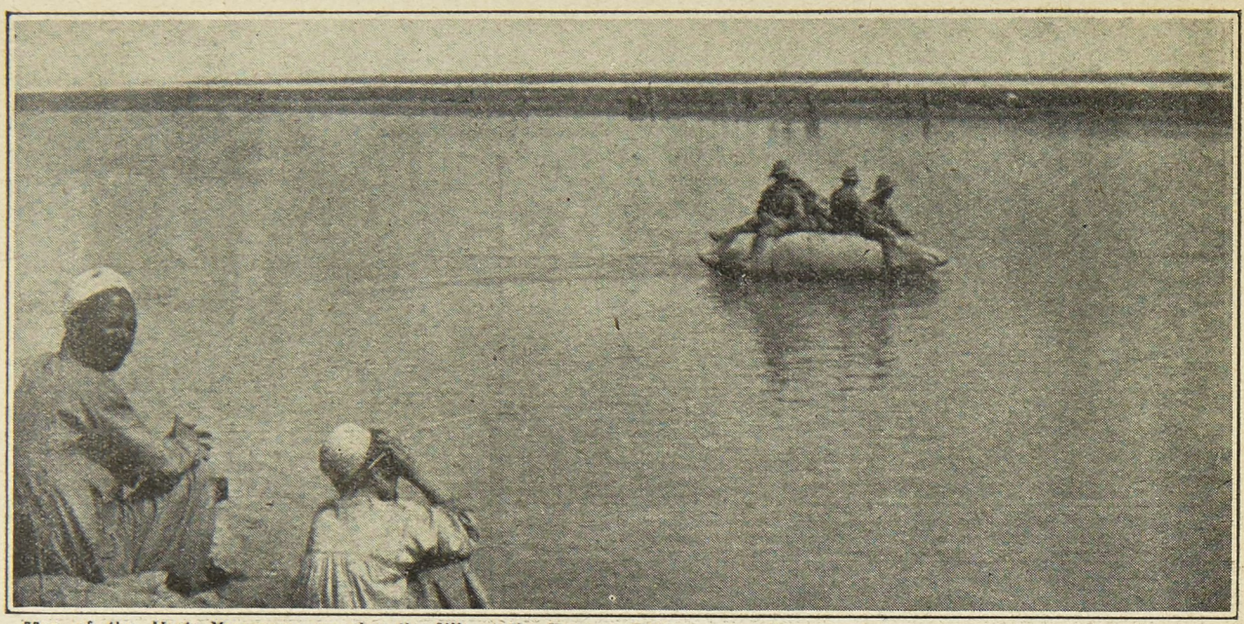
Humour at the expense of the steak. British soldier tries with a pitchfork to make some impression on a hard ration.



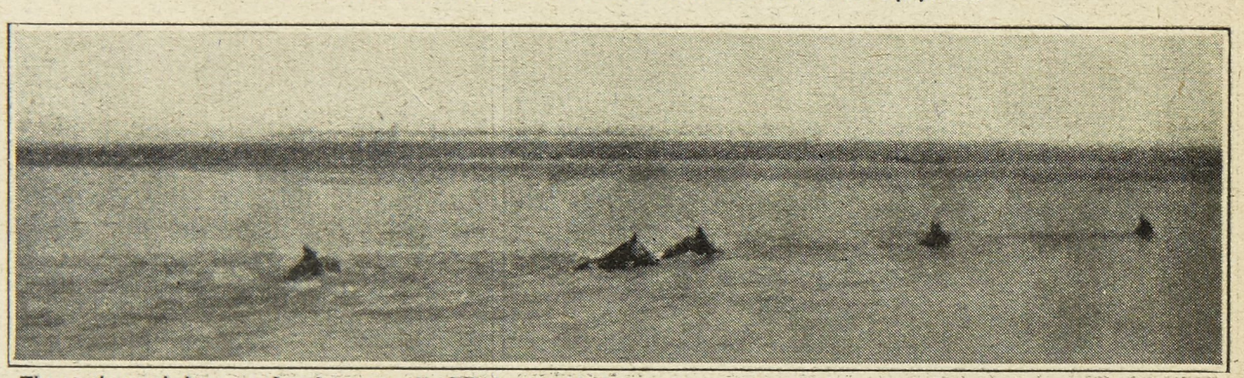


Special way of tethering horses to prevent a stampede. The mounts have been tied head to tail, while their riders, two Yeomanry scouts, crawl forward on reconnaissance. Inset: Lurking death among the hedges. Machine-gun and its crew well placed.

British Cavalrymen crossing the Nile at Cairo



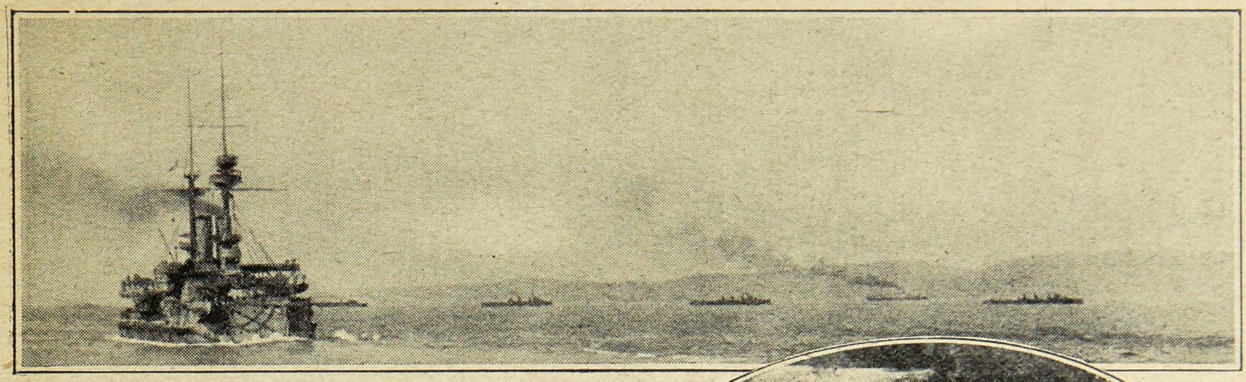
Men of the Herts Yeomanry crossing the Nile at the Barrage Delta on a raft made of tarpaulin sheets packed with straw. These rafts will each carry about seven men with their saddles and equipment.



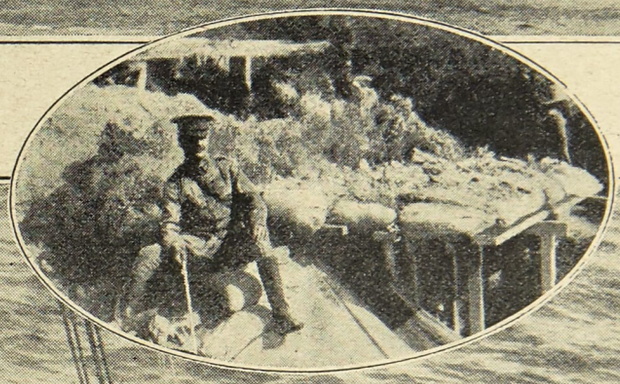
The cavalrymen's horses swimming across the Nile by the aid of an endless rope to which they are attached. Horses are transported very quickly across the river by this means, an average of ninety crossing in ten minutes.

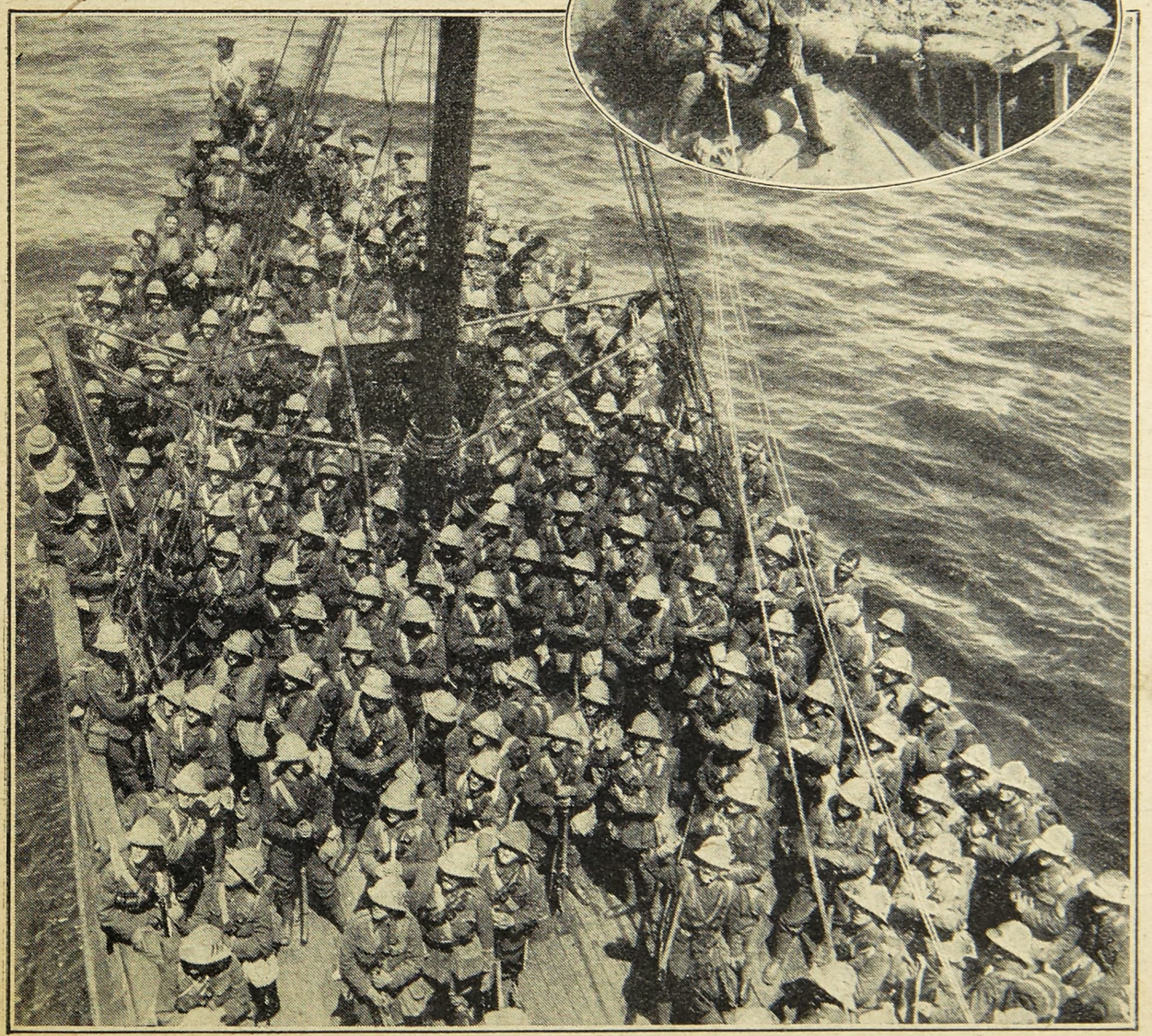
Working the endless rope to which the horses are attached as they swim over the Nile. Five horses are just being hitched to the rope ready for their crossing. These photographs (exclusive to "The War Illustrated") were taken by a Yeomanryman stationed at Cairo. As in Europe, cavalry are at present of little use, but they are taking the place of infantry that have gone to the Dardanelles.

Amphibious British Activities in the Dardanelles



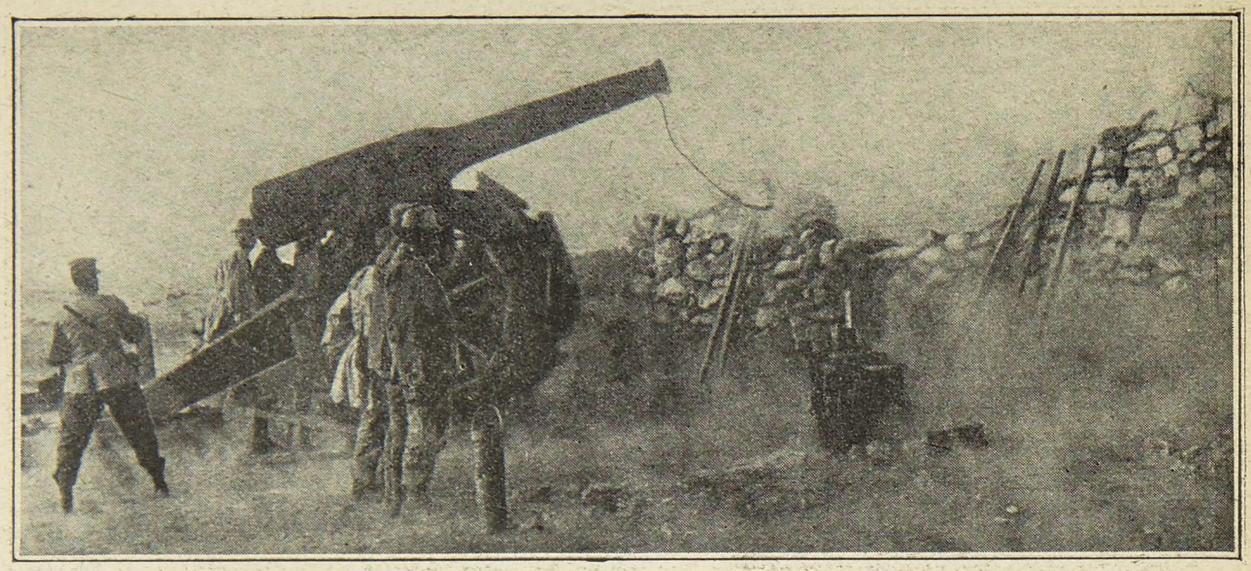
H.M.S. Majestic, that was sunk off the Gallipoli Peninsula, leaving Mudros Bay with a number of destroyers. Inset: Major-General W. R. Birdwood, C.B., A.D.C., C.S.I., C.I.E., D.S.O., who is in command of the Australian contingents in the Dardanelles, seated outside his bomb-proof hut at the front in Gallipoli.





Some of the Empire's soldiers going ashore at the Dardanelles, having just left the transport s.s. Nile. Like their comrades in France and Flanders, these men who are about to help towards the ultimate victory over the Turks, are cheerful and optimistic. These photographs were taken by Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, the famous correspondent, who was in H.M.S. Majestic when she was torpedoed.

Italy retaliates on the Ally of Barbarism

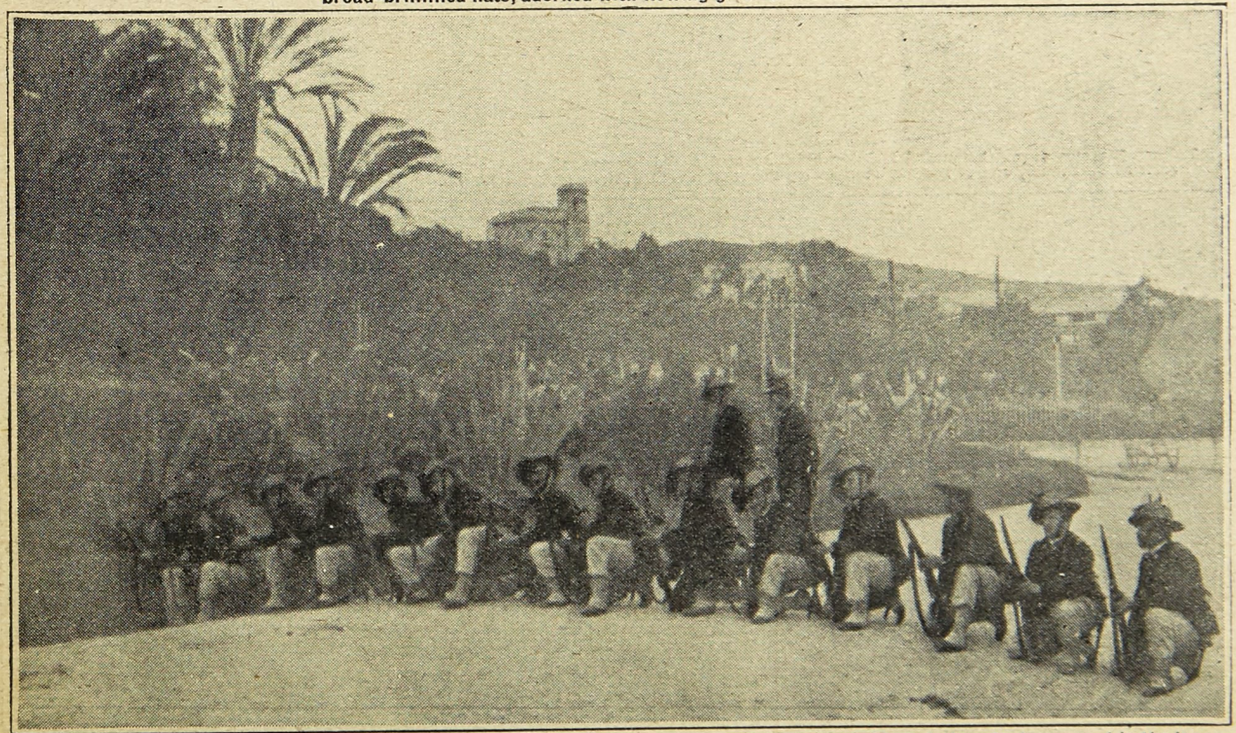


One of the enormous guns now blasting a way for our new ally into Austria. In size and shape it is similar to the French 155 mm. The Italian artillery is likely to prove itself as effective in the war as that of the French.

Prompted by the humiliating treatment meted out to unfortunate Italians in Austria, inhabitants of Milan wrecked German property to the value of £60,000. This photograph shows the burning of furniture in front of the Settentrionale Palace, Milan.

Italy's Famous Green-Plumed Sharpshooters

Bersaglieri, when on the "march," always cover the ground at a quick trot, which they can maintain for hours. The Bersaglieri (marksmen) are the pride of the Italian Army, and form picturesque figures in their blue uniforms, with red facings, and their black, broad-brimmed hats, adorned with flowing green cocks' feathers.



Men of the famous regiment of sharpshooters at drill. The Bersaglieri were formed in 1836, and played a brave part in the long struggle for Italian unity. The Bersaglieri Regiments now number about 100,000 men. The Austrians have already experienced to their cost the splendid fighting qualities of these fearless warriors.

The Martyrdom of Belgium's Infant Innocents

Four pretty Belgian children who were wounded by the explosion of the same shell during the bombardment of Coxyde. The youngest is only six weeks old.

Injured Belgian child who was being conveyed to a place of safety by two Sisters of Mercy.

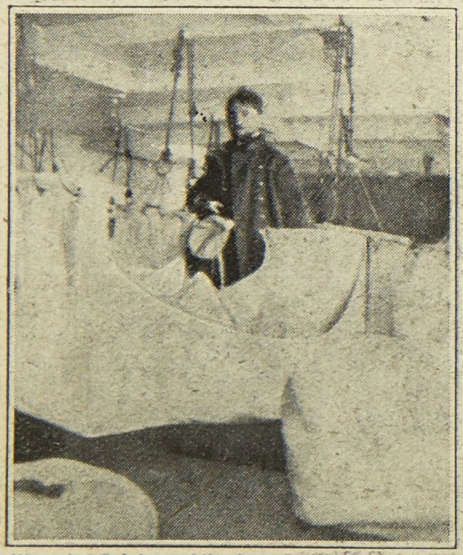
Taking the sun cure. Wounded Belgian soldiers and a civilian convalescing on the beach at La Panne, one of the few remaining Flemish towns still in Belgian hands.

THE photographs on this page show the latest innocent victims of the Prussian scourge. These Spartan children, the youngest is only six weeks old, can claim in years to come to have been in the fighting-line with the bravest.

They are mostly inhabitants of Ypres and neighbouring villages, which are now in their death agonies, thanks to German shells.

"Necessity knows no law," says the cynical Teuton. He is not satiated with sacking the land, with disfiguring its beautiful face for all time, with crucifying its adult population, but must needs wage atrocious warfare on infants.

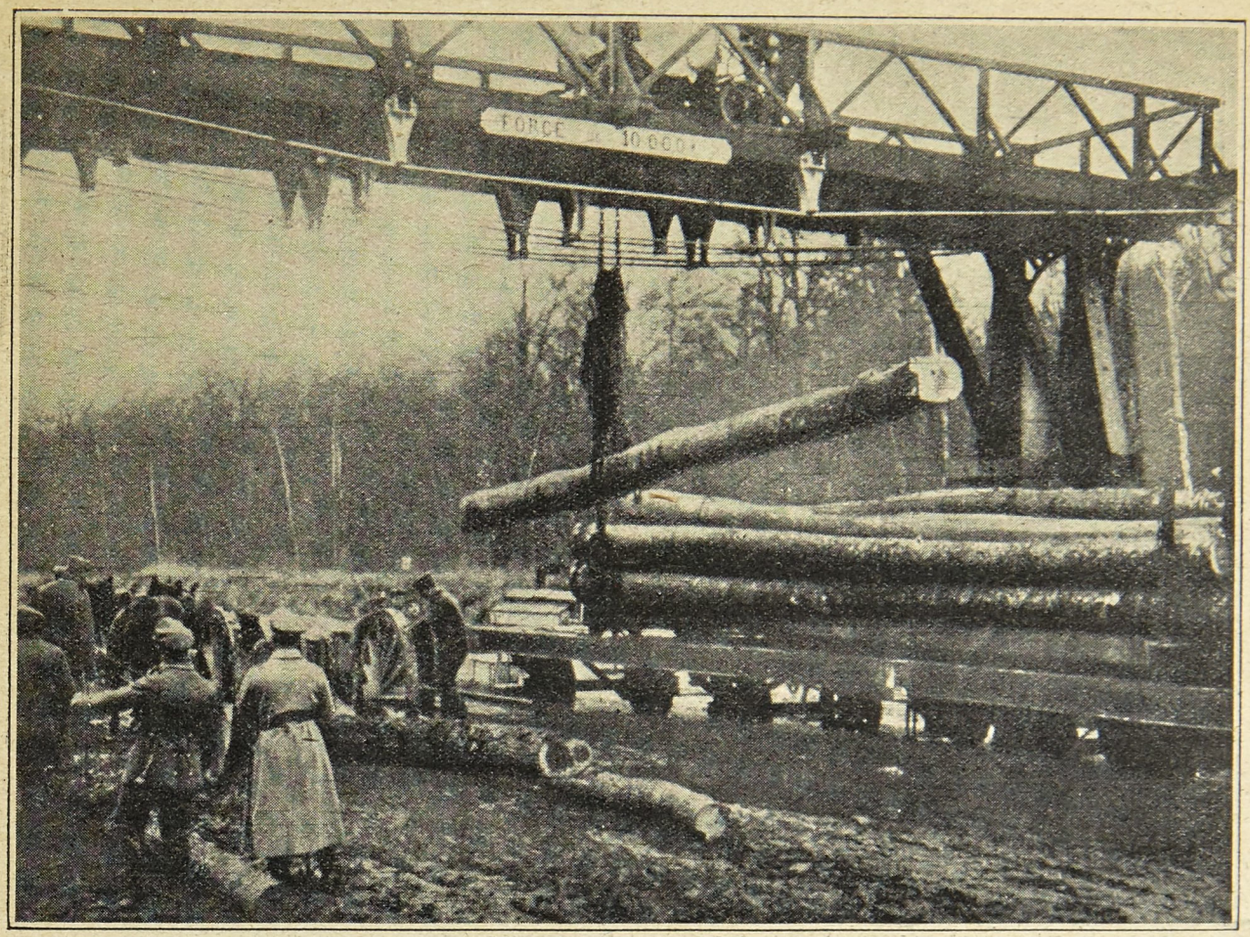
But the blood of the innocents only makes more certain the day of retribution. It is far away even yet, but it is marked in the book of Time. To break the organised barbarians will entail long and costly efforts. Italy, the first neutral to realise the impossibility of German domination, has thrown in her lot with the forces of civilisation. How long will it be before the whole world rises omnipotent to crush the viper of Kaiserism?



Wounded Belgian soldier in one of the new comfortable hammock-beds on board a hospital ship.

Tiny victims of the War Lord's ruth. Children injured in the last bombardment of Ypres now safely installed in a hospital out of the danger-zone.

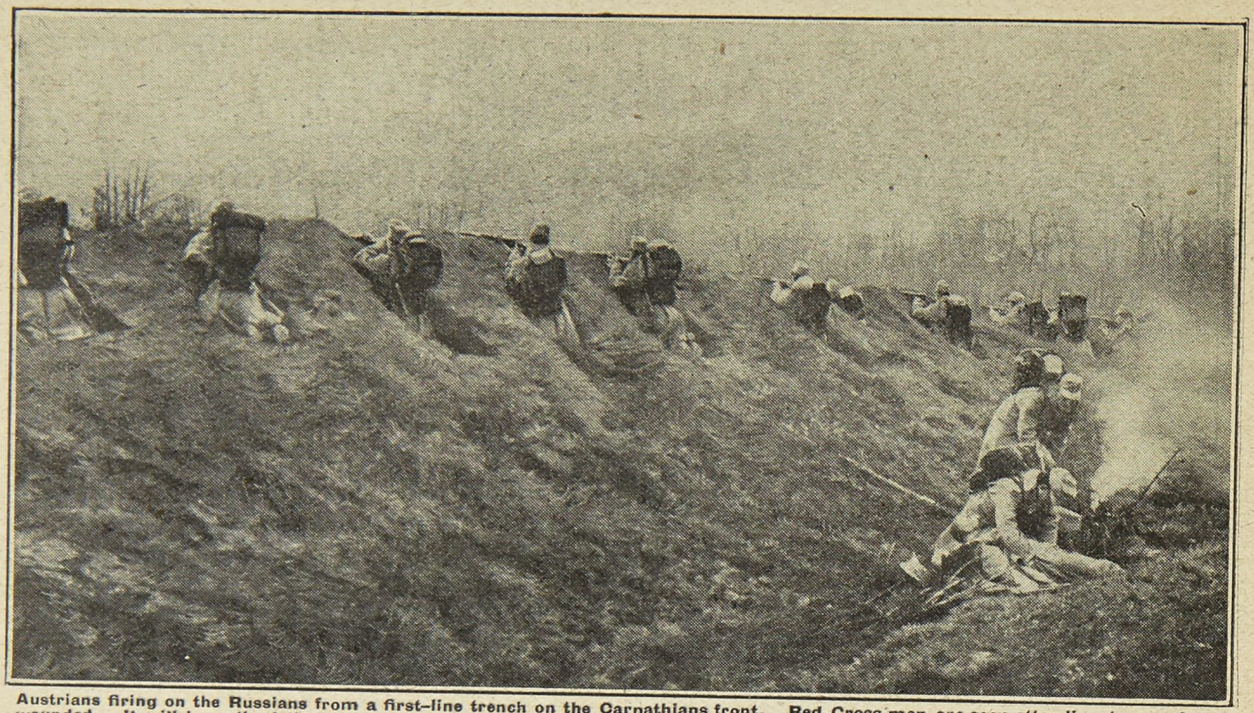
War in the Woodlands of Northern France



The beautiful woodlands on the frontier of France are fast being levelled into barren wastes by the enemy in occupation. The timber is utilised for war purposes, principally to solidify trenches and earthworks. This photograph shows German soldiers loading rail trucks with lumber with the aid of a powerful crane.

One of the most thrilling and fascinating acts in modern warfare is the duel between the air scout and the anti-aircraft gun. The tense interest in following the projectiles speeding towards the frail bird-machine may be gathered from the expressions on the faces of the Germans working the machine-gun seen in the above snapshot.

Scenes of Battle in the Austrian Trenches

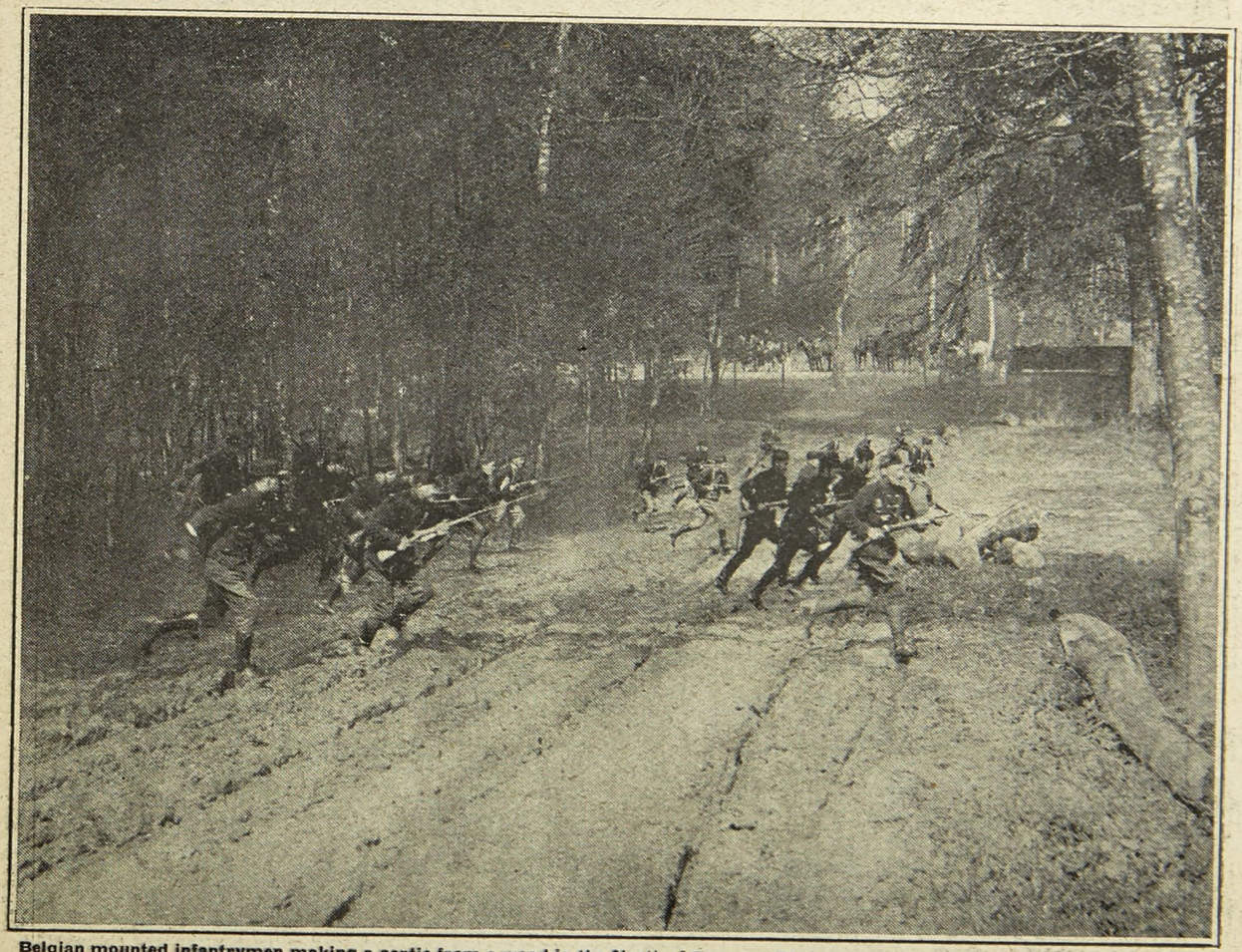


Austrians firing on the Russians from a first-line trench on the Carpathians front. Red Cross men are seen attending to one of the wounded. It will be noticed that these Austrian trenches afford but slight protection to the men, being merely a series of rifle-pits dug in the rising ground.

Another view of the Austrians in their trenches while fighting against the Russians was in progress. These photographs were taken at great risk by the photographer, who was under fire all the time. A fallen Austrian is seen behind his rifle-pit.

Undaunted Belgian Troops in Vigorous Action

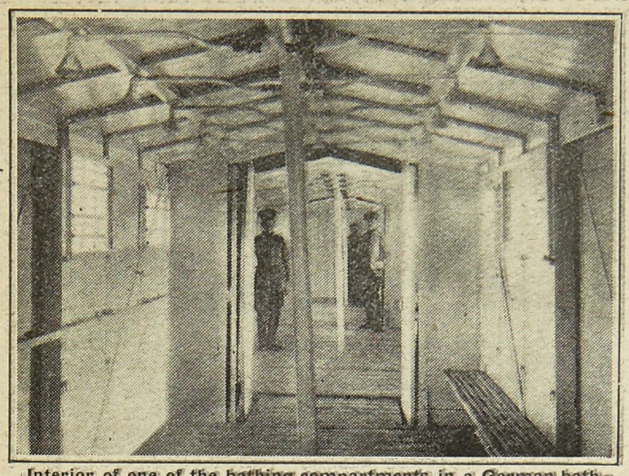
Belgians charging over the sand-dunes in Flanders. It will be seen that one man has just fallen. Except when the Germans have overwhelmed them with vastly superior numbers, or fought with their poison-gas, nothing has daunted these heroic infantrymen.



Belgian mounted infantrymen making a sortie from a wood in the North of France. Their horses are tethered among the trees in the background. The Belgian soldiers are still fighting valiantly against the invaders who have waged a pitiless, demoniacal warfare on defenceless non-combatants and on women and children of the stricken country.

PRAYERS BEFORE WAR WORK—An impressive Church of England service in the open was held at Basingstoke, in the presence of the officers and men of the 10th Division of Irish troops. This photograph shows the soldier congregation seated on the grass awaiting the sermon. In the background the enormous camp of tents is seen.

The Germans' Sanitary Train in the Field



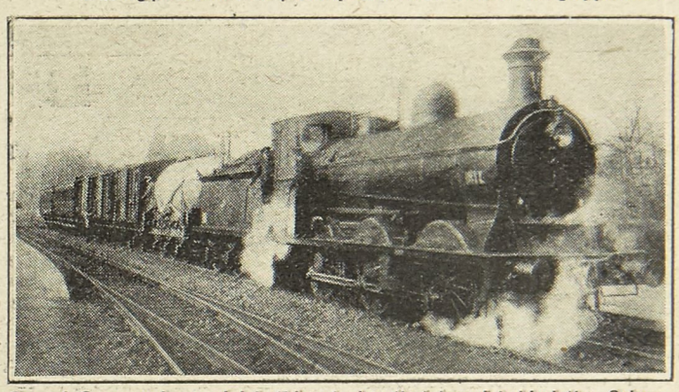
Interior of one of the bathing compartments in a German bath-train with rows of douches on the roof.

A German Red Cross waggon about to be disinfected. The coach is being pushed into a specially-constructed disinfecting apparatus.

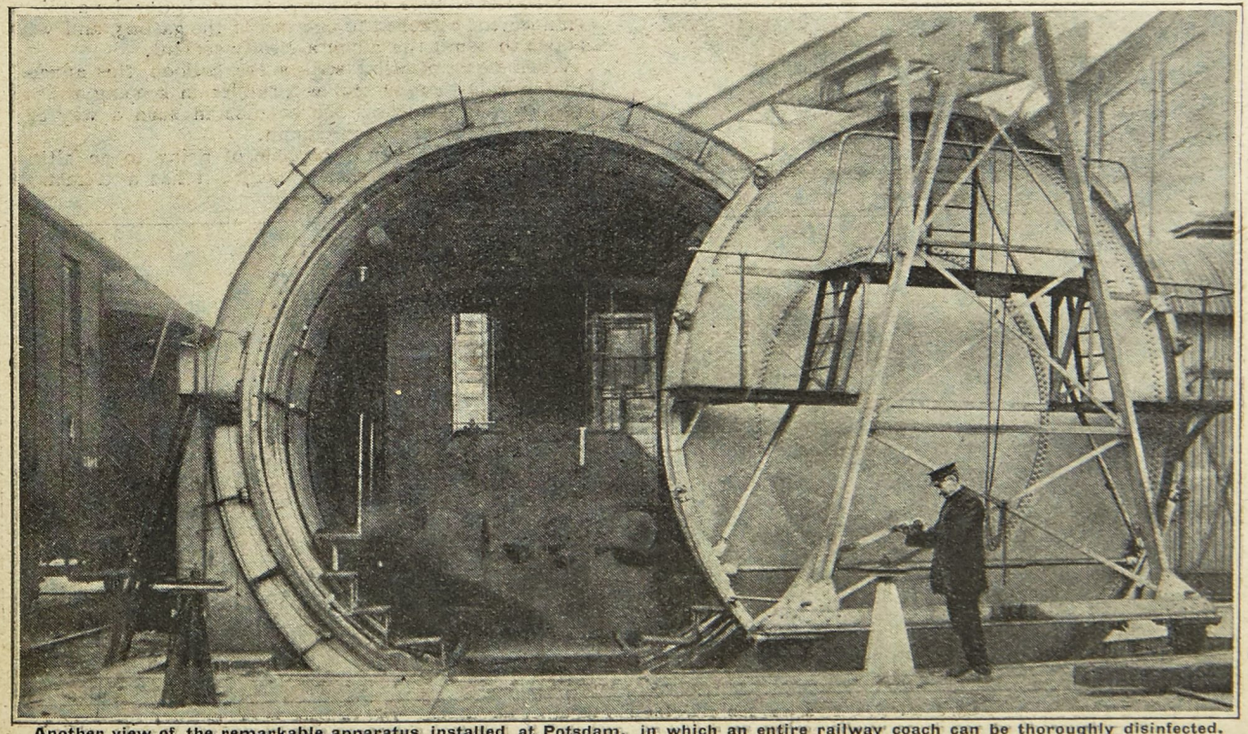
THE Germans have in use a number of trains consisting of specially-constructed compartments in which their soldiers can obtain hot baths. These trains, which journey backwards and forwards at the rear of the firing-lines, consist of locomotives and tenders, also waggons with a reservoir that contains about 2,300 gallons of water, and other waggons divided into compartments with baths and douches, providing bathing accommodation for fifty men at one time in each train.

Another striking instance of the completeness of Germany's war equipment is afforded by the fact that, installed at Potsdam, is a remarkable apparatus for disinfecting railway coaches "en bloc." This apparatus is built, as seen by our photographs, like a tunnel, and is large enough to contain a whole railway waggon or carriage. When the coach is inside, the "lid" of the tunnel is closed by machinery, and the train is thoroughly disinfected throughout by a certain process.

Disease is a terrible foe to all armies in war-time, and the medical and sanitary corps work hard to combat infection.

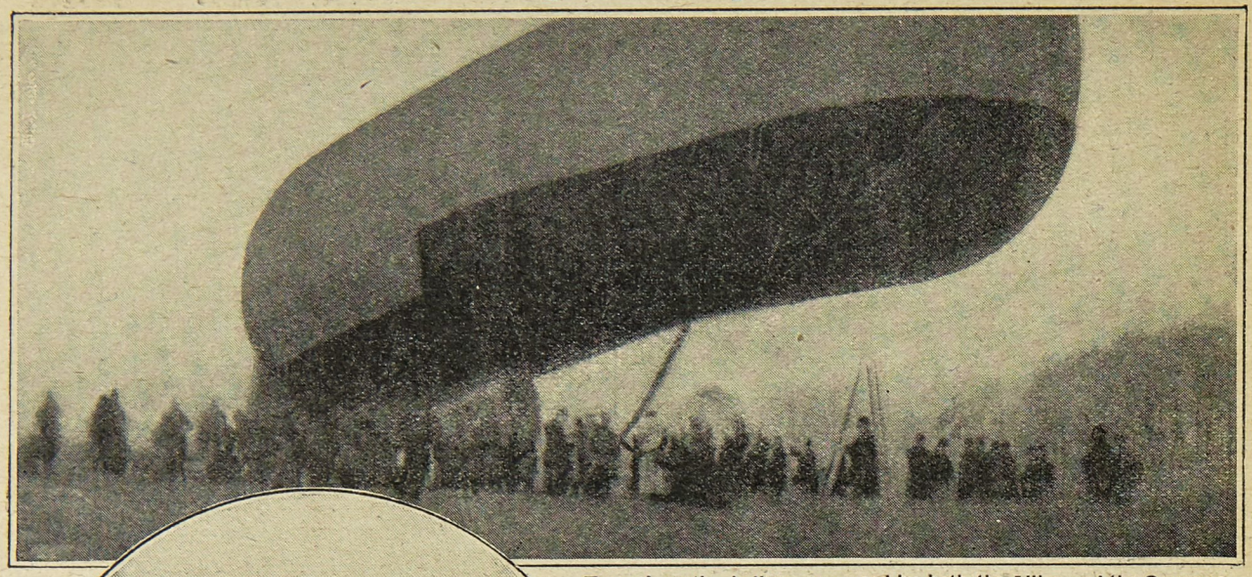


One of Germany's special bathing trains that travel behind the firing-lines and provide bathing accommodation for the soldiers.

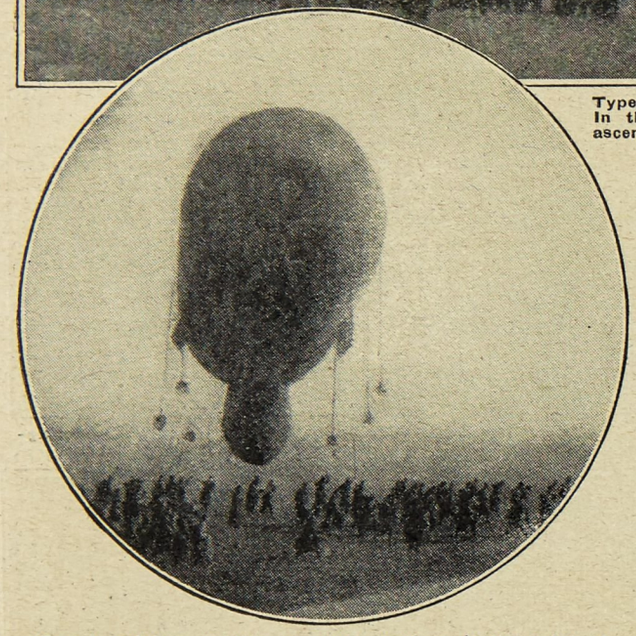


Another view of the remarkable apparatus installed at Potsdam, in which an entire railway coach can be thoroughly disinfected. The coach inside has been used to carry infectious "cases" from the front, and is about to be disinfected before being put into commission again, in order to safeguard against infection among the troops.

Our Allies' "Gasbag" Outpost of the Skies



Type of captive balloon now used by both the Allies and the Germans. In this photograph it is being inflated preparatory to making an ascent. The balloon's chief value lies in its stability, which enables observers to "spot" artillery in comparative comfort.



French soldiers hauling a captive balloon to the point of ascension.

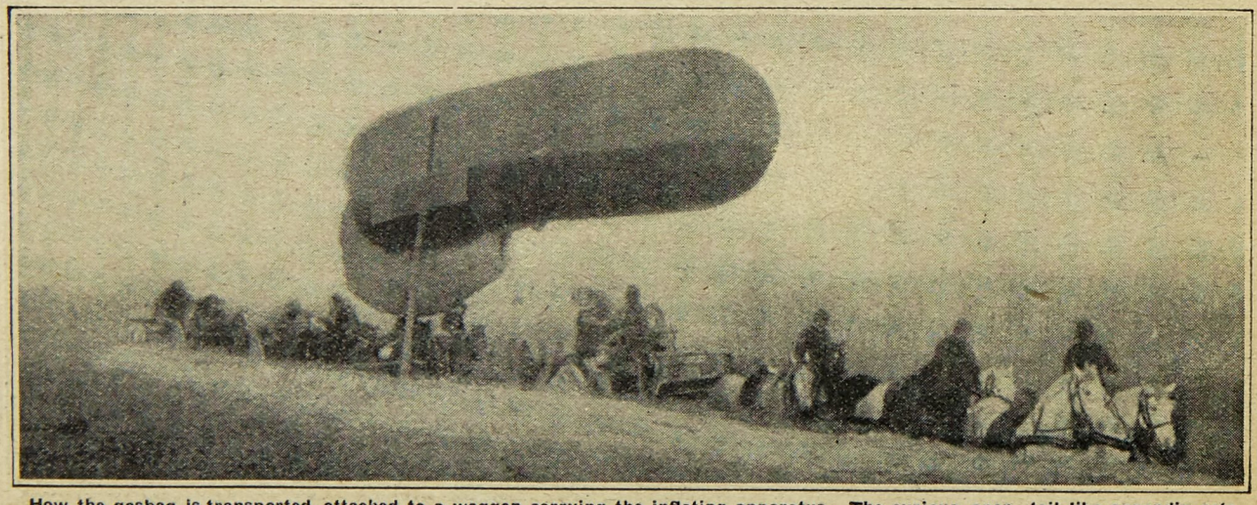
IT is really a moot point whether the much-vaunted Zeppelin is, from a military point of view, as useful a development of the old-fashioned "gasbag" airship as the captive balloon of the Parseval-Siegsfeld type, so largely used in the war on the Continent by both sides of belligerents. Its uses are at least more practicably demonstrable than those of the leviathan Zeppelins. The exclusive photographs on this page give a good idea of this queer aerial outpost.

As an aerial post of observation the Parseval-Siegsfeld is unequalled, on account of its stability in the wind.

The ordinary spherical balloon is useless for such work, because, being completely at the mercy of the wind, no passengers could stand the motion for any length of time. The Parseval type overcomes this difficulty by a tubular arrangement attached to one end of the gasbag, and which is open to admit the air in a steady current,

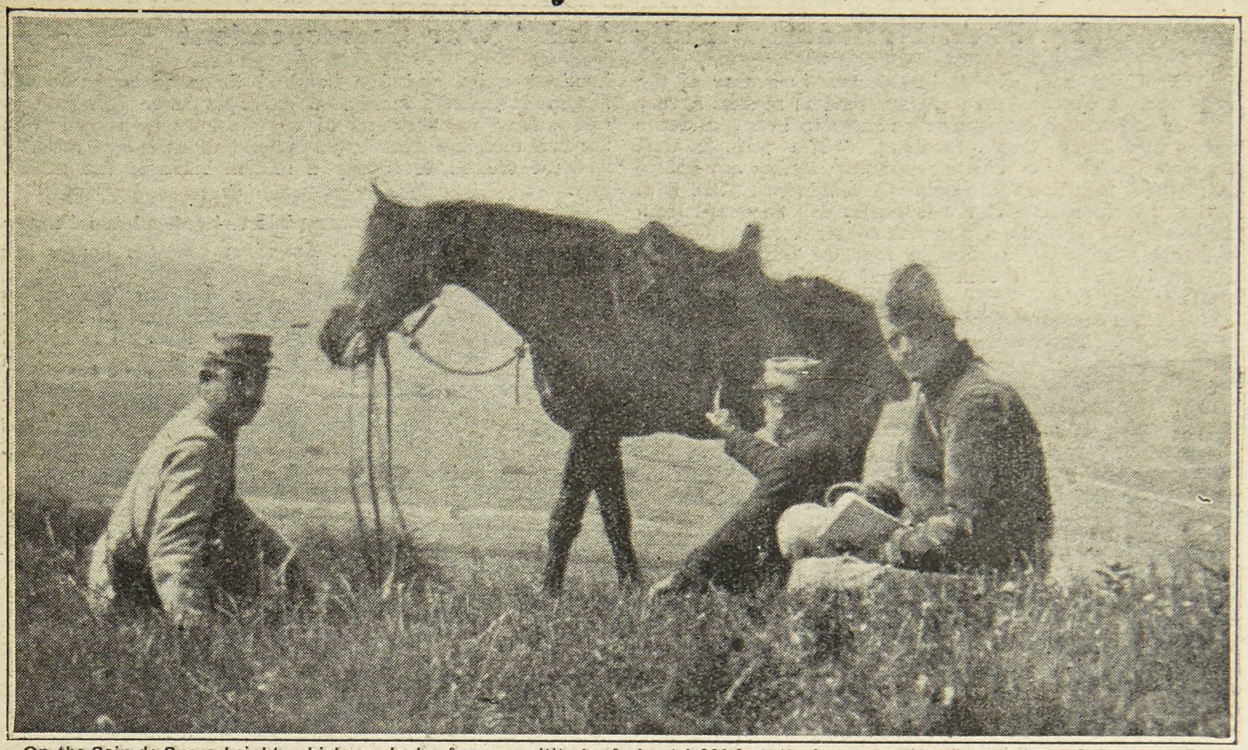
When a gust of wind strikes the balloon, this appendix inflates, and thereby acts as a rudder in keeping the craft head on, and preserves the balance in such a way as to reduce the motion to a minimum.

This captive balloon is capable of rising to an altitude of 5,000 feet, and at such a height it has a tremendous radius of vision.

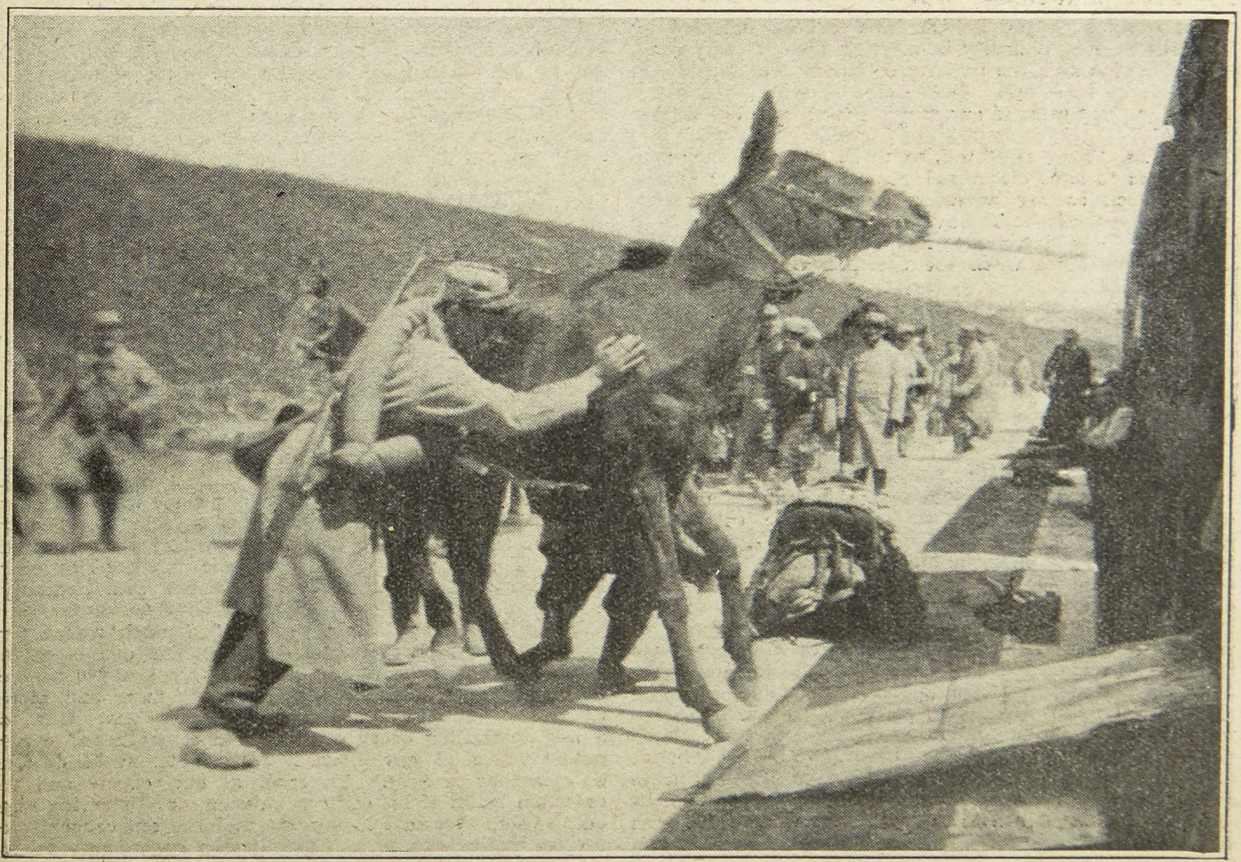


How the gasbag is transported, attached to a waggon carrying the inflating apparatus. The curious open, tail-like appendix acts as a sort of rudder, and holds the balloon steady when aloft by filling with air according to the force of the wind.

A Rest near Nancy · The Obstinate Mule



On the Sain de Sucre height, which overlooks, from an altitude of about 1,000 feet, the famous French frontier city of Nancy. Three French officers are enjoying a welcome rest in the morning sunshine within a short distance of the fighting-line.



Obstinate as ever. Three French soldiers trying to get a mule on board a train at the station of Toul, where one of the great forts that protect the north-eastern section of France is situate. The value of mules as draft animals has been proved again and again in the war. Both the French and British Armies are making use of these animals to draw guns and waggons.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, "Daily Mail" War Correspondent

A MONTH ago, writing in this weekly survey of the war, I ventured to warn my readers against a very decided and dangerous tendency to over-confidence and complacency then prevailing. "The peril is that a people elated by a false complacency to-day are apt to be plunged into needless pessimism to-morrow. The man who is certain now that the Germans will be swept from the board will be inclined, a month hence, when the fighting is fiercer than ever, to declare that we can do nothing against them." At the moment of writing my forecast seems coming true.

Pessimism and complacency are both of them accursed in war time. There is no need for the one and no excuse for the other. The pessimist is able to point to some facts in support of his position. The most disquieting of these is the grave differences of opinion that recent events proved exist, or existed, among the men at the head of our fighting forces. It is useless to deny that this is a very disturbing feature; all we can hope is that the recent developments and changes have ended it. Our confidently anticipated spring advance in Flanders has not taken place. We have lost rather more ground than we have gained there recently. While our French allies are fighting with the greatest dash and skill, they have no opportunity of an immediate decisive victory over any considerable part of the theatre of war. The Russian advance has been held up, and the see-saw on the eastern front goes on, with terrible cost to both sides. Our Dardanelles campaign is being fought at a heavy price. We must, for the sake of our prestige in the Mohammedan world and for the sake of Russia, go on with it. But it means the diversion of a strong force, and high casualties.

The Position at Home

The position in the British Isles is being affected by four factors—the difficulty in meeting the Zeppelin raids, the submarine war, the scarcity of labour, and the rise in the price of foodstuffs. Our nation is still unorganised. While the great mass of our people have responded eagerly to the call of war, there are still shirkers and "funkers" who disgrace us. They are "waiting to be fetched," they say. They seem to have discovered some magic quality in this phrase, such as our ancestors found in "that blessed word Mesopotamia." The average man has been disgusted by the unholy intriguing and scrambling among the placemen for office when the Coalition Government was formed.

I have stated the case for the pessimists as fairly as I can. Each of these items is true. The public know the facts, and no attempt to burke them or to shirk them can prevent their discussion wherever men meet. Secrecy may be necessary sometimes but it is always an evil, for it leads to the magnification of every ill-rumour, and it is the forcing house for the growth of suspicion and distrust.

How America Helps Us

The real lesson of these unfavourable facts is not that we can do nothing, but that we must do more. The forces rallying to our side are steadily growing. America has to-day become the unofficial ally of the Allies. Whatever course of action her Government has decided upon—I for one have no doubt but that it will worthily maintain the national honour—the people are for us. The process of winning America for the Allies, begun by the German doings in Belgium, was completed by the sinking of the Lusitania, and men and women, from California to Maine, including many of German descent, hope, work, and pray to-day for the success of our armies. America as a sympathetic neutral may, at this stage, be of even more help to us than as a fighting partner. Her great work in this war is to supply us with arms and munitions. For some months many of the largest American engineering works have been clamouring to serve us. They could turn out guns, shells, and munitions of war adequate even for our greatest needs. Given reasonable guarantees and straight treatment, a hundred cities and five hundred thousand workmen will become in a month our most effective partners. The scale on which they are prepared to operate may be shown from the fact that one American syndicate alone is said recently to have offered to supply a million rifles of the newest type.

Ammunition the Decisive Factor

The full co-operation of American business houses has been hindered during the past few months by lack of business knowledge on the part of our responsible authorities. Mr. Lloyd George's appointment as Minister of Munitions has ended all this. If he lives up to his old record—as we are all sure that he will—the American aid will be utilised to the utmost. This aid is worth in men five army corps to us. In effective increase of our fighting capacity it is worth still more. One of the ablest American military observers at the front recently returned home and was asked about the comparative strength and numbers of the armies on either side. His answer was significant: "There is no greater delusion in calculating the probabilities of war than that of numbers. It has been demonstrated again and again in the past that numerically inferior forces can defeat opponents of vastly greater numbers. To my mind *the decisive factor in all fighting is ammunition and ammunition supplies.*"

Accompanying the problem of the high explosives is another—the increase of our supply of heavy artillery. Our new big guns are splendid, but up to very recently we certainly had not nearly enough of them. The increase of heavy guns and of all munitions will enable us to bring our heavy reserve forces into action. On the actual fighting field of France we are fighting with increasing strength, growing numbers, and expanding power.

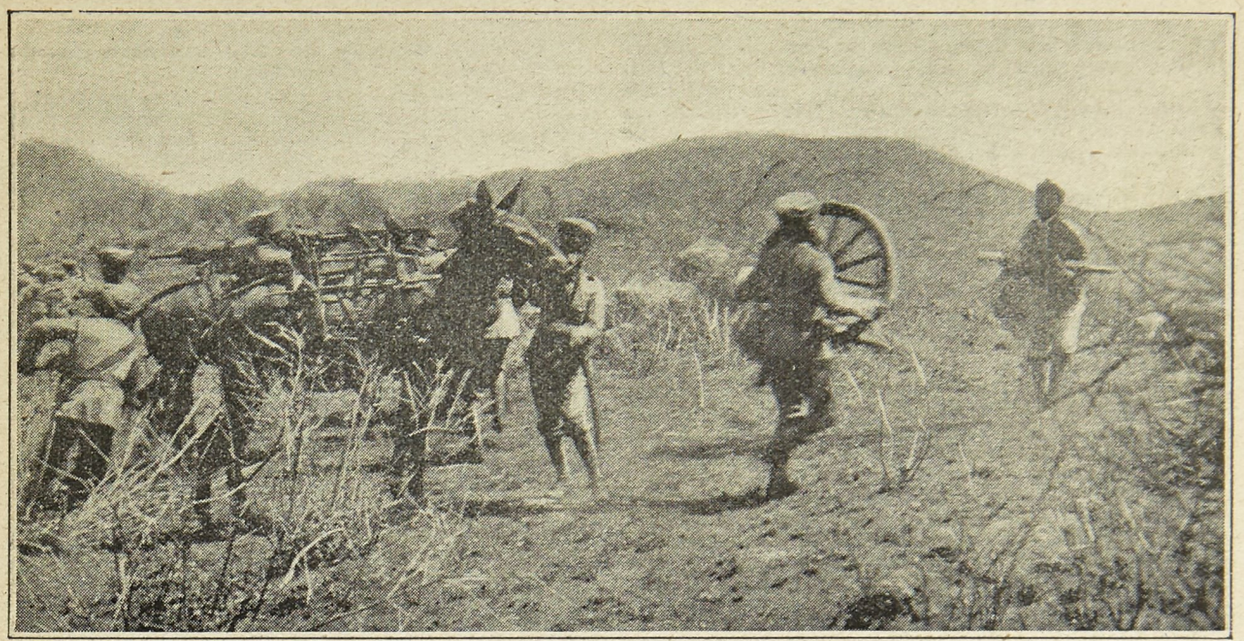
Can the Germans succeed in breaking through our lines in Flanders before we bring our full strength into action, and by the use of poisonous gases and of an overwhelming artillery fire sweep us aside? Judging from what has already happened this is highly improbable. Their spring attack on the north-west has lasted about seven weeks. They are still fighting hard to get to Calais. Up to now they have failed. They have sacrificed the pick of their men this spring in wholesale fashion, and have exhausted all the resources of science against us. Their gains have been trivial.

Our Growing Alliances

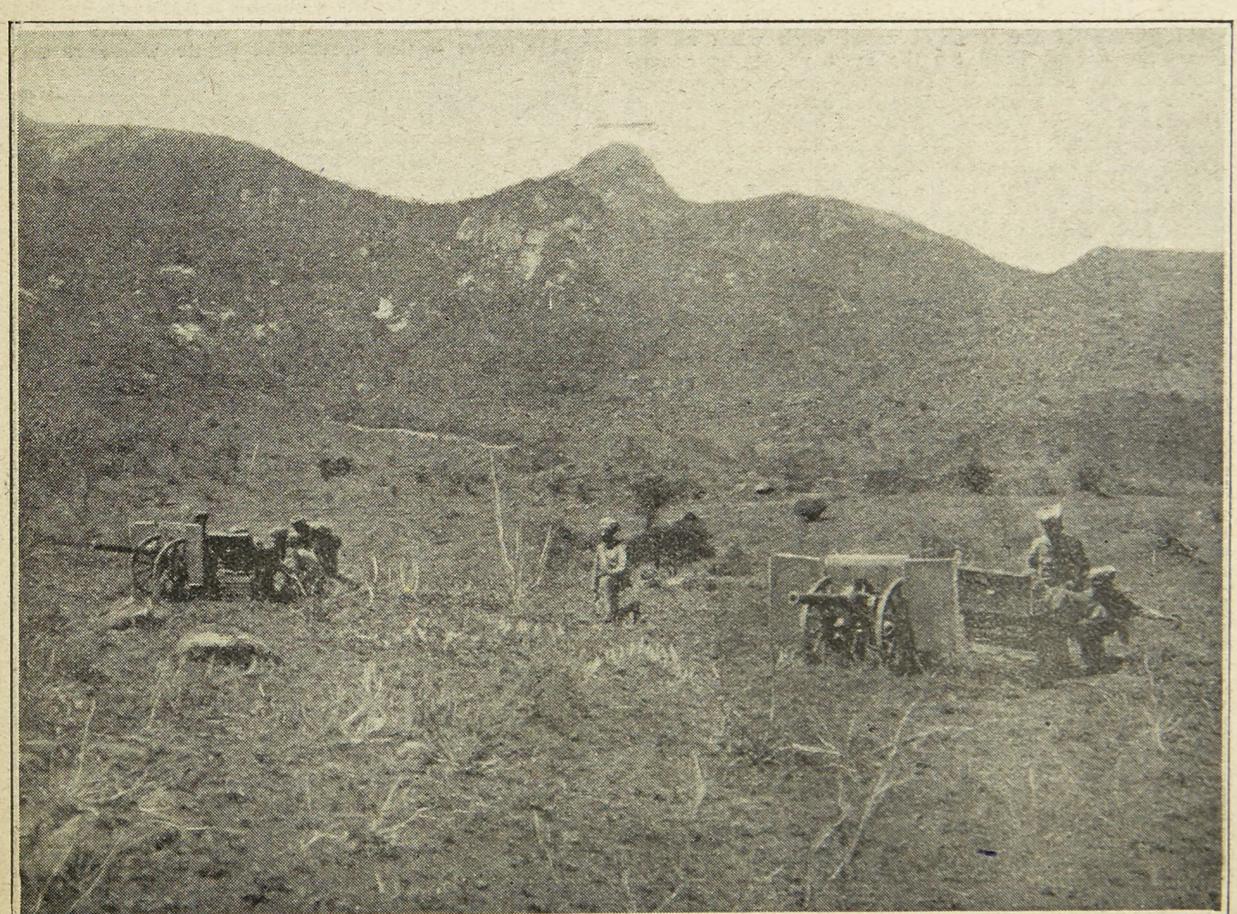
The next factor in our favour is the growing rally of the neutral nations to our side. The coming of Italy has brought not alone her great Fleet, but an effective fighting Army of two million men to us. The main Balkan States—Rumania, Bulgaria, and Greece—may at any time now join us. The mutual jealousies of these countries and their rival claims cannot permanently shut them out of action. There is no question to-day on whose side they will come. To the north, Holland, while naturally desirous of peace, recognises that the hour may come when her only hope of permanent independence is to join us. She is ready to flood her dykes and to fight with her six hundred thousand men with us, if fight she must. The only European country that really sympathises with Germany is Sweden.

When I look at Britain itself I find much reason for encouragement. Large and splendid sections of the people threw themselves heart and soul into the struggle at the beginning. The others are now coming more and more to realise that we are at war, and that this is a war demanding every ounce of our strength and every concentration of our effort if we are to avoid defeat. Complacency is folly. To sneer at our enemy and to entertain hopes of his early submission, or of starving him out, is vain. We have to organise, mobilise, and concentrate to give our women as well as our men opportunity to do their share, and to tell our people what they have to do. They will do it.

Indians wage Mountain Warfare in East Africa



The difficulties of fighting in German East Africa may be said to be greater than those encountered in Flanders and the Dardanelles. This photograph shows a mountain gun coming into action. Owing to the rough country the gun has to be transported in sections on the backs of mules, and refitted actually in the line of fire.



Two mountain guns, with Indian crews, in action. German East Africa is putting up a hard fight. Like the Fatherland, it was well prepared for war, and the natural difficulties in these tropical parts are likely to make the campaign a long and bitter one.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

WE have a new Cabinet, and the heads of the Navy have changed as well. It is stated that all these changes are because Lord Fisher suddenly absented himself from the Admiralty. The account in the Press is that there was a difference of opinion over the Dardanelles operations being commenced without an army. Is this view to be reconciled with the fact that the big series of bombardments began on February 19th, or three months before the public quarrel?

The most recent episode in naval affairs was the surprising way in which the much-threatened Lusitania was allowed to make her landfall at Kinsale Head, on the ordinary route, without any naval protection.

The coming inquiry is a purely Board of Trade affair, conducted by the law officers of the Crown, who are certainly not likely to bring in Admiralty responsibility. One fact is, however, clear. Instead of Queenstown—where the naval force was stationed—having the conduct of matters, the Board of Admiralty, according to Mr. Churchill's statement, sent two messages, one of which was acknowledged "very shortly before the attack." These were, of course, wireless messages. Until we know the purport of those messages everything is conjecture, and we have to content ourselves with Mr. Churchill's statement that "from the information regarding submarines which *we* had, *we* sent warnings to the Lusitania, and directions as to her course."

Lessons From the Dardanelles

The loss of the battleship Goliath by a modern Turkish destroyer's night attack, and of the battleship Triumph by a German submarine's day attack, following on the loss of three battleships in the Dardanelles by mines, gives us a vivid picture of the perils of naval work when all the means are not at hand for the most perfect team combination. The sinking of the Triumph is doubly unfortunate, as her officers and men had acquired skilled experience at Tsingtau with the Japanese forces in combining with an army on shore. Our losses bring home to us various lessons, which may be summarised:

1. The folly of the school which used to teach that all our naval work would be in home waters, and so led to no proper plans being prepared for dealing with so likely an event as operations in the Dardanelles. As recently as 1906 we had differences with Turkey verging on war.

To this refusal, to think out in advance operations outside home waters, is attributable the absence of net defences for the ships, and the loss of ships through mines, for the briefest consideration of the Dardanelles fixes on the mind the thought of a channel in which the current is always flowing outwards.

2. The loss of the other two ships arises from the same false assumption about home waters.

Our destroyer force was withdrawn from the Mediterranean, and the total provision of destroyers was for the barest requirements of home waters. Now that Italy has joined the Allies, a large number of French destroyers will be released, and there will be enough to foil the enemy's destroyers and submarines in a way similar to the splendid team work done by our squadron off Flanders.

3. In the first instance the operations were apparently undertaken in the expectation of assistance from Greece, Rumania, and Bulgaria. If so, they ignored the oldest historical lesson, such as caused the miscarriage of invasions of Great Britain through reliance on Jacobite assistance and of Ireland through French hopes of a national rebellion.

No belligerent should ever undertake extraneous operations which his own armed forces cannot carry through successfully, and of which the political consequences have not been fully probed. On both these points of policy we now know that the fallen Government grievously erred.

4. From August 11th, when the arrival of the Goeben at Constantinople made Turkey's participation in the war a certainty, to April 25th, when we landed troops, the Turks had nearly nine months to turn Gallipoli into a vast entrenched camp.

To do so meant drawing great forces from elsewhere, and only the certainty that we were going to attack them would justify it. All the early bombardments were most unfortunate in indicating our intentions. The only consolation is that if an Italian expedition really has landed at Rhodes Island, the Turks will be at their wits' end to provide forces at the threatened points where it may strike.

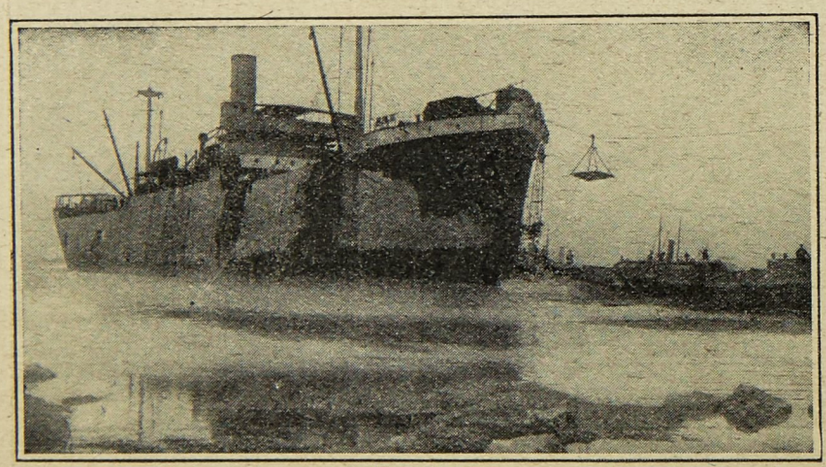
It is refreshing to turn to the splendid success of the submarines. It is true that the Allies have lost three in the Dardanelles, but they have carried out their object since E11 and E14 entered the Sea of Marmora, and produced a state of alarm and chaos in the water transport system which is so vital to the Turkish forces in the Gallipoli Peninsula.

Italian Successes in the Adriatic

The Navy has done remarkably well in all its legitimate work in the Dardanelles, in the landing and assisting troops against great and long prepared defences, and now in these submarine attacks. It is to be hoped that the latter will be persisted in, even though discouraging losses occur from time to time.

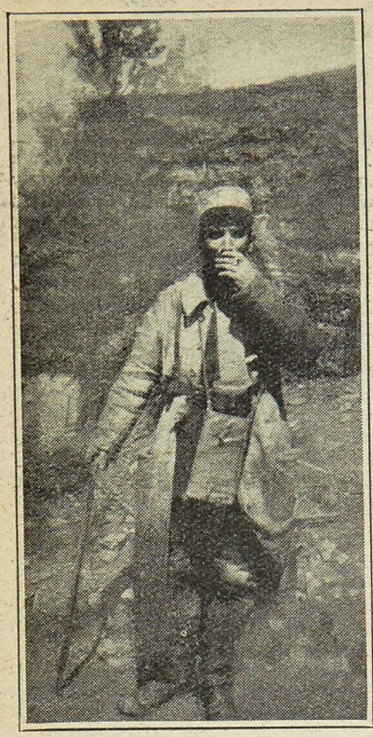
The honours of war are so far with the Italians in the Adriatic. In 1914 they publicly announced that Venice was their only fortified port, judiciously introducing this statement into regulations about foreign warships saluting on entering Italian ports. The Austrian cruiser Novara and two destroyers appear to have relied on this, and to have received some severe handling from concealed guns at Porto Corsini.

Two Austrian destroyers were badly damaged and a submarine sunk in a fight at sea, and several destroyers moored alongside each other at Sebenico are stated to have been struck by bombs dropped from a dirigible. An Italian destroyer, probably operating from the river torpedo base on the Livenza (20 miles west of Buso and 40 miles from Trieste), bombarded the barracks and destroyed the quays and a number of motor-boats at the Austrian frontier port of Buso.

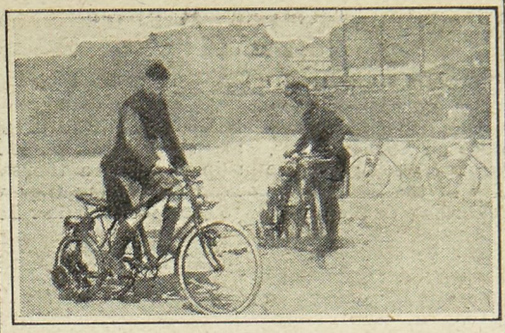


The s.s. River Clyde, which, crowded with British troops, was purposely run aground on the beach at Sedd-ul-Bahr, in the Gallipoli Peninsula, in order that the soldiers might land without delay under the fierce Turkish fire.

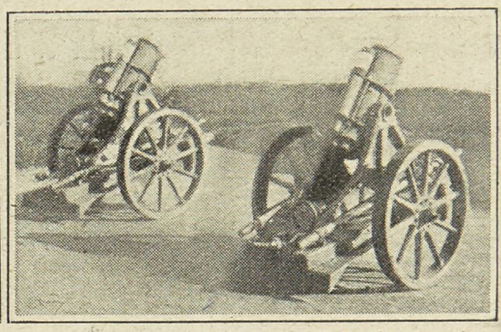
World-Wide Echoes of the Clash of Arms



French officer, muddy and torn, on his return from the trenches.

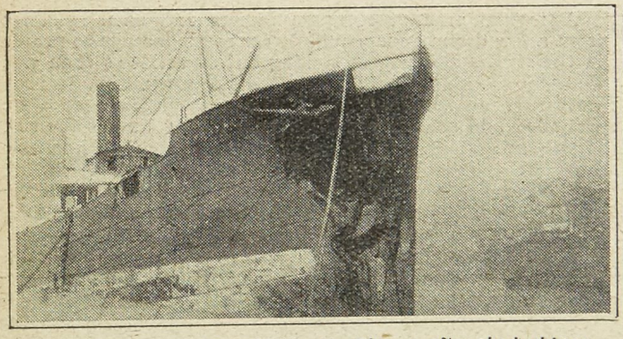


Scottish soldiers learning to ride motor-cycles on the canal bank in a French town where they are enjoying a brief respite from the trenches.



German siege-mortars captured by the French and now placed on view in Paris.

German airman fixing a bomb on his aeroplane before starting his flight.



Crumpled bow of a French ship, the Phryne, after she had been wrecked by the pirates.

Dummy used by Germans to draw the Allies' fire, with the men who captured it, a French and British soldier.

With their shaven heads and thin, stiff limbs, these coloured soldiers of the King's African Rifles present a weird spectacle.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

POSSIBLY by the time these notes appear—as they have to be written some days before going to press—there may have been other raids on London; but, in any case, the first raid of Monday last week gives one some idea of the comparative futility of the Zeppelin as an instrument of "frightfulness." According to the official account, about ninety bombs were dropped, which caused the deaths of four people and injuries to several more, chiefly through fires set alight by the bombs. Only three fires needed fire-engines, and only one was big enough to necessitate a "district" call for the Fire Brigade. Thirty bombs per fire (of any consequence), and about twenty-two bombs per death, does not seem an adequate return for the trouble involved in bringing a couple of Zeppelins all the way from Belgium or Germany, let alone the risk of losing them.

Were There Two Zeppelins?

At the moment of writing the Press Bureau has not been good enough to tell us how many Zeppelins came over, but judging from the number of bombs there were probably two. Theoretically, a Zeppelin ought to be able to carry two tons of explosives over and above her crew, fuel for the engines, small-arms, ammunition, and so forth, but in practice very few of them seem to do so, because whenever it has been proved that a single Zeppelin was on a raid, it has appeared that only thirty or forty bombs were dropped.

Now, a Zeppelin costs somewhere between £100,000 and £200,000 to build, so the ships which were risked on the raid were probably worth many times as much as all the damage they could possibly do even if every bomb took effect, and when one thinks of their three little bonfires as the result of all their hard work, the game hardly seems worth the candle—from the German point of view.

The Englishman's Retaliation

Of course, the German theory is that the Zeppelins are going to intimidate everyone in London, and frighten the people into demanding that the Government shall sue for peace. Which only shows that Germany does not know anything about English people. It takes quite a lot to make an Englishman really angry, but if he finds he is going to be kept awake at night by these things he will probably decide that he may just as well keep awake in a trench in Flanders as in his own house or his "digs" in London, and may get his own back that way. Then he goes and enlists, in the hope of having a chance of being acutely unpleasant to some individual German by way of retaliation for the Zeppelin nuisance.

At a very moderate estimate I should say that every bomb which falls on British soil is worth fifty recruits, and every death caused by a bomb or by a shell from a ship is worth a thousand; so if the Zeppelins will only keep on coming they will considerably hustle that extra 300,000 recruits that Lord Kitchener wants.

Bombs That Wake The "Slackers"

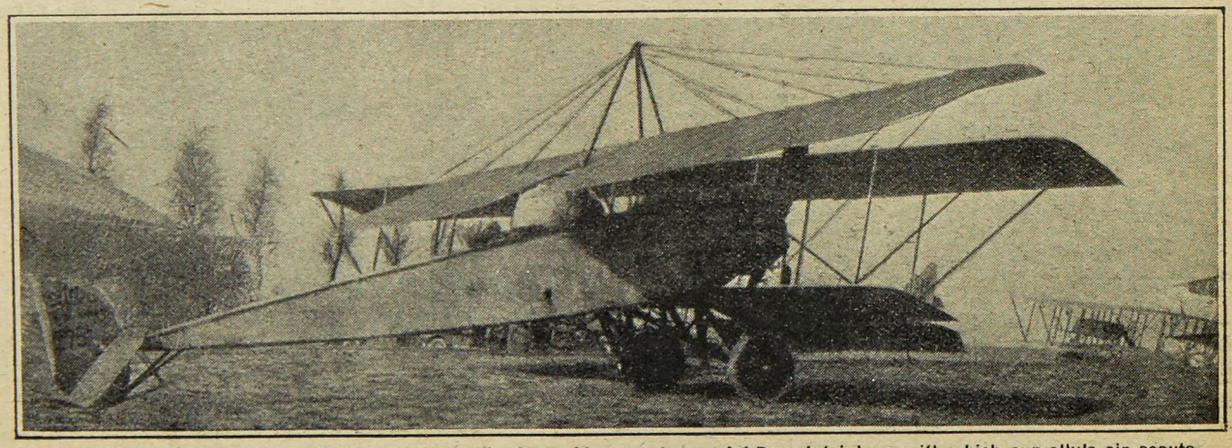
It is rather a pity that arrangements cannot be made for airships to be guided by bogus signals to some of the districts where recruiting is slack. A few bombs here and there would probably wake things up a bit, and fetch in some of the "slackers"; for, as a matter of fact, quite a number of so-called slackers do not enlist for the simple reason that they cannot see yet that the war is any particular affair of their own; it is not that they really "funk" fighting.

In one particular thing the authorities showed very good judgment—that was in not turning on the anti-aircraft guns in certain districts. If five or six Zeppelins came over in a bunch, and threatened to do serious damage in any particular district of importance to the administration of the country, it would be worth while risking doing damage with falling shells, and possibly by bringing down an airship right in the middle of London; but when only one or two ships are concerned, it is cheaper to let them drop their bombs and get away from the crowded part of the city, in the hope of cutting them off on their way home.

Dangers from Anti-Aircraft Guns

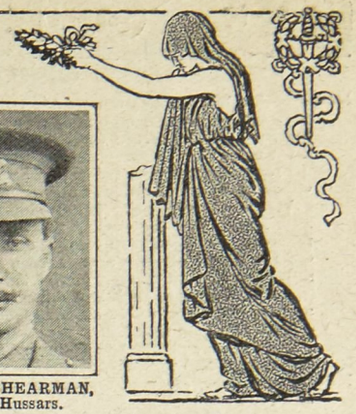
A regular rain of shrapnel bullets and shell splinters from a few dozen guns would do far more damage to people in the streets and people looking out of windows than was done by the ninety bombs dropped last week. We learned that first at Antwerp, when a number of people were wounded and several were killed by falling bullets fired at Zeppelins and at German aeroplanes, though no one was hurt by bombs dropped from these aircraft. And we learned it again at Southend, when the evidence at the inquest on Miss Fair showed that she was killed by a falling piece of an anti-aircraft shell.

It is comparatively safe to go out in the street to look at a Zeppelin dropping bombs, but if the anti-aircraft guns start firing, take my advice and go indoors, and stop there till the show is over. The odds against your particular house being hit are thousands to one, but the odds against your being hit while out in the street are very much shorter if firing is going on.

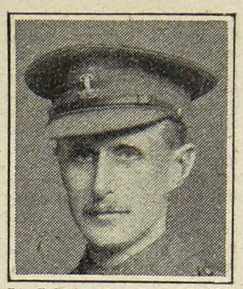


The Morane Parasol, a new and particularly effective type of huge ond powerful French triplane, with which our ally's air-scouts have achieved a great deal of useful work. (Photograph exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

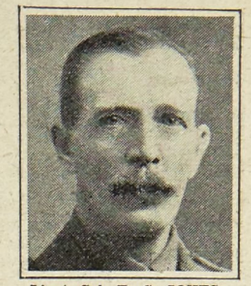
Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead



Lt.-Col. W. L. ALEXANDER, O.C. 2nd Yorkshire Regt.

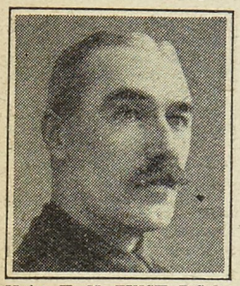


Lt.-Col. the Hon. P. C. EVANS-FREKE, O.C. Leicester. Yeo.

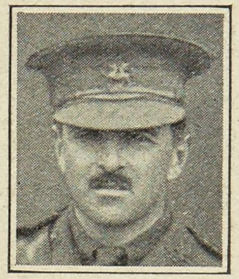


Lieut.-Col. F. G. JONES, 1st Royal Inniskilling Fus.

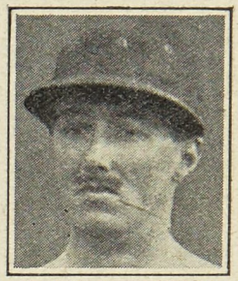
Lt.-Col. E. R. A. SHEARMAN, 10th Royal Hussars.



Major H. M. FINCH, D.S.O., O.C. 2nd R. Berkshire Regt.



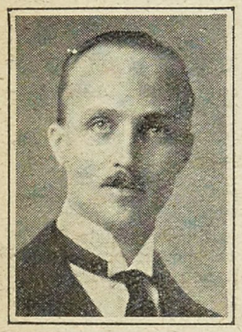
Major R. C. SLACKE, 2nd R. W. Surrey Regt.



Capt. G. V. S. BOWLBY, Royal Horse Guards (Blues).

Major B. H. BARRINGTON-KENNETT, 2nd Grenadiers.

Maj. J. MACKENZIE, V.C., 2nd Bedfordshire Regt.



Capt. F. H. BEAUFORT, 2nd Oxford and Bucks L.I.

Lieut.-Col. W. L. Alexander, commanding 2nd Yorkshire Regiment, was gazetted to the command in September last. He also served in the Tirah Campaign (1897-98).

Lieut.-Col. F. G. Jones, 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, had seen a great deal of active service, first in Burma (1892-93), for which he received the Burma medal with clasp, then on the North-West Frontier of India where he was with the Tirah Expeditionary Force (1897-98). He was also in the operations in the Bara Valley. He served in the Boer War, was mentioned in despatches, and received the Queen's Medal with three clasps.

Lieut.-Col. E. R. A. Shearman, 10th Royal Hussars, went right through the South African War, and was with Sir John French in the Relief of Kimberley. He was twice mentioned in despatches, and received both medals with six clasps.

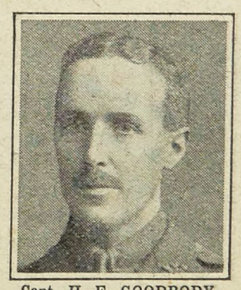
Major H. M. Finch, D.S.O., who commanded 2nd Batt. Royal Berkshire Regiment, was awarded the D.S.O. in February, and mentioned in despatches for his bravery at Ypres. He served through the South African War, was mentioned in despatches, and received both medals and five clasps.

Major J. Mackenzie, V.C., 2nd Bedfordshire Regiment, served in the ranks for over thirteen years, and received his commission in 1900. He had seen much active service and gained his V.C. at the relief of Kumassi, was awarded other medals with clasps, and many times mentioned in despatches.

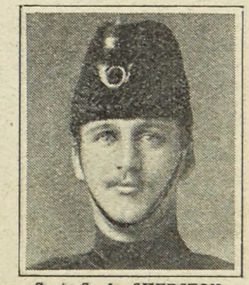
Captain the Hon. C. E. A. Philipps, Royal Horse Guards, was the eldest son of Lord St. Davids, and was twenty-six years of age.

Capt. and Adjt. G. BONHAM-CARTER, Oxford Yeomanry.

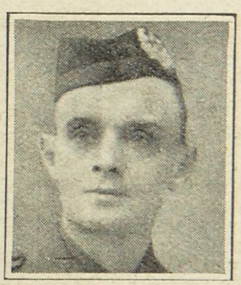
Capt. the Hon. C. E. A. PHILIPPS, Royal Horse Guards.



Capt. H. E. GOODBODY, 1st Leinster Regt.

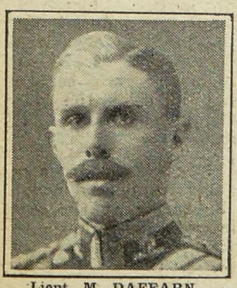


Capt. S. A. SHERSTON, 2nd Rifle Brigade.



Capt. C. G. SALMON, 2nd Cameronians.

Capt. J. C. J. TEAGUE, R.M.L.I., Portsmouth Batt. R.N.D.

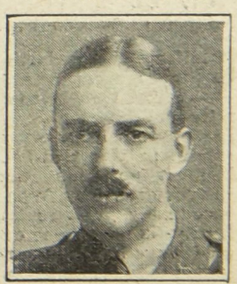


Lieut. M. DAFFARN, 2nd Mobile Col. (G.E. Africa).

Lieut. A. K. MACLEAN, 2nd Argyll & Suthlnd. Highlds

Lieut. S. P. D. THOMSON Leicestershire Yeomanry.

Lieut. THOMAS WRIGHT, Royal Berkshire Regt.



Sec.-Lieut. F. W. CROUCHER, 1st Royal West Kent Regt.

Portraits by Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, Adams, Lambert Weston, Downey, Swaine, Russell, Sawyer, Barnett, Bassano.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, May 26th to June 1st

MAY 26.—Sir John French reports a Territorial Division carried a group of German trenches, capturing prisoners. Since May 16, he says, the First Army pierced the enemy's line on a total front of over three miles.

French troops reported gradually working towards the mining village of Angres, between Souchez and Lens.

Vigorous Italian offensive all along the frontier of the Trentino and Tyrol. On the eastern frontier they crossed into Austrian territory, and secured a footing on the right bank of the Isonzo. On the slopes of the Carnic Alps a successful bayonet attack by night made them masters of the Val d'Inferno Pass.

H.M.S. Triumph sunk by submarine while supporting Australian and New Zealand forces on Gallipoli Peninsula. The majority of officers and men saved.

Zeppelin raid on Southend, over forty bombs dropped, killing two women and wounding a child.

MAY 27.—H.M.S. Majestic torpedoed off Gallipoli, nearly all officers and men saved.

H.M.Auxiliary Ship Princess Irene accidentally blown up in Sheerness Harbour, 78 dockyard workmen perished in addition to the crew.

Brilliant exploit by Submarine E11. She sank in Sea of Marmora an ammunition vessel, chased and torpedoed a supply ship, entered the waters of Constantinople, and fired a torpedo at a transport.

German Gas Factory Bombed. Eighteen French aeroplanes carried out brilliant air raid against Ludwigshafen, dropping many bombs on the works of the Baden Aniline Dye Company, where high explosives and asphyxiating gases are manufactured. Several buildings struck and set on fire.

French stormed and carried the cemetery at Ablain, eight miles north of Arras, and captured 400 prisoners.

MAY 28.—**Lord Fisher's Successor.** Admiral Sir Henry B. Jackson, K.C.B., announced to be First Sea Lord of Admiralty in the place of Lord Fisher.

German defeat near Souchez. French took a big work in the direction of Souchez, after heavy fighting in which the enemy suffered a serious defeat. The offensive continued with full success in area between Lens and Arras. A night attack carried the "Presbytery" of St. Ablain.

A Petrograd communique announces Russian success on the San. At other points on the Galician front the Russians compelled to give way, but balance in fighting is in favour of the Russians.

Our Italian allies occupied Gradisca, a place of some importance on the Isonzo, also the summit of Monte Baldo, which enabled them to dominate Riva.

Heavy defeat of Turks in Gallipoli Peninsula. They attempted to take some vacant trenches on a moonlight night. Our gunners brought a cross-fire to bear on them.

MAY 29.—**French masters of Ablain.** After having repulsed the German counter-attack at Ablain St. Nazaire, our ally took the offensive, and carried the whole of the houses of Ablain. They annihilated or put to flight three German companies.

Russian communique shows that Austro-German armies have almost encircled Przemysl.

MAY 30.—French captured all German trenches on Hill 17 in the Pilken region, about three miles north-east of Ypres.

Italians occupy Ala, the Customs station on the Brenner route, seven and a half miles from the frontier. West of this, on the other side of Lake Garda, and again north-east, Italian armies crossed the frontier and captured important posts.

MAY 31.—Messages which passed between King George and the King of Italy, expressing mutual confidence and gratification at the alliance in arms of Great Britain and Italy, published.

French progress to north of Arras continued. In the region known as the "Labyrinth," positions gained from the enemy reorganised. German attack at Notre Dame de Lorette repulsed.

Italian air raid on Pola; bombs dropped on the Austrian naval base.

Russians attack along the line. German offensive brought to a standstill. Our ally crossed the Lubaczovka, a stream which flows into the San north of Jaroslav. In Eastern Galicia over 7,000 of enemy captured and reported to be retiring in disorder.

German reply to U.S. Note on the sinking of the Lusitania generally described in the American Press as insulting, and unworthy of a civilised Power.

Zeppelin Raid on Outer London. Admiralty issued a statement that Zeppelins reported near Ramsgate and Brentwood, and in certain outlying districts of London. Many fires reported, but these not absolutely connected with the visit of airships. 90 bombs dropped, 4 persons killed.

JUNE 1.—Italians develop vigorous offensive on their north-eastern front. Austrian town of Gradisca evacuated, and both sides shelled it. Gorizia bombarded by Italian guns. In the Trentino, Italians obtained an important strategic success by occupation of Mount Zugna.

Przemysl forts attacked by Austro-German forces. After obstinate battle, enemy repulsed with enormous losses.

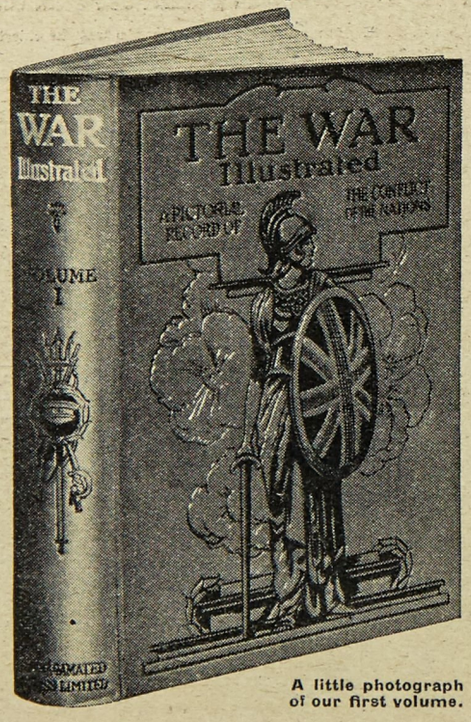
The copyright of the portrait of Sir James Yoxall, on page 380, *belongs to Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

About Ourselves—By the Editor

A CHANCE call at a certain country newsagent's shop the other day resulted in a conversation about THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. The agent happened to remark on the plethora of war publications, and said that no rivals, no imitations, seemed to diminish in the least degree the popularity of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. "Why," he added, "I am taking orders even now for complete sets of the parts from new readers who are so pleased with it that they wish to have them all from number one!"

THE agent had no notion who I was—he had no interest in flattering me. And what he said led me to make certain inquiries of our publisher. I was surprised to find that the sale of our back numbers had recently become so extraordinary that the publisher himself was beginning to contemplate the possibility of having some day to advertise for copies of parts which would have gone completely out of print, despite the hundreds of thousands issued.

THIS prompts a further reminder to my readers who have not yet bound their first twenty-six parts in the publishers' registered extra cloth cases, not to let another day slip past without putting that little job in hand. There is no doubt that, bound in volume form, THE WAR ILLUSTRATED immediately quadruples in value. Twenty-six parts lying dusty and dog's-eared have lost their original value as a potentially permanent picture-book of the Great War, even though their owner has perused and re-perused them. Whereas the same parts, firmly bound together in the handsome and durable cases provided by the publishers, become at once a valuable household possession.



A little photograph of our first volume.

I HAVE already confessed to a feeling of surprise when turning over the pages of the first volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. I had scarcely realised the extraordinary interest which the bound volume would possess, until the binders sent me a copy. Never in British publishing has such astounding value been given. The first twenty-six parts bind up into a handsome volume of 640 pages, containing no fewer than 2,277 illustrations, the vast majority of which are direct camera records, secured at great cost from the actual field of hostilities.

THE printing of these photographs rivals that of the sixpenny journals, and the twenty-six parts bound together with the artistic title-page and index, and the fine full-colour frontispiece of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, presented to each purchaser of the publishers' registered cases, form a volume worth several times the money it costs the subscriber, and will prove a source of inexhaustible interest.

THE publishers' registered cases are obtainable from any newsagent or bookseller at the cost of 1s. 6d., and the bookseller makes only a small extra charge for the work of trimming and binding the pages. The publishers themselves do not undertake the actual work of binding.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

Elliott & Fry

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY BRADWARDINE JACKSON,
K.C.B., K.C.V.O., F.R.S., M.I.E.E., A.I.N.A.
First Sea Lord of the Admiralty in succession to Admiral Lord Fisher

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is now obtainable everywhere on Wednesday of each week.

"CHANGING THE MAP OF EUROPE."

Copyright The War Illustrated

The first of these two maps shows the political areas of Europe as they were at the outbreak of war, and the second shows how the war is likely to "change the map of Europe." The territories of the Teuton-Turkish Empires are shown in stipple. The British Empire of course, will not add to its possessions in Europe, but most likely it will acquire fresh territories in Asia and Africa. The new frontiers in the second map are shown by thick lines.

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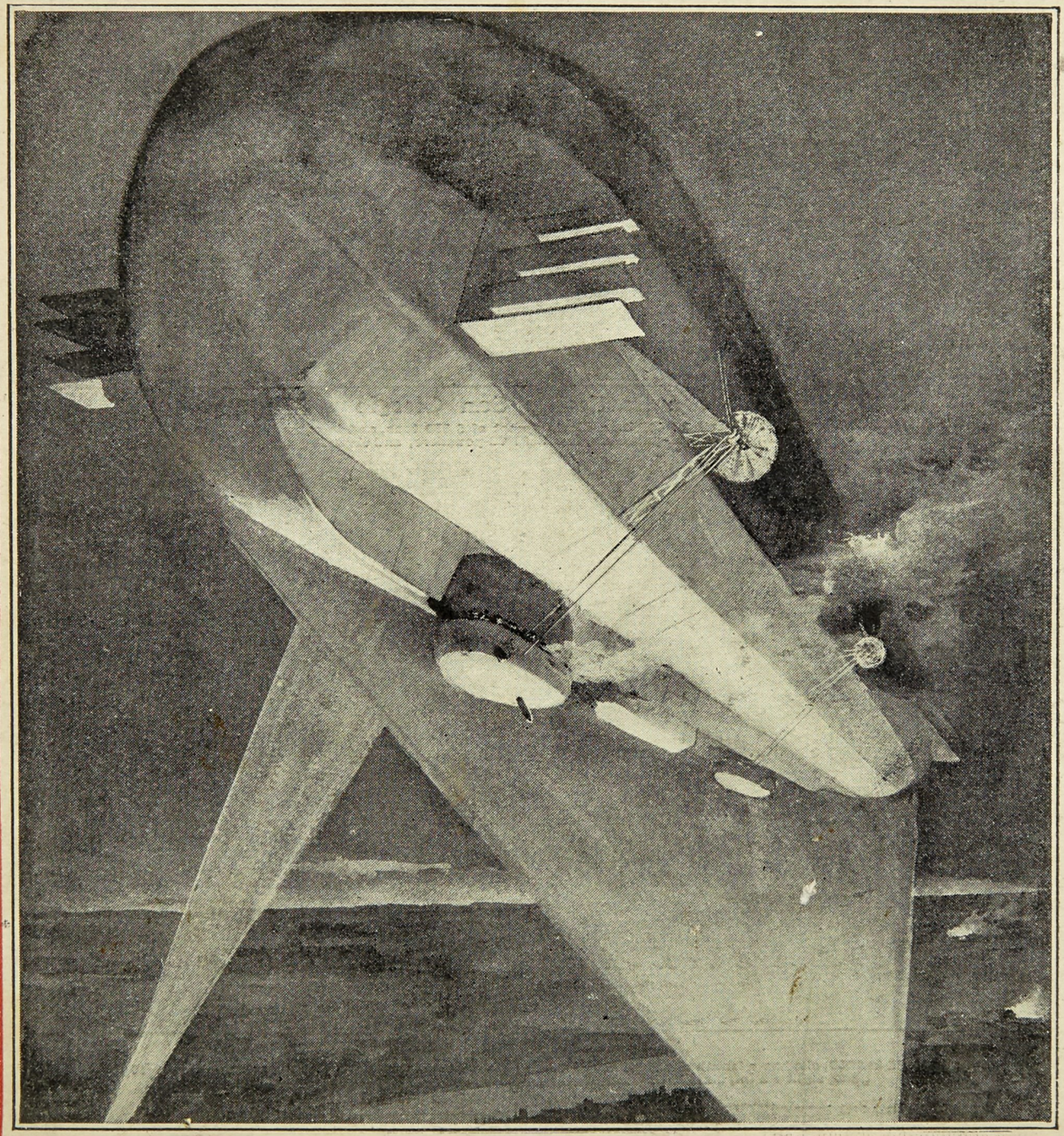
"The Soul of the Hun," by Austin Harrison

The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly

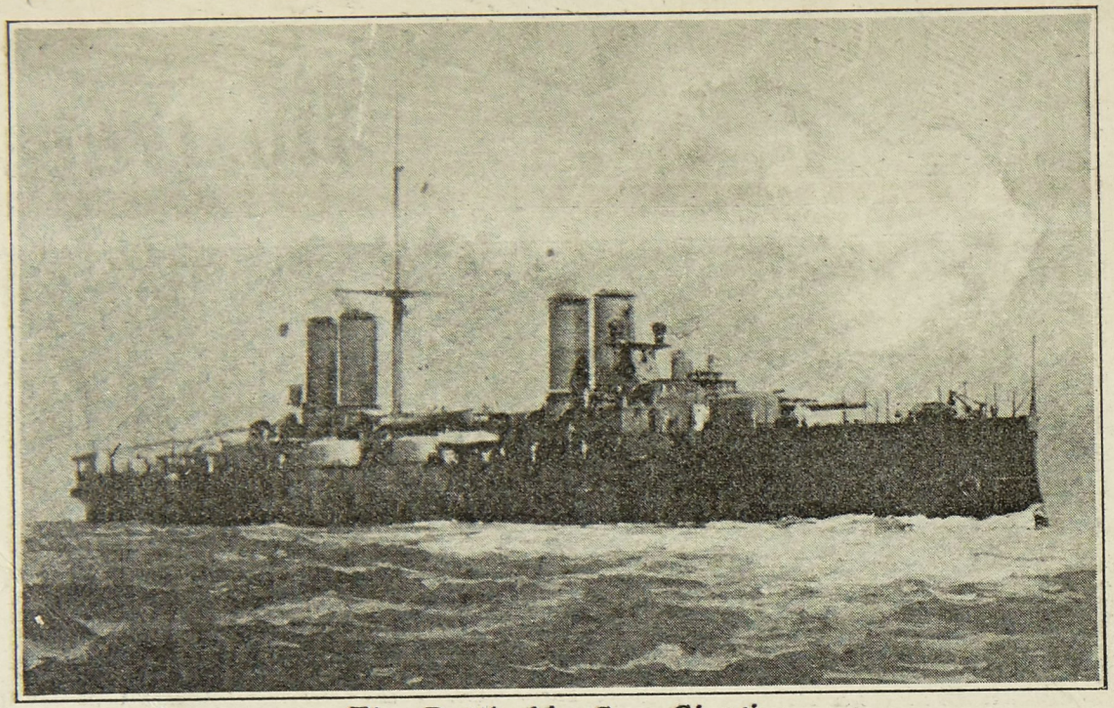


Vol. 2

The Terror that flies by Night! A nocturnal Impression of a Raiding Zeppelin

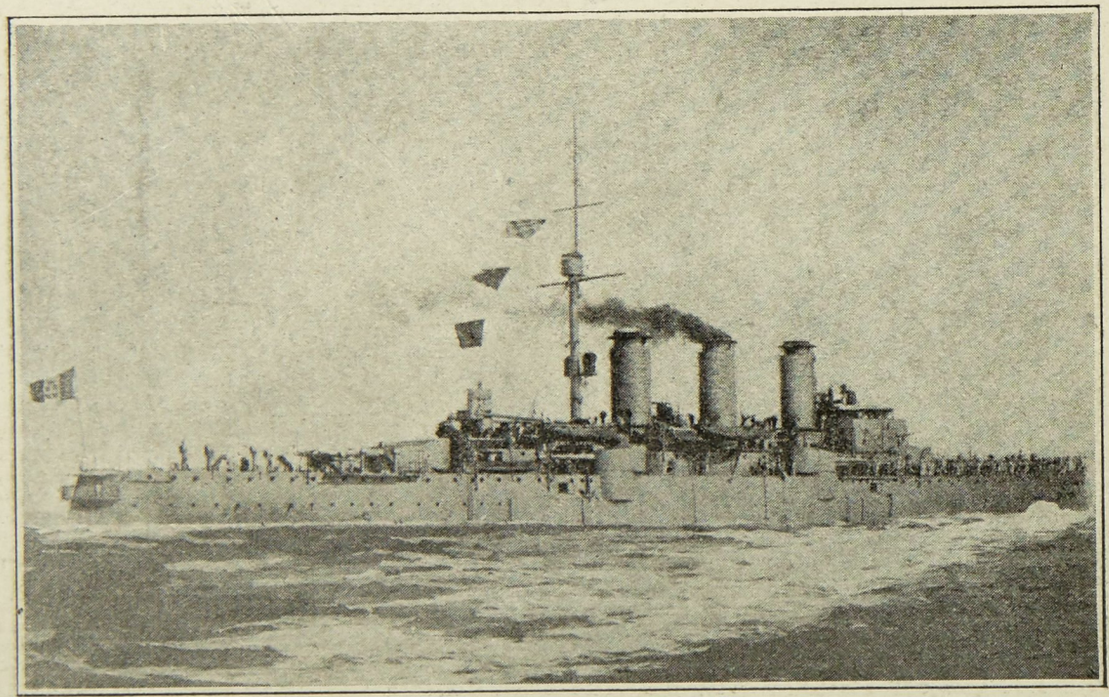
No. 44

THE FIGHTING SHIPS OF OUR ITALIAN ALLIES



The Battleship San Giorgio

Completed in 1910, she has a length of 462 ft., a displacement of 9,830 tons, and is armed with four 10 in. guns, eight 7·5 in., eighteen 12-pounders, two field 12-pounders, and three torpedo-tubes.



The Battleship Amalfi

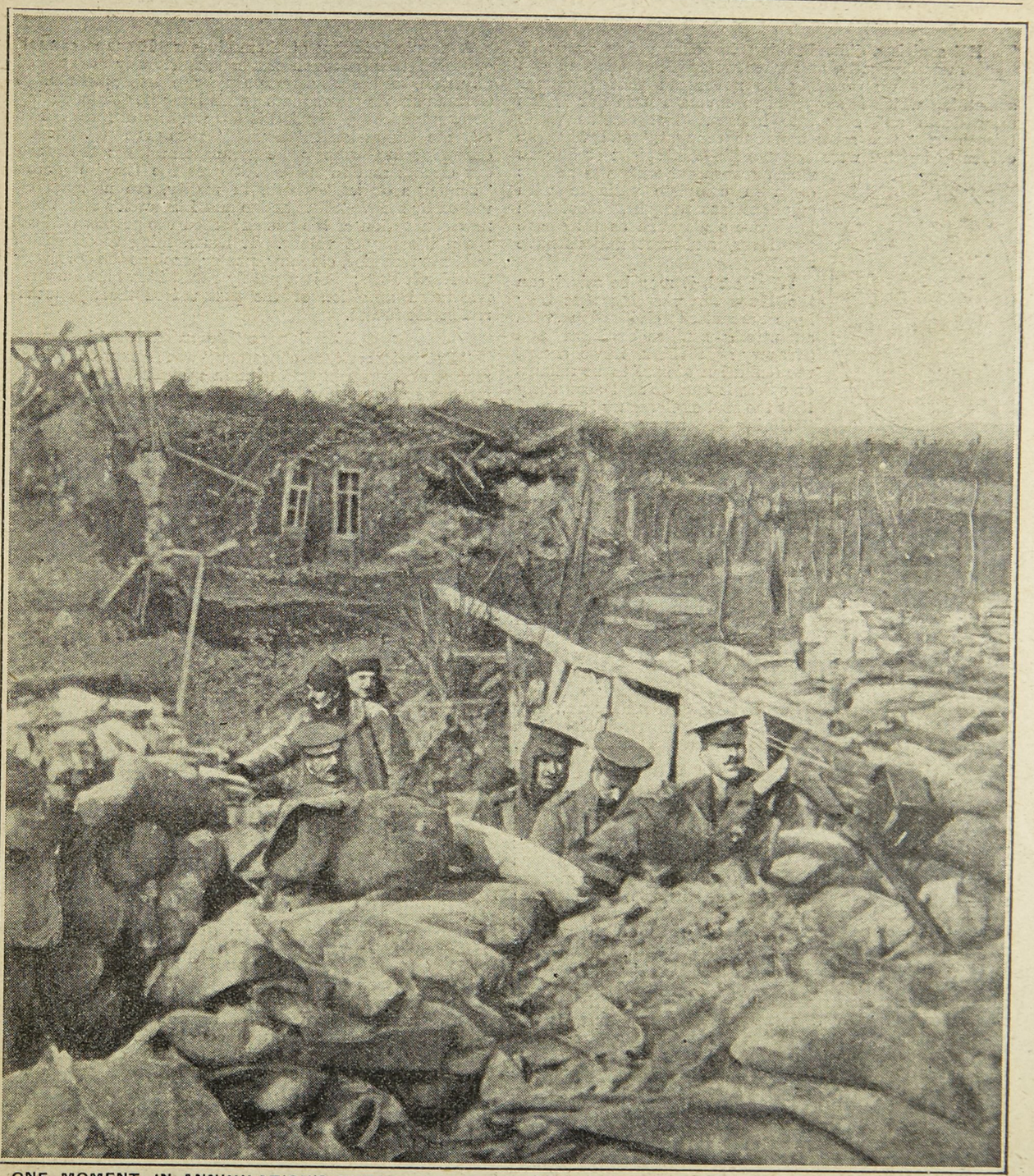
Completed in 1909, she has a length of 461 ft., a displacement of 10,118 tons, and is also armed with four 10 in. guns, eight 7·5 in., sixteen 14-pounders, two field 12-pounders, and three torpedo-tubes.

THE WAR Illustrated

No. 44. Vol 2
19th June, 1915

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton



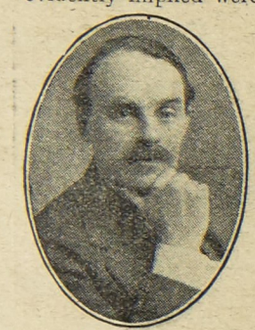
ONE MOMENT IN ANNIHILATION'S WASTE.—Who can look upon this snapshot without being thrilled with pride and gratitude for the men who are defending the Empire? Conceive the appalling debris, the world of discomfort, in which they live and die. Under the scorching June sun, the countryside blasted by shot and shell, they remain at their posts with a devotion truly worthy of victory, especially when one remembers that it is inspired by spontaneous, whole-hearted patriotism.

THE SOUL OF THE MODERN HUN

By Austin Harrison

Much has already been written on the state of mind of the German people, that national egotism which has created and set working their wonderful war-machine and turned three continents into a vast charnel-house. This mental perversion of a nation of 70,000,000 people is the most startling phenomenon in history, and one which will continue to engross the world long into the ages of posterity. In view of the current interest in this momentous subject, the Editor of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *is pleased to be able to offer his readers the following analysis of the German soul by Mr. Austin Harrison, the eminent litterateur, author of "The Pan-German Doctrine," and Editor of the "English Review."*

THE soul is a difficult thing to define unless we use it metaphysically, and when we speak of the soul of a people we certainly do not mean that gossamer something which is supposed to emanate from our bodies after death and soar into heaven. But Goethe wrote blithely of "two souls and one thought," and what he evidently implied were the two kinds of spirits or animus which govern our wills and actions often in complete variance with our conscious thought. Most men have two souls even as they have two loves, and most nations have also.



Austin Harrison.

What soul, it may be asked, can the Huns have, seeing that they have assaulted civilisation with an utterly soulless cynicism and savagery? I think, if we accept the definition of soul to be animus or spirit, it can be said accurately that the soul of Germany is war.

During the many years I lived in Germany, in which period, as a journalist, I travelled over all parts of Austria and Germany, saw all kinds of men, high and low—even grew up, as it were, in the German mode of thought—during those ten years I don't ever remember to have heard a German speak with anything but enthusiasm about the right and glory of war. Whereas here we judge a man by certain qualities that "wear well"—qualities of the heart, of character, of nobility, of action—the German estimates a man in the first and last instance in his capacity as a soldier. Here we speak of pluck; in Germany they speak of technique. We single out our sportsmen and "most gallant gentlemen" (and are inclined to slobber over them). The Germans assume the quality of courage, and they call it the Berserker spirit, the heritage of the Goths and Huns, of the Hohenzollerns, and the Mark of Brandenburg, and they regard it as their peculiar mission to be revealed through Prussia and the "King of Prussia" to a less warlike Europe.

The Spirit of "Deutschland ueber Alles"

Soul with the Germans is thus essentially a terrestrial animus, artificially and cynically associated with Divine inspiration. The old Greeks had it unquestionably, but they were Pagans; they loved beauty; they had the noblest sense of perspective in the world. Now the Germans have no perspective. There is nothing beautiful in modern Germany; their ideals are mundane, their ideas are utterly selfish. For the last thirty years no truly great or noble thought has come from the centre of Europe. To find any similarity with the German spirit we must go to the Romans, the Cæsars, and Proconsuls of Rome. The German instinctively possesses the Prætorian spirit, just as the Hohenzollern rulers instinctively regard themselves as Emperors by Divine right. The German bureaucratic system must be very like the old Roman system, their Landräthe or Provincial justices are the exact model of the vice-comes of old. "Civis Romanus sum," the Emperor once said in a notable speech. He meant he spoke as Cæsar, that he wished his subjects to regard themselves as the old Romans, conquerors and possessors of the world. Indeed, it has been for years one of the Kaiser's pet hobbies to restore old Roman camps. The restoration of the Roman Saalburg Castle has been carried out with extraordinary ingenuity and historical fidelity.

A people thinking of themselves as Romans cannot be expected to have much of a soul, spiritually interpreted at any rate, and surely no people are less spiritual. The German stands four square on his legs; he thinks cynically, he acts cynically, his God is the worship of force. Nearly all the professional "strong" men are Germans, for example; in Germany the gymnasium takes the place of our cricket and football. All over the Empire there are "singing societies," which, in reality, are national clubs united by song. Since Sedan and Bismarck's day a totally new conception of life has animated the people, well called the philosophy of valour. It has nothing to do with adventure, romance, chivalry, poetry, such as the discovery of the North Pole; it is a purely racial idea based upon the frustrated ambition of the past united through arms to realise the future.

The Coarse Dream of World-Conquest

"Patriæ inserviendo consumor" was Bismarck's favourite motto, and probably no man in modern history was ever more worshipped by a nation. The Bismarckian spirit penetrated into every homestead in the Fatherland, and found expression characteristically in massive monuments and effigies in stone placed in every town and market-place of the Empire, much as the old Goths sought expression in their Gothic cathedrals. Horrible, huge, ugly monstrosities of a blatant art, these Bismarck statues reveal the soul of fighting Germany as no words can. They are Germany; they epitomise the strong, coarse fierceness of a people set upon defying the world, consciously and inherently barbarians. Old Nero was a poor fiddler compared with Moltke or Kaiser William, and Cæsar a mere pacifist. No nation ever in history went to war with so gay a conscience, with feller or more sinister intentions. When the word war was proclaimed in Berlin last August there was not a German man or woman who did not think that at last the day of German world-conquest had come and did not rejoice at the thought. But for our intervention even to-day the German aim would have been consummated.

We thought the Germans were a nation of philosophers, merchants, tradesmen, chemists, scientists, hagiographers, bacteriologists, and professors leading the spiritual and contemplative life; and so they are. What we failed to see is that in design and purpose they had become a nation of soldiers. Carlyle taught us to laugh at Smellfungus; to-day we find him with his poisonous gases in our trenches. While we were dreaming of international Goethe, the Germans were arming for nationality.

When we thought of Sartor and pre-Kantian mummies, the Germans had indeed got into their uniforms, tailors all for the fashioning of Empire. We mocked the spirit and forgot the clay.

German Savagery and Discipline

Real Germany is quite different. There are more young girls raped in Germany in a year than in all these Islands in thirty years; there are more cases of assault and battery in six months than in this country in five years. An indescribable roughness and brutality characterise the Germans in all classes on a perfectly defined principle of corporal punishment. The way boys are flogged in schools would have astonished even our Dr. Squeers. Horses are beaten on every possible pretext; it is supposed to be the right thing to lash a horse unmercifully if it stumbles. In the Army the men are treated literally with rods of iron, and the suicides in the Army are notorious.

[*Continued on page* 404.

As seen by the Camera at the Moment of Victory

Remarkable photograph of French infantry dashing to the assault of Notre Dame de Lorette. A French officer is leading his valiant men against the enemy. It will be seen that two of the company have been shot down on the slope. The others press on oblivious to personal danger, enthused by the ideal of "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite."

The irresistible onslaught of the French soldiers illustrated in the first photograph on this page completely demoralised the Germans behind the front trenches. Many of them left their position and, traversing the space between the two opposing lines, with hands raised, surrendered with the usual chorus of "Pardon, kamerad!" This snapshot, one of the most realistic of the war, shows the enemy, with due humility, about to deliver himself en masse into the hands of our victorious allies.

THE SOUL OF THE MODERN HUN

(Continued from page 402.)

An absolute license reigns about sexual matters. Bebel, the Socialist leader, once said that nearly all shop-girls were living on prostitution. To this must be added the pathological symptoms which generally accompany brutality—the cult of homo-sexuality, sadism, and all kinds of physical perversions reflected in modern German fiction, and quite particularly in the fimetarious beastliness of the German comic Press. Their so-called "new" art is saturated with this morbid obsession. In the last ten years the spread of venereal diseases, of morbid plague-spots, of crime of all kinds, of dishonesty and roguery, of suicides and defalcations, of lust and brutality, have engaged the attentions of many doctors and sociologists, and yet have rather been encouraged than legislated against. It is Germany "in being," men told the inquirer; Germany breaking out, en route for European hegemony. In the lower classes Socialism, or the gospel of physical force, did not tend to lessen the evil. It may be said truthfully that Germany, in the early part of last summer, was like a people gone mad with vanity and mortal error.

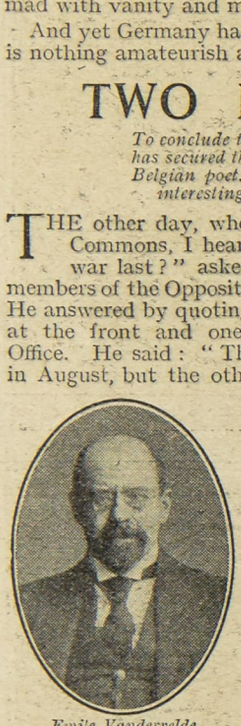
And yet Germany has a soul—the soul of fighting. There is nothing amateurish about this. The qualities demanded are courage, strength, blind obedience, ruthless determination, technical skill, and self-sacrifice. These qualities the Germans possess. They are of their bone and blood; they are the tradition of their history as the warlike people fighting always for their country in the centre of Europe. It is the German special boast that they face facts. They do, and they are able to because new Germany started with a clean slate, and with a definite purpose before her to win to her "natural boundaries"—the mouth of the Rhine, the route via Constantinople to the East—and the reclamation of what they call the Germanic peoples, such as the Flemish, the Swiss, the Dutch, and the reality of European power.

There is no cognisance in Germany such as the French declaration of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." Individualism plays no part in the German life. They have nothing of the Russian Nichevo, or "don't care." Their altar is Mars. When the Kaiser invokes the blessings of the Almighty, he implies himself. The Germans followed him because they believe in their own purpose and nationality, and their power to enforce them. And that, too, is a soul, the soul of Patriotism, even if in its application and philosophy the spiritualism of machine-guns is not to be found in the text of most copy-books.

TWO EMINENT BELGIANS ON THE WAR

To conclude the series of letters from eminent men on the duration of the war, which we have been publishing, the Editor has secured the views of M. Emile Vandervelde, the Belgian Minister of State, and M. Emile Cammaerts, the celebrated Belgian poet. These opinions, representing such widely divergent spheres as politics and letters, are exceptionally interesting, especially as they emanate from men whose Fatherland has been ravaged by the unspeakable invader.

THE other day, when I was lunching at the House of Commons, I heard the question "How long will the war last?" asked of one of the most distinguished members of the Opposition who had just entered the Cabinet. He answered by quoting the opinion of one of the generals at the front and one of the chief officials of the War Office. He said: "The one is certain that it will be over in August, but the other is sure that the war will last till next year."



Emile Vandervelde.

Now both get their information from the same sources. Let us draw our own conclusions.

It is obvious that the length of the war will depend on a series of events, most of which cannot possibly be foreseen. Supposing that we could gauge—which we cannot—the military, economic, financial, and moral resources, not only of the Allies, but of the enemy, even then we should not know if in the near future other belligerents would not join in. And even if these unknown factors ceased to be unknown, we should still have to take into consideration the unforeseen.

So I think it is wisest only to say: "The war will end when it has achieved its object," and that object is the destruction of the monstrous dream of subjecting Europe and the world to the supremacy of Germanic Cæsarism.

If we are to accomplish this, we must steer clear of two rocks—not hurrying ourselves, on the pretext that the war will be long, and not making preparations on a large scale, because it will be short. Let us act as if it is to last three months; let us prepare as if it is to last three years. That is the only way to shorten its duration.

EMILE VANDERVELDE.

THE issue depends on so many conditions, and each of these conditions on so many factors, that weighing judiciously the pros and cons would need not only the brain of an expert, but also the instinct or the inspiration of a divine. Having neither one nor the other, I can only sum up here a few impressions. They are, of course, vague and incomplete, but so is the information which we have at hand.

It would be useless to conjecture what might happen if Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece, or America joined in the conflict. Of course, the interference of the latter might, after some time, hasten the end of the war, though many well-informed critics hold that America's sympathetic neutrality might be more useful to the Allies than her active co-operation.

Considering what is happening on the western front, where the Germans, in spite of local reverses, hold practically their own, and on the eastern front, where they are able to push back the Russian "steam-roller"—how strange the expression sounds in the light of present events!—I cannot help remembering what an officer of the Belgian General Staff told me last winter at Furnes. "The Germans are too well prepared. We will not be able to crush them this time. Believe me, this is only the first of a series of wars." In fact, my informant thought that the best we could wish for at present was some compromise entailing, for instance, the *statu quo ante bellum*—evacuation of Belgium and Galicia—leaving Germany and the Kaiser exactly where they were before and the German people in the same frame of mind. This would mean, of course, a renewal of hostilities as soon as the belligerents should recover from their exhaustion.

Without taking quite so gloomy a view of the situation, I must confess that unless this country throws herself heart and soul into the conflict, and organises all her forces towards this unique goal—the crushing of Germany—there is a very serious danger of seeing the German front in the west approximately in the same situation next winter as it is now, while in the east the Russians are still held in check.

Emile Cammaerts.

Some change might, of course, be brought about either by the fall of Constantinople or by the progress of the Italian armies in Austrian territory. But even admitting a prompt success in these quarters, which is not likely, the position of Germany within her own frontiers would still be tremendously strong. And unless German territory is actually invaded, the German people will not compel their Government to change its present attitude. To sum up, I am under the impression that, unless Britain brings forth all her reserves of men and munitions, the present fighting might go on for years; or, worse still, end in some patched-up peace which would leave Germany as strong as ever. On the other hand, if Great Britain is determined to see this matter through at any cost—as I trust she is—the Allies ought to be able to bring the war to a satisfactory conclusion within a year.

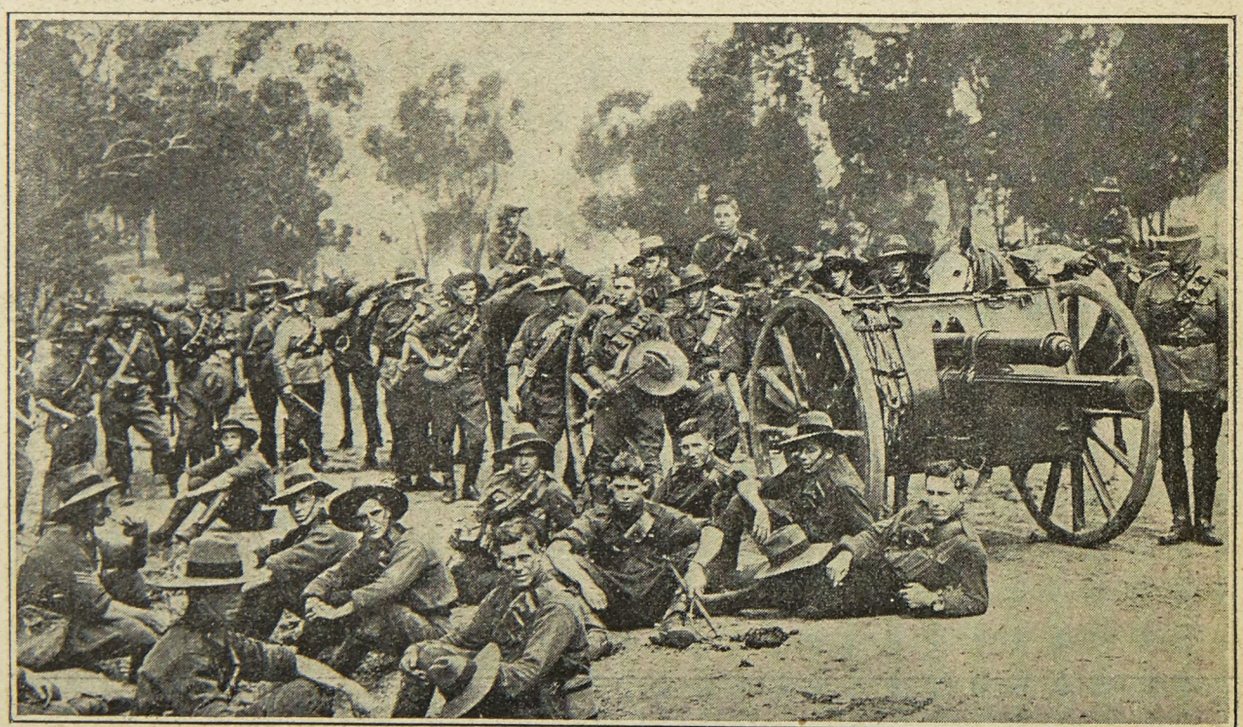
EMILE CAMMAERTS.

British Capture Chateau at Bayonet's Point

By a brilliantly-executed bayonet charge the British troops in Belgium recently captured the Chateau d'Hooge, three miles east of Ypres, and near Zonnebeke. This beautifully picturesque old edifice, which had been captured and recaptured several times before, had become the headquarters of some German officers, who spent their time in carousals behind its historic walls. Then the British advanced to a surprise attack. But the Germans had machine-guns posted at the windows, and these opened fire. Charging the chateau under this hot rifle and machine-gun fire, the British carried the position at the bayonet's point.

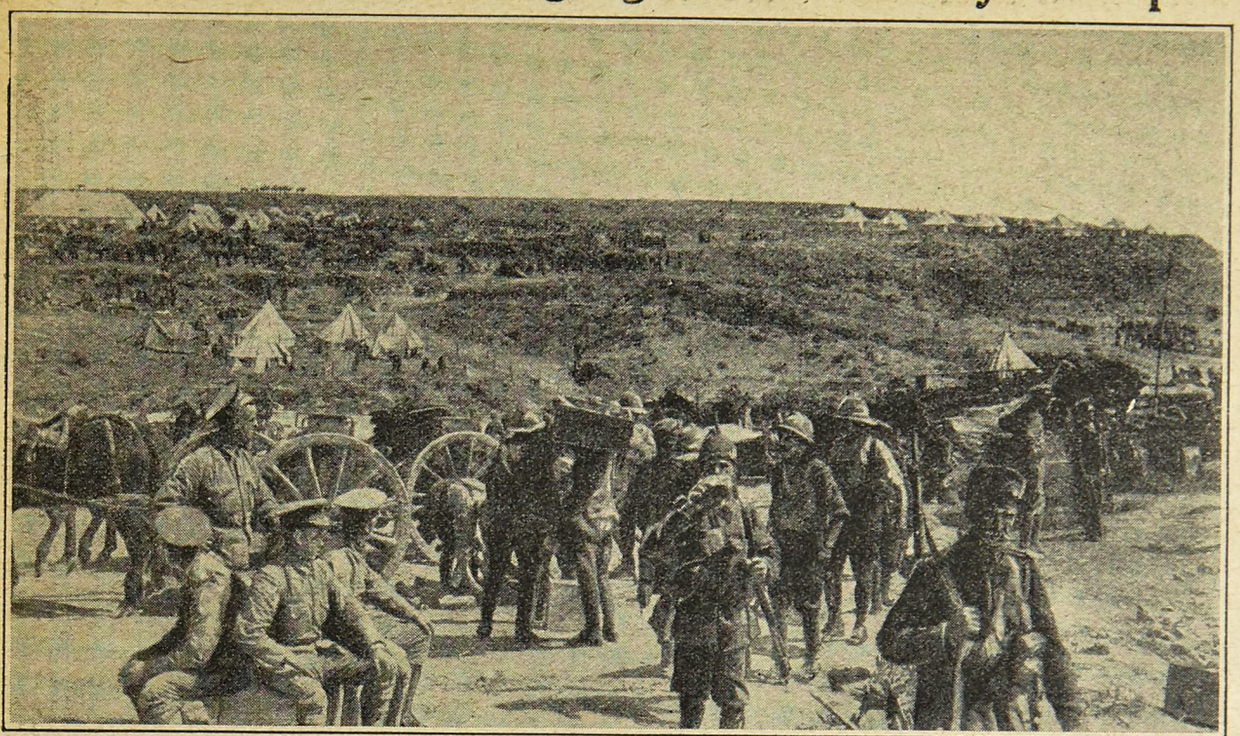
The Australians' Great Work in the Dardanelles:

The first gun to be landed by the Allies in Gallipoli. Men of the Australian Contingent pulling together with a will over the rough ground of the sultry Peninsula. The undulating nature of the ground of Gallipoli makes the transport of guns a matter of immense difficulty, especially when Turk and Hun are continually sniping from concealed positions.

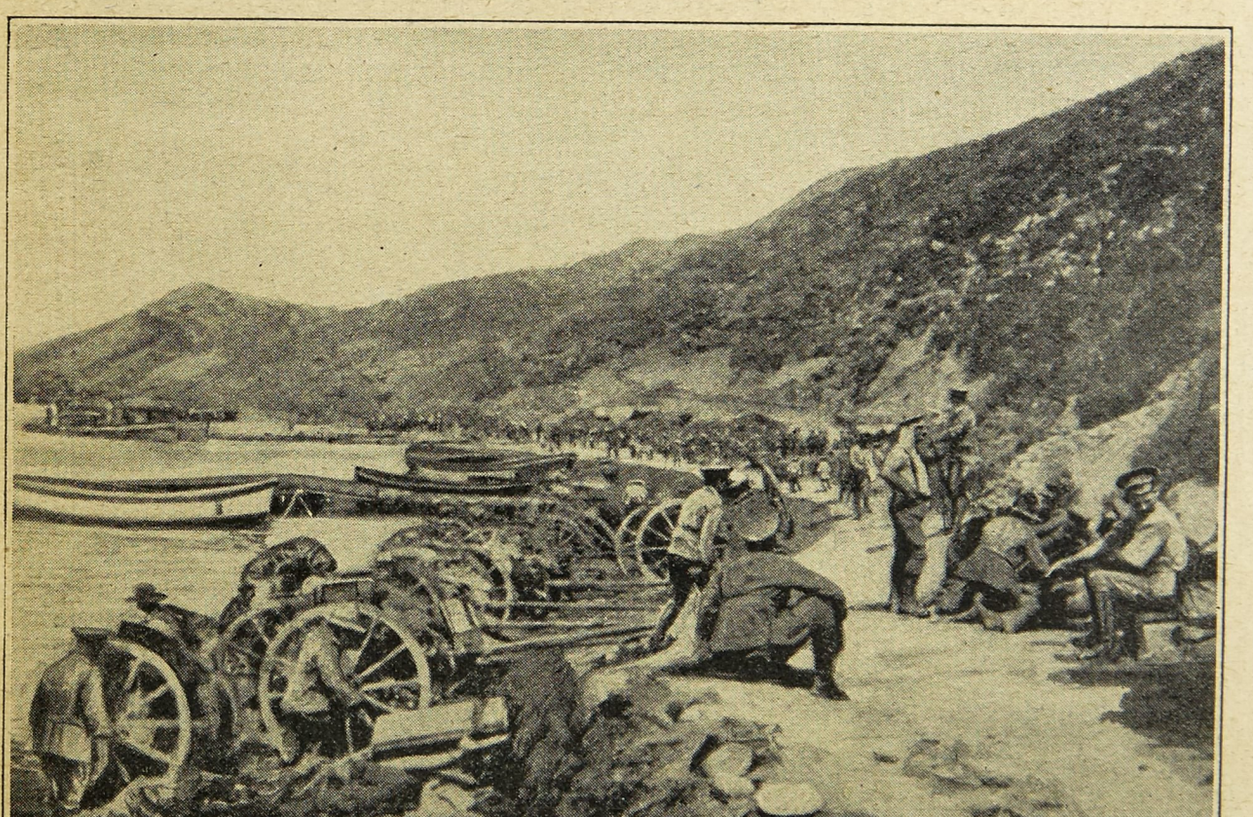


Some of the men from "down under" who are coming out on top at the Dardanelles. Members of the Australian Light Horse, whose work for the Empire in the Levant has been as invaluable as it has been courageous.

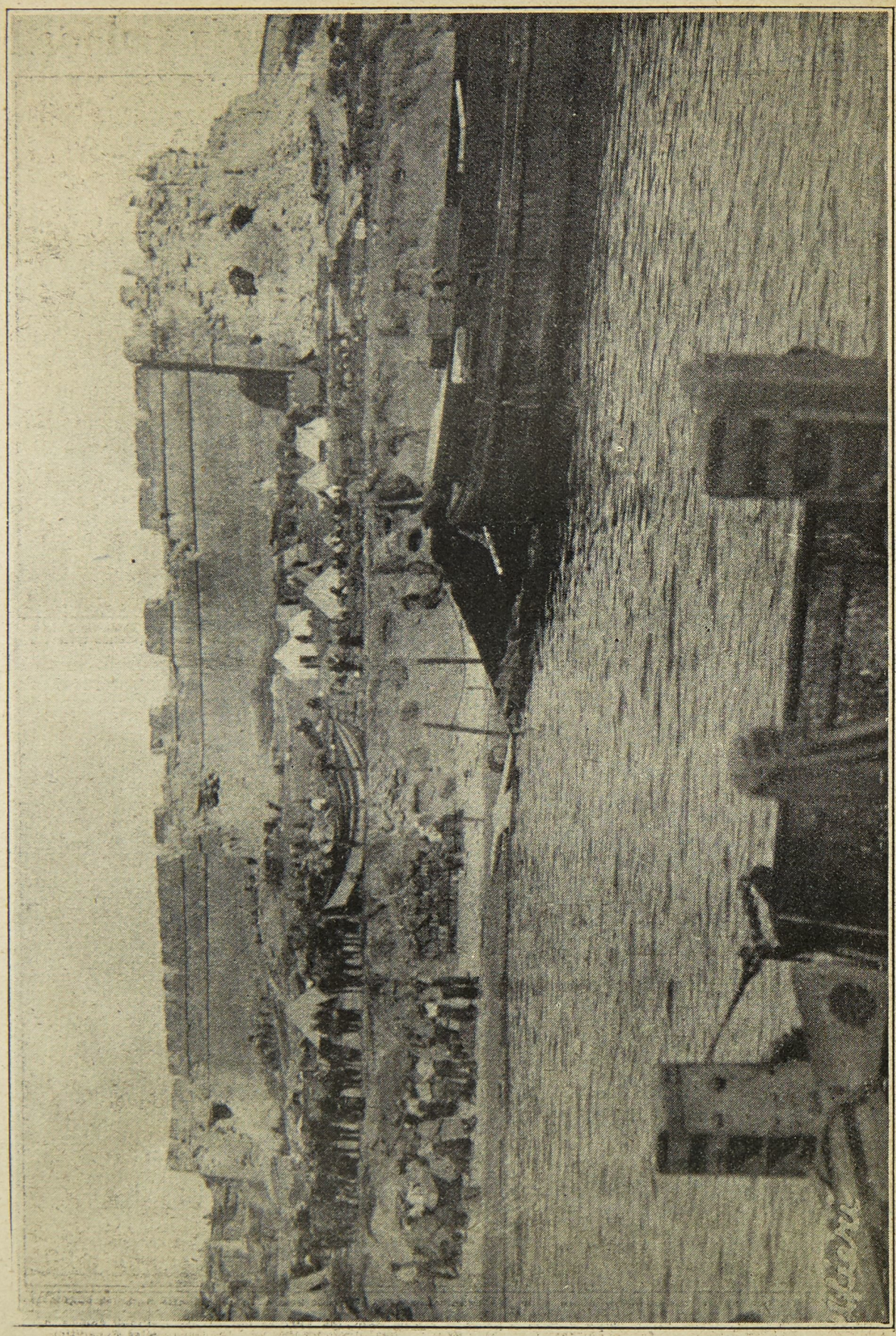
How the War is Waging in Far-away Gallipoli



This spot on the shores of the Gallipoli Peninsula will be historic, for it was here that the Australians made their first dash ashore, in face of fierce Turkish machine-gun and rifle fire. Our photograph is of the Australians' camp, pitched after the Turks had been driven back, to which stores are being carried.

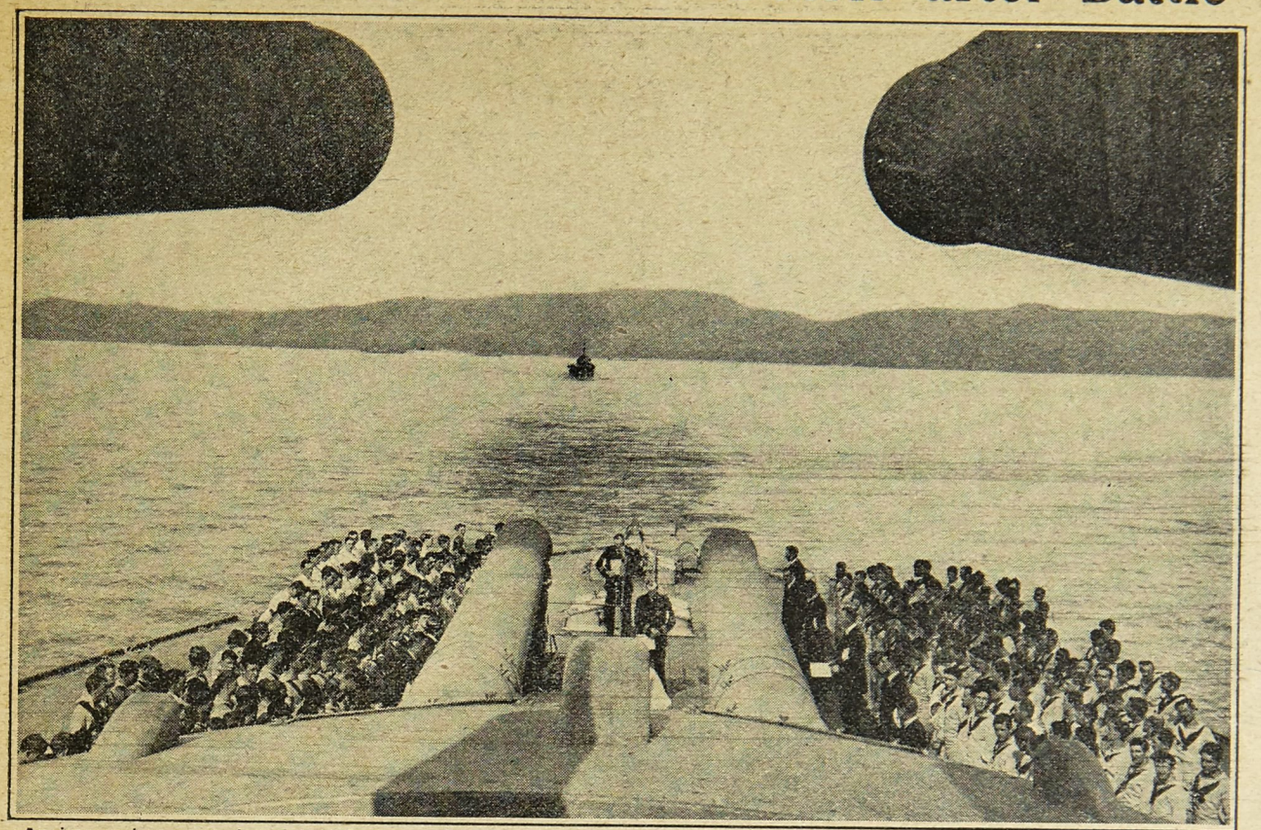


Tending wounded Australians on the Gallipoli shore after the conclusion of the initial battle, in which our Colonial brothers displayed such magnificent bravery, landing in the face of heavy Turkish fire, and then attacking the unseen enemy, who were firmly entrenched among the steep cliffs and thick undergrowth overlooking the shore.



A FALLEN TURKISH STRONGHOLD.—Picturesque view of the ruins of the Seddul Bahr fort, with the town to the left. It was on the foreshore before this fort that the British troops landed in May and, after strenuous fighting, captured the fort that stands before the Turkish town. Seddul Bahr is at the Ægean extremity of the Dardanelles Strait, on the European side. The other great enemy stronghold, facing Seddul Bahr, and situated on the Asiatic shore, is Kum Kale. Seddul Bahr formed one of the most important Turkish strongholds guarding the Dardanelles Strait and the shores of the Peninsula of Gallipoli, that fateful land, in point of size, insignificant strip of land that is the only barrier to the heart of Islam.

Service before Action · Debris after Battle



An impressive scene aboard H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth in the Dardanelles Straits. In the shadow of the muzzles of her 15 in. guns, that can send shells weighing about a ton each a distance of ten miles, a religious service is in progress. In the distance is seen the heights on the Gallipoli Peninsula, where our gallant troops are fighting the Empire's battles against the Turks.

French soldiers sorting out the kits of fallen comrades in their camp at Seddul Bahr, the Turkish fort on the Gallipoli shores that was captured by the allied troops. These photographs were taken by the official photographer with the Dardanelles Expedition.

Cool Work for King Victor's Fervent Defenders:

The difficulties of the campaign of our new ally are manifold by reason of the rugged, mountainous country of the Isonzo. Such obstacles, however, only tend to increase the enthusiasm of the Italians. This photograph shows cavalry crossing a river on inflated bags.

While the Allies in Northern France are fighting in midsummer heat, Italian soldiers are forcing the passes, leading into Austria, knee-deep in Alpine snow. This photograph shows the corps of our new ally, which is equivalent to the daring Alpine Chasseurs of France.

Obstacles an Incentive to Enthusiastic Action

Italian cavalry crossing a river during our Ally's advance for the possession of Tolmino, one of the most important and heavily-fortified towns of the first line of Austrian defence. All reports from the Italian front tell of the splendid spirit of King Victor's troops. Apart from this, it has become increasingly evident that Austria has under-estimated the might of Italy's forces, and made but slight preparations for the entry of our new Ally into the war.

Italian Marines scaling a wall with machine-guns. The Italian troops have made steady progress in the offensive action they have developed among the rugged ground of the left bank of the River Isonzo, Austria's natural barrier against the Italian advance. In districts on the Lower Isonzo they have established a valuable superiority, and have weakened the Austrian position guarding Trieste.

Bird's-eye View of the Area of Italo-Austrian H

A COMPREHENSIVE bird's-eye view of the region of Italo-Austrian hostilities. From a glance at this diagrammatic drawing, the land difficulties with which our Ally of the south has to contend will be obvious, though Italy's maritime supremacy has so far rendered the Austrian Fleet as impotent as our Navy has that of Germany. The fortifications on both the Italian and Austrian frontiers are exceptionally strong, by reason of their strategic positions among the mountains. The credit, however, of a vigorous and successful offensive rests with the Italians. Before Venice, which with Ancona is the nearest naval base to the

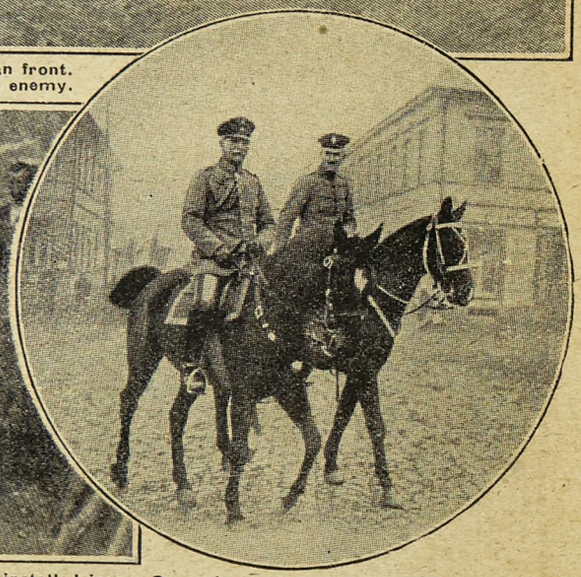
ostilities and Panorama of Opposing Naval Forces

enemy, are seen the hostile fleets. Italy possesses six Dreadnoughts to Austria's four, eleven pre-Dreadnoughts as against the enemy's ten. Seven armoured cruisers, three light cruisers, ten small cruisers, and forty-six destroyers, as compared with ten Austrian cruisers of various types, and thirteen destroyers. Italy again possesses a majority of twenty-three torpedo boats. Of submarines and submersibles our new Ally has a margin of twenty-five. She has also four super-Dreadnoughts on the stocks. With such superiority and the enthusiasm of freshness there can be little doubt that Italy will realise her ideals.

German Armies of Invasion from Within

Horses recaptured by the Germans from the Russians on the East Prussian front. Our allies in retreating were compelled to abandon this prize to the enemy.

A rest day with the Huns after the Battle of Combres Height. Safely installed in a wood of Lorraine, they are amusing themselves with a German form of the game of bowls.

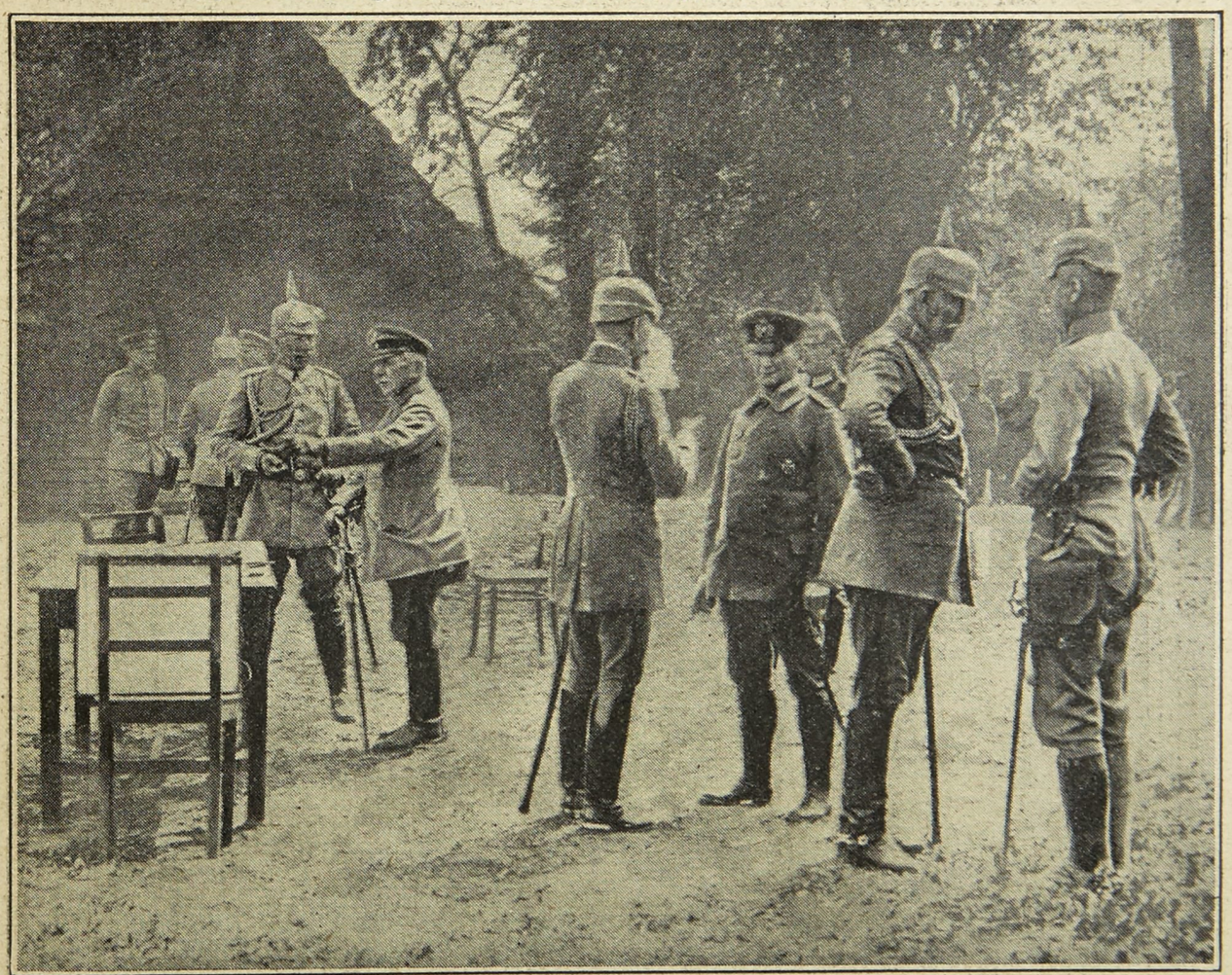


General von Mackensen, on the left, who shares with Hindenburg the honours of leadership on the eastern front.

Alarm! The information that a strong Russian force has been sighted puts the Germans on the qui vive. This animated photograph shows enemy cavalry about to move forward on the Russians.

William the Poisoner and Some Super-Huns

German officers eating and drinking in the yard of a farm in Russian Poland. Appropriately enough, near by a sow and a litter of pigs are also feeding, thus completing a scene that might well bear the title "Pigs in clover!"

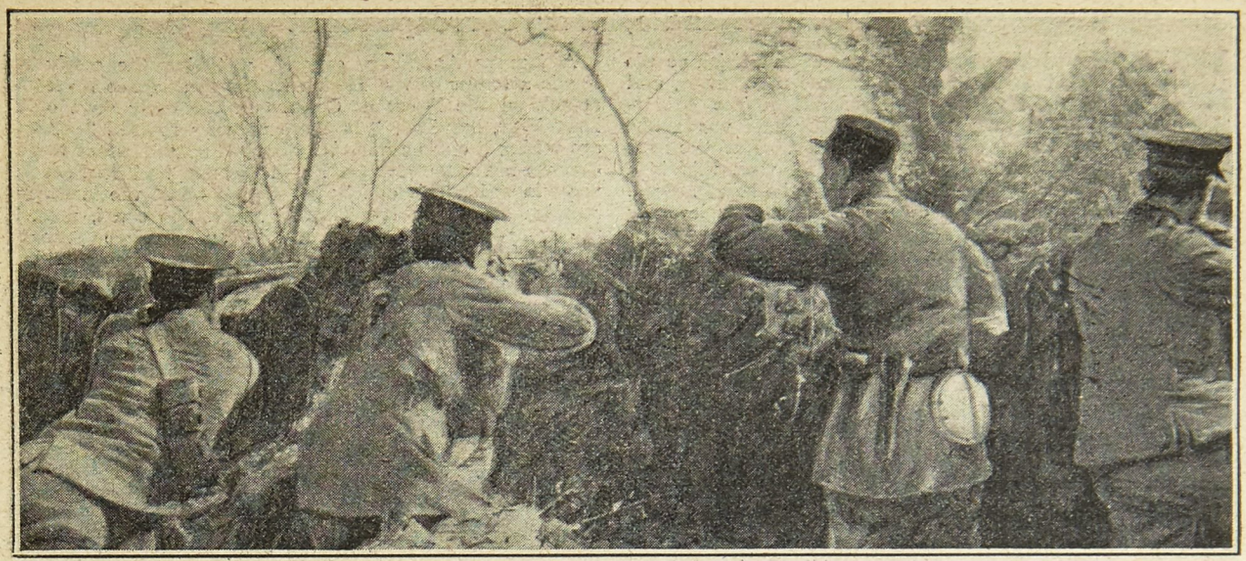


The most recent photograph of the All-highest Hun-Lord, who is seen standing just behind the table, in conversation with General von Emmich, during a visit he paid to the German headquarters in France. William the Poisoner has altered greatly in appearance since the war. His face is lined and rugged, and his hair and moustache are now quite white.

New Rampart of France in the Making: Constructing a Reserve Trench

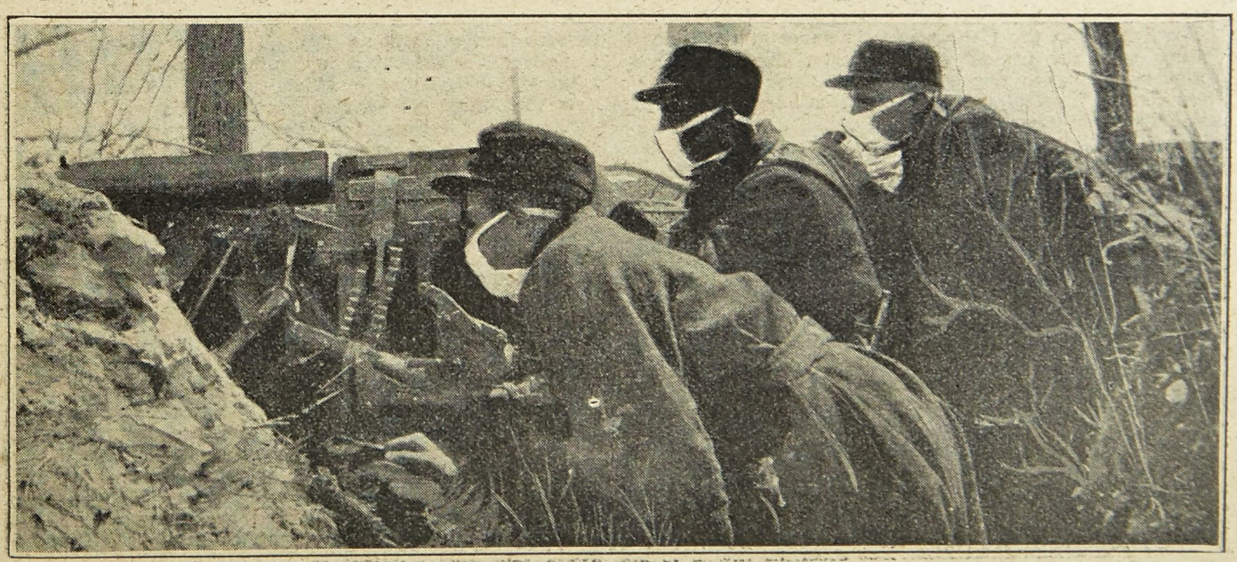
WORKING TOGETHER WITH A WILL.—French engineers behind the firing-lines, somewhere on the French front, digging a new trench across country that it may be found necessary to defend against the Germans. In case a strategical retreat may suddenly be considered imperative, lines of reserve trenches are always kept in readiness behind an army's firing-lines. With so many sappers working together side by side, it is possible for a deep trench covering a large area to be dug and also firmly strengthened with wooden barricades, sand-bag defences, and barbed-wire entanglements in a comparatively short time. Some of the Frenchmen, it will be noticed, are wearing the light summer uniforms that have been served out to our ally's soldiers. This photograph (which is exclusive to "The War Illustrated") was taken a few weeks ago by a French officer.

Where the British and Belgian Lines Meet



Where the British and Belgian lines meet in Flanders. Allied infantrymen fighting side by side in the trenches, while, to the right of the photograph, a Belgian officer is on the "look-out," and directing the fire of his own men.

Two Belgian Red Cross doctors, having crawled out of their trench under fire to succour a wounded soldier, are attending to him while lying down to safeguard themselves. After administering first-aid, they fastened a rope round him and pulled him under cover.



Belgians working a machine-gun and wearing respirators in the trenches to protect themselves from German poison gas. The photographs on this page were all taken in the first-line trenches of Flanders and under fire.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, War Correspondent

WE have reached a stage in the war when British people are called upon to show resolution, courage, and fortitude. The growing strictness of the censorship prevents me from discussing as fully as I would like some of the events of the past few days. But the man who does not realise without being told that this is a critical hour in the fate of the world must be blind indeed.

I would not be doing my duty if I did not declare my conviction that there is a very real danger at the present time from the adoption of a policy of excessive secrecy. We are all agreed that it is the duty of the State to suppress information likely to be of service to the enemy, and that it is the duty of every loyal citizen to co-operate with it. The danger is lest officials should use their powers needlessly to prevent open discussion of events, known and talked about at every street corner and every dinner-table, but unpermitted to be mentioned in print. Official censorship could be used to prevent publicity for official mistakes. Bureaucrats love to wrap their affairs in an air of profound mystery. Mystery, concealment, and suppression are evils. Sometimes they are necessary evils. But their effect is bad.

The Mistaken Policy of Concealment

Let me suggest a problematical case. Supposing German aircraft succeeded in inflicting serious damage on any place on the East Coast and the authorities attempted to suppress publicity about it. They could of course, forbid the newspapers referring to the matter. But they could not keep the news secret, without drawing a cordon around the place and preventing even letters going out of it. Every survivor in the town would write to friends elsewhere telling what had happened. Every visitor would spread the tidings. A wave of rumour would pass over the country, much more dangerous than any record of the real facts. The totals of the casualties and the damage wrought would be enormously exaggerated. If, in addition to suppression, the authorities published inaccurate news, they would destroy public confidence in all official reports. "How can we believe what we were told about the fighting around Ypres when we all know that the official account of the attack on Seascape is quite misleading?" the man in the street would ask. No course could be more directly calculated to stir up widespread panic than this, and it is to be hoped that the men at the head of affairs will have the courage to suppress any tendency to it—should such tendency appear—among their subordinates.

The Problem of the Dardanelles

The fighting in the Dardanelles continues at the time of writing with the utmost severity. Mr. Churchill's dangerous phrase about our being only "a few miles" from great victory is calculated to give a false impression of the real facts. We have before us one of the most formidable military problems possible, an attempt to force a strong precipitous front, well armed, and open in the rear to its own supports, thus being able to receive almost unlimited quantities of men and munitions. The Turkish infantry are brave and the Turkish emplacements are as good as German skill can make them. "A few miles!" I count myself among Mr. Churchill's most ardent admirers, but in this case I can only marvel at his buoyant optimism.

Our chief hope is that we may be able to storm successfully the Turkish positions. This must be a costly and desperate venture. Our men—British, Australian and French alike—have shown courage of the most superb kind. Sir Ian Hamilton's praise of the devoted gallantry, courage, and endurance of his forces is more than deserved. It is not enough to say that they are doing all that is possible; they are doing things that a year ago would have seemed impossible. News may come even before the publication of this article of the successful seizure of the great central point of the defences, revolutionising the whole situation. But much as this is to be desired, we can hardly reckon on it.

A famous American general, watching the costly and heroic attempt of the British troops to advance by frontal attack on the Boers at Colenso in the early days of the Boer War, inquired, "Is there no way round?" People are asking the same question about the Dardanelles to-day. Can we not take the position in the rear? There are two ways in which this can be attempted—first the landing of Russian troops on the Turkish Black Sea coast, next by the co-operation of Bulgaria and an advance over the Maritza. The Turks believe that they are protected from the first by their submarines. The second possibility would of course largely adjust the matter in our favour. Meanwhile, we have to rest content with the knowledge that everything which supreme courage, experienced generalship, and unequalled devotion can accomplish is being done. It is too late—or too early—to talk about the responsibility for the Dardanelles Expedition. We are there, and have to make the best of a hard and exacting task.

The Failure of the Russians

The Russian failure in Galicia was due to shortage of ammunition and inferiority in heavy artillery. Learned critics tell me that Russia did not fail, but merely drew back her forces. I am a plain man, and believe in facing facts as they are. Two months ago we all hoped that Russia would sweep over the Carpathians into the great Hungarian plain, and advance on Budapest. Such an advance, which seemed well in sight, would have altered the entire situation. To-day Russia has been driven back from the Carpathian passes, has lost Przemysl, and is fighting stubbornly for her line on the San River. To deny that this is a substantial victory for the Austro-German forces is merely to make oneself ridiculous.

It is most important to remember, however, that while the Russians have been driven back their line has not been pierced and their armies are intact. The aim of the Austro-Germans is to drive them back from their present strong position on to narrower and more difficult lines to the north-east where, hampered by vast stretches of marshy land, they can be held by comparatively small forces, thus enabling the Germans to transfer their large portions of their present eastern armies to the south-east and against the Franco-British lines. Past experience encourages us in the belief that the Russians will recover rapidly and be in a position to make a vigorous counter-offensive.

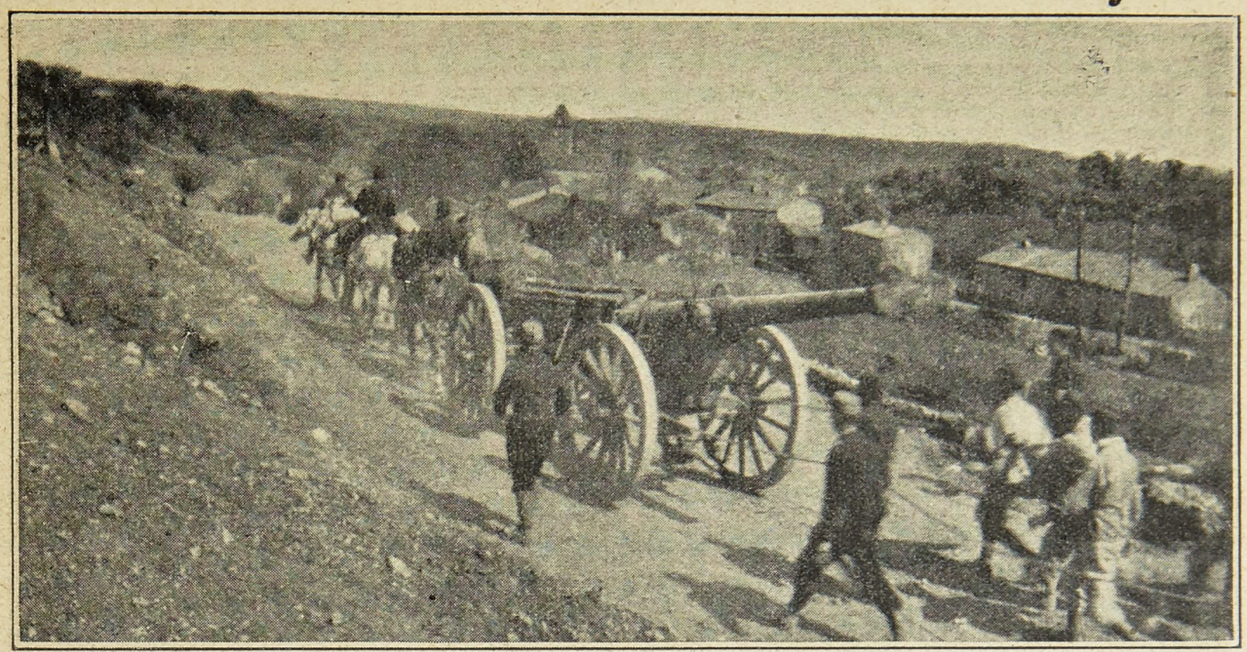
What are we Doing in Flanders?

The position on the British western front continues apparently unchanged. The Allies and the Germans face one another and are engaged in a more or less continuous heavy artillery fire. There are occasional advances and occasional retirements, but nothing materially altering the positions on either side. The Germans every now and then concentrate their fire on one particular portion of our line and, by use of such weapons as poisonous gas, attempt an advance. They succeeded at Langemarck at great cost to themselves, but they have had very little success since.

The fighting is costly in men for both sides and it makes a very heavy demand on the powers of endurance of all the troops. Some of our men have been as many as seventeen days continuously in the trenches. The artillery on either side causes a very wide range of destruction, a wider range than is realised at home.

We are justified in anticipating that during these weeks of apparent rest we are enormously strengthening our artillery, our munitions, and our armies along that front. The French are succeeding at different points in making appreciable progress, and their advance from Arras is being maintained with amazing success. The Italian campaign, satisfactory as it is, has not up to now reached a stage where any really vital results have been obtained. The Italians are pushing on and are doing well. Their artillery is proving as excellent as Italians claimed it would be. But the real issues of the Italian campaign have not yet been reached.

Rumble of the Great Gun · Flash of the Bayonet



Martial traffic on the broad highway. Heavy French cannon of 155 mm., having crested the hill overlooking a picturesque French village, the gunners tail out behind with ropes to keep the weapon steady while it descends to the other side to take up its position on the battle-front.

"A la baionnette," the great moment in battle which is joy to the French soldier. Striking snapshot of some of our allies leaving a trench to charge the enemy's position, which has been heavily shelled.

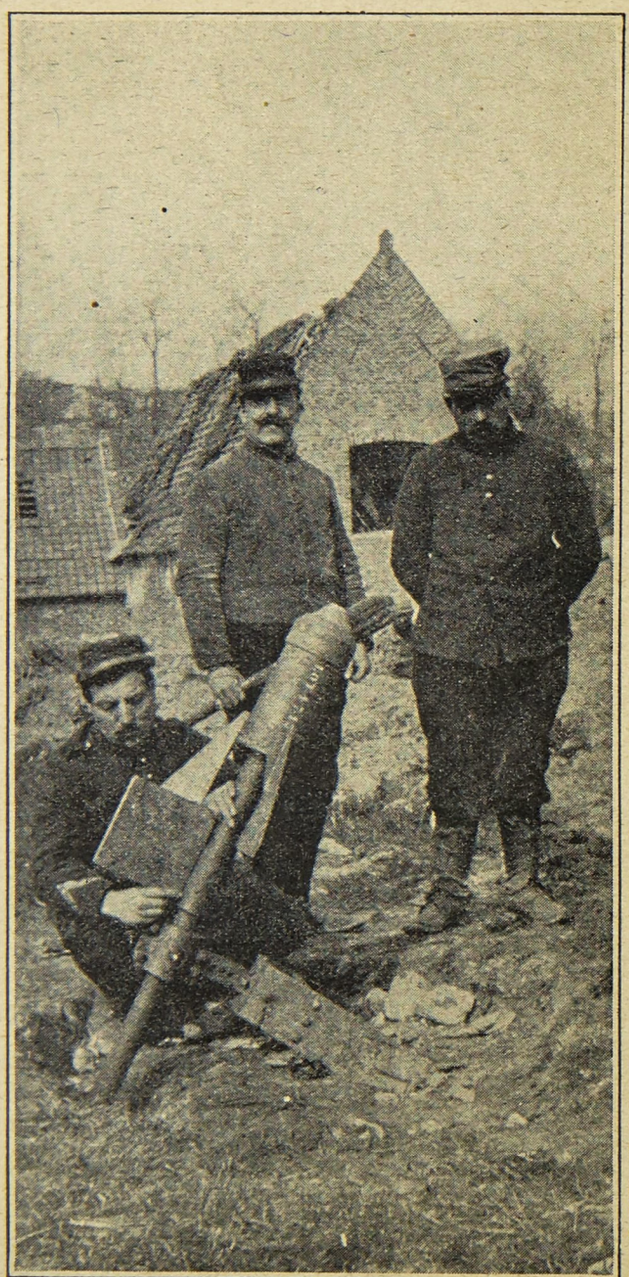
THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

IF the Zeppelin were a really vital weapon of war, the losses which Germany is incurring in their use for raiding purposes would induce the question whether the game is worth the candle. Mere destruction, apart from what is of military value in helping to win a war, is worse than useless, for if the war is lost, it piles up the indemnity bill, and in any case is likely to stiffen the will of an enemy to win.

Starting from Belgium with the southerly wind and circling to Emden, or from Emden and Heligoland with the northerly wind and circling to Belgium, the Zeppelins have certainly done some naval scouting, and very likely a connection could be worked out between Zeppelin raids and subsequent submarine operations.

But these submarine operations, again, have been perfectly useless from the military point of view, and have, indeed, embroiled Germany with neutral nations, who will present her with a heavy bill of costs to put the matter at the lowest. The North Sea in this war, I have ventured to point out, is condemned to this sort of futility of action on the part of Germany owing to the odds against her, and I ventured to indicate that for naval excitement we must look to other spheres—such as the Baltic, the Adriatic, and the Dardanelles.



French soldiers fixing an aerial torpedo to be fired against hostile aircraft. Note the wings, which assist in the projectile's flight.

The Remarkable Feats of E11

I expressed the view that we might witness a naval battle in the Baltic now that the summer has come. We have had nothing of the kind yet, but the Russians have lost a mining vessel, and the Germans are alleged to have lost three ships. As the type is not described, a guess might be hazarded that they were transports with troops sent by sea, which fell victims to Russian mines and submarines. As for the Dardanelles, the air is full of rumours, but nothing official has been given to the world.

Still, we have a remarkable little lesson for the future in E11's feat in the Sea of Marmora, taken in conjunction with similar exploits of submarines in that sea. It shows the supremacy which submarines establish when not countered by fast armed craft. She visited the Golden Horn and sank a transport, and then took a look at the Bosphorus. Next she sank a transport conveying guns and munitions to the Dardanelles. Then she appeared at Rodisto and torpedoed another transport at the quay.

Operations of this character produce complete demoralisation of the sea communications of the Turkish Gallipoli forces, and the land communications are not worth much. If sustained, such interference is bound to have a reflex action in disorganising the Gallipoli forces, for not even wounded can be sent away, and the effects are very bad indeed on the morale of the troops.

The Bombardment of Monfalcone

Monfalcone has been bombarded for the third time by small Italian ships which can operate on the shallow coast. The port lies a few miles east of Isonzo River, at the junction of the railway along which the right wing of the Italians is advancing and the south-easterly railway along the coast to Trieste.

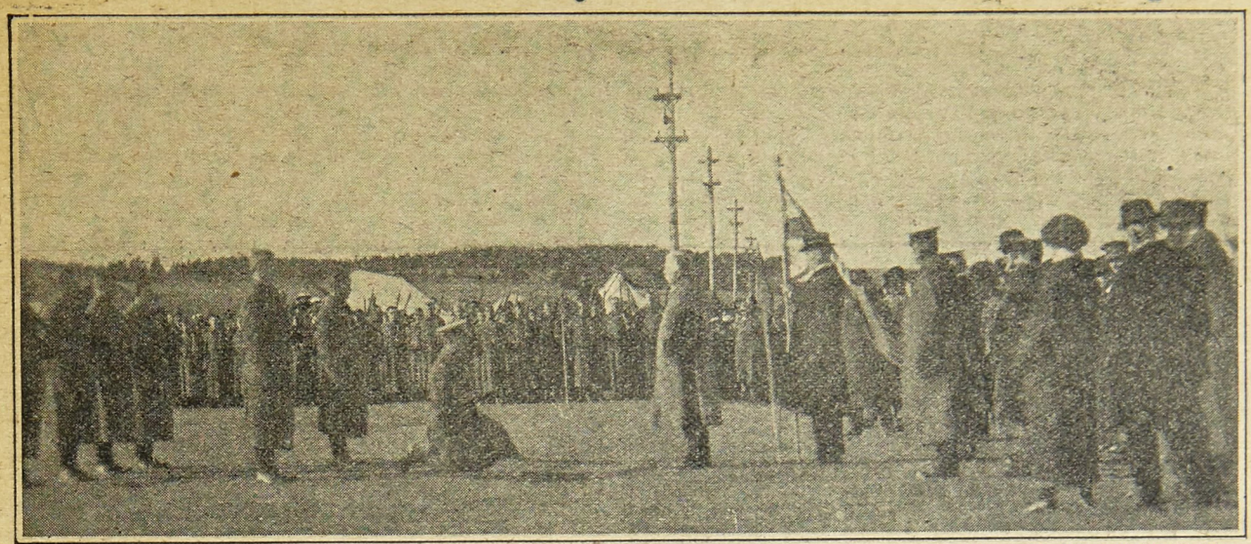
The bombardment is therefore for the purpose of assisting the right flank of the Italian army. Where it is now operating the coast is low, with sandbanks and shallow water along it. But beyond Monfalcone from Duino, along all the south-eastern stretch, with the line of railway close to the coast, there is thirty to thirty-six feet of water within two hundred yards from the lofty shore.

Austria's Ten Submarines

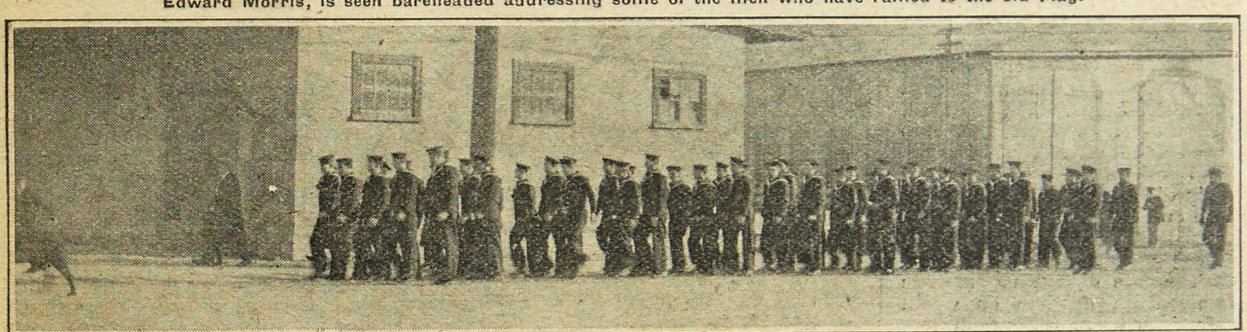
This stretch of coast to Trieste is for nine miles, and affords opportunities of co-operation to a navy so long as it can effectually guard against the ten Austrian submarines. It is by no means certain that some of these ten—if ten are still left—are not in the Eastern Mediterranean, and are being described as "German" for tactical purposes.

The Italians, who are sure to be themselves well served by spies, have completed the work begun last September by the Allies of destroying Austria's wireless and telegraphic communications with her islands, as this is an essential preliminary to secret amphibious operations. They have also attacked Pola once again with bombs from a dirigible, and claim to have been successful, but probably the essence of the operation was scouting.

Britain's Oldest Colony to the Aid of the Empire



Presentation of colours to one of the regiments raised by Britain's oldest colony. The Prime Minister of Newfoundland, Sir Edward Morris, is seen bareheaded addressing some of the men who have rallied to the old Flag.



Newfoundland Naval Reserves parading to church before sailing for England on the s.s. Mongolian. Not last, nor least in proportion to her power, has "Britain's Oldest Colony" given of her manhood to the Empire in the great struggle for the freedom of the nations. Newfoundland may well be proud of the share she is taking with the Motherland to-day.

On their way to embark for the battlefields of the Continent via the Motherland. Soldiers of Newfoundland leaving camp to play their part in the Empire war against the enemies of the world.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

WHEN young Lieutenant Warneford brought down that Zeppelin in Flanders the other day he proved the case of those who have held in the past that the small, fast-climbing aeroplane is the proper weapon against airships, just as the submarine to-day is—and the torpedo boat in the past was—the proper weapon against sea-going warships. Curiously enough, only a few days later an Austrian seaplane proved the same case again at the expense of an Italian airship, though somehow, if the reports are true, the Italian vessel was not set on fire.

The reason for this was, most likely, that the Italian ships are of the single gasbag type, and the bomb may simply have gone straight through it without bursting, and have left a couple of big holes through which the gas escaped so fast that the vessel was unable to get home.

The Danger of Anti-Aircraft Guns

Something rather similar must have happened a couple of weeks ago when Squadron-Commander Bigsworth, R.N., planted several bombs into another Zeppelin near Dunkirk, one or more of which apparently burst in one of the rear compartments without setting light to anything; as the ship was divided into separate compartments, she managed to remain afloat, and seems to have got home safely.

The rumour which escaped from the Zeppelin factory at Friedrichshafen, via Switzerland, to the effect that this ship eventually sank in the North Sea was probably untrue; and if any ship did go down at sea it was the one brought down by one of our submarines, as stated in these notes some weeks ago.

The fate of the unfortunate convent in Belgium on which Mr. Warneford's Zeppelin fell, and also the death of a girl at Southend who was killed by a fragment of one of our own anti-aircraft shells, show why it is unwise to attack Zeppelins either with bombs or anti-aircraft guns so long as they are over a big town. This may be some consolation to the chronic moaners who always want to know just why certain Zeppelins which visited a certain Metropolitan district and the East Coast generally were not brought down at once. All the bombs dropped by the Zeppelins did far less damage than our own shells would have done, and still less than a blazing airship and its load of explosives would have done.

Flight Sub-Lieut. R. A. J. Warneford, V.C., the young naval airman who wrecked the Zeppelin with such pluck and daring, between Bruges and Ghent, last week.

Unfortunately, when once an airship gets away from a town, where if seen from above it may show up against the glow of lights below, and out over the open country on a dark night, it is almost impossible to find it again. Even in broad daylight it is, for some curious optical reason, very much harder to get a sight of an aircraft from another aircraft already in the air than it would be to "pick up" the same aircraft when standing on the ground, and at night it is almost impossible. Therefore, just as our Army in France is protecting our shores more effectively than if it were sitting on "the white cliffs of Albion," so the detachment of the Royal Naval Air Service at Dunkirk is protecting London more effectively than if it were using Hyde Park as an aerodrome. It has the much more useful job of either cutting off our nocturnal invaders on their return, as Commander Bigsworth and Mr. Warneford did, or of destroying the beasts in their lairs, as Flight-Commander Marix, D.S.O., "did in" the Zeppelin at Düsseldorf many months ago, and as several smaller airships in their sheds have been destroyed since, notably by Squadron-Commander Davies, R.N., by Lieutenant Hawker, Royal Flying Corps, and the other day by Flight-Lieutenants Mills and Wilson, R.N., not to mention the uncertain amount of damage done to the Zeppelin factory at Friedrichshafen by Squadron-Commander Briggs, R.N., Flight-Commander Babington (now a squadron-commander), and Flight-Lieutenant Sippe, for which these officers got the D.S.O. and the French "Legion of Honour" as well.

As a matter of fact, these raids on Zeppelin lairs are actually of greater value, so far as permanent effect is concerned, than the mere bringing down of airships when out in the open. Also, they are more dangerous. Nevertheless, public attention seems to be caught more by bringing down a machine which is in the air, presumably because a flying shot is supposed to be more the sporting thing than a sitting shot.

Still, when a flying-officer attacks an airship shed he has to run the gauntlet of numerous anti-aircraft guns specially fixed to protect that shed, and if he is successful he destroys not only the airship but the shed, all the stores therein, and probably a number of the men belonging to the land crew who handle the ship on the ground.

If, on the other hand, he goes for the ship in the air and successfully "spike-bozzles" her—"spike-bozzle" is the latest Naval Air Service vernacular for complete demolition—he has destroyed the ship and her crew of aeronauts, but the shed still remains ready for the reception of a new ship. Also, in attacking the ship, he is only likely to be hit by machine-guns from the ship, so long as he is below her or about level with her, and if he is wise he will keep out of range till he is well above her. Once there he is safe, because the huge bulk of the gas-holder prevents the crews in the car below from firing up at him, and those who have seen the latest Zeppelins tell me that there are no gun-platforms on top, as the Germans said there were. Thus the aviator above a Zeppelin is as safe as the submerged submarine attacking a battleship.

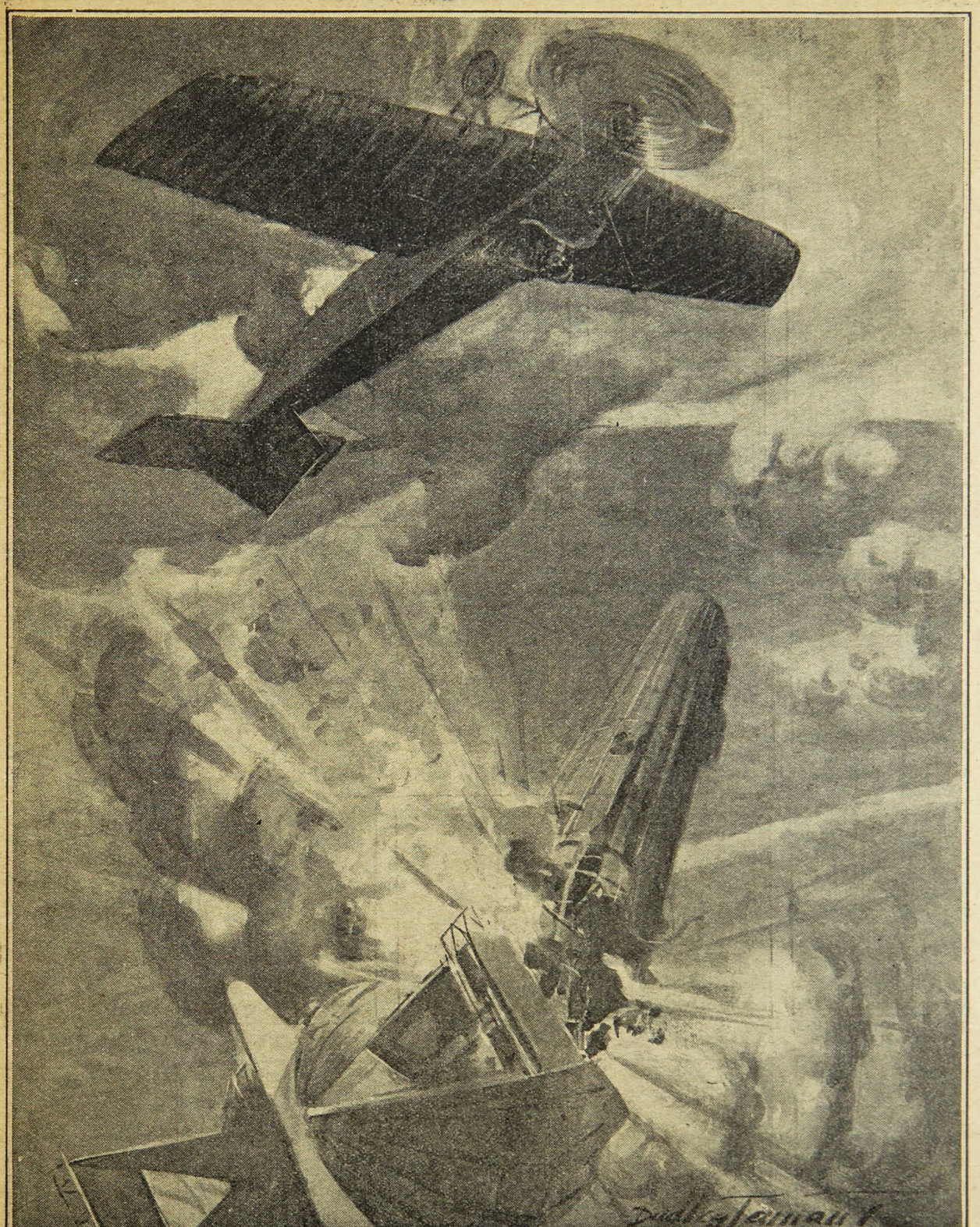
The Safety of the Somersault

His real danger comes in if he gets so close in the endeavour to make certain of his aim, that he gets blown over by the explosion, as Mr. Warneford did; but any decent modern aeroplane rights itself in a few hundred feet, so unless something breaks the pilot is fairly safe.

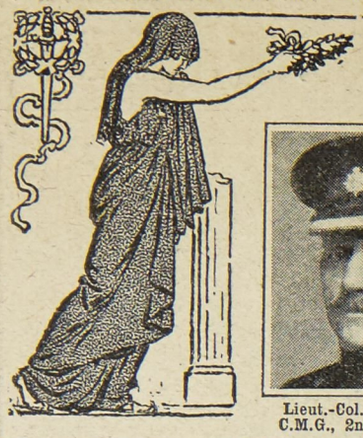
Altogether, the pro-aeroplane people can feel rather more pleased with themselves now that a couple more Zeppelins have been put out of action by the small craft. Incidentally, and this is important, the Dutch yarn about twenty-eight men killed and over twenty wounded in the Zeppelin sunk by Mr. Warneford is nonsense. A crew of twenty-four is more than enough to work any Zeppelin, and the Germans would not carry unnecessary men (say, 4,200 lb.) when they would want all that lift for bombs.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR.—In future this feature of "The War Illustrated" will appear in ***completed monthly instalments***, which will be found more convenient for ready reference.

The Great Aerial Exploit of Lieut. Warneford

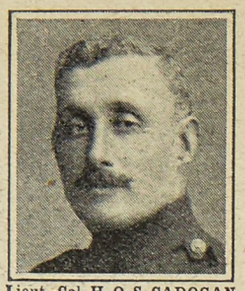


For skill and daring the magnificent exploit of Flight Sub-Lieut. Warneford, V.C., has rarely been equalled. While flying at a great height between Bruges and Ghent he encountered a Zeppelin. Quickly rising above it, he swooped down and launched bombs on the massive airship. A loud explosion followed, and the Zeppelin caught fire and fell to earth. The explosion caused the British machine to turn several somersaults, during which the petrol escaped from the rear tank and the pilot had to descend in the German lines. He managed to refill the empty tank, restart his engine, soar again into the air, and return safely to the British lines. Within thirty-six hours after his heroic deed the King had conferred the V.C. on the young aviator.

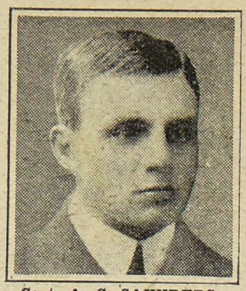


Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

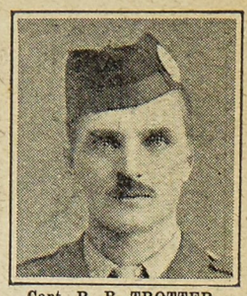
Lieut.-Col. L. I. WOOD, C.M.G., 2nd Border Regt.



Lieut.-Col. H. O. S. CADOGAN, O.C. 1st Royal Welsh Fus.



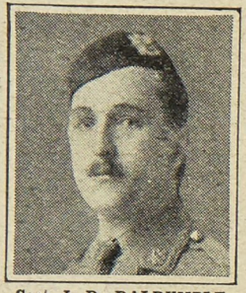
Capt. A. C. SAUNDERS, Duke of Cornwall's L.I.



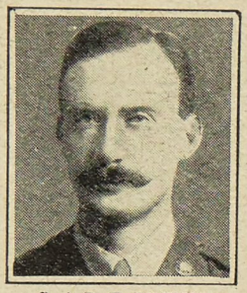
Capt. R. B. TROTTER, 1st Cameron Highlanders.

Capt. G. BELCHER, 3rd Roy. Berkshire Regt.

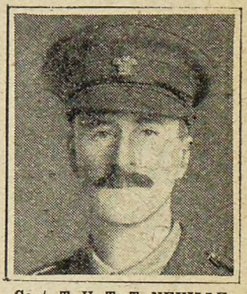
Capt. S. G. BATES, North Somerset Yeomanry.



Capt. I. D. DALRYMPLE, 2nd K.O. Scottish Borderers.



Capt. R. E. ENGLISH, N. Somerset Yeomanry.



Capt. T. V. T. T. NEVILLE, 3rd Dragoon Guards.

Capt. T. L. SHELFORD, Commanded H.M.S. Goliath.

Lieut.-Colonel Lewis Ironside Wood, C.M.G., 2nd Border Regiment, entered that regiment as a subaltern in 1887. From 1901-5 he was with the South African Constabulary, and from 1909-11 he served as commandant of the Mounted Infantry School in India. He saw service in the Chin-Lushai Expedition (1889-90), receiving the medal with clasps; and also with the Waziristan Expedition (1894-95). During the Boer War he was engaged in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, and received the Queen's Medal with four clasps.

Captain Arthur Courtenay Saunders, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, served with the King's African Rifles from 1909 to 1914; he held the medal and clasp for service in Somaliland. He was in command of a force of the King's African Rifles in action on the Upper Tsavo River in September last.

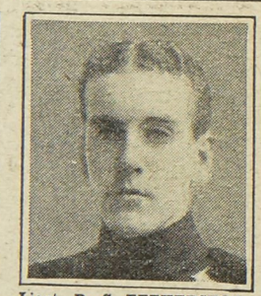
Captain Reginald Baird Trotter, 1st Cameron Highlanders, was the younger son of Major-General Sir H. Trotter, G.C.V.O. In 1900-1 he was on Special Service in South Africa, and also took part in various operations during the war. He was mentioned in despatches, and held the Queen's Medal with four clasps.

Sec.-Lieut. Robert James Noel Stuart, 2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers, was the only son of the late Horace Noel Stuart, of the Admiralty, and nephew of the Earl and Countess of Castlestewart.

Captain Thomas Lawrie Shelford, R.N., was in command of H.M.S. Goliath in the Dardanelles. He was appointed to take charge of Third Fleet ships in May, 1913.

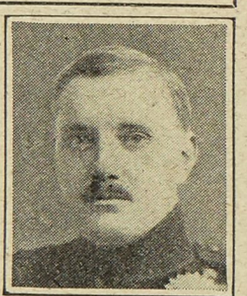
Capt. G. C. STEWART, 10th Royal Hussars.

Lieut. R. O. B. WAKEFIELD, 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers.

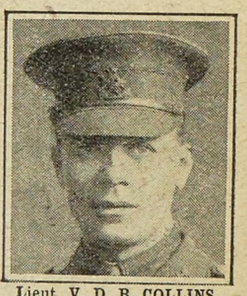


Lieut. R. C. FETHERSTON-HAUGH, 60th Rifles.

Lieut. J. A. C. INGLIS, 4th Highland Light Infantry.



Lieut. H. A. C. SIM, 2nd Scottish Rifles.

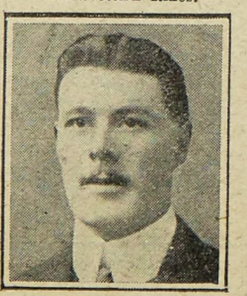


Lieut. V. D. B. COLLINS, 2nd Batt. 2nd Gurkhas.

Sec.-Lieut. R. J. N. STUART, 2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. A. H. HYAMS, 3rd Royal Fusiliers.

Lieut. J. D. BOOKLESS, 4th Cameron Highlanders.



Lieut. W. NOLAIS, Bedfordshire Regt.

Sec.-Lt. D. A. H. McDOUGALL, 1st Seaforth Highlanders.

Portraits by Lafayette, Chancellor, Swaine, Speaight, Lambert, Weston, Heath, Adams, Elliott & Fry, Bassano.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

Speaight

Sec.-Lieut. H.R.H. EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES and DUKE OF CORNWALL, K.G.

Aide-de-Camp to Sir John French. The Prince is twenty-one on June 23rd

The

Premier Picture-Record of the War

By the Editor

WE are now well on the way to the completion of the second volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. In eight more parts that stage in the history of our wonderful little publication will have been achieved. It is my intention in the concluding number of the second volume to publish a very important series of contributions from eminent specialists giving succinct, accurate, and valuable résumés of "The First Year of the War."

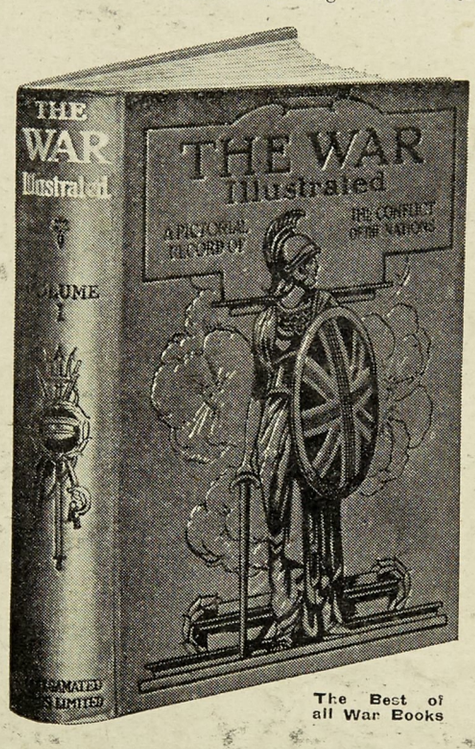
THE articles which I have been publishing in recent numbers on "How Long will the War Last?" will have a peculiar value in years to come as illustrating what were the opinions held by many men of public eminence when the war had lasted nearly a year. It is idle, of course, to speculate as to which of the various contributors may be nearest the mark, but it cannot be denied that at this time, when the question with which they have dealt is of the most vital interest to every inhabitant of these islands, their contributions are deeply interesting, and in some instances very helpful in reassuring the minds of the anxious.

ALTHOUGH we are so far advanced in the production of our second volume, there are still many subscribers who have not even yet had their first twenty-six parts bound for permanent preservation in the publishers' covers. These, I think, are making a great mistake, as such readers are running the risk of being unable eventually to complete their volumes. It is so simple a matter for an odd part to go amissing, and the publishers are nearing the end of their stock of back numbers.

I AM sure that not a little of the great success which has attended THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is due to the fact that it has been produced, not as a mere ephemeral budget of war pictures, jumbled together without editorial discretion, but as a carefully compiled part publication worthy of permanent preservation. The only cheap thing about it is its price. No part publication of any literary or artistic value has ever before been given to the reading public at twopence.

EVERY large number among the hundreds of thousands of purchasers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED are well content to buy it from week to week, and, after perusal, to send it away to friends abroad, or to let it lie about the house with no intention of preserving it permanently. It is so cheap that readers can afford to do this; but, on the other hand, it is so adapted for permanent preservation that the little extra cost involved in turning the weekly parts into splendid bound volumes, which will endure for a lifetime, is well worth the consideration of every reader.

I HAVE received numerous letters from subscribers who have been so delighted with their volumes when they have had them back from the local binder that they straightway sat down and took the trouble to tell me how pleased they were with the result, and how much they valued THE WAR ILLUSTRATED in its durable garb of stout cloth covers provided by the publishers at the low price of 1s. 6d. Perhaps editorial pride is not altogether absent from the desire to know that the majority of one's readers have gone in for binding their volumes, but even allowing for that, I am entirely persuaded that no one who takes my advice and gives permanent form to his back numbers is likely to regret the little extra cost.



The Best of all War Books

TWENTY-SIX soiled and dusty back numbers represent very little value in themselves; though, on the other hand, the reader has assuredly had two-pennyworth of interest—and considerably more—out of each one of them! Still, by putting them into handsome and enduring binding-cases they acquire a new lease of life, and can be valued, not merely at what was originally paid for them, but at considerably more. For it is safe to predict that in years to come the bound volumes of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED will command a higher price than the cost of securing them to-day, and nothing will exceed them in interest for the coming generation. The first twenty-six parts bind up into a handsome volume of 640 pages, containing no fewer than 2,277 illustrations, the vast majority of which are direct camera records, secured at great cost from the actual field of hostilities.

THE printing of these photographs rivals that of the sixpenny journals, and the twenty-six parts bound together with the artistic title-page and index, and the fine full-colour frontispiece of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, presented to each purchaser of the publishers' registered cases, form a volume worth several times the money it costs the subscriber, and will prove a source of inexhaustible interest.

THE publishers' registered cases are obtainable from any newsagent or bookseller at the cost of 1s. 6d. and the bookseller makes only a small extra charge for the work of trimming and binding the pages. The publishers themselves do not undertake the actual work of binding.

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The War Illustrated, 26th June, 1915. Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post

The New Brain of the British Navy See page 426

The War Illustrated 2d Weekly

Vol. 2 Thundering at the Gates of Turkey : Vice-Admiral de Robeck on his Flagship in the Dardanelles **No. 45**

OFFICERS WHO WILL LEAD OUR NEW ARMIES TO VICTORY

GROUPS IV & V

OFFICERS OF THE CANADIAN RESERVE BRIGADE R.F.A.—Back row (left to right): Lieut. O. A. Mowatt, W. C. Hyde, H. L. Featherstonhaugh, Lieut. A. E. Copland. Second row: Lieut. J. A. F. Chapman, Lieut. C. M. Godwin, Capt. H. Cockrane, Capt. E. A. Chrisholme, Capt. P. G. Cook, Lieut. A. P. Bennett, Lieut. G. St. C. Perrin, Lieut. J. E. Read. Third row: Major W. R. Roirden, Capt. C. P. Fee, Capt. W. McAlister (Doctor), Capt. A. D. Irwin (Adjutant), Lieut.-Col. E. W. Rathbun, Capt. George Rieley (Orderly Officer), Major J. K. McKay, Capt. L. A. Cameron (Paymaster), W. B. Ingraham, Major W. G. Scully. Front row: Lieut. J. N. McEachren, Lieut. A. S. Dawes, Lieut. N. H. Macauley, Lieut. F. H. Baker.

OFFICERS OF THE 10th BATT. THE LONDON REGIMENT (IMPERIAL SERVICE BATTALION).—Back row (left to right): Capt. A. W. Serwiner, Lieut. W. Smith, Lieut. H. J. Hoare, Lieut. C. J. R. Hurrell, Sec.-Lieut. G. L. Betbeder, Sec.-Lieut. R. White-Williams, Lieut. W. E. Hertslet. Second row: Lieut. H. H. C. Prestige, Sec.-Lieut. L. P. Prior. Third row: Capt. A. G. Edmonds, Capt. C. B. Isard, Capt. A. A. Walser, Lieut. C. H. Farmer, Rev. H. Williams (Chaplain), G. A. P. Douglas, Sec.-Lieut. H. W. Hind, Sec.-Lieut. W. C. Barham, Lieut. H. P. Hinde, Lieut. L. J. L. Pullar. Fourth row: Capt. F. A. S. Clarke, Capt. W. I. M. Russell, Major A. P. Ford Moore, Lieut.-Col. M. F. M. S. Kittoe, Capt. Hon. H. C. O'C. Prittie, Major I. B. D. Mann (Adjutant), Capt. G. E. Cowley, Capt. W. Bass (Quartermaster).

Photos by Bassano

THE WAR *Illustrated*

No. 45. Vol 2
26th June, 1915

A PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

"'WARE AIRCRAFT!"—In reconnoitring a wood British Yeomanry scouts are supposed to have spotted, high up in the sky, an enemy aeroplane on mischief bent. Dismounting, and using the saddle of his horse as a rifle rest, while following the direction indicated by his comrade, one of the troopers takes steady aim at the elusive craft.

THE NEW BRAIN OF THE BRITISH NAVY

An Appreciation of Sir Henry Jackson

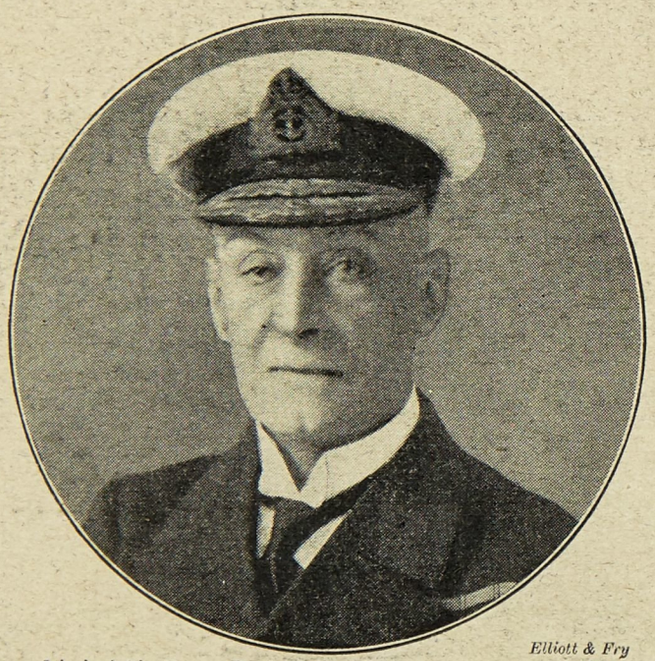
The short appreciation of Sir Henry Jackson which the Editor of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *is able to print in this page has been written by a contributor whose name is famous, and whose right to express an opinion on the qualifications of the First Sea Lord is unassailable. The Editor feels that his readers will be glad to read this brief article on the personality of the man who, more than any single individual in Britain to-day, represents in himself the brain of our Navy. To have the assurance of the famous veteran whose initials are appended to this little contribution, that Sir Henry Jackson is emphatically the best choice, the man most fitted for his tremendously onerous position, is highly satisfactory. Sir Henry Jackson is all too little known to the general public—though that is, perhaps, one of his qualities of strength—but to-day there is a natural anxiety on all sides to know something of the men on whose shoulders the burden of the defence of the Empire rests.*

THE gallant Admiral who is now First Sea Lord of the Admiralty is little known outside the Navy, in spite of the numerous letters after his name which witness to his scientific distinctions. With these we need not trouble ourselves, as they only indirectly touch on his qualifications as a naval officer entrusted with the responsibility for the distribution of the Fleet in a naval war, but it is not out of place to mention that he was the first in England to harness the Hertzian waves to practical use in wireless telegraphy some twenty years ago.

He has never advertised himself or allowed others to do this for him, so that our all-powerful Press wondered who this "dark horse" was that had suddenly been selected to succeed Lord Fisher, whose name is a household word in connection with the modern Navy.

"Sailors are a strange race apart," as Mahan tells us, and the Navy is rather pleased to welcome a distinguished man whose fame is unknown outside the Service, as it represents to our officers and men the ideal of single-minded devotion to the profession and duty to the country.

Born in 1855, he entered the Navy in 1868, and has served continuously either afloat or at the Admiralty; he has been Controller of the Navy, head of the War College, Chief of the Naval Staff, commander of a cruiser squadron, and when war broke out he was about to proceed to the Mediterranean as Commander-in-Chief, the appointment being cancelled so as to leave the French Admiral Lapeyrère the senior officer on the station. Since the war he has been employed on special service at the Admiralty.



Elliott & Fry

Admiral Sir Henry Bradwardine Jackson, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., F.R.S., A.I.N.A., M.I.E.E.

It is true that little war service has come in his way, though he stands high as an executive officer. What is more important under present circumstances is that he has had great experience in administration, and that as Chief of the Staff and head of the War College he has been in close touch with all questions of naval strategy and tactics.

This war has already shown us the importance of an up-to-date appreciation of new weapons, and there is no officer in the Navy equally capable of dealing with all the developments of the gun, the torpedo, the submarine, the air service, wireless telegraphy, or the ship itself—developments which, with bewildering speed, are so rapidly changing the problems of naval warfare.

I have spoken of Sir Henry Jackson as a "dark horse;" which in one sense he is, even to the Navy, for the First Sea Lord, as senior executive, has a peculiar responsibility, demanding special gifts, and only partially shared by other naval members of the Board. I have heard that an admiral of marked ability, who had served as Second Sea Lord and later as First Sea Lord, acknowledged with characteristic candour that, while he felt confident of his capacity to carry out the duties devolving on him as Second Sea Lord, he was not sure that he was a success as First Sea Lord, and as a matter of fact he left the Admiralty at his own request. The officer I refer to, who has long since joined the majority, was a man of considerable talents and knowledge of the Service, but he lacked just those qualities of firmness, tact, and discrimination which his position of First Sea Lord required.

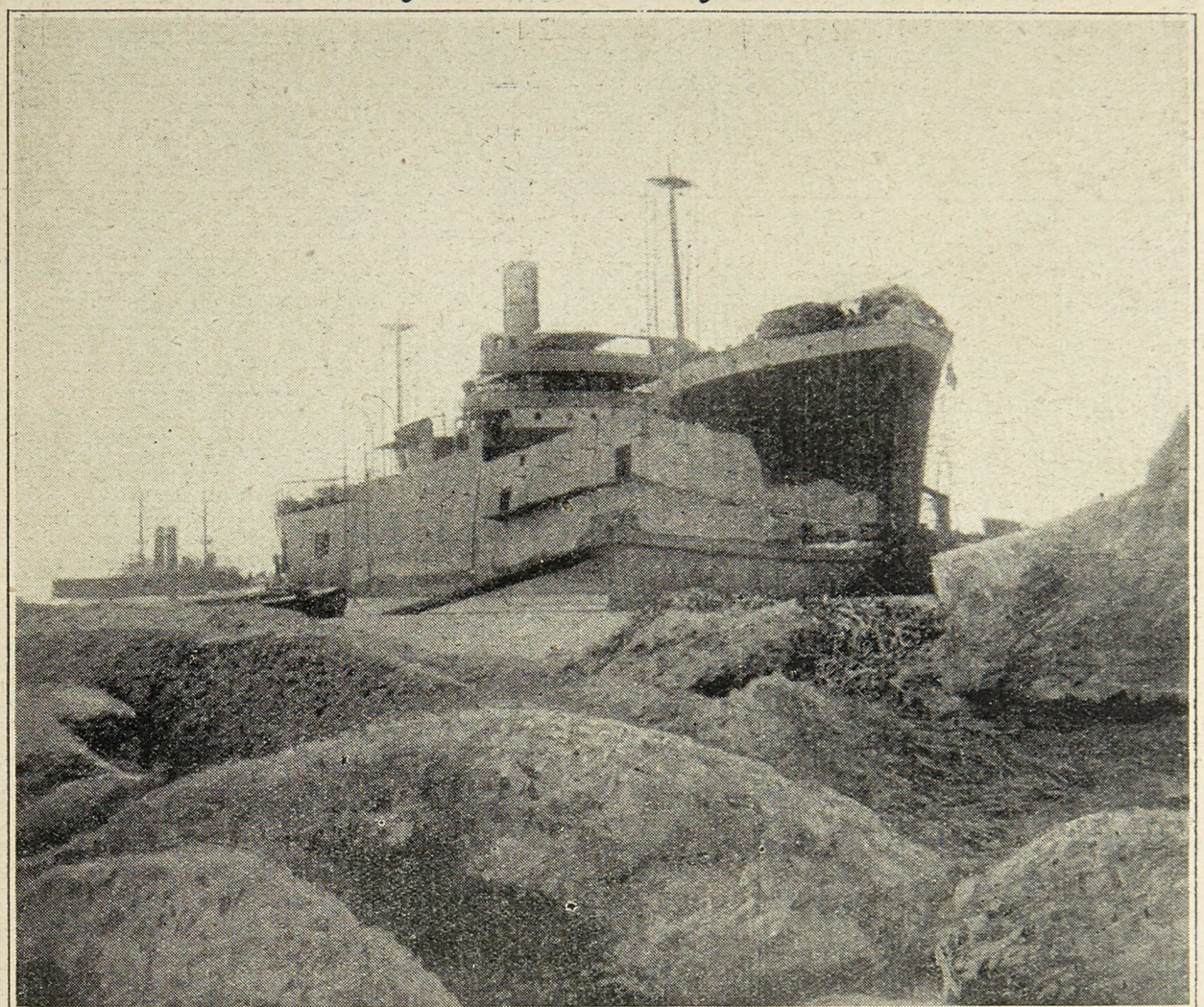
In this sense, then, Sir Henry Jackson is an untried man, but he is only sixty, active, hard-working, and we have every right to believe that the trust of the Service, that he is the right man in the right place as professional adviser to the First Lord, will not be disappointed.

In Mr. Balfour as First Lord we have a statesman of first rank, so that the great department, on the efficiency of which the security of our Islands and Empire mainly depends, will, we may hope, do all that the country expects of it.

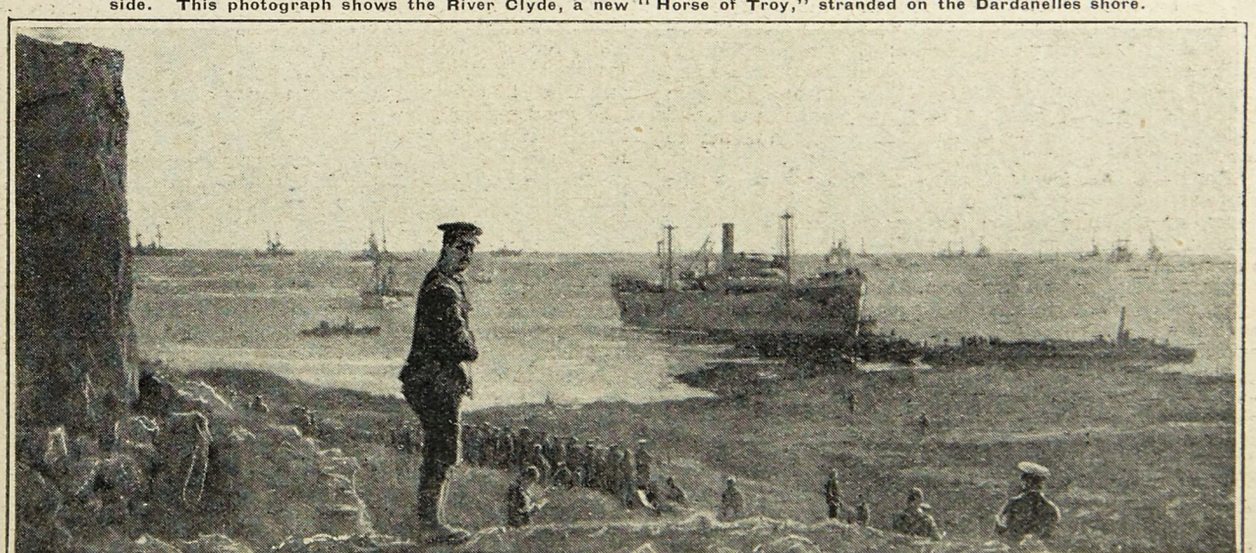
A word may be added here on the question of having a sailor at the head of the Admiralty, as we have a soldier as Secretary of State for War, and there is much to be said for this view. Pitt, indeed, insisted on placing Lord Bacham as naval officer at the head of the Admiralty in 1805, and his retention was brilliantly justified by the campaign of Trafalgar; but though we had sailor First Lords in Anson, Hawke, and St. Vincent in war time, to mention only a few, this was not always the case, and Lord Spencer, whose correspondence has recently been published by the Navy Records Society, was First Lord at the time of the victories of St. Vincent, the Nile, and Camperdown.

E. R. F.

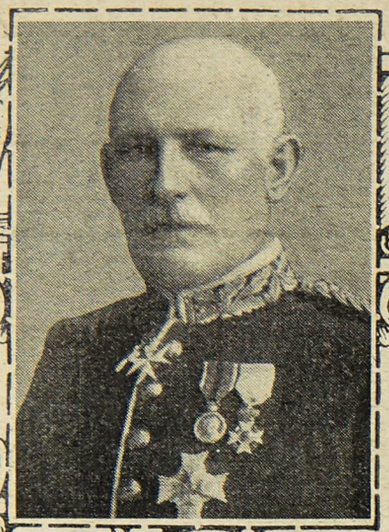
The Horse of Troy! Classic Myth made Modern Fact



One of the most romantic achievements of the war was the landing on Gallipoli of the British troops from the transport River Clyde. The ship was purposely run aground in order to facilitate rapid disembarkation of the soldiers through spacious doors cut in her side. This photograph shows the River Clyde, a new "Horse of Troy," stranded on the Dardanelles shore.



After the great landing battle. Scene on the shore of the Straits before the fallen fort of Seddul Bahr. The lighters which assisted in the daring landing of part of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force from the s.s. River Clyde are seen in the photograph. In the foreground a number of soldiers are standing at ease, while the Allied Fleets are discernible on the horizon.



Maj.-Gen. the Right Hon. Lord Cheylesmore, K.C.V.O.

Downey.

WAR'S TRAGIC AFTERMATH

The Fight that will Begin after Victory

By Major-General Lord CHEYLESMORE, K.C.V.O.

A GOVERNMENT actuary has estimated that twelve per cent. of our soldiers at the front will be permanently disabled; that would mean, roughly, that about two hundred and forty thousand soldiers—in addition to naval men—would be wholly or partially maimed after the war. I have good reasons for considering this estimate excessive; it is inconceivable that the cost in good men will be so tragically high.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that when the Allies have celebrated their decisive victory, the great problem on which some of us are working now, and on which we have been working for years, will have grown bigger, more serious, and more urgent. Our gallant fighters will be welcomed home with cheering; congratulations will be showered upon them. But what when the cheers cease to ring and the time of congratulating is over? What of those who, maimed and enfeebled, will be unable to take their part in the work of the world "as usual"? What of the blinded and crippled who may have to stumble among the unheeding workaday crowds, seeking for guidance in the best way of living?

Fighters in a New War

When at last this war of the nations is ended, a new war will begin for many battle-scarred men; the fighters will be those same soldiers and sailors who have suffered disablement for their King and Empire; they will be fighting for the means to live. Having received their medals and clasps, having had their meed of cheering, and being in receipt of their small pensions, very many of them will still need to look round for the means to earn enough money to keep themselves and their families from poverty.

After the Crimean War there were maimed warriors who had to seek charity and spend their last days in the workhouses, or standing in the gutters of our cities selling matches. This will not happen again. It did not happen to any great extent after the Boer War; it surely cannot happen at all after this campaign. Our men must not be lauded as heroes at the front and pitied as paupers when they come home. Many of them would sooner receive the decisive bullet. A soldier is prepared to die for his country, but the country must not ask him to starve because he has escaped the dying by a hairsbreadth.

Recently I read a sentence in a newspaper that puts the matter succinctly: "We must take as much trouble to find a man a job when his regiment throws him up as we did to find him a regiment when he threw up his job."

Suitable employment will have to be found for thousands of disabled and discharged soldiers and sailors. If they have no trade, then they will have to be taught one; everything must be done that shall enable them to earn adequate wages. The Employers' Liability Act, unless altered, will make it practically impossible for a man who is physically unsound to obtain employment in the ordinary labour market. The general public knows very little about the splendid work of the Incorporated Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society. In the past it has worked unobtrusively. Now is the time ripe when its existence should be known to everyone. For the past ten years, entirely without appeal to the public for funds, and simply by the clever manufacture and businesslike sale of the work done by the ex-soldiers and ex-sailors it employs, the society has given employment and help to 218,508 disabled warriors, at a cost of more than £80,000. From 1903, when the society was incorporated, to 1914, it found employment for 44,749 ex-soldiers and ex-sailors; 92,790 were aided with money; 4,794 were sent to convalescent homes, and 76,205 were helped in diverse other ways. The society paid over £40,000 in wages during those twelve years to the disabled warriors it employed at its own workshops in London, and at Brookwood, Edinburgh, and Dublin. This is a very brief idea of the work that it was necessary to do in peace time. But what of the present, and the future?

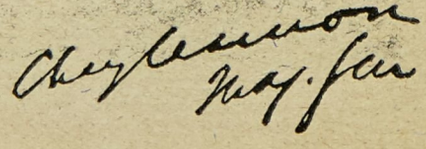
Teaching Warriors Trades

It will be seen that this organisation is not a charity; the disabled Service men it helps are not receiving alms. Rather does it act as an agency for the profitable sale of the men's handiwork. The society gets into touch with ex-Service men in the following way: On each man's discharge-sheet the name and address of a "friend," to whom he is recommended to apply for any advice or help that he may need, are given. In every parish in the kingdom there is one of these "friends," and there are 13,173 of them in all, who give their services voluntarily.

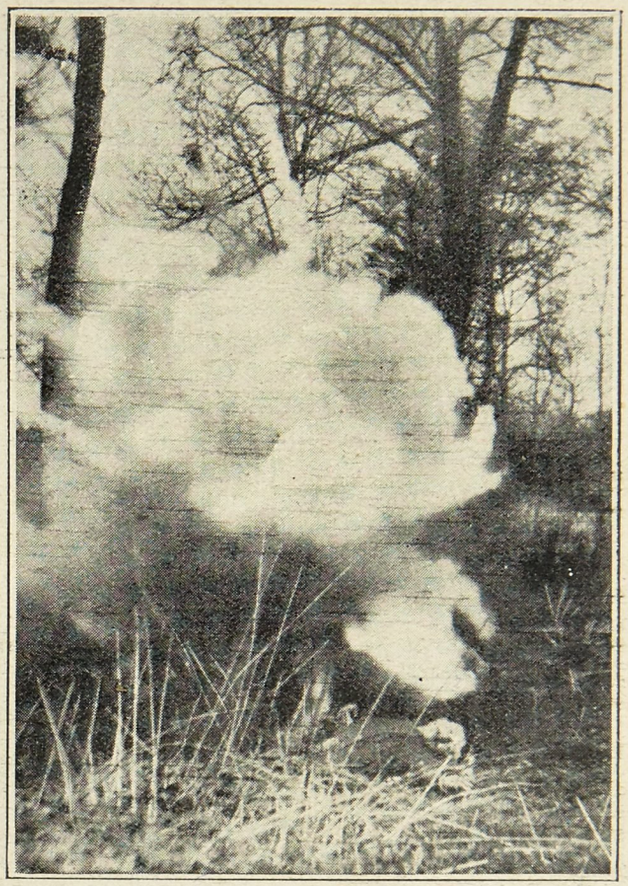
Many of the men who apply for aid are quite unskilled, having no trade whatever, and no means of obtaining lucrative employment. In these cases the society teaches the men such trades as cabinet-making, basket-making, enamelling, moulding, French polishing, toy-making, and electric wiring, and they are, of course, well looked after while they are learning. During the first eight weeks of his apprenticeship each man is paid fourpence an hour; when he is proficient he earns money at "union" rates. The wooden horses, by the way, of which the Army Council have officially approved, and which are used for teaching recruits to ride, are made by the society's workmen.

It needs but little imagination to realise what would have happened to many of these men who have been disabled on active service if they had not come under the sheltering wing of this society. With nothing but their small pension to keep them from starvation, it is conceivable that not a few would have degenerated into street-corner loafers, or that they would have become an additional burden on the rates by seeking relief at the workhouses or infirmaries.

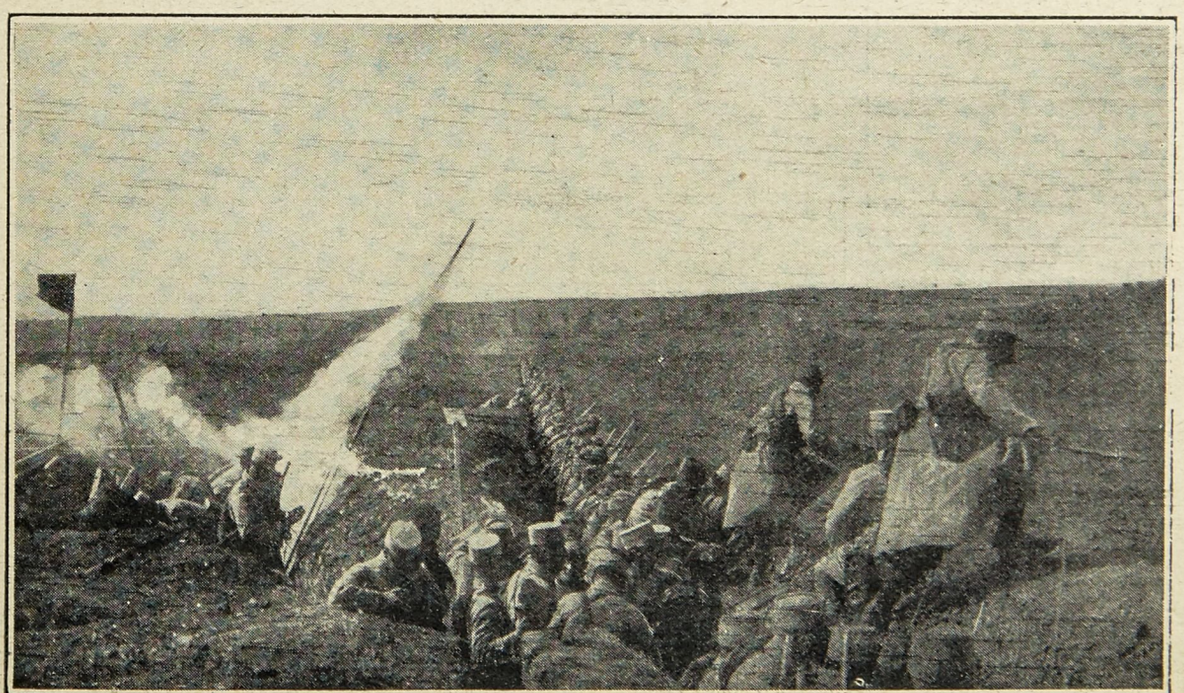
A time of far greater strain is coming to those of us who are engaged in providing work and wages for our disabled fighters. I feel that there must be many who, by making purchases at the society's showrooms, would like to help the splendid organisation that has for so long been helping the fighters whose days with the Colours are past, and that will be the means of providing with a livelihood a sad number of those who are now fighting our battles at the front.



Bursting Shrapnel : White Clouds of Death

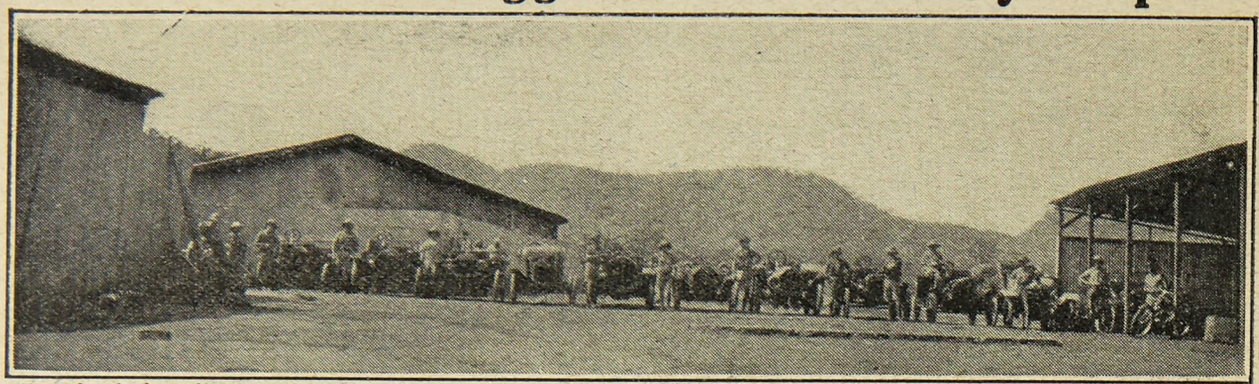


German shrapnel shell at the moment of bursting just behind a body of French troops, who are firing from hastily-erected barricades in Le Pretre Wood. Right: Shrapnel bursting over the body of a fallen French soldier in a wood at La Bassee, in which French troops are hidden, awaiting the order to attack the German position.

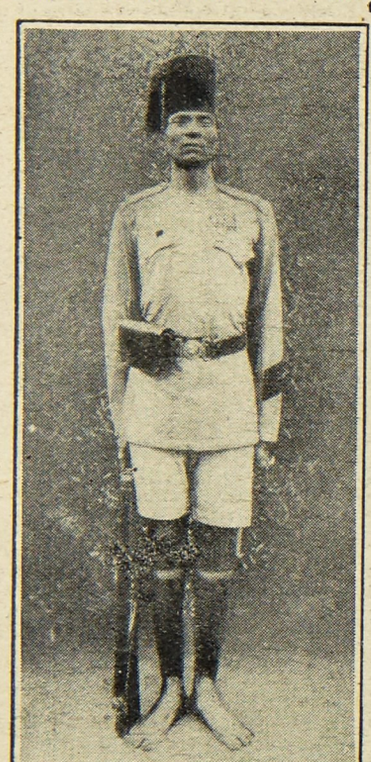


This wonderful photograph illustrates two dramatic moments in the advanced French trenches at Bois Le Pretre—a bomb being fired into the German lines, only about one hundred yards away, and the moment when the order to charge is about to be given by the officer on the right, who is in the act of leaping out of the trench.

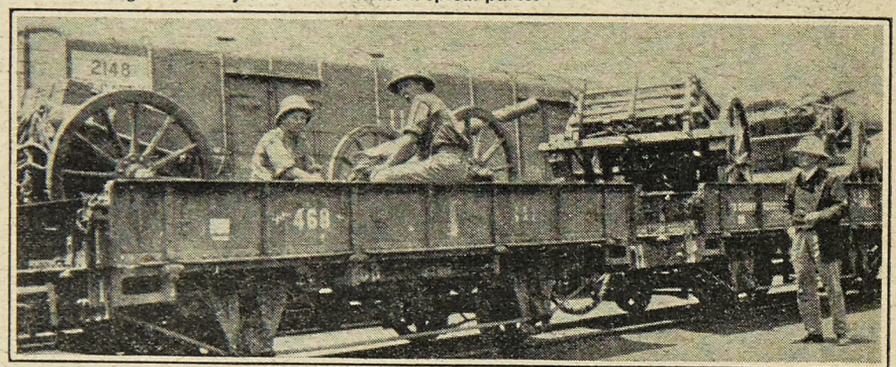
Britain's Stern Struggle in the Far-away Tropics:



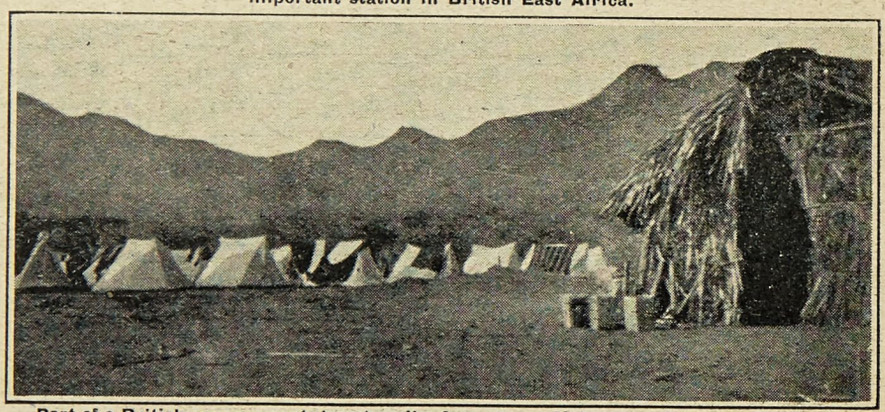
From London's perfect roads to the narrow and thorny tracts of East Africa. British fleet of cars which have been "doing their bit" for the Empire in the wilds. The sand, seen in this photograph, which stretches uninterruptedly as far as eye can reach, is of that tantalising red variety common to most tropical parts.



Fighting on the side of civilization. Stalwart member of the King's African Rifles.



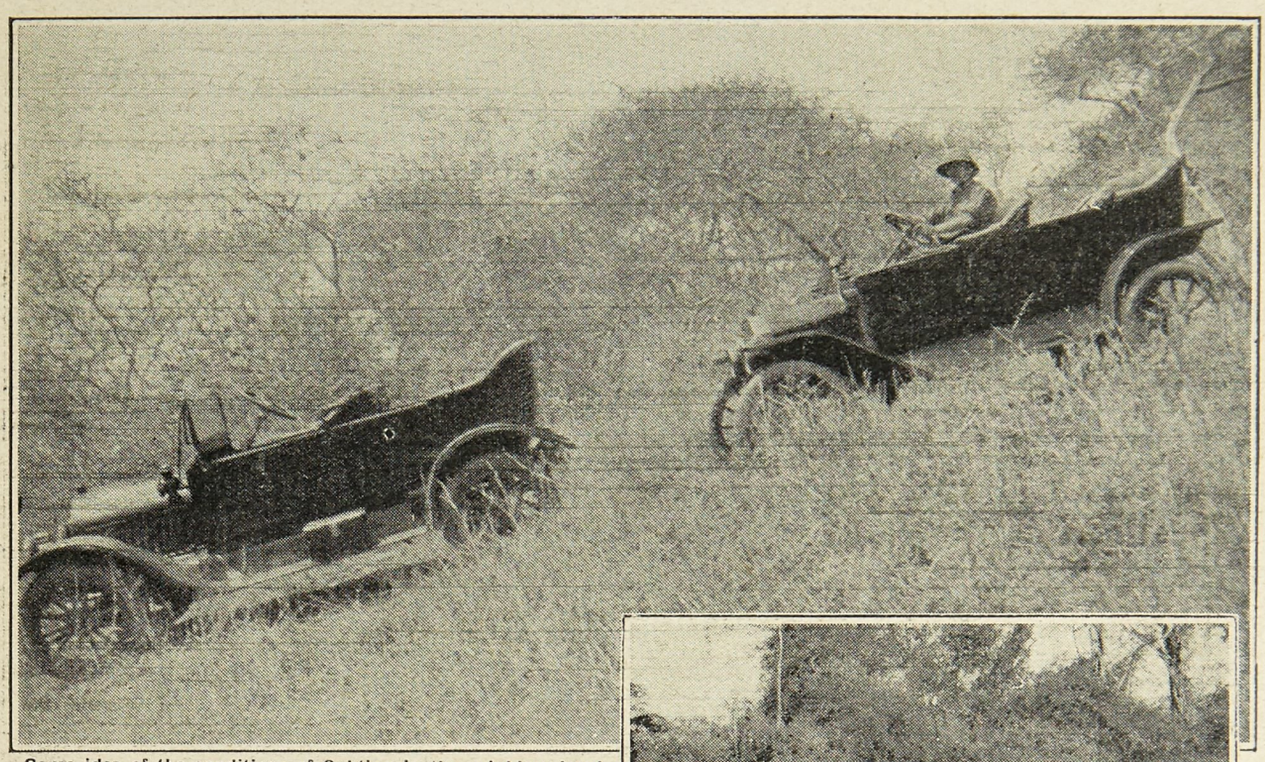
Guns and munitions to beat the African "Boches." Twelve-pounder arriving at an important station in British East Africa.



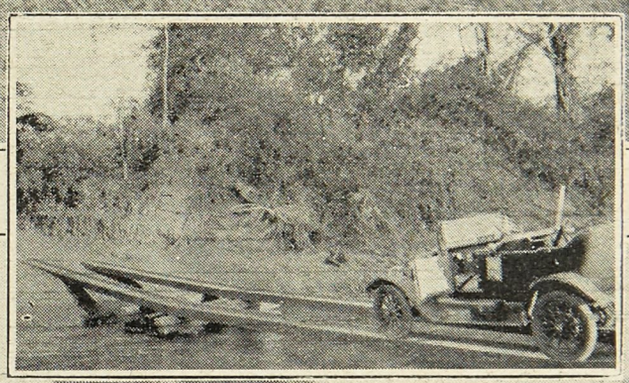
Part of a British encampment, twenty miles from ——. Note the native hut, with the tins of motor spirit outside the door.

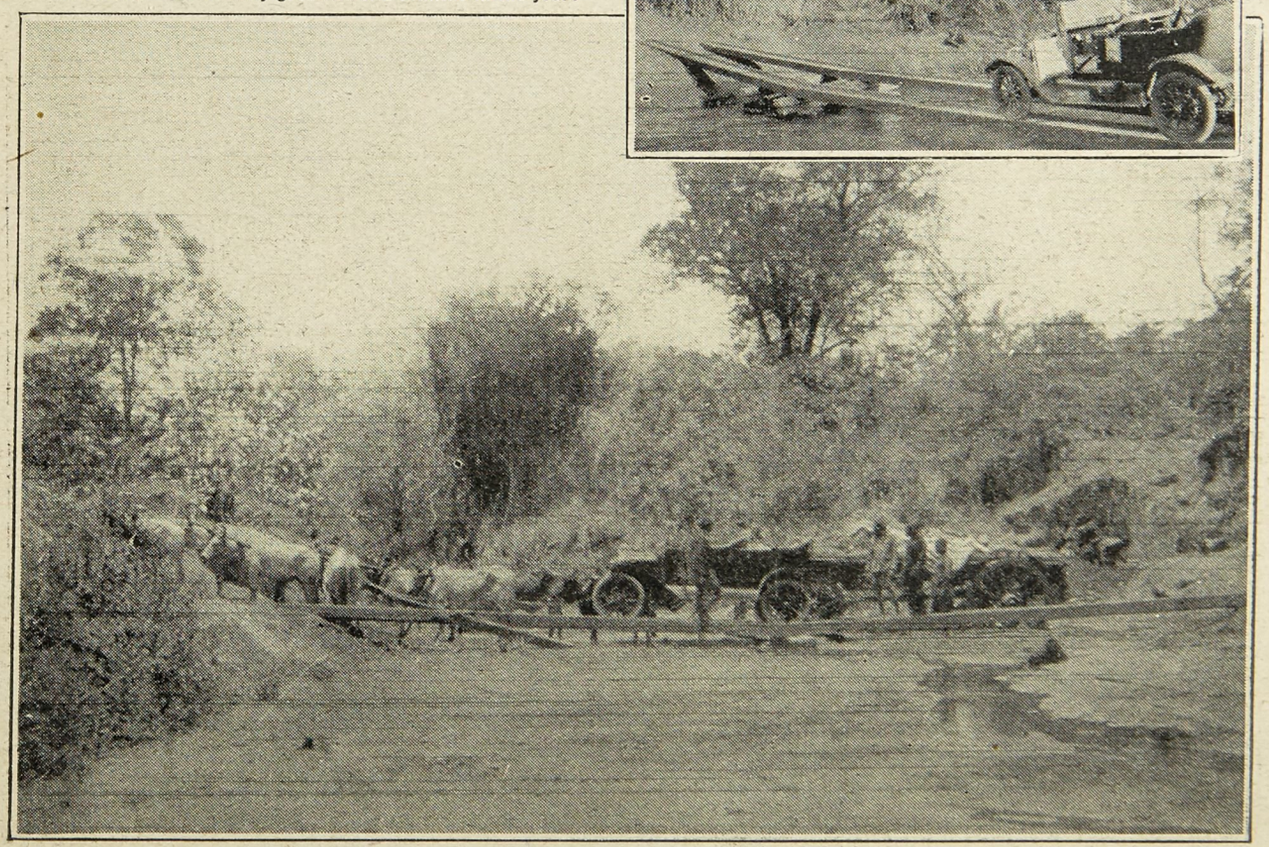
Types of the stalwart Britons who are conducting our far-away war in tropical Africa, with some of their cars in the background.

The Empire's War against German East Africa



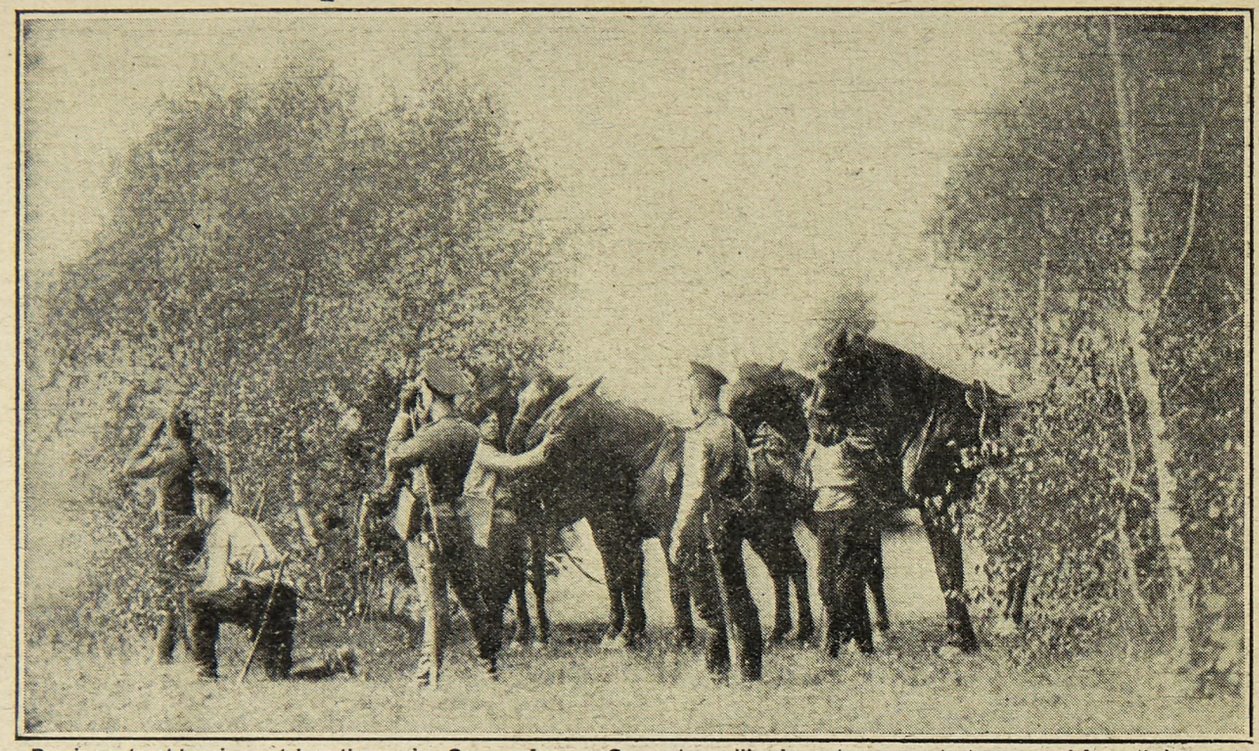
Some idea of the conditions of fighting in the neighbourhood of ——, East Africa, may be gathered from this photograph. The slate grey colour of the trees is due to the peculiar growth of thorns. Leaves only grow for two months in the year.



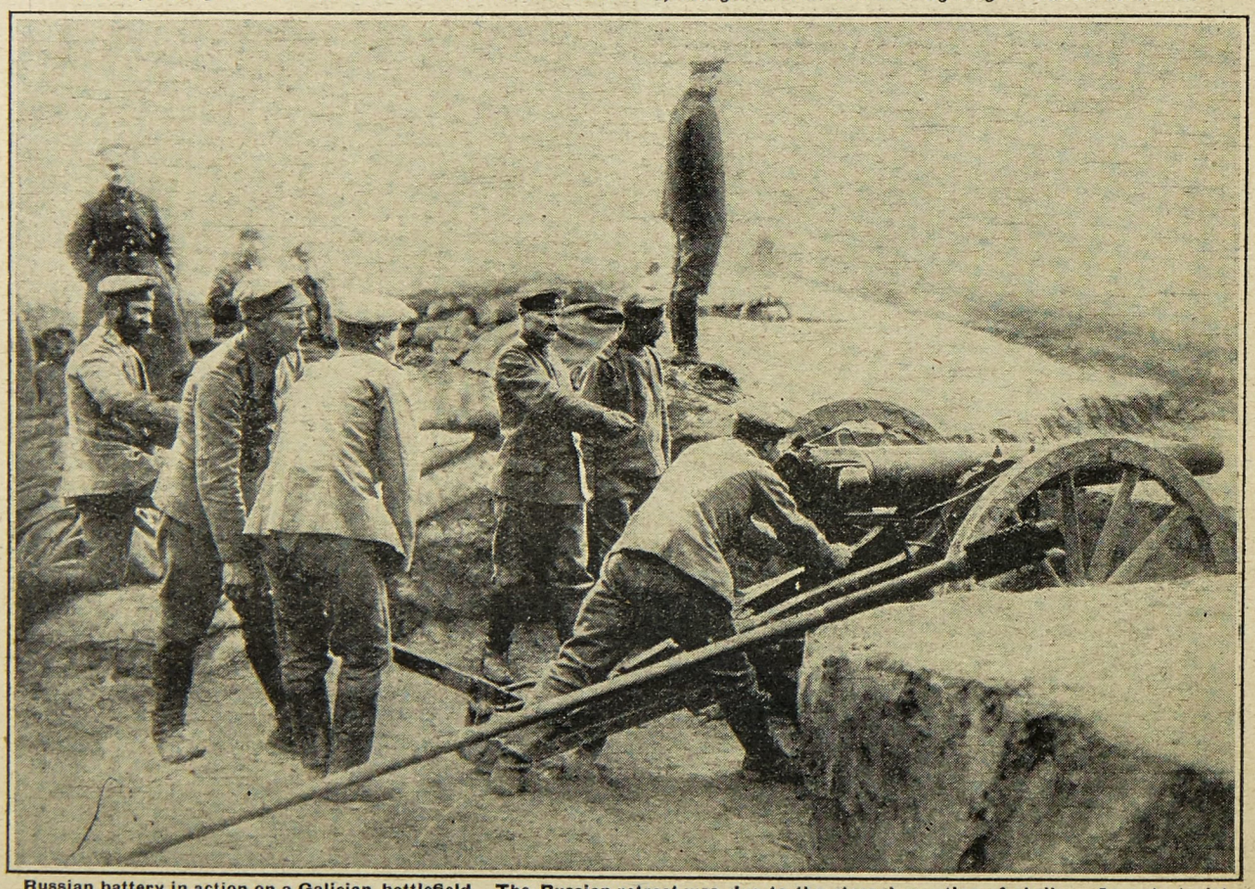


Crossing the —— River. A team of oxen drawing a motor-car and a transport over the muddy waste on planks. The intense heat has completely dried up the river. Inset: Another view of the impromptu bridge over the —— River, East Africa.

Russian Outpost and Artillery on Galician Fields



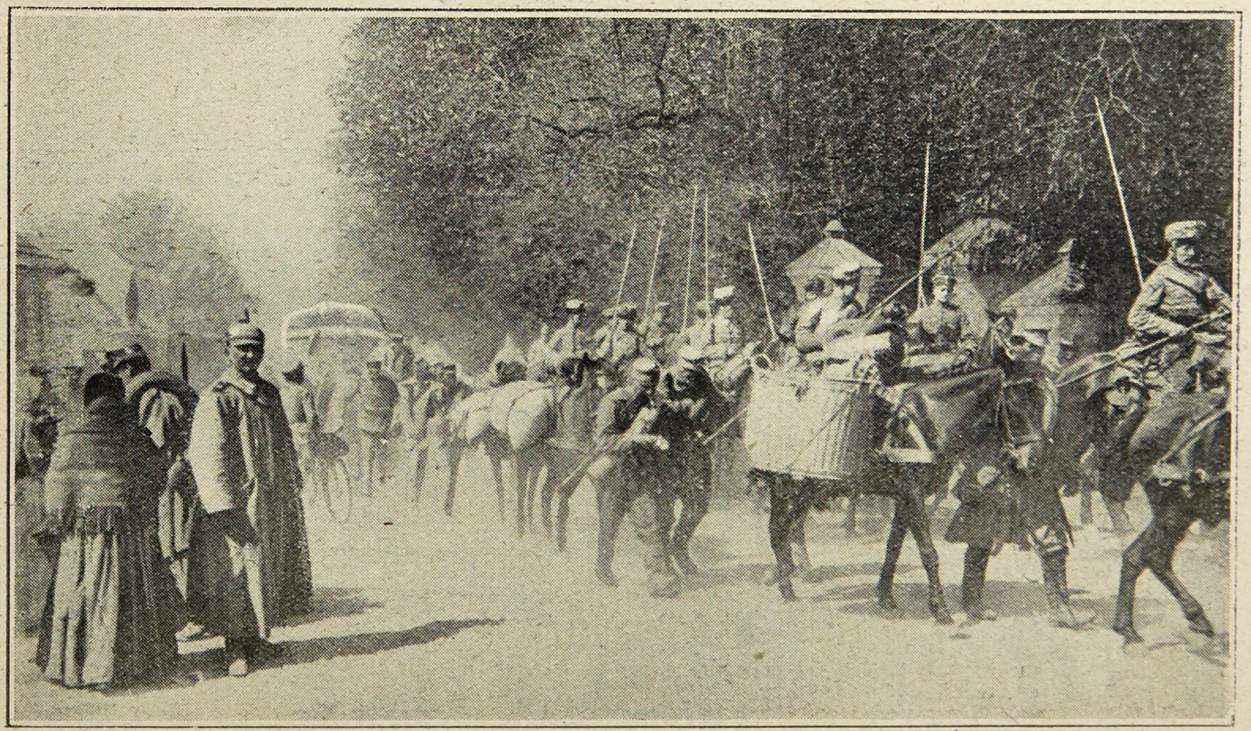
Russian outpost keeping watch on the moving German forces. Our eastern allies have, to some extent, recovered from their recent reverses, having retaken several small towns in the Baltic area, though furious indecisive fighting in Galicia continues.



Russian battery in action on a Galician battlefield. The Russian retreat was due to the eternal question of shells. As a strategist the Grand Duke Nicholas is unsurpassed, but the difficulties of keeping his armies supplied with guns and ammunition are enormous.

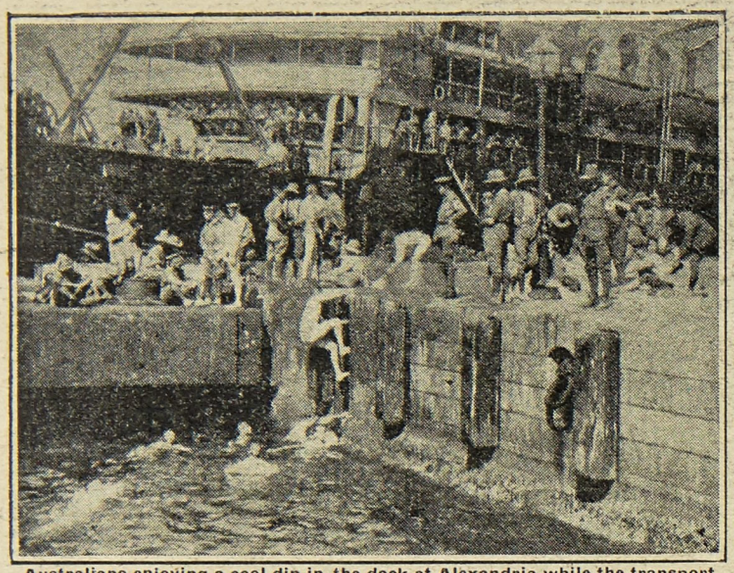
Cavalcades that Follow the German Armies

A section of Germany's great war-machine that is operating against the Russians. The enormous "supply department" extends in lines, guarded by Uhlans, for miles along the road, which winds away to the distant hills, where a big battle was in progress at the time this photograph was taken.

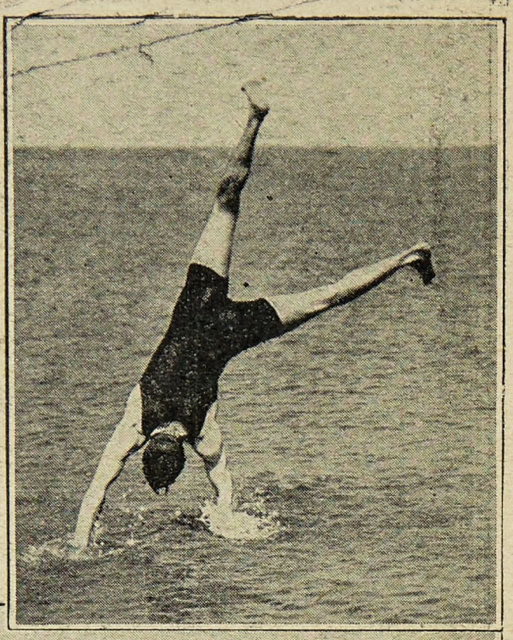


Another section of the lengthy supply column, following in the wake of the German troops in the district of the San. This great cavalcade, bearing food, ammunition, and other necessaries, formed part of the recent German offensive against the Tsar's troops.

One Touch of Summer makes the War-World Kin



Australians enjoying a cool dip in the dock at Alexandria while the transport is getting up steam to proceed to the Dardanelles.

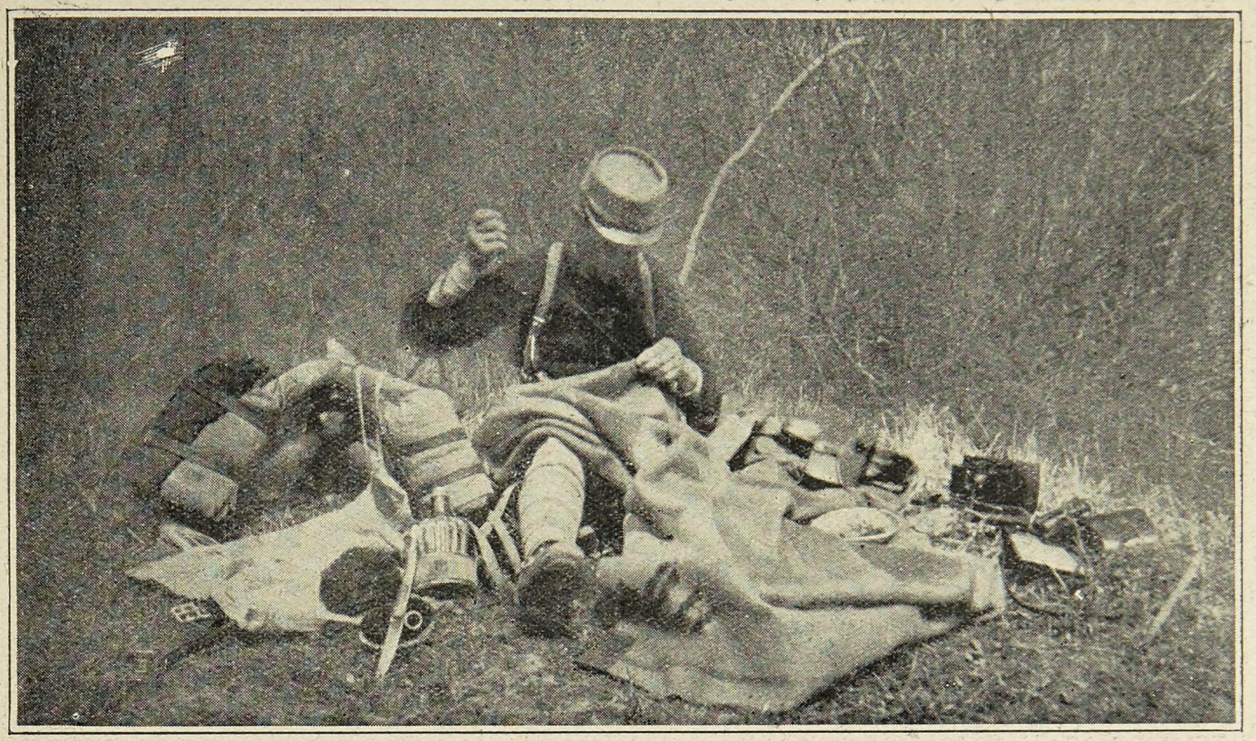


"Splash and go!" Some of the pleasant summer resorts of Northern France are this season given over to happy Tommies instead of to the erstwhile fashionable promenaders, but then Mars is all the rage now, and the soldiers have it all their own way. Inset above: Member of the 6th (Service) Battalion King's Liverpool Regiment turning a "cart-wheel" in the water.

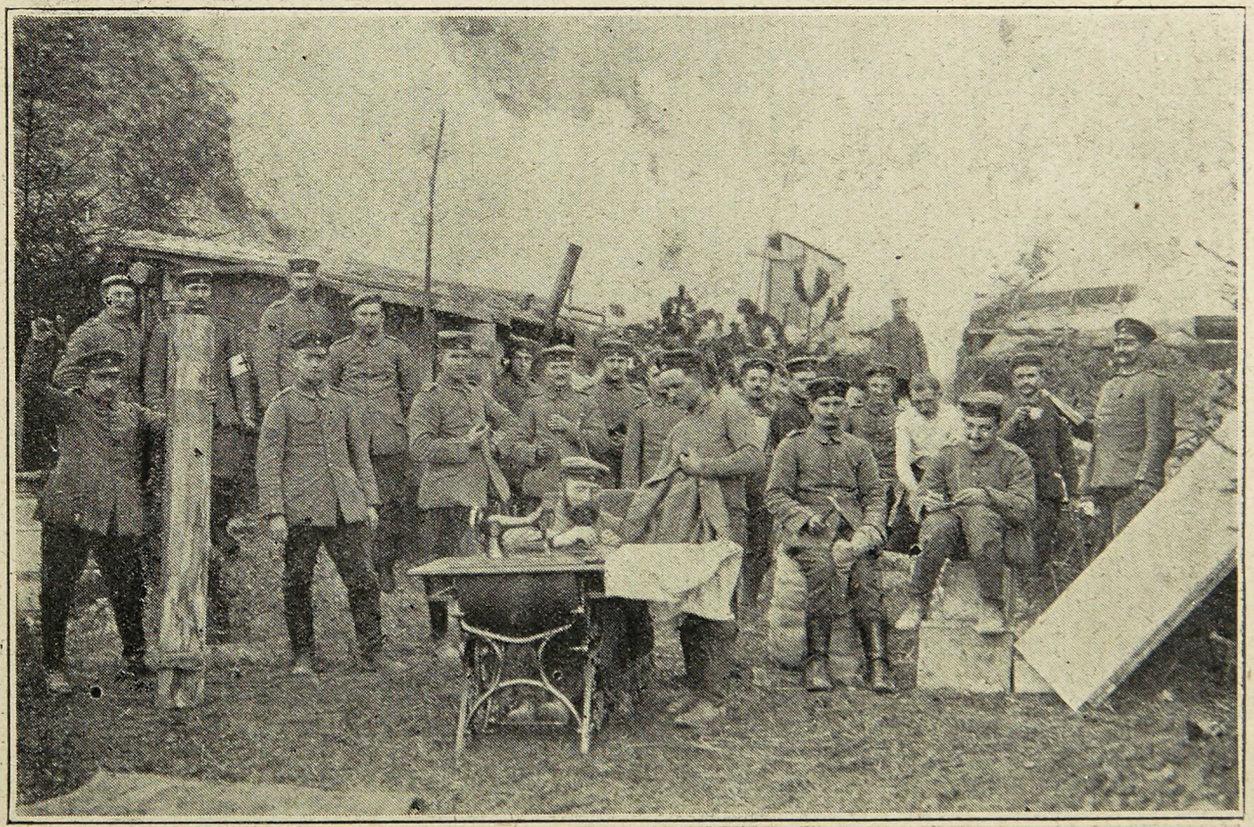
Many enemy wounded are convalescing and attracting fair admirers at the German watering places.

Indian soldiers in France are rejoicing at the heat wave. The Occident in June is not half so bad when one is stationed at a "base" seaside town.

Warrior Handymen's Homely Work on Battlefield



Seated on the outskirts of a wood, and within sound of the ceaseless thunder of the guns, this French hussar is spending his short respite from the firing-line in overhauling and mending his belongings. He is sewing a rent in his horse's cloth. This is one of our French soldier-correspondents, from whom we receive some of the exclusive photographs we are able to publish.

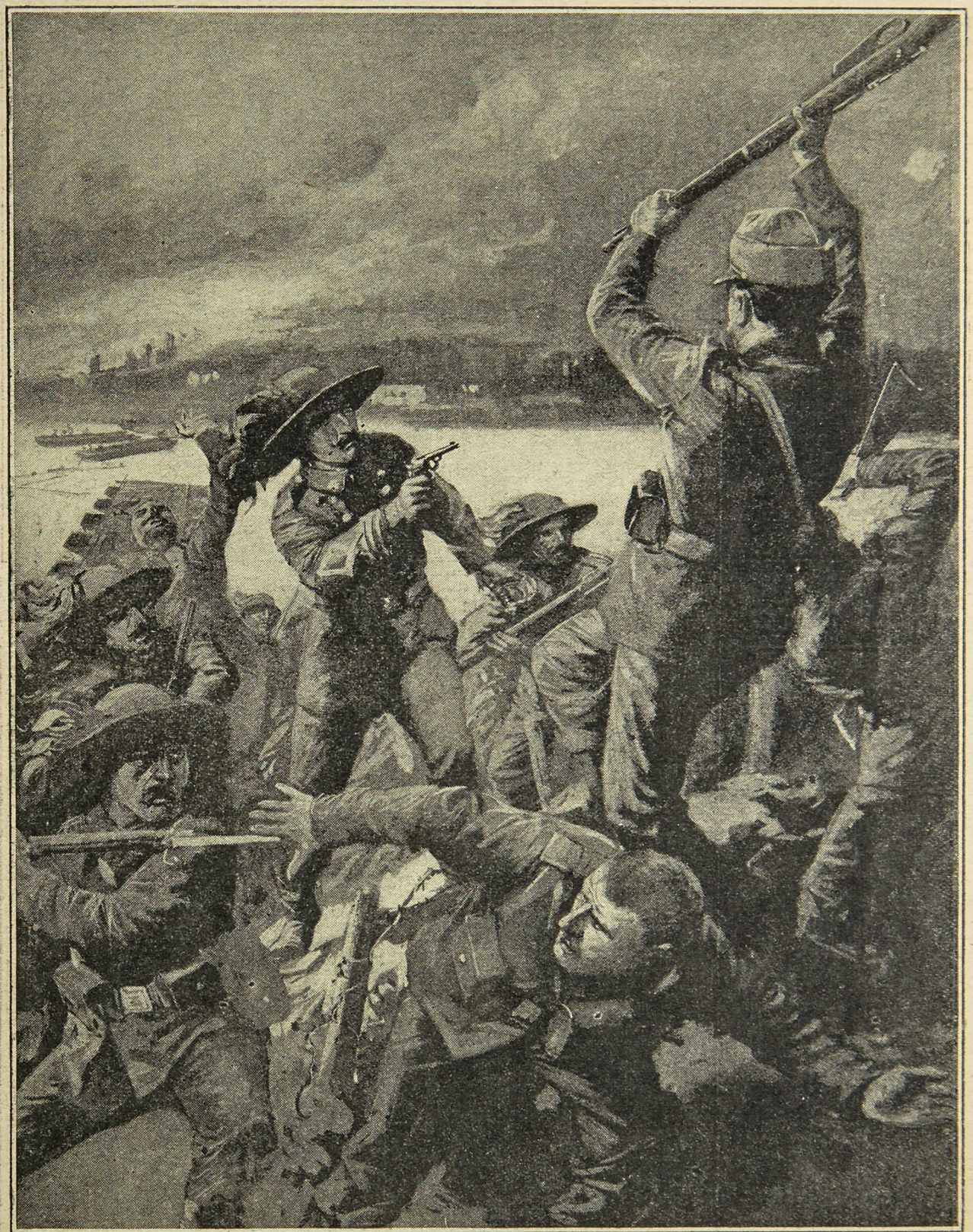


Interior of a chalk-pit, somewhere behind the German lines, that the Boches have utilised as a general repair shop, complete with sewing-machine, boot-jack, and first-aid shed. While one German is working the sewing-machine, another is repairing a boot, and a third is sketching the photographer. The ubiquitous lager bottle is in evidence. (Photographs exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

The Last Stand of Heroic Scots Guardsmen

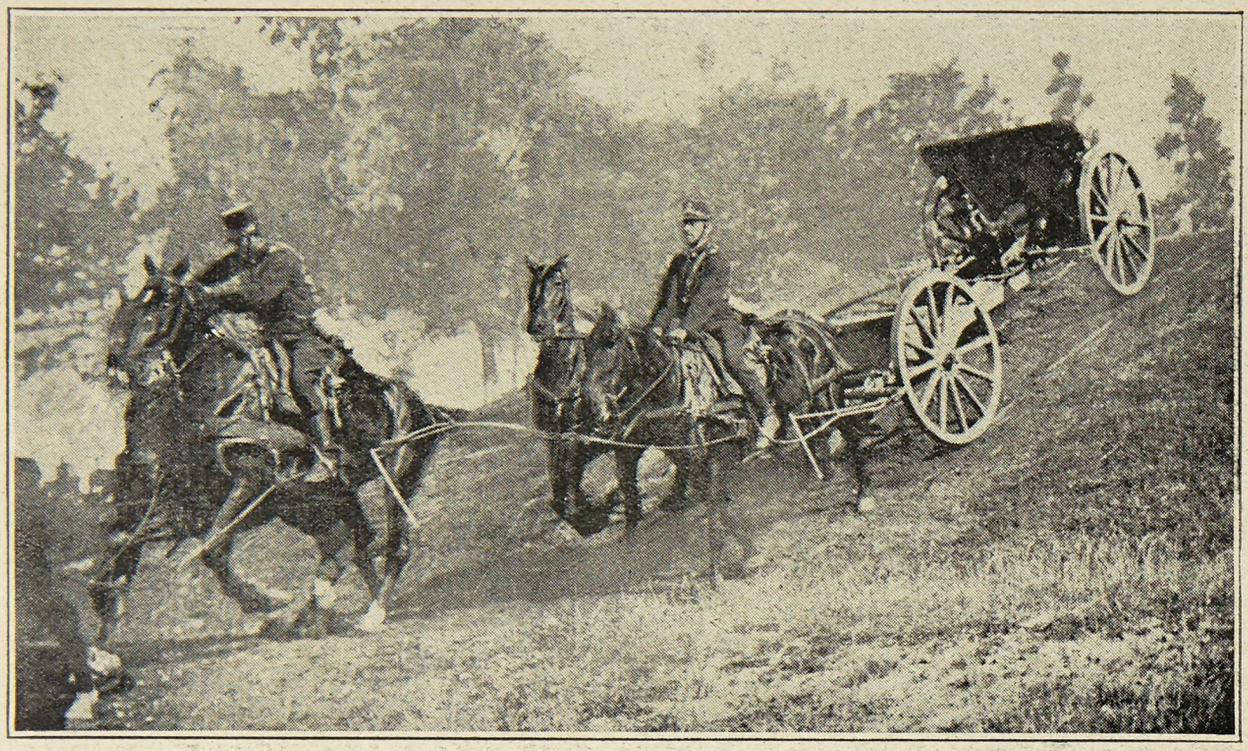
A recent heroic deed by men of the Scots Guards will for ever be remembered in the glorious records of the Regiment. During an attack one of the assaulting companies rushed to the fore with such splendid impetuosity that it out-distanced the main body and was cut off by the Germans. Two days later British scouts found eighty dead of that company, and piled high all round them a heap of dead Germans. The torn ground and the blood testified to the fierceness of the struggle of the heroic Guards.

Italian Colonel's Heroic Deed on the Isonzo

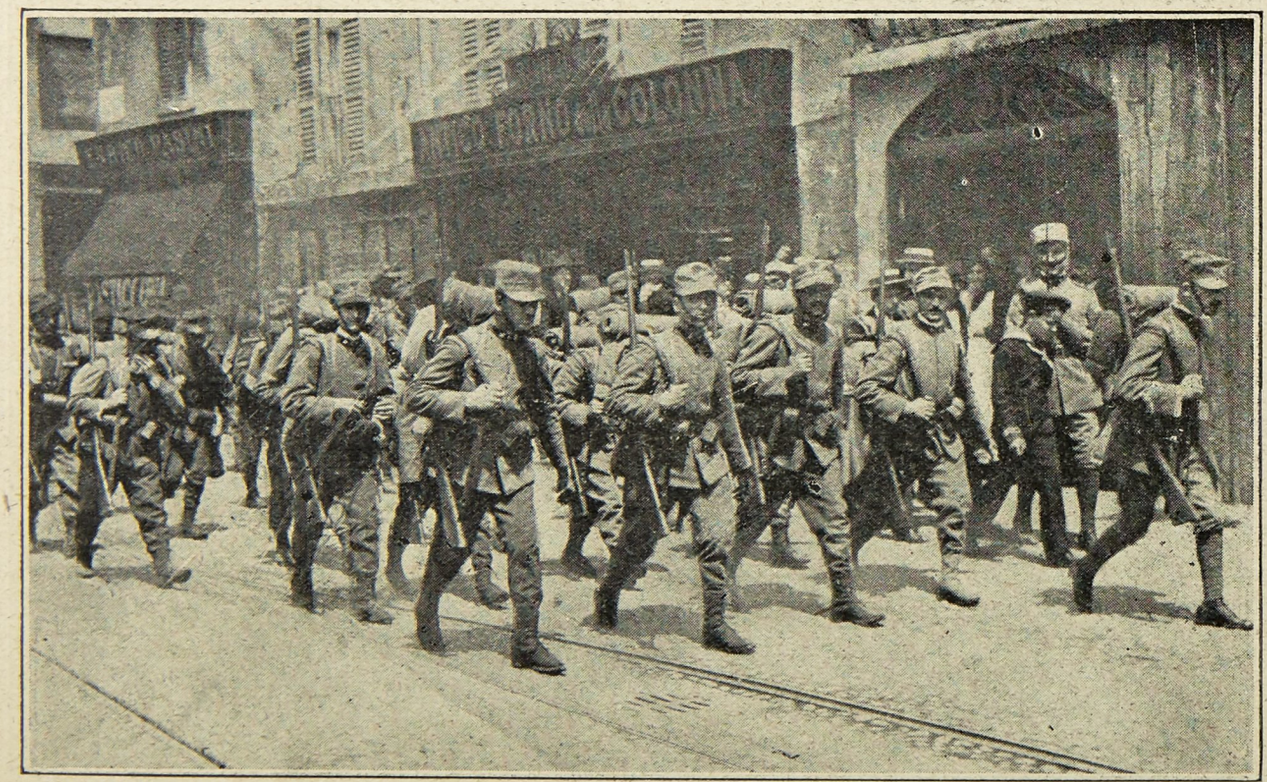


Conspicuous among the first acts of bravery committed by individual Italians in the field was that of Col. Rossi, of the 12th Bersaglieri. Leading an attacking column over the Isonzo, a section of the pontoon bridge was swept away. Cut off from retreat by a raging torrent in the rear, and confronted by a vastly superior enemy force, Col. Rossi rallied his little band and assaulted the Austrian position with incredible courage. The Austrians retired before the invincible Bersaglieri. Col. Rossi was sorely wounded, but he was rescued from the field, and had the honour of being decorated in hospital by King Victor.

Italy in Harness: Artillery & Infantry on the Move

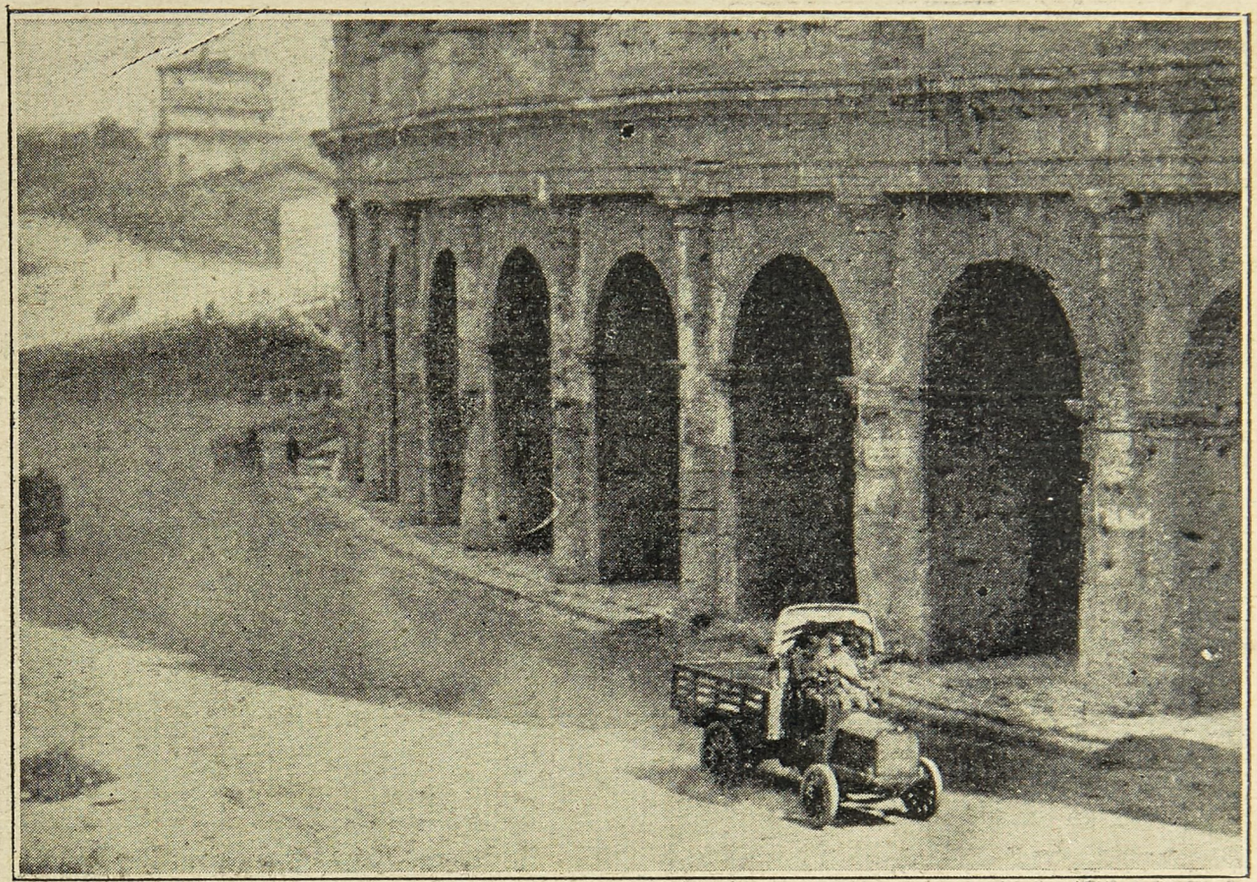


An Italian field-gun advancing over rough ground to a new position. Official reports from General Cadorna make mention of the excellence of the Italian artillery. In the Western and Southern Trentino, Cadore, the Carnic Alps, the Dolomites, and on the Isonzo, our Ally's artillery fire has been very effectively preparing the way for the infantry advances by bombarding the Austrian forts and entrenched positions. Some of the enemy's trenches, being built of concrete and strengthened with metal plating, withstood all infantry assaults, but subsequent bombardment by Italy's big guns demolished them.



Italian infantrymen marching through a street in Rome to the railway station, there to entrain for the front, and join their comrades in the passes of the Carnic Alps, where the main activities of the Italian forces are taking place. The Italian armies continue successfully to consolidate the footings they have obtained on their far-reaching front.

Mars' Modern Chariot and the Ancient Coliseum

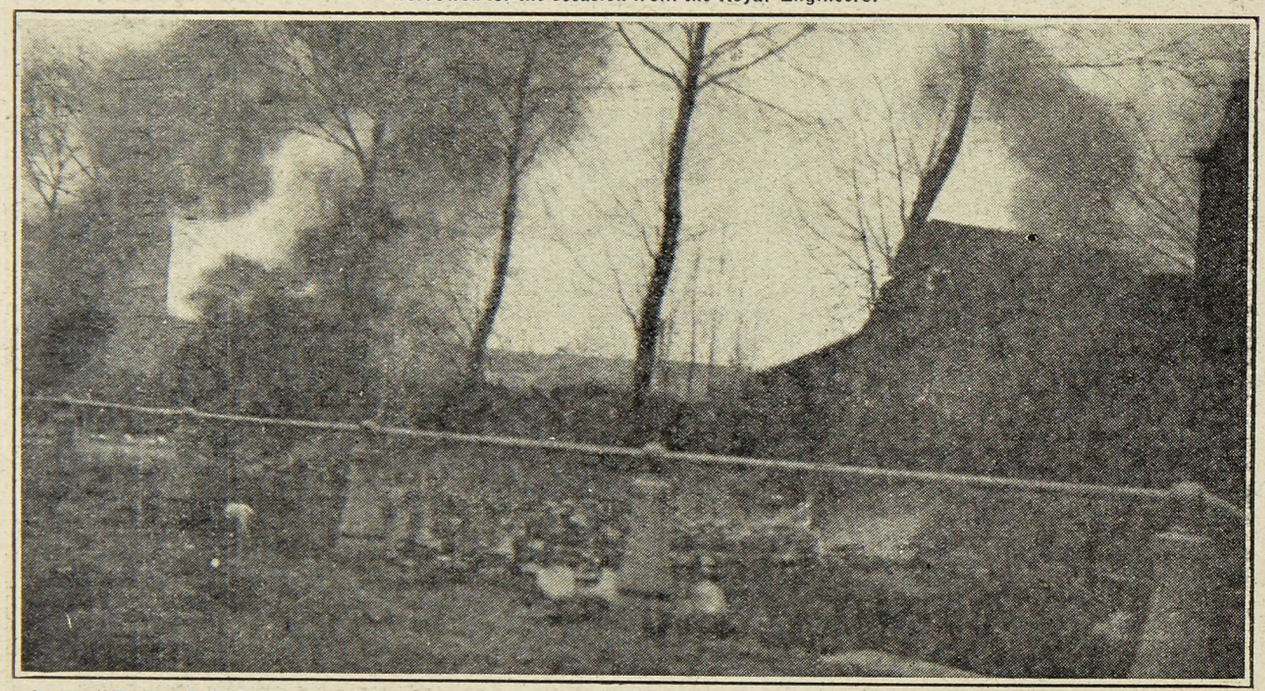


Rome now, like her great sister city Paris, is beginning to assume a serious aspect. The mobilisation of Italy's Army has proceeded effectively, and our new ally is well aware of the immensity of her task. This photograph, taken during the early day of the "call to colours," has a peculiar interest. It illustrates veritably the meeting of the ages. In the shadow of the ancient Coliseum at Rome, which once rang with the tumult of gladiatorial displays, a clumsy motor-transport, expressive of 20th-century progress, lumbers off to a war the like of which Cæsar and Mark Antony never conceived in their wildest imagination.

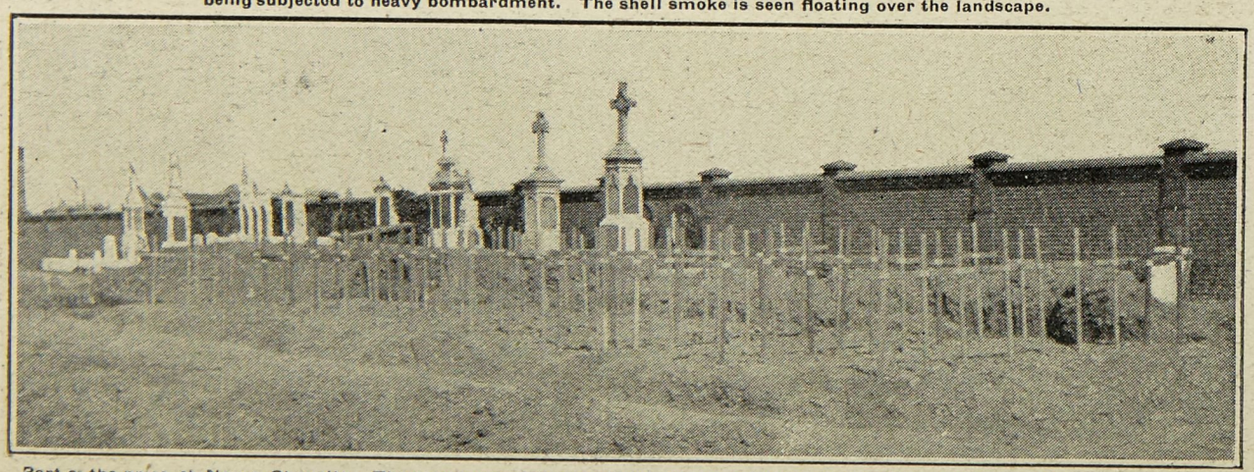
Italian infantry resting by the roadside after a long march. Gradually our southern ally's fighting-machine has been set working, and already many thousands of men have passed the frontier to do battle with the hereditary opponents of Italian liberty and progress.

Three Scenes from the Greatest Tragedy of Man

British Tommies playing a game of football behind the lines in France. The goal-posts have been made out of field telegraph poles, borrowed for the occasion from the Royal Engineers.

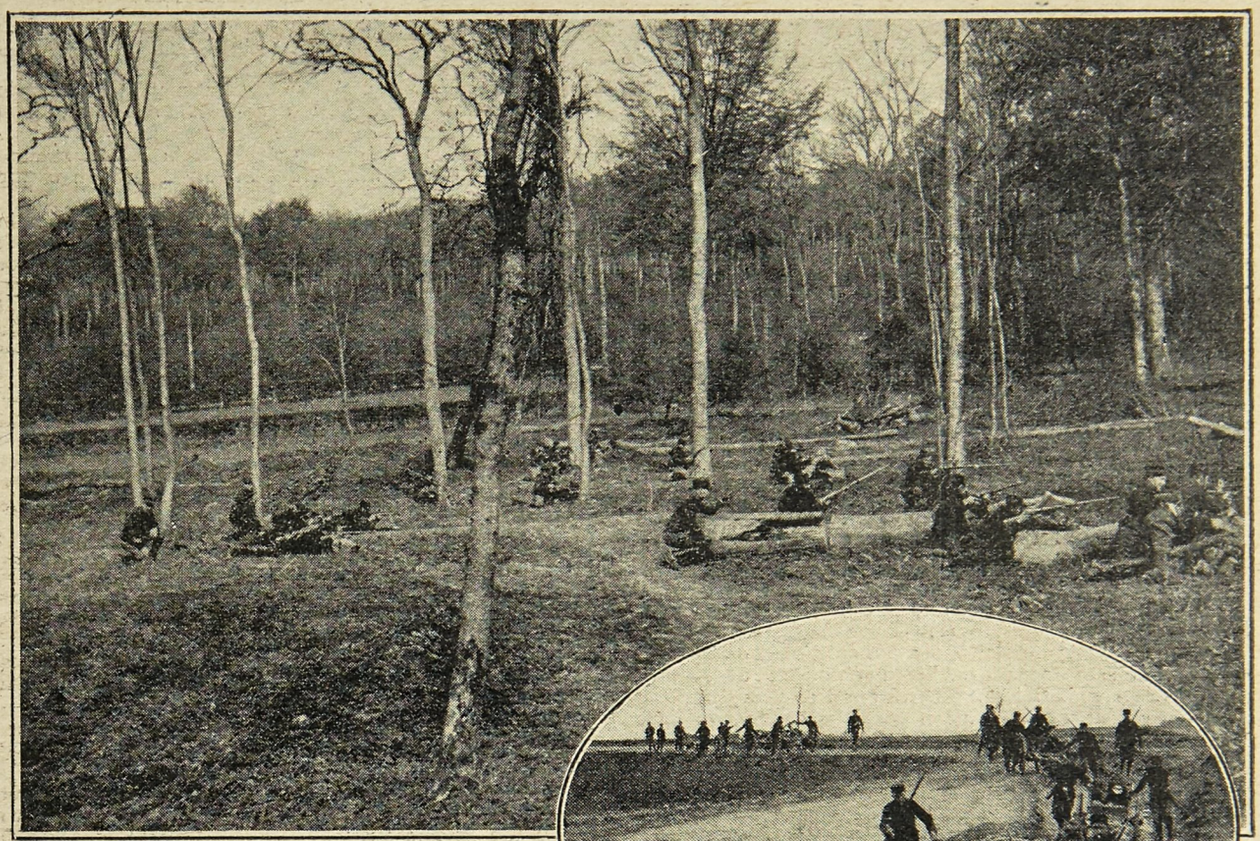


In the "Valley of the Shadow of Death." Part of a French country road which, at the moment when the snapshot was taken was being subjected to heavy bombardment. The shell smoke is seen floating over the landscape.



Part of the price of Neuve Chapelle. These graves, each containing the mortal husk of a British soldier, are touching in their very crudeness. Though here and there in the cemetery a pompous memorial has already reared its head, the majority of tombs are marked with plain wooden crosses, a simplicity which seems in accord with the modest courage of Britain's hero-dead.

King Albert's Cavalrymen in Action Afoot



A patrol of Belgian cavalrymen acting as infantry and firing from the scanty cover afforded by fallen tree-trunks in a wood in the North of France.

Dismounted Belgian cavalrymen rushing forward to take up a new position on the edge of a wood in the North of France. Inset: Difficult "going" for the dog-drawn mitrailleuses along a rough road in Flanders. Batteries of light quick-firing guns drawn by specially-trained dogs form a valuable branch of King Albert's Army.

THE WAR BY LAND

By F. A. McKenzie, War Correspondent

THE casualties of the British forces engaged in the war have been up to the moment of writing this article well over three hundred thousand. Of these, it is reasonable to anticipate that at least one hundred thousand will return, or have returned, to the front, leaving a total of a fifth of a million killed, permanently disabled for fighting, or prisoners. These are vast figures, but they are not greater than was anticipated. The most discouraging fact about them is that they have been largely incurred in defensive work and in holding our own against attack. We have had to pay heavily in men, for lack of munitions of war. The general estimate among those who knew was that, had we been able to take a strong offensive in May, our casualties could not have been less than forty thousand a week.

Our Strong Military Position

It is well at this moment to bear in mind one of the sayings of Napoleon. He was given to emphasising the fact that when one's own side is feeling the strain it is well to remember that the other side are probably feeling it much worse. Independent reports from Berlin tell me that at least one in five of the people met in the streets show signs of mourning. Germany counts her casualties in millions. Our heavy losses are a cause of genuine and wide-spread grief to us. There is scarce a family of any position in Scotland, for example, that cannot tell of at least one of its members killed or wounded at the war. But apart from individual grief at our losses, our military position so far as men is concerned is better than ever before. We have more men, and the spirit of the new men could not be surpassed. We have hundreds of thousands of fresh troops waiting, men who have been in hard training since last August and September, and who are ready to be flung into the fighting-line.

The Real Problem of To-day

Our real problem at the moment is not the problem of men. This war is going to be won on the mechanical and scientific side. In the early days of August last Germany won her initial advantages largely because of the perfection of her motor transport, and the abundance and size of her artillery. When the first mention was made of the German 17 in. guns, artillerists laughed at them as impracticable. The twelve hundred military motor-cars waiting on the Luxemburg frontier in the days before the outbreak of the war gave Germany a weapon of the greatest value.

The Germans have strained every nerve to maintain this mechanical superiority. We built heavy guns to meet theirs. They then multiplied their heavy guns. For every machine-gun we possess the Germans have five.

Mr. Lloyd George's campaign for munitions is the vital part of the struggle to us to-day. This war is going to be lost or won in our machine shops. Happily for us we can find fresh allies in our munitions campaign. America will pour all her resources of manufacturing ingenuity on our side. Canada is grumbling to-day because we will not use her factories as we might. The growing place of the machine in war is likely to delay decisive fighting. It lends strength to the defence and makes the offensive harder. But in a war of mechanical resources we have no need to fear the ultimate result.

Mr. Asquith leaving the British General Headquarters, with Sir John French, on the occasion of his recent historic visit to the actual scene of operations of the British Army in the field.

The Real Russian Difficulty

What is the real explanation of the ebbs and flows of the Russian armies? Lack of munitions explains it in part, as we know, but there is another and an allied reason. A friend of mine just returned from Russia, where he has been in close touch with affairs, explained it to me. "The Russian problem to-day can be summed up in one word—'Transport.' Her railway communications, as you know, are inadequate for the maintenance of great armies over the field of operations. It is necessary to rely very largely on motors. There are not nearly enough motors, and what is worse, there are not nearly enough trained men to operate the motors they have. It is necessary to take wholly unskilled soldiers from the ranks and put them in charge of heavy motor-waggons. The result of this is innumerable accidents, sometimes of the most appalling nature, and endless delays. Time after time armies have been held up for this reason alone. Before the Russians can hope to maintain their advances they must not only build vast fleets of cars, but systematically train men to manipulate them."

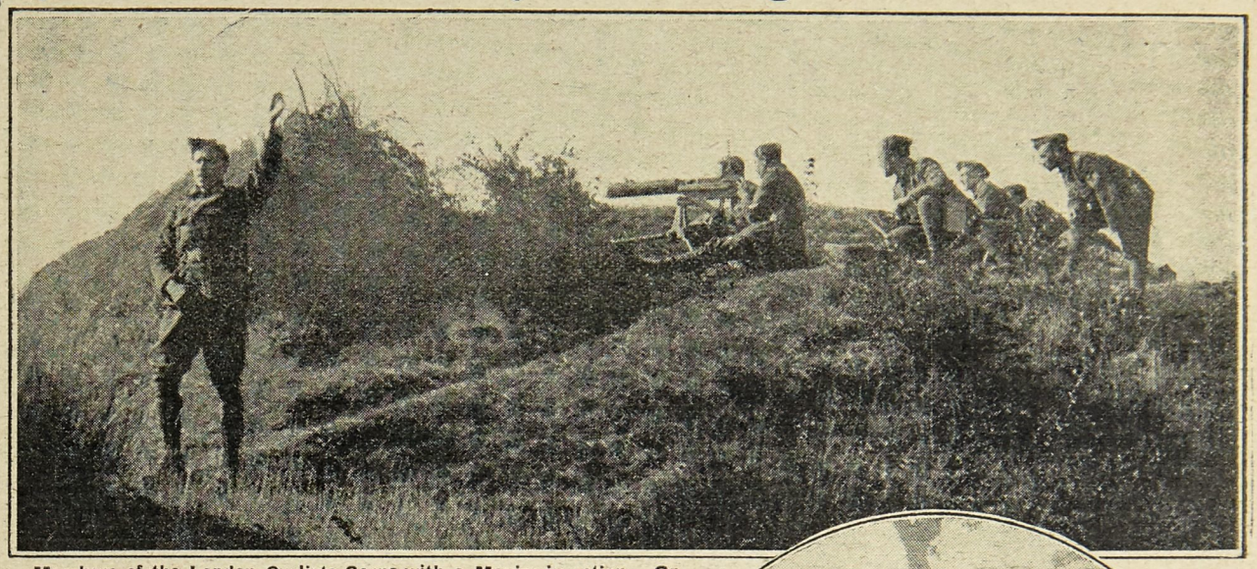
The Problem of the Dardanelles

The situation at the Dardanelles does not show much sign of improvement. Our men gain trenches and maintain their positions at heavy cost. Repeated attempts by the Turks to drive them back are steadily repelled. But there are no signs so far of a vital success which would transform the situation. Unfortunately for us, we are now entering into the season of the year when military operations around the Mediterranean are most trying to Europeans. The great heat comes particularly hard on British troops working in a very narrow and very rocky area.

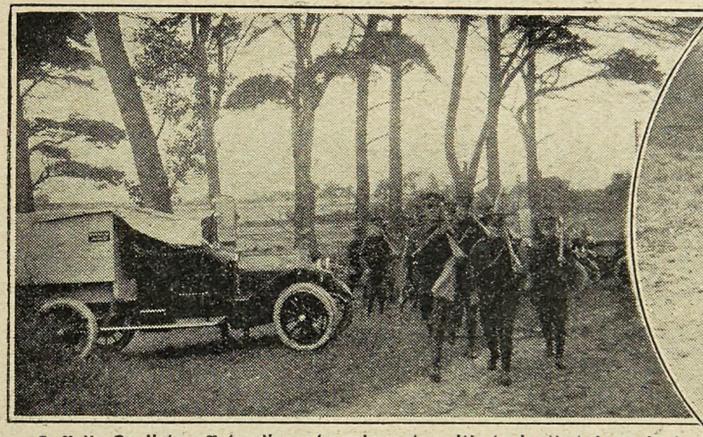
There is something to be said from the military point of view in favour of slackening operations until the autumn. But we are faced with the fact that the problem of the Dardanelles is not solely a military problem. Our prestige is involved in it. Withdrawal or slackening at a time like this might very well be the final factor which would swing Greece and Bulgaria to the wrong side. In every war of any moment the real issue centres around one point of the struggle. In the Russo-Turkish War it was the Siege of Plevna, in the Franco-Prussian it was the Siege of Paris, in the Japanese War the Siege of Port Arthur. In the war of the Balkans it is the attack on the Dardanelles.

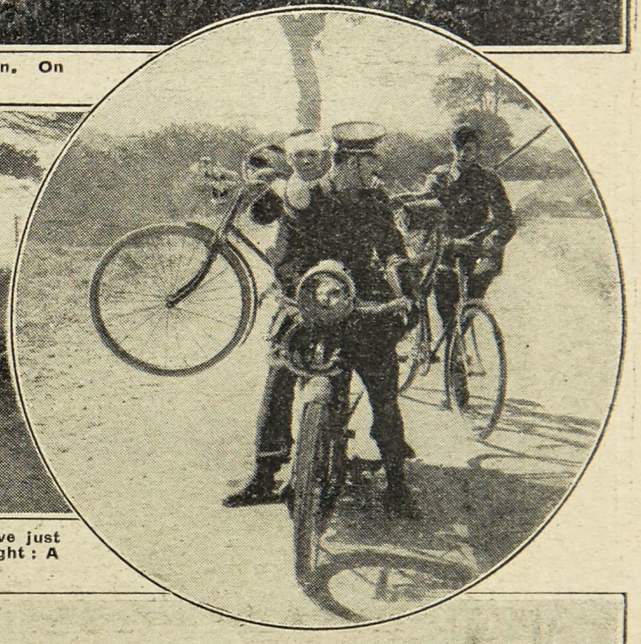
Once the Dardanelles fall into our hands Turkey will pass away as a Power in Europe, and the Balkan States will forget their differences and hesitations and join us. On the other hand, let us really fail at this point, and we will be faced not alone with a doubtful Balkania, but, what is worse for us, with this revival and strengthening of the Mohammedan hostility from Khartoum to Kabul.

Cyclists and Cavalry Learning the Art of War

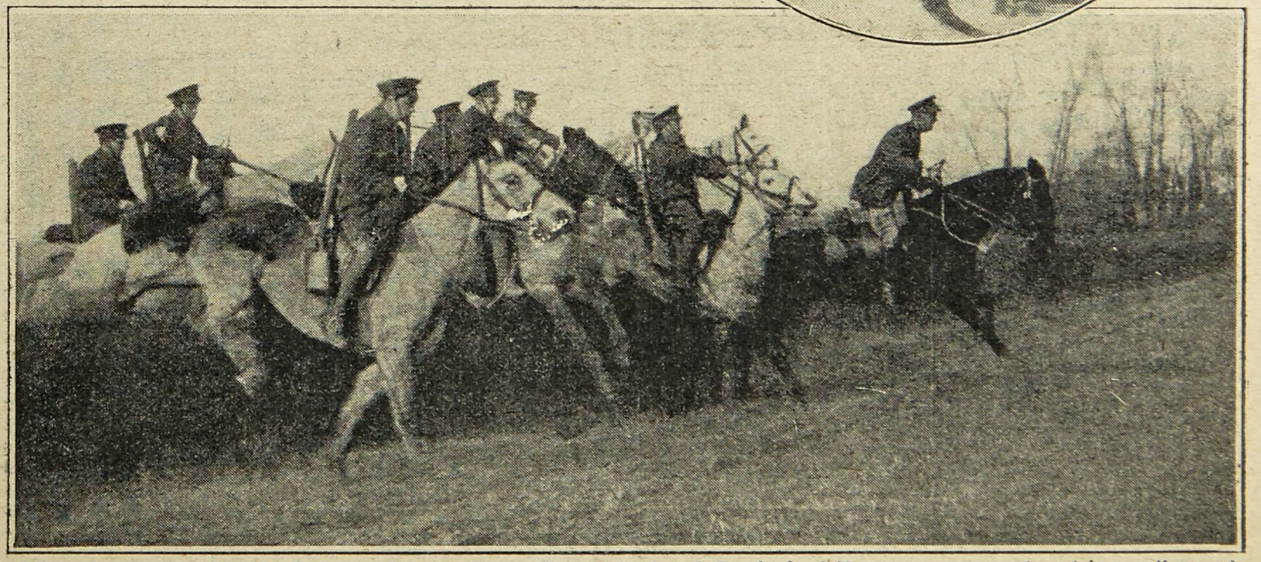


Members of the London Cyclists Corps with a Maxim in action. On the left a signaller is calling up reserves of ammunition.





Suffolk Cyclists off to dig entrenchments with tools that have just arrived in the transport, a converted touring car. Inset on right: A motor despatch-rider giving a wounded cyclist a lift.



The only way to enjoy steeplechasing in war time. Westmorland and Cumberland Yeomanry manage to get in a gallop and a leap "over the sticks" in anticipation of a race after the Huns "somewhere in Flanders." These expert horsemen may soon have the opportunity of showing their mettle against the vaunted Uhlans.

THE WAR BY SEA

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

VON DER GOLTZ, the great German strategist who was sent to Constantinople for the war, told his countrymen years ago that by the pitiless exertion of sea-power both Hannibal and Napoleon had been brought down; and that though the Southern States in the American Civil War had the best generals and won victories by land, they lost the war because the blockade cut off their supplies by sea. He told his countrymen all this in 1900, and nothing must have amazed them more than our weak interpretation of blockade. The licences which we are granting for supplies to go to Holland, Sweden, Denmark, and Norway—supplies which business men can prove up to the hilt are intended for Germany—constitute a most powerful aid to the enemy in prolonging the war and all its evils. The same is true of the cotton that went through Genoa prior to the participation of Italy.

As an example we may take the official statement that in the month of March, 1914, Sweden imported 2,452 tons of raw cotton, and yet in March, 1915, the amount shot up to 29,126 tons. There is no other reason but that this cotton went there for the purpose of entry into Germany to be manufactured into explosives. There is no doubt that the Admiralty are anxious to put a stop to this trade. The obstacle must, therefore, be the Foreign Office. What has again brought this question to a head is Mr. Lloyd George's statement that the Germans won the great phalanx movement against the Russians by the expenditure of 700,000 projectiles in four hours.

Quite indifferent to the heat wave. French soldiers advancing to the roll of the drum, over fields in Flanders in the vicinity of the sea-coast that are still flooded.

Exporting Raw Cotton—Why?

What the expenditure of small-arm ammunition was we do not know. On the assumption that one round in twenty was from a heavy gun, and required an average of one hundred pounds of cotton in the manufacture of the cartridge, while the rest were field-guns, or eight hundred and thirty pounds of cotton per thousand rounds; then, allowing for rifle fire as well, I find that about two thousand tons of cotton were used in that four hours' duel. I dealt with this question in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED on February 20th and May 1st, in the latter article at length, and I sincerely hope it may not be necessary to deal with it again. At present we are actually sending raw cotton from England to Rotterdam, and nobody knows why.

There is also the question of food. The latest advices are that Germany's harvest is seriously threatened by drought. Austria may find much of her harvest destroyed. If only we make our blockade vigorous, sea-power may yet give another instance of the truth of Von der Goltz's teaching.

Italy's Careful Campaign

The Italians are moving on with the precision of a carefully-thought-out campaign. It used to be said at Antwerp in the peace days, when any improvement was made, that it was "for the King of Prussia." So it has been with the ports along the coast, and it may be said of Trieste that all the work of peace has been "for the King of Italy." The Italians, as I write, are nine miles from Trieste. The port of Rosega is in their hands as well as Monfalcone. Ten years ago there was only four feet of water in the channel to Rosega, but dredging was carried out with the view of deepening the channel to thirteen feet, and forming a new one to be continued to Monfalcone with about eighteen feet of water. These various small ports—Buso, Primero, Sdobba, Rosega, and Monfalcone—which have fallen into Italian hands, will facilitate the supplies and reinforcement of the army. There are no other ports in front of the army until Trieste is reached, only three small coves affording anchorage for small coasting vessels, viz., Duino, Sistiana, and Grignano. Apparently the Austrians relied largely on their Fleet and the operations of their field army to assist in holding Trieste, as the normal garrison in peace was very little over three thousand men. The probability is that the Austrians will move as much as possible of the naval stores and equipment to Pola, where this Fleet is concentrated, and for that reason Italy will make most of her aircraft raids on that port.

"U" Boats' Successes

There can be no doubt that the German submarines have been operating with considerable success in the past week in the North Sea. In addition to a large number of victims among mercantile and fishing craft they secured two of our fast torpedo-boats, an operation requiring much skill. The North Sea has not been our bright spot in this war, and in the past I have attributed our difficulties to the start the Germans got in laying mines. Our sole announced success has been the sinking of U14. I feel sure we will have the situation better in hand before long, and relentlessly hunt down the submarines and their supplies. It is significant that the maximum success of the submarines in the North Sea followed on the maximum activity of Zeppelins over the North Sea. The saving of U14's crew has afforded us a pretext for withdrawing from a false position in regard to the Admiralty's mistake in the treatment of submarine prisoners. It was certain that the authors of the policy of "frightfulness" could always go one better. Concerning the German submarines, only one opinion can be held and only one thing can be done. Their methods are detestable, and yet we are obliged in the last resort to rescue the crews when sinking. The fact that they recognise no moral code should force on our destroyers the necessity of caution; rescues should not be attempted until it has been ascertained that no other submarines are in the vicinity. If the crew should be lost while this search is being carried out they have only their own record to thank.

The Minute Before the Majestic Sank

The last moments of H.M.S. Majestic, showing the huge battle-ship three minutes after she had been torpedoed by a German submarine, about to turn completely over and sink. The Majestic was torpedoed off the Gallipoli Peninsula early in the morning of May 27th. In this impressive photograph the doomed vessel is seen, after receiving her death-blow, with her torpedo-nets out, and her crew scrambling down her hull. Small craft are rushing to the rescue, and near her are larger vessels, powerless to help. On the British ship from which this photograph was taken, men are watching the tragic spectacle.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

I OFTEN wonder whether the British workman realises just how much the issue of the war depends on him, and particularly on that part of him—quite a small part in reality—which is employed in the aeroplane industry? The average man in the engineering shop probably realises his responsibilities pretty well by now—at any rate, he has had it rubbed into him often enough lately. But even he perhaps does not quite see that if he knocks off work one evening because he is fed up with overtime, the shell-case he was working on does not get finished that day, and consequently isn't in the particular gun that might have knocked out a batch of German machine-guns, which succeeds in checking one of our attacks by the simple process of killing half the company of infantry attacking at that particular point.

In much the same way the aeroplane worker who does not stop to finish his job delays the delivery of the particular machine on which he is working, and that machine isn't there just when it is wanted to go out on reconnaissance to find some particularly valuable piece of information about the enemy's movements, or when it is wanted to chase away some particular German aeroplane which is finding out things about our own movements which we are most anxious to hide, or when it is wanted to go out and drop bombs on some particular bridge across which the Germans are rushing up reinforcements to a point where our troops are breaking through their lines.

It is the "particularness" of it that people do not quite appreciate. Just as a racehorse owner sometimes tells his jockey to get away at the start and make every post a winning-post, so every workman ought to start out with the assumption that every aeroplane is the one which is going to win a battle—or at any rate, is the one on which the winning of a battle depends.

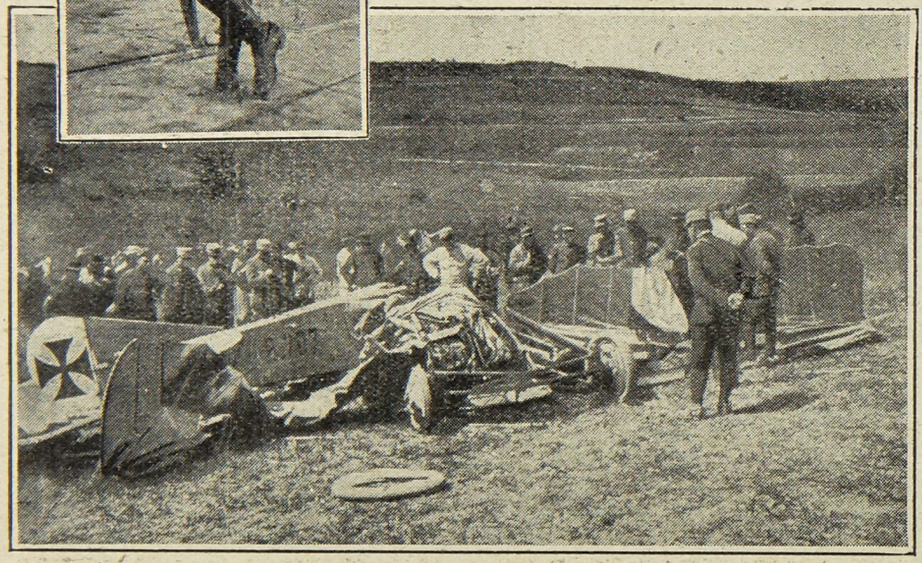
Also, it will be well if people can be brought to appreciate what it means when the expected new aeroplanes do not arrive. In his speech at Bristol the other day Mr. Lloyd George told the workmen at the British and Colonial Aeroplane Co.'s works how badly we need more aeroplanes; but he had no time to explain just why we need them so badly. Let me explain for him.

Hard Work for Delicate Mechanism

An aeroplane is a very delicate piece of mechanism. The planes and body are only built of bits of stick and wire covered with linen fabric. Yet this light framework has to carry an engine giving anything between 80 and 200 horse-power, which is far more than the power put into a motor-car of four times the weight.

Naturally it is not long before the woodwork bends, or warps, or gets out of truth one way or another. The bracing wires stretch, the fabric covering of the wings gets soft and soggy, and the result is that the machine gets "sloppy" all over and refuses to lift properly. In addition the engine gets choked up with burnt oil and soot. Small parts wear and rattle, or stick and cause loss of power. The result is that the engine which gave 80 horse-power when it was new only gives perhaps a mere 60 horse-power.

Consequently, one finds an inefficient engine trying to lift a still more inefficient aeroplane; with the result that, instead of being able to take a pilot and passenger to a height of, say, 3,000 feet in from seven to ten minutes, it takes half an hour or so, and perhaps more. In fact, I have seen aeroplanes which when new would climb to 8,000 or 9,000 feet refuse when worn to go above 3,000, or even to reach that height. For the higher a machine goes the thinner is the air in which it has to work, and consequently the harder it has to work to go on climbing.



Impression of the debris of an Aviatik after a fight near Verdun on June 5th with a Caudron in charge of Brigadier Lenoir, whose portrait is inset, and a Morane piloted by Lieut. Quillien. After discharging several rounds of mitrailleuse fire, the Aviatik fell to the ground like a stone. The German pilot Lieut. Rosseler was shot dead, and the observer was thrown out of the machine, his body being found some distance from the wrecked aeroplane. (Exclusive photographs.)

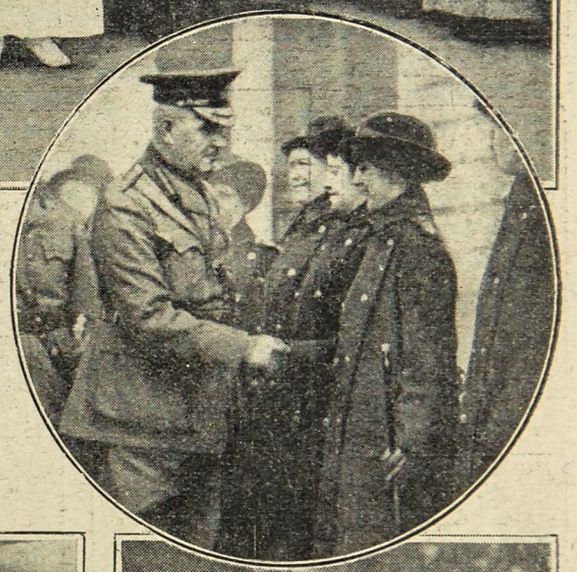
Our Air-Scouts' Risks

When one remembers that up to a height of 6,000 feet an aeroplane is within reach of bullets from ordinary rifles or machine-guns, one sees how important it is that all machines should be able to go to more than 8,000 feet. And even then they are well inside the range of the German high-angle quick-firers, which fire shrapnel shell and are specially designed as anti-aircraft guns; though above 6,000 feet the machines look so small that they are hard to hit.

Now it must be perfectly obvious to anyone that when an aeroplane refuses to get up to 6,000 feet, at least, it is unsafe to fly over the enemy's lines, and it is time it was replaced by a new one, while it is sent back to the makers to be overhauled or rebuilt. But, unfortunately, if the new machine to replace it has not been delivered, owing to delays in the works or to delays on the railway, or to any other reason for which the British workman is responsible, some brave but unfortunate young officer has to go out again on the old, tired, worn-out aeroplane and take his chance of being hit; for information is vital to the safety of the men in the trenches, and it is better that half a dozen air-scouts should be shot down than that our line of defence should be taken by surprise.

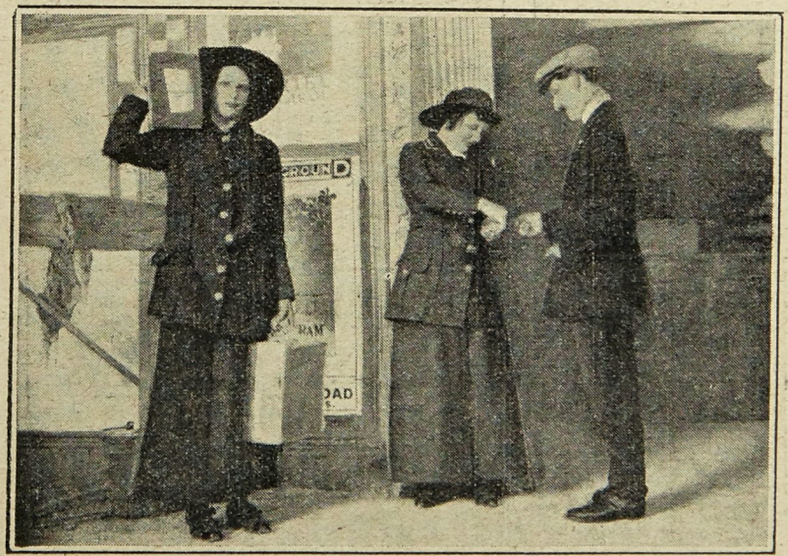
War and the Real Triumph of Feminism

A band of busy women recruiters, led by Gladstone's favourite granddaughter, Mrs. Parish, the wife of Captain F. W. Parish.



UNDOUBTEDLY the war has done more to enable Woman to prove her capabilities in wider spheres than all the Suffragette and feminist propagandas of those days that seem so long ago. Now, indeed, the true Awakening of Woman is come. She has gained much of that freedom for which so many agitated, and she is using it with grand patriotism for the benefit of the State in this great crisis. This is no class awakening merely, for nothing is more remarkable than the manner in which so many of those barriers that divided society into "grades" have now vanished. Between women of all stations in life has arisen a rare understanding. They are linked by a firm bond of sympathy—a bond whose links were forged when the Call came for their menfolk to fight. Kipling's lines have acquired a very real meaning:

"When you get to a man in the case
They're as like as a row of pins,
For the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins."

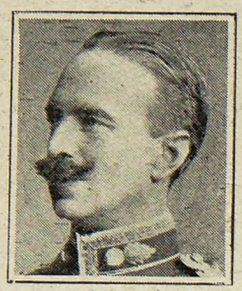


A woman ticket-inspector and porter at the Maida Vale station, Underground Railway. Inset above: General Sam Hughes, the Canadian Minister of Militia, bidding "bon voyage" to Canadian nurses before they leave Toronto for the front.

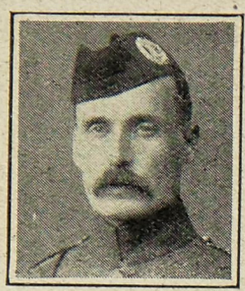
In many districts the postal authorities are employing women in place of postmen who have enlisted. Some have volunteered to release men.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

Brig.-Gen. GEORGE NUGENT, Irish Guards.



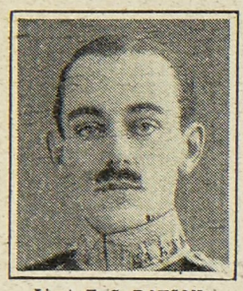
Lieut.-Col. R. F. UNIACKE, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.



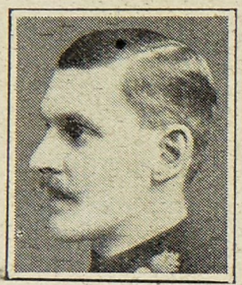
Lieut.-Col. A. FRASER, 4th Cameron Highlanders.

Major C. CONYERS, 2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers.

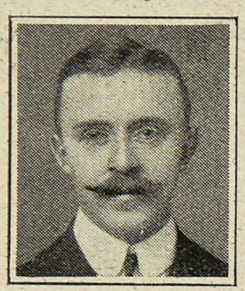
Capt. the Hon. F. GRENFELL, V.C., D.S.O., 1st R. Dragoons.



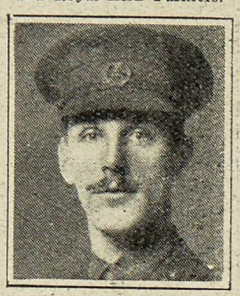
Lieut. T. G. DAVSON, Royal Horse Guards.



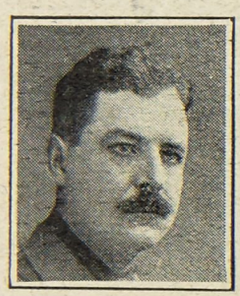
Capt. C. W. BROWN, D.S.O., 2nd Northumberland Fus.



Capt B. MACLEAR, 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers.



Capt. H. J. EAST, 1st York and Lancaster Regt.



Lieut. the Hon. A. G. COKE, Royal Naval V.R.

Brigadier-General George Nugent, a commandant of the Irish Guards, will be remembered for his work on behalf of the Royal Naval and Military Tournament. He was one of the first to serve in the Irish Guards, and later became Colonel of the Regiment. He fought under Lord Methuen at the Relief of Kimberley, and was with Lord Roberts in the victorious march to Bloemfontein. Later he commanded the Officers' School at Chelsea, and then became commandant of the Duke of York's School at Dover.

Lieut.-Colonel R. F. Uniacke, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, had served on the Staff of two divisions in France, and had been mentioned in despatches; he was an expert on musketry.

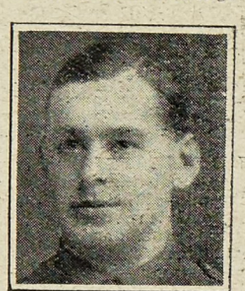
Lieut.-Colonel A. Fraser, 4th Cameron Highlanders, rejoined from the Territorial Force Reserve in September last: he possessed the Volunteer Decoration.

Captain the Hon. Julian H. F. Grenfell, V.C., D.S.O., 1st Royal Dragoons, was the eldest son and heir of Lord Desborough, and one of the first nine V.C.'s of the war.

Captain C. Wreford Brown, D.S.O., Northumberland Fusiliers, had seen much active service in Egypt, South Africa, and the North-West Frontier of India, and had gained many medals and clasps.

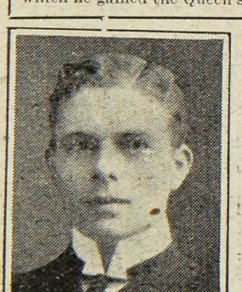
Lieut. the Hon. A. G. Coke, R.N.V.R., Armoured Cars Division, who was killed while serving with the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, was the second son of the third Earl of Leicester.

Captain G. A. O'Callaghan, 2nd Royal Irish Regiment, was the only son of Major-General Sir Desmond O'Callaghan, K.C.V.O., and had seen much active service in South Africa, for which he gained the Queen's Medal with three clasps and the King's Medal with two clasps.

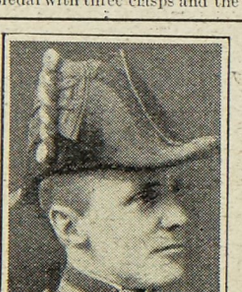


Capt. G. A. O'CALLAGHAN, 2nd Royal Irish Regiment.

L. R. O. TOLLAST, R.M.L.I., No. 2 Field Co. Engineers.

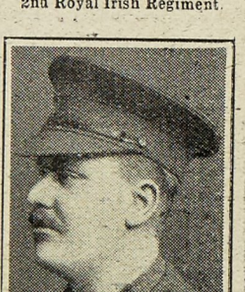


Lieut. C. G. HARPER, H.M.S. Princess Irene.



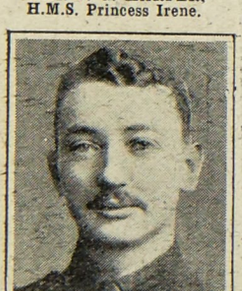
Com. T. H. M. MAURICE, H.M.S. Princess Irene.

Lieut. J. S. RICH, 1st King's (Liverpool Regt.).

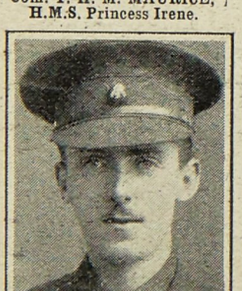


Lieut. J. S. LUCKETT, 2nd Royal Irish Regt.

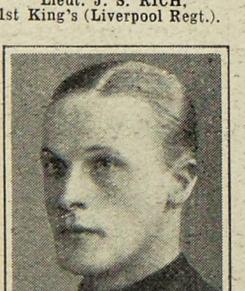
Sec.-Lieut. J. C. BARNES, Plymouth Batt. R.M.L.I., R.N.D.



Sec.-Lt. C. A. R. TENNANT, 2nd Devonshire Regt.



Sec.-Lieut. A. HELLMERS, 1st Royal Irish Rifles.



Sec.-Lt. J. P. HERMON-HODGE, Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry.

Sec.-Lieut. F. A. BURDIN, 2nd Royal Warwick Regt.

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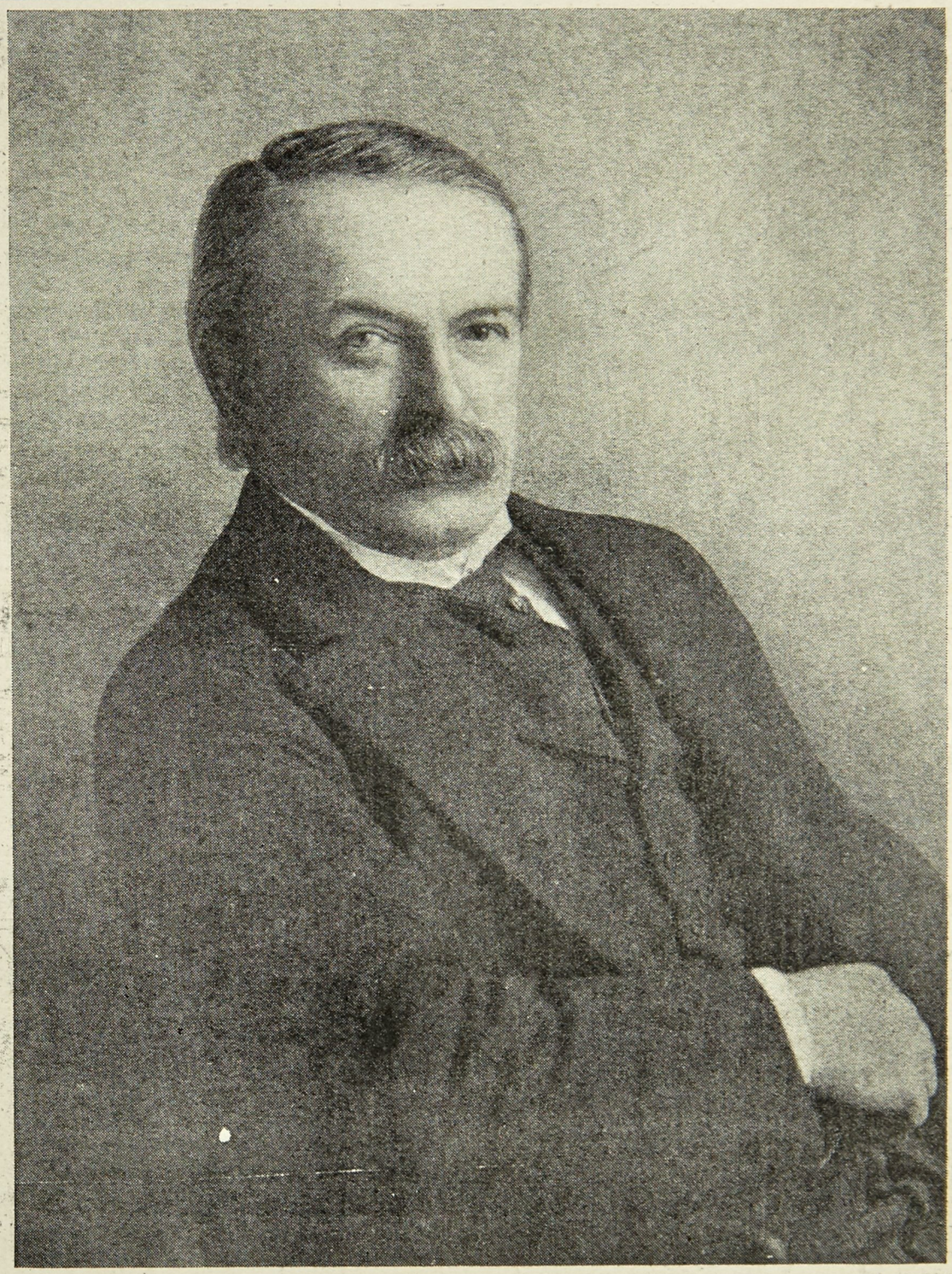
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS



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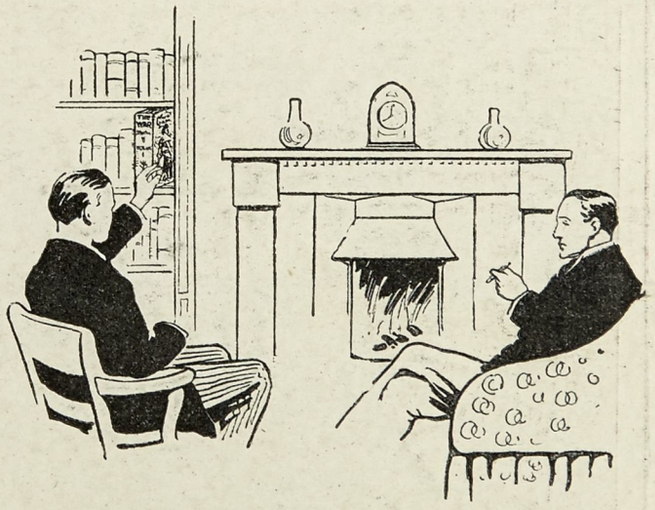

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15